

YUDDHOPANISHAD

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(THE UPANISHAD OF WAR)

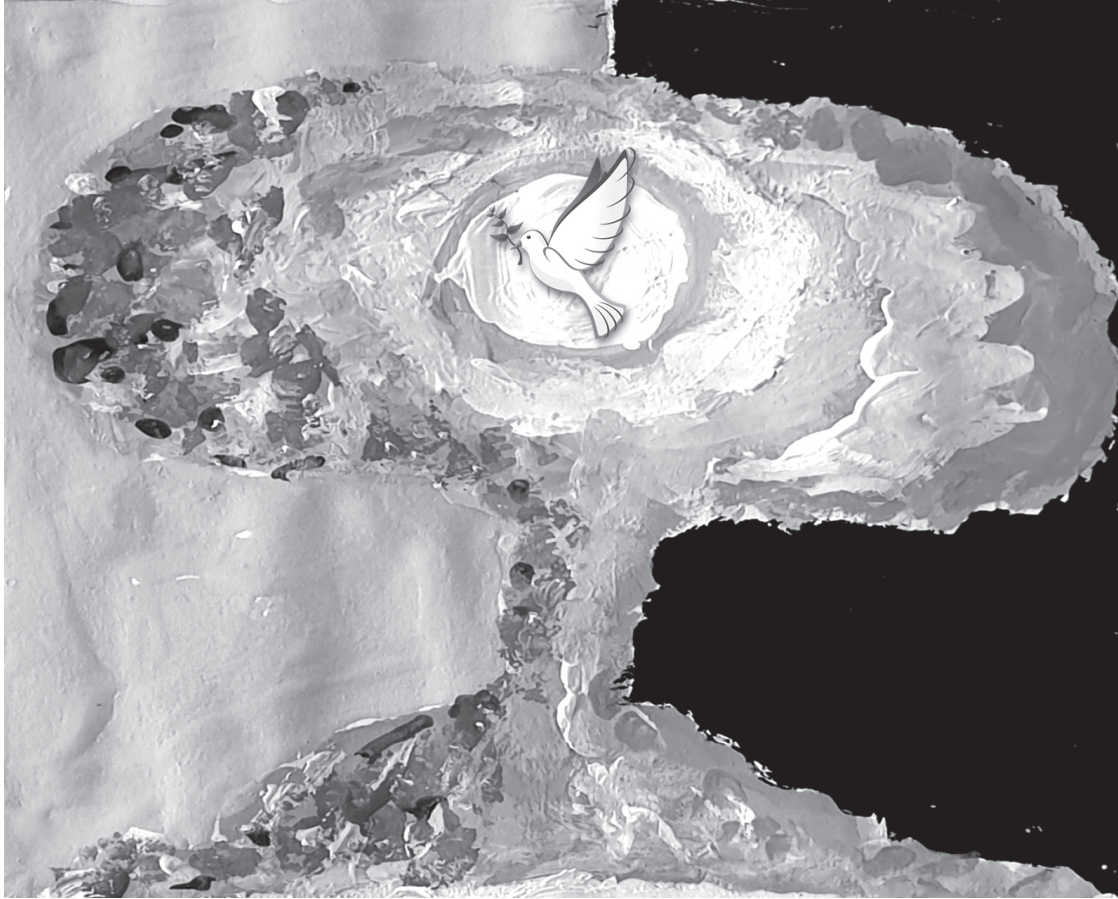


(The rendezvous with Death)

Dr. LANKA SIVA RAMA PRASAD

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by

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They all suffered in wars, there after.....

They crossed hills, valleys, meadows, rivers and seas,

They conquered air, fire, earth, sky and water ways,

They captured living and non-living things as captives,

They contacted planets, stars, galaxies and black holes, yet

They could not see the black hole expanding in themselves-



And

it expanded silently but rapidly
they had no time to retreat
the one way led them to a place
where everything converges into
like that black hole in and out

DVESHAM SARANAM GACHCHAMI

WE GO TO THE HATE FOR REFUGE

SAMARAM SARANAM GACHCHAMI

WE GO TO THE WAR FOR REFUGE

MARANAM SARANAM GACHCHAMI

WE GO TO THE DEATH FOR REFUGE



There they saw no master
but an old book was there
glowing on a high pyramid
made with bricks of peace
where war has to be buried

But

WHO WILL DO IT?





YUDDHOPANISHAD

PART-I

WAR-BLERS



1. DEUM BELLI- GODS OF WAR

The praetorium of the old War Gods was in perfect pandemonium,
'Restrain yourself o gods who prefer no peace tunes in harmonium!
Keep all your weapons on display and mark them on scarlet podium,
Count the garlands or pyramids of skulls in litany of witch medium!'-

'We are losing our glow!'- Cried one god from the orient,
Our thoughts, weapons, tactical methods are semi-ambient,
We are out of date and are heckled by new god-men proficient,
Who can decimate millions in a second in ways very efficient

Look at that Corona devil they modified it to hit their own crew,
But the devil is smarter than they thought and it flew without clue,
In their own infernos they die like moths with bolts from the blue,
Like that sorcerer's apprentice who made havoc with witch's brew'-

The hall of the war gods was bubbling in billion sparkles of plutonium,
The gods started displaying their arms and armor in pure pan-divanium



2. THE GARDEN OF ORCHIDS

In between the borders of men and gods,
Floating on the hope clouds and smile pods,
There lies a garden of children died on odds,
But lived for eternity in immortal songs of bards

Abel, Isaac or Ishmael, Jephthah's daughter,
Sunassepa, Markandeya or Ganga's children in water;
Aztec children who soaked earth with their tears
Or kids that passed through Moloch's fire that instill fears

And the child suicide bombers of Boko Haram,
The starving children of Africa and Asian farm,
The prostituted minors of time past and present,
The war refugees floating on rejected water front,

Under the gaze of vultures their light blinked away,
In that garden of transit Alan Kurdi led the way!



3. THE HURT LOCKERS

The throne was empty but awesome in its charm,
Shadows of gods of war united into a form of harm,
That looked like the collective image of war swarm,
The weapons of death were looking fierce but warm;

On the scarlet podium still smelling blood and tears,
Unwrapped their thrones and crowns amidst spears,
And the feathers of victories and badges of terrors,
The burden they were carrying on their shoulders;

Rama's arrow, that arrow tip made Lord Krishna wailing,
Cain's stone, Samson's donkey jaw bone, David's sling,
Zeus Lightning, Poseidon's trident, Thor's Mjolnir hammer,
Vishnu Chakra, Siva Trisula, Kronos scythe, Ninurta's Sharur,

Magic Helmets, Veils, Head bands, shields of Zeus and Achilles,
Goads, Gauntlets, swords, clubs, maces, axes, creating spine chills-



4. LAMENTS OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN

When we were thrown into the sea of wavy wails,
You were celebrating victories, dividing the spoils,
Lynching people, boiling them in heavy cauldrons,
You created terror in the minds of frail squadrons;

In those flames of hate and fury we became moths,
We lost our bonds to become flagstones in your paths,
Children separated from mothers cried like lone calves,
Women lost honor in enemies' beds in resigned resolves;

Why all those dogs of war mutilate children and women?
Why they inflict rape and murder in zones of war omen?
Why they thrust weapons of flesh and steel in scars open?
Why they make us suffer for life in their masochistic pen?

You rob our freedom and life's little joys in war's aftermath,
Our lives are like burnt ruins of our homes decaying in wrath.



5. THE GREAT WAR COUNCIL

From the country of the Great Pyramids and stele
The gods and goddesses of war moved in a mêlée;
Horus, Maahes, Montu, Set, Sobek, Sopdu, Wepwawet,
Bast, Menhit, Neith, Satis, and Sekhmet in factional fight;

Anahit the Armerian goddess announced gods and their states,
-‘Here comes Celtic Bandua, Morrigan, Rudianos and Teutates,
Followed by Chiyu and Guan Yu from the Chinese dragon gates,
Woden, Freyja, Ullr, flanked by Dis and Valkyries from Nordic plates;

O Ares! O Athena! With Greeks the discordant Eris and Deimos terror,
Pallas, Phobos, Proioxis, and Perses with Nike amidst din and horror;
The Hindu war gods- Kartikeya, Mangala, Niruti, Kaali and Indra god,
Sumerian Inanna, Nergal, Shala, Shulmanu and Babylonian Belus Lord;

Aztec Huitzilpochtil, Mayan Tohil, Romans- Bellona, Juno, Honos, Mars,
Minerva, Nerio, Virtus, and Victoria all are here in their radiant stars.-’



6. THE REFUGEE CAMPS

Crossing the borders on the clipped wings of hope,
Only a few immigrant birds can reach the alien slope;
The shore may look merciful for the tired eyes on float,
Barbed wires near sedge can electrocute the life's boat;

In that no man's land nobody welcomes a hobo flotsam,
Rather than cooked alive in stuffed containers for ransom,
Or raped in fishing boats for favors of transport chasm,
They accept stink as in Mamertine Tullianum prison spasm.

With children in laps begging becomes a nursery rhyme,
Offering body for time lapse rent becomes a hunger crime,
In homeless homes and roofless camps none cares passing time,
Sunrise and sunset disappear in semen showers of dozen a dime.

New world acts in lip sympathy and frame minimum standards,
Instead of decimating conflicts it enhances the number of guards.



7. THE GRAND ANCIENT ARMS AND ARMOR SHOW

They brought deadly weapons for display in chariot loads,
They arranged them on thin timeline of evolutionary roads,
They looked at them proudly with twinkling eyes like toads,
They kissed their sharp edges and whispered secret codes.

Flint spears, knives, stones, slings, bow and arrows, axes, maces,
Helmets, shields, clubs, spears, pole-axes, battle-rams and braces,
Khopesh swords, tridents, sickles, Sarissa spears, ballista, catapults,
Javelins, pilums, gladius, gun powder flame throwers and Trebuchets

Roman Scissor, Japanese Shuriken, Indian Bagh Nakh, Madu weapons,
Greek Hypaspist spears, Chinese Zhua claw, Hoplon shield of Spartans,
Ethipian Shotel, Chinese gun powder and Fire arrows, whips, chains,
Ropes, Battle rams, seize towers; all drew applause from veterans;

Then they looked at the future and their descendants doing better,
Sitting before a big screen the war dogs are planning something bitter.



8. THE SHELTER IN A DEEP WELL

These mercy prisons slowly sink into deep wells of despair,
The tubular vision shrinks into nightmarish images of disrepair,
Emotions steadfastly dry up the vast tear lakes in fates unfair,
The sigh of acceptance swallows the ego and honor of flesh lair;

Over and above, the limited sky changes its colors often,
Like our moods slowly merging into apathy of wings broken,
It seems they have dug trenches and moats around the fence,
And put piranha fish and crocodiles to safeguard our future tense.

Refugees have no names except the branded marks on forehead,
Like old time slaves, refugees have no civil rights to forge ahead,
Suspected by natives they tread under secret scans and wires,
Walking in frozen territories they frantically search for warm fires;

In an enclosure of mires sands shift fast beneath thy tiny feet,
When your own men become incubi, destroy your dream fleet.



9. THE PROCESSION OF CIVILIZATION

Fear is the key, then or now, to get all things done,
In its terrific shade rest of the colors look pale and gone,
From hunting spears, boomerangs, bow and arrows,
Death's hands were fortified by atomic missiles in big rows;

Archers with crossbows, warriors with matchlock guns,
Sharpnel shells, Colt revolving guns, multiple barrel ones,
Rockets, Submarines, battle tanks, nuclear bombs, Lasers,
Torpedos, ballistic missiles, Pulsed energy projectiles, Tasers,

Bio-weapons, gasses, viruses, Stealthy war crafts, drones,
Neurosciences, camouflages, warning systems, safety zones,
Genetic mutative drugs, mind blockers, brain wash freezers,
Surgical strikes, cloud computing thunderbolts, life squeezers,

Earth shakers, Artificial Suns and Tsunami creator thermal guns,
Umbrellas to cover sun and moon to recreate fear in humans;



10. FAWNS IN FEAR LANDS

Like those irritating insects and flies phobias accrue,
Whole body trembles in catatonic convulsive screw,
Crouching in corner like a cornered mouse in askew,
Emotions go freeze or flood the hapless one in queue.

The wounded childhood cultivates procrastinating fit,
Avoidance learning activates apathy and atavistic profit,
Pheromones ignited alarm signals gradually go blunt,
With shattered social buffering refugee hopes die burnt

Paranoia of religion, god and death overcrowd the logic,
Illusions, delusions and images allow manipulative magic,
Dystopian and apocalyptic canon bewilders brick by brick,
Skeptical elucidation induces mortal fear with mental trick

The sanctuary allotted to them gradually looked like Hell's hole,
The unwanted guests transformed into living dead as a whole.



11. THE SATANIC FARM

And the bards of war gods began singing ballads,
The ancient wars where elements fought like lads,
Weapons ranging from long spears to thunderbolts,
They worked just like modern warfare lightning jolts

- "Do you know the Heavenly Prosecutor the Satan?
Overtime he developed the evil shine and black tan,
As Mastema he ruled over fallen angels and their kin
And attempted to tempt humans to go astray and sin

When jealousy over ran his virtues he became the Devil,
Defeated by the Word of God and was thrown into Hell,
In the Garden of Eden tempted Adam and Eve in his spell,
A snake he is, found Jesus as a challenge, in his ways of evil

At every phase of defiance Lucifer lost his charm and form,
With horns, hairy legs and cloven hooves he built satanic farm.'-



12. THE MOTHER AND THE CHILD

Many a Gretchen walks here with faces down,
They wail and in tear streams they go, drown!
When we prepare ourselves for night screams,
Our children watch us daubing vanishing creams;

The agony of souls reverberate in these ghettos,
Where conscience is buried deep with numb toes,
Lips don't sync with the gyrations of hips and woes,
Cups and Cavities stink with milk and scarlet shows.

Hunger teaches the kids the devious ways to survive,
Morals die in infancy and scriptures sink in wasp hive,
Nailed to stigma crosses children run in apathy drive,
When soul is murdered crime rhymes with myths alive.

O Mother! Thy son died on the rood but defied death,
We die every night and get revived in the hope's breath.



13. TITANOMACHY

And the blind bards of the gods of war switched to Greek tune,
- "Uranus-sky father ravished Gaia-earth mother in celestial tone,
Their descendents- Cyclopes, Hecatoncheires, Titans were giants,
A prophecy told Uranus will be dethroned by his own descendents

He imprisoned Hecatoncheires and Cyclopes in Tartarus Hell,
Mother Gaia got angry; asked Cronus to use his skill and spell,
When Uranus came Cronus cut his genitalia with a flint sickle well,
In Thalassa sea they fell; from foam born Aphrodite in pearl shell;

Similar prophecy made Cronus to swallow his progeny,
Again the youngest child Zeus escaped and plotted mutiny,
Hecatoncheires and Cyclopes sided with Zeus and his Olympians,
In that ten years war Zeus and his friends became the champions

Sky and air to Zeus; Sea and waters to Poseidon; Underworld to Hades;
Earth a playground for all to test their proclivities in warring shades.



14. THE SHADES OF HORROR

When young dreams are in surveillance of adult morals,
Corporatization of little pleasures conflict with basic murals,
Social edifice of childhood done in fragile floral funerals,
A critical mass of refugee children becomes outcast minerals.

Midnight assaults and misogynic abuses merge into Tokophobia,
Birthplace fears build morbid thoughts that barge in pedophobia,
Prejudice, disdain, aversion and fear alienates people in paranoia,
Adultism coerces the urges of children that may bloom into mania,

Displacement and relocation in an alien land harvests insecurity,
When the bonds of attachment are severed in early life of surety,
The feeling of outright rejection and betrayal sprouts into notoriety,
Sleep terrors stifle the victims and children denoting the priority;

Trafficking, arrest and migration horrors traumatizes the children,
The realization their sky never expands keeps them on constant run.



15. THE AFTERMATH OF THE GIANTS' WAR

Ten year terrific war brought new order to rule the Universe,
As Father of gods and men Zeus took over the throne per se,
The hostile Titans were thrown into Tartarus in wrath curse,
Friendly Themis and Prometheus were given creation verse.

Themis made animals, birds, and fish; gave them gifts divine,
By the time Prometheus sculpted man, nothing left in shine,
So Prometheus stole forbidden fire from the heaven's shrine,
Gave it to man to live like gods in enjoying fire, food and wine;

Zeus got angry, bound Prometheus to a rock for eternal torment,
Where an eagle bites into his liver everyday to its contentment,
Further Zeus sent Pandora girl blessed by the pantheon to earth,
With a pithos and instruction not to open, but she broke the oath;

When she opened the lid, all evils, war, death, diseases left the jar,
By the time she closed it, only hope remained for humans to win war.



16. THE CONFESSION OF A RAPIST SOLDIER

When I saw her shivering under death fear and panic in a dark corner,
She was an easy catch and I can pluck, occupy and play with my burner,
Nice dinner, I thought, tied her in spread eagle and pushed my banner,
Once it is over, her cries a nuisance and I killed her in casual manner;

She lost her tomorrow but in this frenzy you walk on the mines of horror,
I looked at my sword and gun loaded with ammunition I can kill any error,
When I threw my weight on those sluts, moans of dishonor spiked terror,
I was not violating a body but a whole enemy race; a kick on their mirror.

The more she was shrinking the more the beast in me was growing in hunger,
With every victim I used a different torture till they subjugated to my anger,
Then I push the sword or gun barrel and bang, there a few spasms and all over,
Like death squad I roamed in trains and caravans under lawlessness cover.

What remorse you expect from me in those moments of frenzy and fear?
Did my enemies not inflict the same on our women and us in their sphere?



17. SAMBHAVAMI YUGE YUGE

To protect the virtuous people and to decimate the evil ones,
To establish Dharma-righteousness from chaos –disorderliness,
God comes in incarnation that suits the Age and the wickedness,
Especially in the transitional periods of Yugas in fierce war zones;

Devas and Asuras worked in unison to churn the milky ocean,
When Ambrosia- amritam slipped from them to Deva faction,
The Great War ensured the supremacy of Devas over Asuras,
Twelve wars they fought but final victory stayed with Suras;

Between Krita and Treta Yuga Deva- Asura wars chilled the breath
Between Treta and Dwapara Rama- Ravana war rocked the earth
Between Dwapara and Kali Kuru- Pandava war welcomed death.
That Maha Bharata War the mother of all battles revised the myth.

Sixteen hundred and sixty million warriors died in that internecine war,
It taught people many moral and ethical lessons about life's fragile scar.



18. THE BLACK ETHEREAL BEAUTY

Born in the altar of fire, born for a cause of retribution,
Won by a famed archer in disguise in a great competition,
To be shared by five brothers as per their mother's declaration,
That polyandry mocked by enemies in many a tricky situation,

An empress at Indraprastha, the exalted beauty of her times,
The suspected laughter of her, enraged a king into ego crimes,
That led to a wicked game of dice and a disrobing attempt,
After losing riches and honor in a show of utter contempt ,

In a twelve year long exile into forest a failed abduction,
A queen brother's coercion leading to his midnight execution,
After the great battle the killing of her sons by rival faction,
She was the first to fall in the final journey to heaven in action.

A highly erudite lady in arts that symbolized a perfect woman,
Draupadi, Panchali, Sairandhri, or Malini a legend uncommon



19. WAR AND POETRY

And they saw Guilveig the gold luster with lust,
Thrice they pierced her with spears in disgust
Burnt her in high hall thrice, but she came alive,
Then they called her Heidr the gleaming gold live;

Now the potent Aesir clan has Heidr the gold luster,
It created jealousy in Vanir and it grew into blister,
Aesir- Vanir war damaged Asgard- Vanaheim gleam,
A truce was proposed to end the agony of war scream

Both Aesirs and Vanirs spat into a mysterious jar,
From the contents they made a man called Kvasir,
The dwarfs Fjalar and Galar killed Kvasir under a tree
And mixed his blood with honey; made Mead of Poetry

That gives the drinker Skaldship, creative skills and wisdom,
It is the world's first war that sanctioned poets their kingdom



20. BARRICADES BARDS DID JUMP

Who is refugee? Who is fugitive? Who is free? Who is native?
The world is a map of countries one hundred and ninety five,
Everybody has fugitive roots but abhors new drifts to survive,
Forgetfulness of own migration has a refined cultivated motive.

Victor Hugo, Albert Einstein, Bertolt Brecht, Vladimir Nabokov,
What's in a name? From the war zones they were many a dove;
- "These are the names" - Tommy Wieringa, etched on Steppe,
What is the What? Cried Sudanese Dave Eggers in emotion pay;

Lorraine Adam in his Harbor, Isabel Allende in her House of spirits,
Chris Cleave like a Little Bee, in Palace of Dreams Kadare's writs,
The Kite Runner Khaled Hosseini, Khakpour's The Last Illusion,
Little Leila's Baddawi, the Silence and the Roar of Nihad's vision,

- 'The Beautiful things That Heaven' - denied to Dinaw Mengestu
And Viet Thanh Nguyen- the Refugees; we are all refugees too!



21. ODIN, ASKR AND EMBLA

The first man and woman were carved from ash tree and vine,
Vili, Ve and Odin sculpted them; gave clothing and gifts divine;
Odin gave soul, Honir Ve gave sense; Lothur Vili gave warmth,
Within the walls of Midgard they were given a home of charmth.

Odin heard that Kvasir got suffocated in his own intelligence,
Suspected the dwarfs hand and waited for his time and chance,
Meanwhile the dwarfs killed Gilling couple in a frenzy and trance,
Gilling's son Suttungr demanded mead in lieu of his vengeance.

Suttungr kept the mead in the custody of his daughter Gunnold,
Odin impressed Baugi the brother of Suttungr with his acts bold,
In the form of a snake he entered the cave and ravished the girl,
Three nights, three gulps he swallowed mead and flew as eagle;

Suttungr chased Odin in the form of a great eagle in vicious stare,
Odin spat mead into Aesirs' jars but a few drops spilled from rear.



22. THE FLOOD OF TEDDY BEARS

People with kind hearts translate their pity in teddy bears,
Piety overflows in preach towers as wastelands grow fears,
Precipitately trapped in the perpetual paradoxical present,
Pilgrims in war exile fear about the possibility of resent,

Fear of bellowing refugee waves sinking the society ship,
False Islands of marshes among native meadows strip,
Fake loyalties, religious irrational ravings in rapturous trip,
Fuelling the negative sentiments tightening paranoid grip

In hostility zones suspicions survey with satellite cameras,
Intruding into private corners they look for unreal chimeras,
Illegal entries induce a feeling of insecurity in the locals,
Impulsive inhibitions surface and victimize refugee's vocals

The burden of peaceful settlement seems to be costlier,
Than one time elimination wars that pose as much holier.



23. THE WORST OF WAR PEST

In the last five thousand and five hundred years of human tale,
Only three hundred years of peace prevailed on the world scale;
Fourteen thousand and five hundred wars consumed in fierce gale
Three and a half billion lives; and humanity suffered with face pale;

More than sixty million perished in that ghastly Second World War
Another Sixty in Mongol invasions, Forty in Taiping revolt, on par
An added forty in First World War, Thirty six in An Lushan Rebellion,
Lives prematurely transported into netherworld in Death's galleon.

A mass discharge of accumulated internal rage and inner fears,
Displacement and humiliation reaching the peaks of hatred spheres,
Patriotism, Right to War and Right in War, Socioeconomic pressures,
Fear, honor and interest being proschemata, wars escalate in measures

Now no longer states declare wars, fully knowing its vicious perils,
After another World War human race may shrink to barbarian whirls.



24. WEAPONIZED MIGRATION

When every outward aggressive plan gets derided by all,
The coercive, exportive, infiltration fifth column moves tall;
Like keeping children and women in front to escape the fall,
War experts advise refugee mass migration across the wall.

When asylum seekers use Trojan horse methods to emigrate,
The target country gets suffocated in mal-air they generate,
Felony rate increases as desperadoes strike at random rate,
Authorities gets overburdened in the new crime wave crate

Wet feet, Dry feet policies helped rafts of migration exportive,
Borders like Durand lines bore countless footprints explosive,
Choked with mass migration receiving country reels reprieve,
Broad smiles cover tacticians' countenance in cynical motive

Even migrating birds, butterflies, beasts now face restrictions,
Freedom is a rare commodity in rapid defense constructions.



25. FIRST WORLD WAR

(28 July 1914 – 11 November 1918)

A nineteen year old Bosnian assassinated the heir presumptive,
The throne of Austria- Hungary trembled in earthquake preemptive
Whole Europe got entangled one way or other in volcanic explosive
July crisis led to unprecedented genocides in trench wars destructive

- 'The war to end all wars' - ended in incubated seeds for further wars,
All continental empires vanished in thick war air in conditions worse,
Revolutions, civil wars in Europe and Asia created widespread unrest,
The global policeman with Pax Britannica tag lost his cap to the rest

Abstract ideas of patriotism, honor, glory led youth moths to war fire,
The belle époque sanguinity ended in the fate of lost generation wire,
War experiences shocked them into fallen poppies in Flanders Fields,
Stab-in -the-back propagandas brought neo-thinkers Fascist shields.

Like rats in the trenches soldiers solicited death in that frenzy of war,
A few survived to see their motherlands but got what a stun and scar!



26. THE OTHER HALF OF THE SKY

Beyond the trenches, beyond pain filled goodbye memories,
Beyond the harsh realities, beyond the uncertainty vagaries,
Beyond tear drenched birthdays, beyond the evening delights,
Beyond those obscure fears they saw hope's twinkling lights

War swallows the young and bold, it thrives in boiling blood,
Warping the truth, camouflaging destruction with deceit flood,
Warmongers stir patriotism and honor in naive cherubic brood,
Warnings fade, dreams of freedom detests not being on rood

Millions become unknown bones in the corrosive conflict lands,
Mass graves yield skeletons of buried alive in hate quick sands
Murder screwed to tip of bayonet unknown men kill one another,
Moments stretch and shrink while death edgily waits to smother

The other half of the sky awaited at home endured more in silence,
The accrued loneliness brought in their lives crime and violence.



27. ESCAPEE'S SOUL

The reverberations of 'who goes there?' are always there,
Like the shooting stars in midnight sky they give you scare,
A prisoner of war is a perpetual prisoner in and out of lair,
It is the glamour of freedom to the caged bird in wings fair

The barbed wire fences posed better before media eyes,
Behind them hundreds of sunken eyes looked like lice,
Overcrowding bred the deadly typhus with life's price,
In epidemic extent it sent prisoners into houses of ice

Very few birds with non-native song could reach the horizon,
Owls and hawks often hacked the deserted birds in fly zone
At home waiting eyes never ceased to look at the east gate
Close hearts often missed a beat in the twilight shade of fate

Diaries and memoirs of prisoners mirrored the scarlet sky,
From the dark cells the escape routes looked always risky,



28. BLUE LIGHTS RED LIGHTS

When your daytime is cremated in enemy's rapid fire jinx,
When you waded through the stench of trench like a sphinx
When your average estimated life is less than weeks six,
Then the renowned red lamps invite you into radiant sex

Two circles and one triangle unlike trenches and barbed wire,
A few minutes of night time can be in relief town's fantasy mire,
Two charged bodies struggle for a while in discharging their fire,
In dire necessity shots of mercury can cheer the mercurial affair

The influx of enlisted men encouraged the age old business,
Madams and service girls made their purses open in coyness;
When mortality is certain who cares about any moral morbidity?
For a few minutes of heaven's thrust a day long hell is sanctity

In dark alleys of war blue lights red lights brought relief to men,
In the bareness of smiles service women had the tears of omen!



29. IN BETWEEN TWO WORST WARS

Rock oil rocketed economy to new heights in Roaring Twenties,
Followed by Great Depression that touched new uncertainties
Great Empires collapsed; civil wars, insurgencies and revolutions
Rocked the world in thoughts and ideology with novel solutions

Sports stadiums, cinema halls, flappers style; Women's suffrage
Wartime necessities brought women from house work to public gaze,
More voices speaking for them with liberation waves on world stage
Middle class rise and consumerism rage brought people out of cage

With Great Depression the distrust in democracy grew in populace,
Communism and Fascism projected equality in utopian word lace,
The ideological shift in society became stronger than religious brace,
League of Nations beleaguered with problems and gone out of race

Even though the wounds of First World War are still oozing and fresh,
People loved aggressive heroes and illusive ideas to follow and flash.



30. THE BRAVES BEYOND THE IDEAL WOMAN

And she wore khaki dress, infiltrated the ranks as a private,
Worked as a sapper for ten days and revealed her real state,
Branded as spy or camp follower and prisoner of war
Dorothy Lawrence was the only English woman soldier

Of her times; in her later life institutionalized for mental disorder;
Edith Cavell helped many Allied soldiers to reach safe border;
She, a British nurse in Belgium, faced German execution fire;
Louise de Bettignies a French national, spied for British Empire

Eugenie Mikhailovna Shakhovskaya- first military pilot for the Czar,
Maria Bochkareva The Russian women's Battalion of Death in war
Flora Sandes a St. John Ambulance volunteer becoming a soldier
The saga of Loretta Perfectus Walsh the first American naval officer

And many more women proved their prowess in the combat zone,
They not only 'bear armies' but also did bear arms in the same tone



31. THE DEADLIEST CONFLICT

On the largest land theatre of war, in fury, danced Death
The Allied- Axis confrontation shook the very axis of earth
Seventy million people from thirty countries lost their breath
It was total insanity gone out of proportions in morbid depth

The obsession of pure Aryan race demanded lebensraum,
That living space sucked six million Jews in Holocaust storm
Power shift in world moved towards Eagle, Bear and Dragon
Atomic Power dictated the muscle power with nuclear gun.

Stalin, Roosevelt, Churchill, Chiang Kai-shek, Hitler, Hirohito
Mussolini were the strategists that steered the death incognito
The unimaginable cruelty of humans surfaced in massacres,
Humanity witnessed the worst side of this race in fire crackers

Wars never stop- and the interwar period is a strategic illusion,
Hot blood spreads death and destruction in cold blood decision



32. THE GODDESSES AND GODS OF PEACE

Zeus the All Father and the Titaness Themis the Law Divine
Had three children- Horae-hours- Dike, Eunomia and Eirene,
Justice, Order and Peace respectively, to control human wanton,
Eirene the goddess carries Cornucopia, scepter and a Rhyton

Pax was the Roman goddess the daughter of Jupiter and Justice
With olive branches, cornucopia, scepter she establishes peace
In Tahiti the goddess of peace and beauty is Tane in her grace;
Freyr sanctions peace, joy and good harvest to the Nordic race

Forseti presides and supervises reconciliation among men of war,
Lithunian Dievas the Creator of Universe establishes peace on par
Concordia, Harmonia maintain entente in political and home deck
Holding a caduceus Concordia move along with security and luck

Tranquillitas for Romans, Maria Lionza for Venezuela province;
Wohpe the spirit gave peace pipe for Lakota Indians to convince.



33. THE COLD WAR

Peace that is no peace and cold war that's hot and cold,
The Orwellian abhorrence accepted by all wise and bold
The proxy wars, Iron curtain, missile crisis and arms hold,
The geopolitical enmity centered in east and west threshold

Atomic mushrooms sprouted in dry deserts and distant hills,
Fission- fusion nuclear warfare, espionage and spying thrills,
'Better dead than red'; capitalism is the root cause of all evils'
These slogans fared better than slow -fast guns of war devils

Restructuring Perestroika, openness of Glasnost made a change,
A great Union gave way to multiple states with identities strange,
When ideology showed faults a great thought began to crumble,
With the collapse of Communism the super eagle began its rumble

And the dragon began its expansion program from its eastern hive,
Another country with ancient wisdom began its economic high drive



34. THE REMOTE ROTE LIVES

Twice the Annual Budget of America they spent on Cold War
Six trillion dollars for nuclear arms and delivery systems so far,
And the spending continues to keep the eagle's wings shining
To keep World's Big Brother title intact in war tactical warning.

With excessive exposure in freedom's light and dark cloak,
Religious radical moral regulations revived in radical block,
When communism and atheism failed to bring utopian world,
Holy Scriptures and Word of God surged with strictures hurled

In the male dominated war insurgencies and religious sanctions
Women and children were used as shields, victims and weapons;
Hunger wolf roamed in the lanes of underdeveloped dark jungles
The hapless lambs were whisked away unaware in fiscal tangles

Despots and selfish rulers stowed away their national resources,
From palaces and high security towers they rule by remote forces



35. THE HOLOCAUST -THE SHOAH

The Night of Broken Glass extended into the lives of Jews six million,
Mass shootings, pogroms, extermination in gas houses of race pillion,
Massacre hitherto unheard except in tales of horror by devil's minion,
In Auschwitz, Belzec, Chelmno, Maldanek, Sobibor, Treblinka canyon

The proverbial opening of mass graves to see the buried skeleton,
Tortures that belittled the Mongol, Chinese and ancient cruel pattern,
In establishing the superior pure Aryan Race an obsessive mind's run
Fogged the eyes and minds of millions to do crimes on others in turn

What happened to mercy and compassion inherent to human race?
Where has gone the teachings of prophets and preachers of grace?
What Poison blunted the emotions of brotherhood to raise hate rage?
How could they do it to fellow humans and perpetuate evil carnage?

The world never recovered from the nightmares of the Holocaust,
The poison is still dormant in some and surfaces in periodic blast.



36. ARAB SPRING AND ARAB WINTER

The people want to bring down the regimen- ash-shab yurid isoat an-nizam,
Arab Spring spread like forest fire across the Islamic world in violent Jam,
Social media fuelled the flames with rapid speed causing shock wave storm,
The optimism of Arab Spring drowned in destructive wars as in Syrian farm

Power Vacuums, counter revolutionary movements by foreign interests,
The crashed hopes of greater economic equity, the thwarting of unrests,
Paved the way to authoritarianism, Extremism and absolute Monarchism,
Egypt, Libya, Yemen, Syria like countries sank to base by civil war schism

Indian subcontinent had its quota of internecine insurgency problems,
Four wars, multiple stand-offs, conflicts blurred bonds by war emblems,
People suffered in partition fiascos and refugee- migration caustic realms
The centuries old hurt often surfaces belligerently with unexpected qualms

What one can do with the lost lives and resources is a postmortem symposium.
When interwar period is used for future retaliation peace is at high premium.



37. THE SYRIAN WAR

Assurayu, the Levant, Syria -with ten thousand years of history,
Where races of Amorite, Ugarite, Ebla, Yamhad, Qatna and mari
Treaded and traded since ancient times with the other world
Prosperity and legends make one vulnerable to assaults unfurled

The footsteps of Assyro-Babylonians, Achaemenids, Macedonians
Deeply imprinted on the ancient roads of Syria and its steppe plains;
Following the death of Alexander and after the Diadochi wars
Seleucids and Ptolemies fought six times; both left with painful scars

Then Romans, later Byzantines took control over Syrian territory,
On the Road to Damascus Saul was converted to Paul, a mystery
Prophet Muhammad reached Syria confines in his short expedition
Al- Sham- Islamic Syria- from Arabs to Ottomans had great tradition

First World War brought partition of Ottoman Empire and Syriana pax,
French- British petrol fire, Ba'athist affair had seeds for Civil War tax.



38. WHO CARES ABOUT YOU?

In the big rubble and dust, in the brewing trouble and lust,
In the bullet frost and mist, in the grenade blast and thrust
In the sinking canoe and gust, in the blinking life and trust
Who cares about you? Who offers you a bit of bread and rest?

In the darkness of ghoul, in the cadence of time,
In the decadence of soul, in the guidance of crime,
In the footsteps of troll, in the drift of scream,
Who cares for you? Who walks you to the dream?

In the sky-less tents, in the tent-less skies,
In the relentless flights, in the flightless cries,
In the uncertain future, in the future-less dice,
Who cares you? Who keep your tomorrows nice?

Even when you were drowning with your capsized boat,
Sea was singing dirge and waves were carrying you afloat.



39. POLEMOS- TIMME- PAX

Polemos- a universal and ancestral aspect of raging human nature,
War- werra, Guerra, sangrama, yuddha has its perplexing feature,
The wounds caused by war remain on humanity as scars permanent,
Whether it is Guerra or guerilla warfare the agony is vast and imminent

When all is asleep Time is awake with the nature of three mystic realms,
As an aged bald man carrying a scythe and hourglass sans any qualms
It is the fourth dimension with indefinite continued progress of existence,
On its line wars paint milestones and drifting borders in scarlet substance

Shalom- salaam, harmony, justice, security, truth, pax ,pes, pais is peace,
Royal marriages, ruthless measures often brought peace as showpiece
The goddess with cornucopia, scepter and olive branches was so elusive
War gods and goddesses go on rampage; only in recess she is exclusive

What humanity has learnt from the past wars is always ambiguous,
The toxic effects of war are more attractive than the pax rendezvous.



40. STREE PARVA- THE CHAPTER OF WOMEN

Gandhari, Kunti, Draupadi and countless women,
Wept bitterly for losing their valiant men and children
All cursed the war and injustices happened in its nurture
And moved in silence in to the established peaceful future

The face that launched thousand ships and burnt towers of Ilium
Wept bitterly along with Trojan women and children in delirium,
All cursed the war and Helen; and the injustices happened
And moved in silence with their captors into future in the end

In Armageddon, in Holocaust, in wars mythical and modern,
Wept bitterly were the hapless womenfolk and children
All cursed the war; but life moves on with daily wars of existence,
The divisions made by time and space reignite war in peace residence

And the endless wait is for His Second Coming to end all the wars,
In that ultimate Ragnarok world will be repopulated by peace heirs.





YUDDHOPANISHAD

PART-II

WAR CLOCKS





1. THREE OLD HAGS

Then the trio with a single eye
Looked at the world in chaos,
Fear stands in the doorway
Razed in the first hour
peace bleeding in hues of dawn
It whispers conspiracy of a war!

While they gossip the old hags
Stir the cauldrons of hate
With a gun barrel
A single tooth of truth they share
The modern broom is a crimson boom.

Oblivious of the fire and smoke
The grey witches fan and pour oil,
The Graeae winked at fear
Their mysterious cackles ignites
A trickle of gulf petrol
That made much wider gulf
Of religion and crumbles walls of Babylon
And who are wailing there?

That flares into an inferno of hot tears
Stirring the firmament of mutual hate
With the Blazing eyes
The daughters of the sea deities
Phorcys and Ceto
They live in wet caves of greed
Deyno, Enyo and Pemphrido



The hero Perseus
Snatched their eye
And ransomed it
for the whereabouts of
War Medusa

They took him to Hesperides
The nymphs of evening
The beauties of golden light of sunset,
From their garden, Eris
the goddess of discord
Brought the apple of discord
And threw it among the three goddesses

Hera, Athena and Aphrodite
- 'Kalliste- to the most beautiful! '-

Then the Judgement of Paris

And abduction or elopement of Helen
Thus began the Trojan war!

The peace loving Perseus
Needed a knapsack -kibsis
to keep war head of Medusa

The three Graeae roared in laughter
The three hags gossiped in laughter
The three old women got their eye back



Perseus prayed the pantheon of gods,
Zeus lord god of light, deities and men
Gave him an adamant sword,
Hades the lord of darkness
Granted him helm or helmet of darkness
Hermes the messenger of gods
gave him on loan the winged sandals,
Athens the goddess of war
Gifted him a polished shield,
All the greatest human imaginations,
The legend says if you look
Into the eyes of war medusa
You will petrify into stone, true!
So he looking into the shield and
Its reflection and slashed a severe blow
When he cut the neck of Medusa
The winged horse Pegassus jumped out,
And Perseus got
Chrysaor the golden sword and horse!

Once Perseus got them
Peace left him
He understood the laughter of old hags

He married Andromeda
Their son was Perses
His grandsons ruled Persia,
The war never left them!

Each time love blooms
In the garden of peace
Spring



Softly treading on
The dew sprinkled turf
Medusa head gets impatient in the kipsis
It opens its eyes
The tentacles of greed green octopus
Tantalizes the people
Till some Perseus shuts its eyes
Or cut its regrown body!

New dawn peeps but it looks crimson red
From the threshold it turns gold
From its satiny knapsack
The Medusa warhead laughs
And escapes in a new body
Into grottoes
Of new war lords!

All the gifts given by gods
To Perseus are remodeled
Into war weapons
The old women looked at the teenagers
Firing guns in the school halls in horror!

The old hags laughed and laughed,
The three old hags with one eye gossiped,
The old witches roared in laughter

The Graeae saw some impending war
in the coming days



2. Sunday

And I saw that Pax mysteria
Walking on the Rainbow Bridge
Along with a dove with olive twig in its beak,
Happy in given freedom
With a scepter of white spectrum and
A vase full of roses and carnations
about to revisit her forbidden garden....

Now, the garden is not a garden but a war den
Its warden seems to be on sick leave or pilgrimage
There a curious mixture
of smart missiles and stealth bombers bloomed,
Where orange grenade fruits vie with lilac bullets

And give wounds to hope's wings,

On Sundays some procession of the live dead,
along the streets of hunger and exploitation

Over the frozen seas, from turbulent Syria to silent China,
On a boat of blood and dreadful virus

I saw countless zombies walking into mortuaries...



3. Monday

'To the most powerful super power'

The Apple of Discord reappeared

The Cold War broke the glamour of bare Aphrodite

Athena with her eagle looks surveyed the world

Meanwhile Hera near her Yellow River opened her virus jar

Why should anyone give his or her handshake to the virus land?

Where is immortality when morality is sold

in disposable packets of atomic bio-sand?

Only in crying shades and nightmares

if peace appears

Where is its real sanctum sanctorum?

Though the dove is free,

when she will grow wings on clipped lungs of time?

Yesterday it rained vaccines and ventilators

and they replaced the air with quarantine gas!

It is a ritual you have to wear the war mask

without getting choked in technology,

to be branded as a patient patriot,

And at airports they have bemused mind detectors

That distract war virus and detest your immune factors



4. Tuesday

They were discussing silent death,
the ancient methods of throwing people and dead bodies
with Tularemia, plague and small pox
Into the hostile towns and towers... causing panic...

They trained voluptuous women to be poison girls
and lured the generals into death traps.
Vamps, Femme Fatale, Mata Hari, Rappaccini's daughters,
and Sulochana- sugar coated pills painted in romantic colors

They understood beasts, snakes, scorpions, fleas, bees,
cicadas, locusts and mosquitoes can disarm an army with ease...
Three hags of that time brewed Biological Warfare
in the cauldrons of war and the results were too bitter...

This virion has a halo and gods liked its embers
The war scientists enhanced its virulence in secret chambers
But it escaped its chambers on the wings of vectors
And a great city, the Chicago of China trembled inside closed doors

They gave instructions that,
all fever cases of outrage should be detained and isolated,
Till the last test comes negative for raptures and emotions
then started war against the Bio-war
that hit the world economic index below the belt....



5. Wednesday

The invading armies were almost at the ramparts,
With ladders and hooks, seize towers and battering rams
They began their assault and found something wrong,
Boiling water, hot oil, quick lime smoke, poisoned arrows
and soul hunting fog incapacitated them into defeat throes;

They painted war gourds with antimony, tallow and ground pepper,
filled them with arsenic, sulfur, rosin, turpentine and salt peter
and hoisted them on children parade and women's voices;
They have crocodiles hidden in their faces for tear jerks
and liquid chlorine and mustard gases to yellow war-works

The gas chambers worked round the clock relieving the agonies
Where Hydrogen Cyanide, carbon monoxide played symphonies
Exterminating thousands of Jews in their final hold
The Apocalyptic Sarine, the cool Kolokol, and the mustard gas
The nerves of victims broken with agonies many fold.

The deterrent weapons when they scorch doves alive,
In yellow clouds the olive branches wither in chemical weather
And beneath the sky tears go dry
Where war wolves wander like werewolves and
Every night and day lambs die in nightmarish cries



6. Thursday

A Little boy and a Fat man went for a stroll,
A mushroom umbrella erupted underneath their feet
An archipelago committed Hara-kiri in intense heat,
World trembled with paroxysmal nightmares
Then they got a reprieve in the changing moral sieve

They forged 'Swords of Armageddon'
And raised nuclear arms to hug each other,
The dust on their cloven feet has satanic sulfur
They paved the streets with uranium and plutonium
And the sidewalks by dirty plaques

Fusion and fission in the heavy water baths
Like the kiss of death in critical mass generating heat
Where blasts and flashes of last love evaporate in one call sheet
Thirteen thousand eight hundred and sixty five war heads
They counted so far, hiding them in olive groves

While I carry these olive branches,
why eagles, goshawks, dragons and peacocks guard missiles?
Are they worried about my wings of love?
A white dove is thinking about a possibility-
-'Can I become Death too, the Destroyer of Worlds?'



7. Friday

Horried at the dove's thought
Eagles called for an urgent meeting
A thought of such aberration must not grow
What happens if all these doves and song birds
Carry olive leaves and flood our launching stations?

Since time immemorial
Swords and guns ruled the world
While eagles and lions moved in style
Rest of the beast lived in disarray
Following some doctrine of vague emotions...

Let those emotions stir often
Near the ruined walls and the places of worship
When they get charged with that mania
Then these carrier birds shall have orbits
In those closed places of commotions....

Meanwhile let's confiscate all the olive groves,
And sell olive twigs to the doves at a premium,
Let these common birds cross our bullet screens
To reach their rainbow bridge
Where Pax the lady of peace dwells beyond many notions...



8. Saturday

They have built the ancient myths into new weapons
Adaptive camouflage tanks that out run sea god Proteus
Magnetohydrodynamic Explosive Munitions to create mayhem,
TASER shock waves that compete with Poseidon's trident's thrust,
Modular Advanced Armed Robotic system to create Mars effect

Black Knight Unmanned Combat Vehicles, Precision guided firearms,
Laser weapon system and Avengers; Human universal load carriers,
PHASR blinding rifles, Electromagnetic Rail guns, Cyborg bugs,
Heat rays, Air burst grenade launchers, Hypersonic missiles,
Smart pistols, Fostech shot guns, corner shots, underwater guns;

Stealth tanks and aircrafts, Drones, all for high accuracy killing,
With Titanic range, Olympians strategies and Heroes billing,
War limits reached above heaven, below hell and earth in between,
And the legendary weapons of war gods are reappearing with sheen,
Future looked bleak and the accrued riches started melting like ice;

That's the reason why gods of war convened their meeting,
If it is so when are the Armageddon and Second Coming?
In Ragnarok who sides whom and how far it stretches?
Where is God Kalki the tenth incarnation of Lord Vishnu?
If the End of the World is near, who survives? Where and why?



9. Holiday

On that Holiday they exhibited Arms and armor
Made to vanquish one another by brute force
Precision guided Rama's arrows, Are's spears
Thor's acoustic Hammers, Venus Sammohanastras
Atomic Brahmastras, Siva- Poseidon Pasupatha-tridents

Indra's Diamond weapons or Zeus thunderbolts
Age old boomerangs in neo intercontinental missiles,
Pushpak stealthy airships, Iravata camouflage tanks
Vector Dragon teeth, David's corner shot slings,
Unmanned flying mountains, Laser, TASER lightnings

Devas and Asuras, Aesirs and Vanirs, Rakshasas and Vanaras,
Whites and blacks; Yellows and reds; Sea men and Land people
One eyed Cyclops and hundred hand Hecatonchires, Minotaurs
Mammoths. Behemoths, Dragons, Centaurs, Sphinx, Phoenix,
Geryons, Gorgons, Griffins, Graeae, Giants, Harpies, Hydras,

Cerberus dogs, Rainbow serpents, Satyrs, Scylla, Charybdis, Typhon,
Eagles, Ravens, Stympalian birds, Lamiai, Lycanthropes, Pegassus,
Dracons, Humanoids, Automations, Kraken, Grendel, Kappa, Nian,
Naga, Piasa, Menhune, Cipactli, Four symbols of sky and deities
All for war and final destruction but where are those gods of peace?



10. Holy Day

In the secluded Anti atomic underground dungeons,
And in the liquid nitrogen catacombs
They are modifying diva photons into demon particles
By recombinant technology and resilient vector biology
To transform nubile minions into mobile Titanic monsters

They have captured pigeons, doves, rabbits and guinea pigs
Butterflies, bees, bacteria, rats, raccoons, rhesus monkeys
And people of lesser gods for lab experiments
To prove war is a Darwin strategy in evolutionary package
And they insured the lives in subprime share markets...

When the green flames of money glistened in the west
The red zones in the east moved across blue seas
Singing lilac dirges on the grey drifts and floats
Emptying their scarlet liquids in yellow fogs
Of violet violence finally ending in pitch black holes...

With High Speed Data Transfer Technology
That sends rumors faster than truth
Bushfires erupted and swallowed the land gripped by fear,
Then they prayed the old and new gods of mercy
And declared that day, as reconciliation day- a holy Day



11. Doomsday (End of the Days)

And the deadly virus began its destructive campaign
Acquiring own and artificial intelligence
Like Bhasmasura the demon of ashes it made cities look empty
And rest of the world prayed for the magic of Mohini antivirus,
The three hags there again roared in endless laughter...

In the Twilight of the gods and in that final battle
The gods Odin, Thor, Tyr, Freyr and Loki die in death rattle
And the world will be submerged under Great Waters,
Lif and Lifprasil – life and body survive in Hoddmimis Holt
After many long winters emerges the new beautiful world....

The Second Coming – Parousia- arrival halts the satanic shouts
The false prophets go pale under the radiance of the Word of God,
Near the mount of Megiddo good and evil forces drew swords,
After a series of events comes the Great White Throne Judgment
Satan and his forces are cast into the Lake of Fire, the Second Death.

To end the Sinful Age- Kaliyuga Lord Vishnu Incarnates as Kalki,
Riding on his white horse, armed with trident and a great sword,
A parrot extolling his virtues, gathers armies of sages and warriors,
Defeats Kali demon in the final battle and establishes Krita Yuga
The Golden Age where peace and prosperity rules the world.....

Om Santhihi! Santihi !! Santihi!!!



YUDDHOPANISHAD

PART-III

THE WAR-NING!





1. "O Muses! Sing in me and through me the gifts 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 Satan 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!
When the winged horse Pegasus touched its hooves to the ground on Helicon,
Bursts forth are four springs of arts divine, the dwellings of Muses to refine!

With writing tablet and stylus **Calliope** carves **Epic** poetry,
Entire ancient to modern poets pick inspiration from that archaic foundry;
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**,
Grief tears the curtains of joy and leaps as **Tragedy** mega or mini;
An agricultural goddess behind veil and grapes in hand is **Polyhymnia**,
Ring the chimes and religious **Hymns** in the precincts of holy temple area;
Lyre and plectrum emanating mellowing sounds, moves **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 battled breath;

With globe and compass, **Urania** looks into horizons and firmament,
Presides over **Astronomy**, predicts the stars and planets movement;
Such are the powers of Muses to bless us with arts and entertainment,
With arrogance we lose the gifts and suffer in disenchantment!
Aren't 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 Satan and revere the lump of clod?



2. Oh, Mirror on the wall!

Come on! Walk backwards down on slippery stair steps, like a mouse,
Hold a blinking candle; Go down in history, the pit of pitch dark house.
Like eroding black waters of polluted sea, in a moonless ghastly night,
In the mirror, what do you see? A nice face, or a skull of Dark Knight?

O magic mirror, O mirror on the wall, tell me, reveal me all!
In to what hypnologic hallucinations you ooze and break tall?
Who is the fairest of all? The blood wrath or the sad tears bath?
What malevolent ghosts penetrated thy glossy glassy gross hearth?

O crystal ball! What do you see? Tell me please what it is?
Why are we going backwards, why blood red are the rivers and seas?
Why the walls and halls are smoky? Why the deserted streets are sticky?
Why those buildings look ugly? Why windows are ghoulish and ghastly?

-“I see a total mayhem, apocalyptic horror, Doomsday blast bombs,
I see pools of blood, smoke and heaps of bodies and severed limbs,
I see and hear ear deafening sounds, cries, sobs and rattles of breath,
I feel the whirlpools of fire, caustic rains and flying silhouette of death.

I see eternal sufferings in the smokeless fire lake Gehinnom,
I see dark energy phantom, critical density jam and gloom,
I see the past, present and future heat death and false vacuum,
I see big bang, big rip, big freeze and big crunch of Cosmic doom”-

O cup of Jamshed! O Divine Chalice, O Holy Grail! And O Holy cross!
O Divine Cornucopia, O blessed Akshayapatra, O great Prophet sword!
Protect us from the perpetrators of hate! Shield us from this blood spate!
O Blessed Prophets! O Great God! The merciful and compassionate!
Protect us with your grace and fill this world with ever lasting peace.



3. The Whisperer

From smokeless fire you created me as jinn,
How can I prostrate before that lowly earthen one?
You have thrown me out of Paradise and your way,
I shall lurk in ambush for this human to lead him astray!

You gave these humans free -will; I shall plant seeds of evil,
I shall come upon them, before, behind, right and left as Devil,
O the most High, You will not find many hearing divine gong!
I shall strip their raiment; ignite Nafs, the desire to do wrong!

Into their ears and hearts I whisper slyly and surreptitiously,
On their heads I shall make three knots in their sleep cautiously,
Let them struggle till eternity to wriggle out of my net and wrist!
Let the light born angels protect the minions of clay from my fist!

Do relish the fruit from the tree of Eternity! O Adam!
I give you a kingdom, and make you immortal of Jahannam!
Ha ha ha! me Azazil, shaytan, Iblis, the Devil and this is my kiss,
I shall see you and you cannot see me, here is my soft hiss s s s s s....



4. War and Peace Paradox

Where they begin and where they end, this war and peace?
In a typical running race, who will win? Achilles or tortoise?
If the end of the war is peace and the end of the peace is war,
Where will you get a mindful of peace without any scar?

Out, out, brittle candle! Why this ephemeral smoke and light?
You blow a birthday bubble and wait for doomsday trouble!
In between much hue and cry, on the land of wet and dry, right?
How many parentheses and paradoxes on the way you dribble?

In a time machine if you travel back into the remote past,
Can you stop the Great War between the gods and giants?
Do the human Rama and the demon Ravana accept peace?
Can you stop the birth of Hitler or Mussolini or Satan race?



5. Merchants of Death

A bullet for every heart, a landmine for every mind,
A grenade for every head, a hole for every soul,
We are jolly warlords, we are merchants of Death!
We chant peace songs in battlefields, war stench we breath!

Seven continents, seven seas, over seven billion population,
Two hundred countries, four thousand cities,
villages two and half a million,
One billion people living in horrible conditions,
less than two dollars a day they earn,
Two billion children, ten million die every year,
one billion below that blessed poverty line,

One gun for every seven people,
over all one billion guns,
one hundred and thousand battle tanks,
Thirty five thousand war planes,
two hundred battleships, warheads, missile cranks,

Ten billion bullets per year, so each one of us
can have one or two pellets as bread loaves,
Sixty five billion dollar industry, do you think,
cares olive branches from doves?



6. The Nonstop Train

When that perpetual train surges forward or backward,
A series of montages struggle past inward and outward;
In the first cubicle sits withered faces of age old groans.
The terminal room is filled with bizarre skulls and bones.

In the Engine room sits a grave grotesque dark sinister creature,
With a blood oozing scythe in his hand and expressionless feature,
To his opposite- a faceless face of light beyond any description,
In that sea of Fire, Time merges into emptiness of cosmic friction!

In that night of nights, in that pitch darkness without moon and stars,
A night that envelopes the mighty forests, seas, mountains and shores,
When that train passes non stationary stations it slows but never stops,
Fireflies, glow worms buzz in and buzz out from it with hopes and hops.

As you walk across the various Ages of uncertain lub dub,
Among ruins are Cain's stone, David's sling, Hercules club,
Obsidian knives, stone axes, boomerang, hatchet, tomahawk
Rama's arrow, Krishna's disc, Arthur's Excalibur, Achilles shield

Umpteen swords, daggers, spears, catapults, bastilles,
Battering rams, canons, tanks, fighter planes, missiles,
Atomic bombs junk scattered amidst flesh and blood,
The treasures of war stink inundate the lands in flood!



In that night of nights, obsequies overcrowd the platforms
Hells open their holes to swallow bodies crawling with worms,
Invisible ladders from above wait to find a few qualified souls,
While the alleys of Hell choke in swarms of sinners and ghouls

Did you see the images of prophets in that glow worm light?
Hung to the walls the crosses, pleading the people to do right?
Arise! Act! In that night of nights no train stops at your station!
Your past deeds allot ticket to the hell down or ladder levitation!

You can be a firefly or glow worm
Or just a fly or worm, choice is yours!
In the Engine room the face of illumination decides,
And the scythe creature executes!



7. Do I have a face....

Do I have a face of a race or a notion of a nation?
Do I look like Abel, you Cain can be able to kill me with a stone?
Our produce may differ let it be accepted by the Lord!
Why I am stoned and buried underneath the dust and sod?

Do I have a face of grace or an authority of sermon class?
Do I look like Jesus, you jealous ones can punish me on a cross?
Our gods do not differ then why you gave me so much trouble!
Why I am scourged and crucified on a cross branding me as a rebel?

Do I have a face of non-violence or harbinger of ultimate truth?
Do I look like Gandhi, or Luther King, you can shoot us with wrath?
Our principles may differ let them be decided by people!
Why we were removed when our nations were still stressful?

Do I have a face of beauty or harsh helpless wife's duty?
Do I look like Lady Diana, you paparajji why you stalked my privacy!
Our styles of living may differ, why didn't you leave me alone?
Why I am hunted and haunted till I die in my car blown?

Do I have a face of tolerance or hostility of a typical tyrant?
Do I look like Mandela, Angana Suki or Malala and a truant?
Our thoughts of color or vow may differ; you can accept as it is!
Why we are incarcerated and disfigured with vengeance grease?

Do I have a face of a dove, olive, fawn or human?
Do I look like arrow, mace, sword, bomb or machine gun?
Our views about war and peace may differ, what's the problem?
Why, let us war for the peace with love and let it be our emblem!



8. Wishing Peace for all.....

Why are you alone and sulking, Oh wounded dove?
'-What can i do? They are fighting for peace, below and above!'
How did you get that blood oozing wound, oh poor white dove?
They are battling with arts- darts, words- swords, in war grove!

See soldiers see! A seven foot skeleton with Scythe is slashing!
Catastrophic calamity convulsing the cold catarrhal cataclysms,
Pitch black ashes, pumice, cinders, blood, pus, phosphorus fumes,
Frightfully featuring fears, hideous images, ghastly, gruesome,
Gore and macabre, putrefaction scenes unnerving,

Fear soldiers fear! Giant squids, Minotaur,
Medusa, Scilla, Balrog, Grendel, Fenrir wolf,
Penny wise, Algonquin Wendy, Cthulhu,
and Jabberwock ...all monsters in modern outfits,

Attack soldier attack! Ballista,
catapults, darts, arrows, maces,
seize towers, cannons, bombs,
missiles, machine guns, hovercrafts, helicopter,
Command ships, aircraft carriers, submarines, torpedoes,
napalm, biological, chemical sprays, Atomic bomb
explosions mushrooming.....

Yell soldier yell! Yell Rebel yell! Eleleu, Alala
Remember the Almo, no land beyond Volga
Tenno heika Banzai, roar Roman Barritus fit,
Liberty or Death, Deus hoc vult-God wills it!



Hide soldier hide! Camouflage, shell shock,
demob, catch-22, street car shells, travel byes,
Jusqu Auboutiste- until the end, Conchies
Sam Brownies, Eyeties, trench foot and mouth.

Hear soldier hear! The ear deafening blasts and explosions, ratatat,
clack, click, clatter, sound dakka, takkatakk, Nnnnnnn, ratatatatat,
Pewpew, dhaam, psssss., ping, jarjaa, twish, ptaff,
Thish, twing twang, vooom wooom, and zap off-

Dream soldier dream!
Dream about wife and children, parents, lovers and friends,
Dream about Christmas, Easter, eggs, wine, bread, turkey, fish
And promises and misses.
Dream about water, air, fire, sky, stars, sun, moon; your home,
pet dog, tears, and blood.

Dream soldier dream!
Dream about paintings of pain in the dust,
bleeding heart, writing songs of love and trust.
Dream about a new covenant in those hurt lockers
and dream about immortality chest.
Dream about fear and death, death and DEATH

Now, how can I help you, oh wounded dove?
What can I do to restore happiness in this mad man's mangrove ?
If everybody in this world, joins hands against war,
with unconditional love,
Peace will flourish and war will disappear
from these lands, below and above.



9. Order! Order! Order!

My life boat rushes towards the pristine gorges to boast,
The mountains laugh, the woods snicker, the volcano fumes to roast,
The waterfalls drench, the currents and waves push the boat to coast,
The cormorants, albatross and seagulls cackle with voices of ghost!

Run! Run! Run! Run through landmines, trenches and barbed wires!
Run into the stinky cellars that smell stench of war and war mires!
Run through the diplomatic maze, Run across the disciplinary haze!
Run and run singing marching songs, thrust the bayonets in daze!

Creep! Creep into that creepy phlegmatic maggot ridden corridor!
Open the door! In that mortuary room, in that frozen rack,
in that dark corner, underneath the white shroud,
that maimed, mutilated, bullet holed face ...Can you recognize it?
Is it yours or the one you attacked on that day in hate fit?

Look at this one! Can you recognize this belt and this button?
You just pressed it, and presto! You brought how many?
Almost a hundred that filled this coffin!
They put those pieces at random flesh in flesh, blood in blood,
Who cares to divide and group them?

Once the life's laughter is gone,
Every body amounts to putrid waste,
fit to be burnt or to be buried in!
Such fragile is life's vanity, you neglect its
bareness and wander in its barrenness,
Tying yourself to the cartwheel of doctrines
and allow the executioner to cudgel
Your limbs body and all, mind and soul!



An eerie emptiness amidst the tornado,
You run with it standing amidst of it,
becoming a part of its pointless destruction,
Giving an estimate of the frailty of man's scientific illusion,

Run! Run! Run! Run to the chambers of
Doomsday court and swear!
No bayonets, no belt bombs,
No modern arms and warfare allowed here!
You bare yourself your soul!
Arguments of Devil's advocates no one shall hear!
The Divine Judge is coming!

Order! Order! Order!



10. The Bleeding Borders

How many dead bodies did you bury yesterday?

How many sprouted, what leaves, what fruits yielded they?

Did they bury the sun, moon, stars and sky?

Did they fill the abyss, winds, space, matter and water dry?

What happened to the borders you built with spikes and skulls as wall?

What happened to the bricks of mud and blood and the skeletons tall?

Did they whistle battle cries and sound trumpet calls of war?

Did they ooze bombers wheeze and tanks grease of tar?

In which layer of the Earth Archaeologists found your tomb stone?

Which ugly period the scientists marked your gene and bone?

Did the tremble of Hell still palpable in those dank trenches?

Did the grumble of Death still audible on those stinking benches?

In the name of disputed borders, and thoughts

How many children we sacrificed on those altars?

We call them soldiers, we call them intruders,

The other side label them as warriors and martyrs!

But whose children are they?

Where are those mothers that lost them?

Why these youth carry guns loaded with patriotic
fervor or passionate hate?

Who induced them into the homicidal or
suicidal training schools of diabolic state?



Spending fifty billion dollars this year as
defense budget how much peace
We achieved, how much blood, how many lives,
how much war stench business?
When all the advances in the science and
technology is vehemently used,
To protect the interests of age old beliefs,
rituals and traditions of barbaric times,
How can one expect hope for the peace
and Universal Brotherhood?

If we spend more money for arms and armor than books and schools,
If we spend more money to protect those fragile inconsistent borders
Than removing the consistent visible poverty and pathetic conditions,
How can our mother land be happy and cheerful, with tears pouring in trains,
When the national fabric is riddled with bullet holes and crimson blood stains!



11. Jephthah's Daughter

Break coconuts, burn effigies, dump dough dolls, do circumcision,
Part with hair, toss into rivers straw figures, sacrifice hens, offer venison,
Cock-crows, rams, bulls, buffalos, horses, and wines as 'pars pro toto' ,
O Human! Your inner nature is the same! Dread and fear is the key proto!

The Great Wall of China, laced with skeletons and stone;
Hitobashira the maiden human pillar in Japan,
The building of Skadar in Albania with a nursing mother,
as foundation stone or supporter;
The great pyramid of Tenochtitlan reconstructed by Aztecs;
With an offering of eighty thousand and four hundred souls-
Mongols, Scythians, Meso- American chiefs, Chinese kings, Vikings,
All had their accompaniments of retainers of servants, concubines,
Chariots, horses, weapons and utensils to serve them in the afterlife;
Voluntary, involuntary, drugged, doused, dozed, drowned, and dumped;

How many skeletons these Archaeologists did count, classify and rate?
How many mass graves and ruined temples of lore they did excavate?
What burnt bones and fossils dust and soot in Geiger Counters they state?
What corn, what food, what teeth, what for they do this Radio Active Date?

Head hunters, European Witch hunters, Celts, tantric Kalika worshippers
Kuknur, Odisha Chandika temples, Khond legends, Wars and aftermaths,
Huitzilopochtli offerings, Post revolutionary reign of hunting, line of fires,
Wickerman, tattooed serpent, birdman burial, morning star ceremonies;

Tumi, obsidian knives, bronze scythes, clubs, cloths, guns, grenades
Bombs, what not? Decorate the victim with neem leaves, flower garlands
Paint them with Mayan blue or red ochre, sprinkle saffron and turmeric
Chant spells, blow trumpets and blast the ear drums with Whistles,
Tambourines, cimbals, Gongs, Dhols, Marimba, rattles and sirens;



Drumbeats and gunfire let them shatter the frolic and fun, now it is whose turn?
Is it Isaac, Ishmael, Sunassepa, Holocaust victims, refugees or people on run!
Are they Cronos hands or fire pits, gurgling guns, altar knives, or all in one!
Or Iphigenia, Polyxena, countless children, Jephthah's daughter or anyone!

'Then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house'-
O Jephthah! Your own daughter came, to greet you, flying in happiness!
You sighed and screamed! She asked a release-
'Two months to roam the hills and weep with my friends!'-

In Dhaka, in a bakery, on a holy Friday night, with refrain or restrain,
Did anyone fathom the pain and agony of Tarushi Jain?



12. Dark Knight in Florida Night!

My senses ten dance in florid frenzy,
In a dank nightclub of my dark body!
I ride on a terrible nightmare of apostasy,
Burst bullets of mad belief on ecstasy!

The mare of guilt squirts fumes from its nostrils
The flaring quilt of inbuilt sin releases froth from its mouth,
This black stallion neighs war and death screams of wrath,
The wild horse began kicking the bystanders with its steel hooves!

The pristine music flowing in the young veins,
suddenly got injured as in battles,
A torrent of screams intermixed with the
reverberations of death rattles,
The mellifluous night torn its clothes of
peace and fell on the stretcher,
The bleeding bodies shrieked in silence like
an ambulance or fire engine siren!

O Nightmare! Why do you recur and recur,
disturbing our hope and faith deep?
Are you giving us any warning or is it any sort of
warming exercise before final sleep?



13. One News- Nine Views (THE MIDNIGHT MASSACRE)

VERSION-1- New News Channel-

Death, destruction, stupidity, wrath stuffed in a foursome grenade mission,
A vitriolic command bursts on sleeping tents igniting incendiary ammunition;
The massacre of sleeping tenants still in their prime and a two way shoot out
And counting the bodies of killed and killers all zombies in a hate locker sprout!

VERSION-2- Green Channel

Ours is a five- men army against the Century brother's hundred and odd,
What genuinely belongs to us is usurped by Big Brother, genetically bad,
When provincials fight for freedom, we give only cover and support card,
Envious of our greenness they show their colors three and blame us hard!

VERSION-3- Three Color Channel

From Jambu island formed is this great country of enormous riches and lore,
Outsiders from distant lands polluted its sanctity and made ruins everywhere,
Our borders in reality became lines of control by the invaders creating mayhem
All peace efforts are made piecemeal by our own brothers beating war drum!
See those matrix sheets, green guns and grenades, they telltale the massacre.

VERSION-4-War Merchant Channel

Ha ha! Let them fight till the Dooms day call!
Our profit and loss account must show only rise, no fall!
Plenty of hatred we can supply them in urns and ammunition!
If a few crustaceans or Asians die, what is the loss, and how is it our concern?

VERSION-5- U-NO- Channel

Peace, peace, peace! Love, love! Oh my son!
Cried hoarse, all the developed nations in unison!
These street fights do not interest us, unless they escalate!
It is bedtime; give a wakeup call if there is third world war, on slate!



VERSION-6- Past History Channel

Elders assembled there make certain rules to be followed during the war!
Blaming it on some reason or treason, they start flouting rules with no bar!
May be it is Iliad or Maha Bharata, the stakes are same and game is a spar!
In the name of valor or patriotism young people fight to die and disappear!

VERSION-7- Moral Channel

ASWATTHAMA HATAHA, kunjaraha;- ASWATTHAMA WAS KILLED, the elephant!
Nobody tells truth, nobody knows why borders kill young people but they fight!
Seventy years of parting, still borders ooze blood and hate, what do you call it?
If both warring countries send their politicians instead of the young soldiers,
Wars die; Love and peace prevails all over the world without any borders!

VERSION-8- Local K Channel

Please give us our freedom; we want nobody's kindness, help or wisdom!
Ours is a beautiful land of lakes, valleys and snow hills of pristine charm!
Oh, dear warring brothers! Why there is no son of soil in those dead ones?
Don't bring annihilation to all of us in these illusory land zones!

VERSION-9- No Future Channel

Odysseus and Diomedes killed the sleeping Thracians in their tents,
Aswatthama, killed his father's murderer and Upa Pandavas ,
all in Sleep's embrace,
Hunted by Arjuna and Krishna, Aswatthama releases
a missile, and Arjuna another one
With sages intervention Arjuna withdrew his weapon,
but Aswatthama's weapon gone
Redirected to Uttara's womb, it maims the child in utero,
saved by the Lord's intervention!
Now in this internecine war, who plays Lord Krishna
and who saves our future generation?



14. On being sane in insane places.....

I foresee the Third World War in open store,
Ghastly destruction of ancient temples of lore,
Annihilation of religious precincts of core,
Decimation of people in millions and more!

I see Cassandras and Martha Mitchells everywhere
holding a flaming torch and axe,
I see people of Troy or white house preventing them
from break open the Trojan Horse or gates force!
I see blind Tiresias proclaiming demonic horrors of
physical and mental cruelty,
I see you and me are gas-lighted into doubting
our own memory, perception and sanity!

Oh Apollo! The magnificent lamp of the day!
Why your lovers are the miserable victims of fate?
Cassandra, Creusa, Daphne and Kunti the virtuous ladies
suffered for their surrender to you great!
With you the union is catastrophic to them
and they knew their state,
Made worse by the passage of time late
and their progeny in agony spate!

Like Cassandra we all know what is going to
happen in our nearest future!
We can predict them accurate but who believes
our poetic figurative structure?
Big brothers, big men and women,
big people fleece little ones ad infinitum,
The slow walk of a normal man forced to stay in a
crazy callous lunatic momentum!



How do we dissolve this dehumanizing run of
demonic zombie marathon!
We know the way to enter but how to know the
real exit out of those gates million?
In a madhouse infested with delusions and
hallucinations, how to differentiate real from illusion?
Once you enter it you are a number, you lose your identity
in brain wash and you get your shock of life and confusion!

In this shock street, every moment you see a
dismembered head or limb in death's grin,
In that black sky thick clouds of hate pour missiles and
bombs over live tombs and catacombs in rain!
Every second the doomsday specialists and scientific data analysts
warn about the second coming of savior or Armageddon,
We, like people of Troy, ridicule Cassandra and bury our
ostrich heads in sand on and on!

Arise! Awake and act! Oh unrepentant human!
Bury your hatchets and guns of warring faction!
Nothing but ashes comes out of action and reaction!
The only way to gain peace is love and compassion!



15. Across The Crossroads

Did you hear the distant drums of the Devil's dreamy devout?
Did you follow the call of the spirits from the lowland sprout?
Were you born with a sticky 'caul' enveloping your forehead?
Were you found asleep in the fairy ring under a serpent's hood?

Come on! Walk along the road you planted the trees on both sides,
What seeds you sow, they bear now clusters of guns and grenades!
Did you water them with what; they ooze gallons of blood and tears!
What pattern you nursed them, they harbor demons and predators!

What sort of flagstones you spread on this dark, dusty road of humanity?
Sins and virtues got mixed up in unbelievable proportions of odd profanity!
Oh decadent Shaman! Do you realize once this earth was the Garden of Eden?
From first sin and first murder, a nonstop sliding towards the Satan's den!

A few more crazy faltering steps you shall reach the peculiar 'y' junction!
One road goes up, is the Jacob's ladder unattractive with angels in action!
But your inclination is towards the vivid advertisement suction section!
It has no steps, only a jump into the abyss of phosphorescence attraction!

Do you hear the deafening drums and dreadful voice in that hell's reserve?
Do you recognize your sins sprouting to teach the lesson you richly deserve?
AT that 'Y' junction, there is no return; your ticket is booked for the session!
So Man! Repent! Undo your malicious actions, live with love and compassion!



16. Water-boarding of Nine by Eleven

Drip! Drip! Drip! Drip! Drip! Drip! Drip! Drip! Drip! Drip rap!
A rat in the trap, drowning rap, truth serum sap, sophisticated torture trap!
Drop by drop by sky drop by air drop by fire drop by water drop, drop by drop!
Rip trip through nose, Air pipe, asphyxiated lung prop, choke confession crop!

Between- "the big wedding and the enduring freedom"- a deadliest occasion,
On September eleven two thousand and one, between eight forty five and ten,
Nineteen box-cutting knives 'Laden' with hate cut the throats of cockpit men,
In four birds of steel jettisoned as guided missiles, with wrath as ammunition;

Struck towers twin and a Big Brother's ego balloon punctured at Penta-gone!
Lapses, collapses, tons of steel stunning, unbelievable peels of fear and angst,
Bricks, mortar, glass, metals, colors, blood, flesh, bones, all powder and dust,
In a few minutes, three thousand lives, in fire and smoke, minute sand and rust,

The switch, wire and bomb, all your own make the hand, body, mind burst!
On the fourth plane there was some commotion, Burnett, Beamer and Bradshaw,
And a few warriors found their galley filled with pitchers of boiling water, and saw
Death, they rolled towards its jaw, fought with it, the bird exploded upside down,
Before reaching its dreadful target and the heroes' sacrifice did not go in vain!

Tears, fears, smears, spears, ears, years, a search of non-stop,
Drop by drop by sky drop by air drop by fire drop by water drop, drop by drop!
Water-boarding a suspected rat in a sophisticated interrogation ritual crop,
Find the rat-hole, the courier, and the next step-



Operation Neptune spear; Smoke the hole, send the drones,
and mop the route map, two Black Hawk helicopters,
Seventy nine SEAL commandos and a dog Cairo,
back-up of a few Chinook air-lifters,
Assault rifles, machine guns, night-vision goggles,
find the culprit, a rat in the trap, See!
Clear the barricades put two bullets in the forehead,
kill it, seal it, and dump it in the sea!

Geronimo! Geronimo! Geronimo E.K.I.A.!
Enemy killed in action!
Is it the beginning of the end or the end of the beginning?
What is the reaction? Anyway, whose mistake is this?
Warriors on both sides why hate one another?
Why don't people stay in their own houses with boundary walls?
Why they cross borders selling wars and wares, guns and roses?

Whom we have to keep on the Water-boarding tables to confess the crime pact?
Who are the real criminals choking the humanity with selfishness and greedy act?



17. Hello! Is there anyone alive?

Hundred million people from over thirty countries, in a deadliest conflict,
A war between Allied Forces and Axis powers breaking the axis of the earth,
Aerial, naval, land battles, blitz bombing, on the largest land theatres of war,
A war of attrition continued for six years and one day, from first of September,

Nineteen hundred and thirty nine, resulting in total rewriting of borders,
Germany's total surrender on May eighth nineteen hundred and forty five,
*- 'The seas of the four directions- all are born of one womb;
Why, then, do the wind and waves rise in discord?
We are the warriors of Sun, ours is the land of the rising Sun!'-*
Thus Japanese Emperor Hirohito decided to continue war-

The waves, wind and fate were against the war weary Japan, now alone,
Americans and Allied troupes are in winning mood and offensive zone,
You name the dog mad before you kill it, or call it a nameless mass of vermin,
The D-day has come, Hitherto a secret weapon was brought into ammunition!

On August sixth of nineteen hundred and forty five, early at eight fifteen,
A 'Little Boy' of sixty four kilos weight with Uranium -two thirty five in his gun,
Took forty four seconds to reach half km above Hiroshima to play destruction!
A brilliant flash of light, and a loud booming sound, a firestorm of annihilation!

Paul Tibbets, the commander of a B-twenty nine plane, completed his mission!
What they saw after that holocaust devastation, a city wiped off its population,
After two days A 'Fat Man' climbed the Bock Scar bomber on August nine,
City Kokura was lucky, at eleven 'o' clock the clouds gave a view fine,



Of Nagasaki town, the crew of Charles Sweeney, released Plutonium Fat Man,
On a Tennis Court the story repeated with precision and ferocious explosion!
Around two hundred thousand lives they took and flattened cities in question,
World war came to halt, Japan surrendered, and cold war started its motion!

Radiation sickness, physical, mental, genetic damage affected the residual few!
On the eve of seventy one years of that incident, a little introspection is due!
What lessons we have learnt after that war, how many more new weapons,
And strategies of peace and war the humanity is keeping in tons and tons?

Are we a divided lot or unified in what?
Only in the mass graveyards is the equality drive,
Rest is eloquence in silence, Hello, Is there anyone really alive?
Is there anyone alive?



18. Fiddlers and flame throwers

While Paris is bleeding, the Nero likes wake up to royal pluck
They see a white truck, a coughing gun and people's bad luck!
And wait for a remote organization to claim their handiwork!
Politicians and people proclaim peace with candle light walk!

Liberty, freedom, fraternity! Where are they?
In ghettos, grottos and graveyards they do stay!
Equality, peace, humanity! What are they?
In the dictionaries, in quarantine wards and in word play!

You see the mowing truck and moving gun,
You see the rushing bullet and bleeding wound,
You see the hands pull the wheel and the trigger,
You see the fingerprints on the coffin s back!
You see the broken glass and bullet holes!

I see the panic and future tremors on the run!
I see the blood stains and death rattle from gullet,
I see the invisible hand from deep underground,
I see the Zombies, jinn and demons run amuck!
I see the melancholic streaks screaming havoc!

I find my heart being wrenched with the crude asphyxiating iron grip,
I find myself neck deep in the puddle of blood and tears welling up,
I find myself soaked in smoke and fire of alien attack and death trap,
I find myself in Tartarus with mental tortures pouncing on my top!



Is it not the wake up time to correct the past mistakes committed by us?
Are we not responsible for the inequalities in the human populace?
Are borders a barrier to up bring fellow humans from hunger and poverty?
Everyone has right to live and share the bounty of wind, sea, earth and sky,
Why these discriminations in the name of caste, color, creed and religion?
Why this vanity, power hunger, excesses that polluted the humanity?

Please come forward to stop the white truck
that goes amuck, at the starting point!
Otherwise there is no point in these temporary
measures that overlook the root cause joint,
The apparent wide gap between haves and
have nots in all fields is widening quick,
Unless we understand this and act promptly the
sporadic blood baths bash us with epidemic stick!
GOD SAVE HUMANITY!
LET THERE BE PEACE!



19. How brittle are thy wings, O peace?

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

No koel holds colloquy, no ploughman yields prosody,
no bard sings melody
The crippled skeletons are people,
rampant ravage ravished many an apple!

The murders frown, the cruel plotters release
deceitful glances, the traitors smile!
The hell is let loose; the dark man's scythe is sharp,
the goat footed creature is on prow!

In the land of zombies, owls hearken,
Dracula draws blood, werewolves howl!
How obstinate is your attitude O war!
Leave the blood tinted road, recede and disappear!

How beautiful are thy wings O peace!
The music is here! Come and occupy the chair!



20. Hiawatha's Belt

Oh, the Great peace maker,
'De ka na wida' prophet and spiritual leader!
Come! In your moonlight stone canoe
And seek for the peace keeper!

Oh, Hiawatha! The predestined peace maker!
Come collect the round clam shells!
Prepare wapum belt white and purple shells
And bind them with elm fibers!

Oh, the great wizard, Ata ta da ho,
With hair of hissing snakes, O the fire keeper!
You be the head of the Iroquois
Confederacy and maintain the peace and unity!

Oh Mohawks, keep the Eastern doors safe!
Oh Oneidas, people of the standing stone!
Oh Onondagas, the keepers of the fire!
Oh, Cayageas, people of the swamp!
Oh, Senecas, keep the Western door safe!

Let's bury the hatchets, tomahawks,
bow and arrows, clubs and all
Let the pine trees grow over them
and let peace prevail and no war



Let's live in peace, let there be no bloodshed
let's smoke the peace pipe sitting together
Let it be a lesson to all the nations and people,
let everybody live happily ever after!

Let all the continents, all the nations,
all the people wear the belt of peace.
Let all the weapons and war machinery be buried
underneath without trace.

Om santihihi ! Om santihihi! Om santihihi!



And
They did it....

Where they have buried the war
With petals of peace, there,
Glowing on the love pyramid
The holy book is there,
There they saw their Master



PREMAM SARANAM GACHCHAMI

WE GO TO THE LOVE FOR REFUGE

SANTHIM SARANAM GACHCHAMI

WE GO TO THE PEACE FOR REFUGE

JEEVAM SARANAM GACHCHAMI

WE GO TO THE LIFE FOR REFUGE

And

Like that day lamp at eastern gate

That removes the darkness

The one way led them to peace

They have time now to celebrate

His glow expanded steadily in silence



They could see the lighthouse expanding in themselves,
They respected planets, stars, galaxies and black holes,
They loved living and non-living things as relatives,
They revered air, fire, earth, sky and water ways,
They protected hills, valleys, meadows, rivers and seas;

They all lived happily in peace ever after ...





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Dr. LANKA SIVA RAMA PRASAD (Dr. LSR Prasad) is a Cardio Thoracic and Vascular Surgeon by profession, a popular author of 150 books, cartoonist, painter, critic, Editor and orator par excellence.

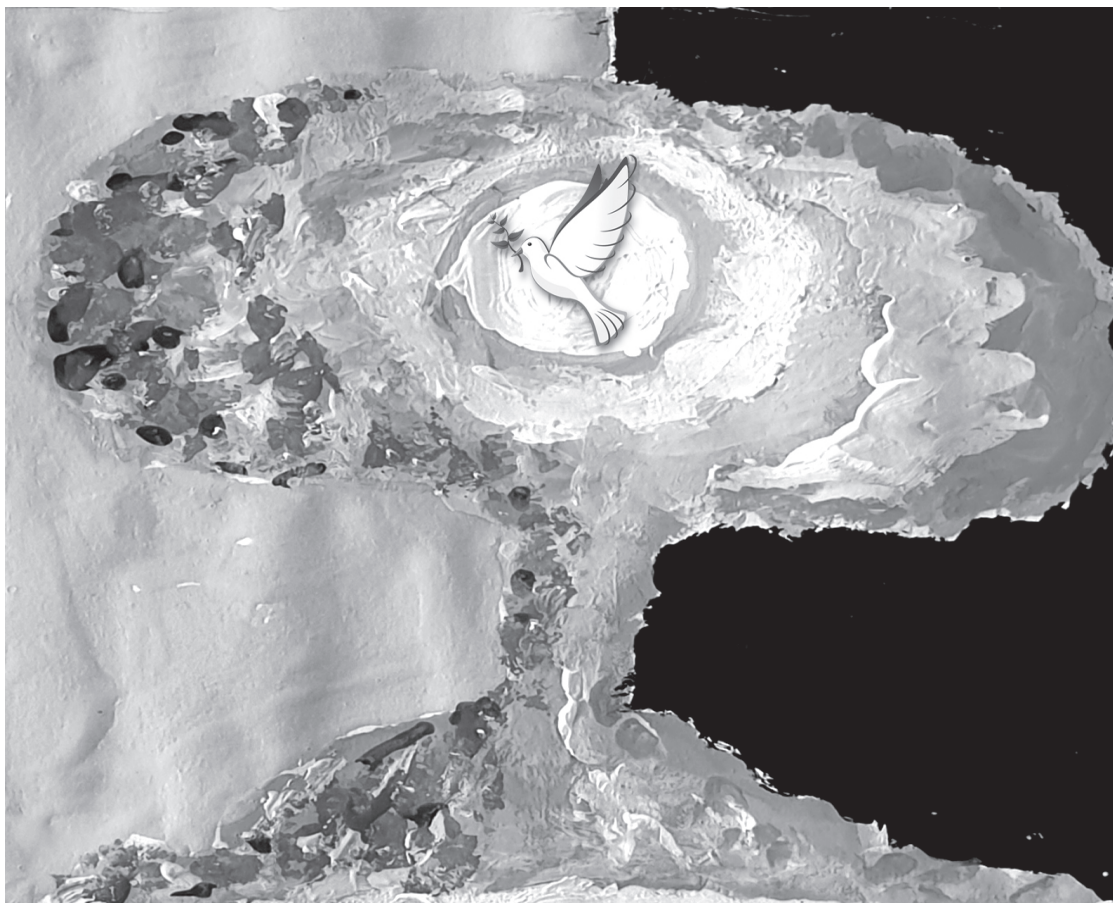
His knowledge in Telugu and English earned him name. He has translated Homer's Iliad, Odyssey first time in to Telugu Literature. In that series of Greek literature- Epic Cycle and Greek Heroes came as the third book. His other notable translations in to Telugu are John Milton's Paradise Lost, Paradise 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 Anchupai- is a collection of noir genre stories.

More than 40 translations of contemporary poets, two novels, twenty short stories, hundreds of essays and prefaces, books on science and Medicine and dream analysis are available. Now his published books have crossed the prestigious hundred land-marks and crossed 150. Most of his books are reference books in literature. His poems were translated into Greek, Spanish, Arabic, Hindi, Tamil, Kannada and many other languages. His works are available free at www.anuvaadham.com

He is the recipient of Reuel International Poet Award (2017), T.S. Eliot Award (2017), Global Poet Award-CANADA-WIN (2017), Life Time Achievement Award (2017), Kibatek Medal - Turkey (2017), Poet Laureate Award-Delhi (2017), Sahiti Rajahamsa Award-Vizag (2017), Poet Laureate-Kazakhstan (2017), Pentasi-B Life Time Achievement Award (2017), Naji Naaman Award (Lebanon)- 2018, Pablo Neruda Award-(Italy)- 2018, Poet Laureate-2019 (China) and many more.

He was the host and sponsor of PENTASI-B INDIA WORLD POETREE FESTIVAL-October 2017 - at HYDERABAD, INDIA, attended by more than 200 poets from all over the world.





YUDDHOPANISHAD

(THE UPANISHAD OF WAR)



(The rendezvous with Death)

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