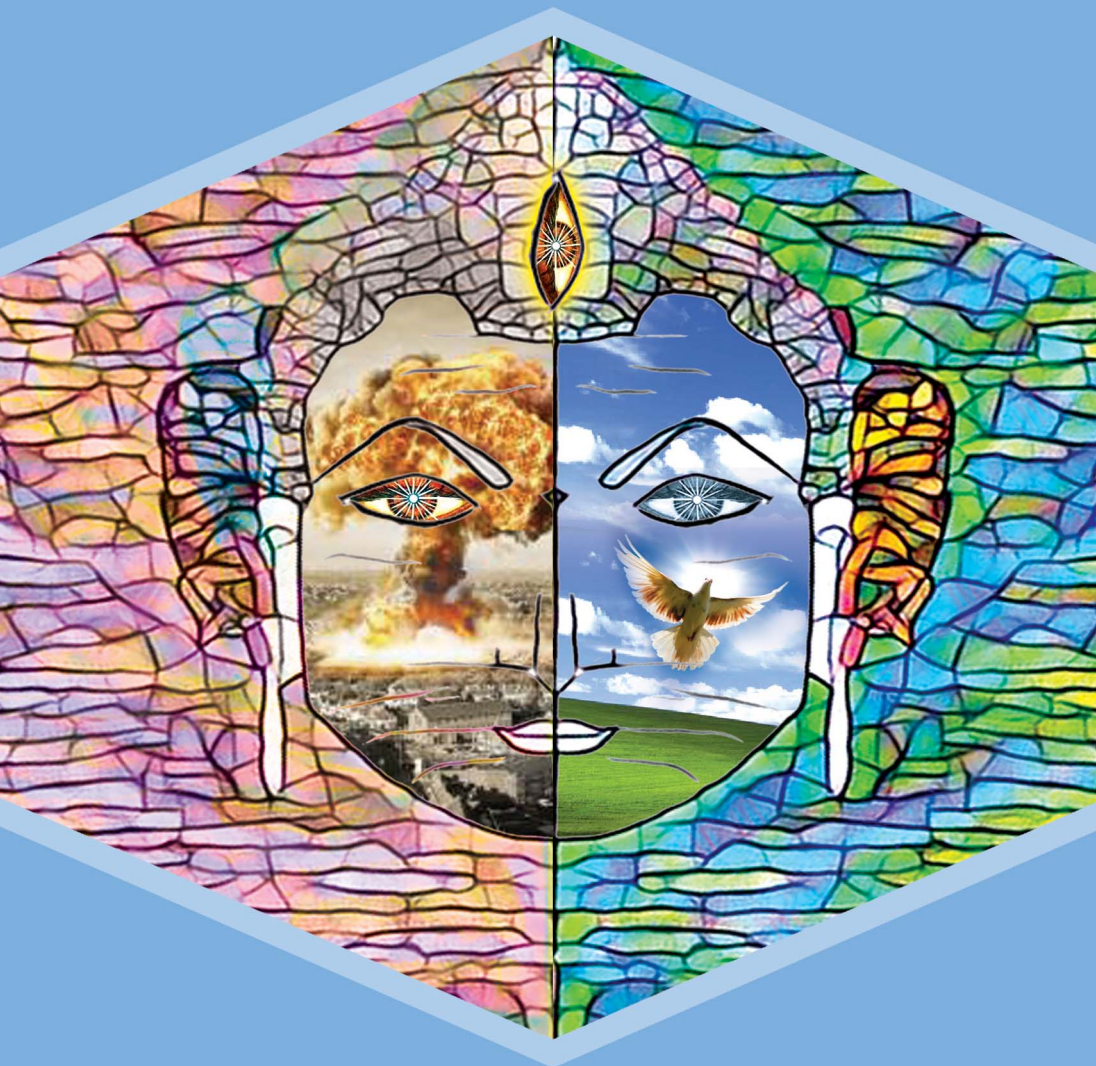


THE GUERDON OF POESY

(AN ANTHOLOGY OF WAR, PEACE AND POETRY)



Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad



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by

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

Aren't we 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!
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,
The 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**,
Lytic 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 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?

2. Prayer

Let the great depression come by
Let the body cry against sultry
Let the dark clouds gather
Let the thunder sound music
Let the lightning dance in frolic
Let the drizzle come with cool breeze
Let the rainbow paint the sky
Let rain drops kiss the thirsty earth
Let the aroma of earth emanate
Let there be puddles and reeks
Let the rain be a hail storm
Let the streams rivers overflow
Let seas rise with tsunami waves
Let hurricanes create terror
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

3. Poetree!

What is this tree?

Roots below, above or directions any!

Stem moonlight silvery and branches many!

Leaves green to golden and

Colors of Iris with season bloom!

Its flowers are groomed on

The divine loom, and buds on twilight zoom;

In its shades stay sojourners and muses

After long walks and travels of life's travails.

Its fruits are unripe or ripe,

Its parts are food or medicine,

It sounds with winds and rages with fire!

Birds and bards, creatures and

Caesars all likes this tree,

What is this tree that prefers to be free?

4. My dear mom

1.

When we children reached the school,
Drenched in the rain water and shivering cool,
They used to declare holiday for that day!
Another two hours of return journey
crossing streams and moor,
When we reach home my mother is already at the door,
Some hot food is ready, from her cornucopia,
Those days for us our school and home both are Utopia!

2.

Amma, when I wanted the moon,
You brought him nearer,
By fetching him into my mirror!

Mother, when you wanted to see
inside my mouth, soon I brought you
the whole Universe
By transforming the clay into the creation wonder!

Mom, when they wanted to crucify me,
You were in tears, and I showed them all ,
you as the greatest mother!

Mummy, everybody wanted a mother,
But not her welfare ,
I am in tears and smile no more!

Oh great mother! You are earth and
never wanted any thing
we close ourselves in cells and torture you ever..
If your tears go dry up where is life,
where is love and where are we?

Amma forgive us! Don't cry!

5. My Dad

A humble school teacher my father,
No tremble, no grumble, no fumble,
His duties he never neglected rather,
He was a model figure respected by all!

Like a Colossus he lived his life,
Never dribbled or troubled in strife,
Looked straight into the eyes of trouble,
Trouble troubled itself to run away from this able!

A strict disciplinarian my father,
Loved to write, paint teach and study,
In difficulties and persecutions he was steady,
He never preached or tried to bother any other!

He liked to watch cricket and a puff of smoke,
His note books display scores and cigarette ash,
Looked straight in to the eyes of Death like flash,
When Death gave him stroke he responded
with teachers' stroke!

Even on his deathbed, the touch of a
cigarette brought smiles on his lips,
On that day of appointment,
there were tears in his tired eyes,
He said goodbye to us all and
walked away gracefully with Death,
His memories we have, that keeps us strong and
steady like him, on this earth!

6. What is this hiraeth?

How dulcet is thy ethereal breath!
What cellar door did I knock?
What pristine room did I flock?
How ebullient is this elixir rain?
What petrichor is the earth's grain!

The epiphany is opulent!
The effervescence is coruscant!
O quintessential light!
Your presence is a sumptuous luxury!
I found felicity! what a serendipity!
I searched for a spark!
I found Noah's Ark!

7. Am I not your teacher...?

Oh man! Why you always treated me
as a micro pirate?

Am I not your teacher, I taught you
all about minuteness

May be I am a deadly particle,
Infecting you and your computer as
a destructive virus!

Oh man! Why you always ill treated me
as a pestilent epidemic?

Am I not your teacher, I taught you about
wide spread attacks of
warfare and pandemic.

May be I am a nuisance in your yard,
house and cafeteria,
I am also a friendly bacteria!

Oh man! Why you always looked at me
with contempt?

Am I not your teacher, I taught you
weaving a tight net!

May be I am a black widow, but I am
your world wide web harlot, Am I not?

Oh man! Why you always look at me
with trembling glance?

Am I not your teacher, I taught you
people the famous nuptial dance!

May be I am a scorpion king,
but far less harmful than the porn site advance!

Oh man! Why you always greet me
with a striking bat?
Am I not your teacher, I taught you yoga
and ultrasound!
May be I am a vampire bat, but less blood thirsty
than your terrorists band!

Oh man! Why you always abhor me as a
scavenging predator?
Am I not your teacher, I taught you about
clean and green culture!
May be I am a bald vulture; I never built so many
a sepulcher and war!

Oh man! Why you always hiss me out of
my secret burrow?
Am I not your teacher, I taught you about
benzene ring and regeneration!
May be I am the Ouroboros serpent,
but not as gluttonous as your black
money hoarders lot!

Oh man! Why you always project me as a
cruel carnivorous soul?
Am I not your teacher, I taught you the whole
wily disguise and pack hunting!
May be sometimes a hungry Tasmanian wolf,
but I am no way equal to your power mongers ring!
Oh man! Why you always consider me as
saw teeth with voracious appetite?
Am I not your teacher, I taught you living
in schools and hungry groups!

May be I am a piranha fish, but I am not bad
and brutally selfish!

Oh man! Why you always consider me
as the great beast?
Am I not your teacher, I taught you Jonah
the journey ultimate!
May be I am a blue whale, but I am not a
dank universe you now create!

Learn man learn! Learn from us the intricacies of
living in harmony with nature!
We have no power of thinking and
our actions are our living,
But you are going beyond your boundaries,
and nature is suffering convulsion!
Think man think! It takes not more than a fraction
of a second to smite you into extinction!

8. God made Man made God!

There is no hidden secret in the Garden of Eden,
As long as we stayed in the fold of our Warden,
Birds, bees, trees, beasts, infants speak common tongue,
Move and communicate with base sounds, no harangue.

In infant's innocence a child is both Adam and Eve,
The God's replica, mother protects the child with Love.
Earth foods imported from hell slowly corrupts the child,
Attraction and rattles of snake calls the child to crawl wild.

A sneaky snake of inquisitiveness ignites intense desire fire,
His free will nature pushes him towards the disaster mire.
Craving for knowledge, the child savours the forbidden fruit,
Every step forward whisks him away from the heaven's root.

Sans innocence, Adam and Eve split into man and woman,
Conscious of nudity covers them with leaves of separation.
Thrown out of Eden they roam in the wilderness of desert and wood,
Every day's toil, from dust and sweat they grew food and adulthood.

With fire and wheel in hands, man opened the Pandora's Jar,
Forged weapons and forced his rule over all declaring deadly war!
With grudge in mind, built high rise towers, pyramids to reach heaven,
Proclaiming himself as God, spends his adulthood enters geriatric haven.

When all his scientific plumage and powers fall flat on the ground,
Moses staff betters a pharaoh's brass and sickle; man comes round,
Pleads mercy with Death, realising his minuteness, looks up to heaven,
Where there is that infinite firmament of Love with lights of day n night,
Shine before him, forgives him for his waywardness and sets him right!

9. Man made God made Man?

In time machine of mind man hovers
in the three realms of culture,
A Dodo bird of past, a Crow of present and
a Royal Swan of future
In Darwin's monkey he found key and money,
searching for treasure
Many times a monkey, now and then human
presides over pleasure

From treetops he jumped over the earth
and started straight –walking
Bipedalism, thumb, intense fore-sight helped him
in hunter-gathering
Ice-ages taught him many lessons about fire
and in caves his painting
Dugouts and wheels made distant seas n lands
come under his rearing

Fear and memory sharpened the thought
process and mysteries posed
Question marks, - Who am I? Who controls
the trolls of night possessed?
What is life and what is death? What is there
in life and not there after!
The one that leaves the body where is it going,
who is that great absorber?

From every fatal occurrence and pleasant
experience man wished to know
The reason behind it, from his own life,
in his own image he created a Glow

The controller of things and visualised Him
as a Super Human, as Invisible,
Magnificent, benevolent, most compassionate,
all pervading and invincible

Geographical variations, culture,
food habits, groomed lore and sentiments
Advanced knowledge, scientific inventions,
communication skills, monuments
So many philosophical definitions,
common goodness, prophetic deliverances
Differences and indifferences, religious crows
in rows and vows, fine nuances

Fear is the key! Dodo birds dead, new crows
on high tension electric wires
So many gods and supporting epics, refractory rituals,
stringent custom fires
Man made gods curriculum schools honing
the coming generation sculptures
Weapons of offence and defence tucked under
pillows and war cry overtures

Who made whom? Who destroys whom?
Do Dodo birds return from the past?
Do Crows fight themselves till they become
Royal Swans? Where is the future?
If God is Love and Love is God why love has vanished?
Who is that evil outcast?
Why the sky is angry and the dark clouds rain death
missiles on Mother Nature?

10. Why Cackle O Minute Dust Particle?

Is that a Big-Bang or a sing-song of the birth of
this known Universe?

Is it that existed; now existing and that will exist,
or is it God's uni-verse?

Fourteen billion years ago why Axions,
massive hollow subjects compact,
And weak interactive particles burst into
plank epoch of intense heat?

What cosmic inflation brought quark,
hadron, lepton epochs in to time zone?
Within twenty minutes of Big-Bang, formed
elementary particles from photon!
From light particles evolved the matter,
photons decoupled and moved free,
Stars formed, solar system existed by four and
half billion years ago with spree

Early Earth hit hard by Theia, lost a chunk of
debris to get its satellite moon,
From Asteroid belt, dusty Earth got its
precious water almost as a great boon,
Four billion years ago, appeared traces of life,
evolved in phases of extinction,
Half billion years back life stepped on to the
earth from its house called ocean.

From the last universal common ancestor
it took billions of years of time
Viruses, Arachea, Bacteria, plants, amphibians,

reptiles, and mammals came
Six million years ago appeared Hominins,
about two hundred thousand years
ago evolved, the Homo sapiens, ventured out of
Africa in waves and wavers.

Erect posture, Bipedalism, manual dexterity,
abstract reasoning, and language
Use of fire, cooked food, clothes, n finesse in arts
gave human a unique gaze
Six mass extinctions, six days to God,
Six progenitors Manus travelled on time
Now the reign of human, the seventh
mass extinction of Holocene is in prime

Ten thousand years ago hunter- gatherers,
some started agro-settlement,
Civilizations proliferated near the banks of great rivers,
skirmishes in ferment
Effervescent borders, escalated tensions,
exploration, scientific advancement
Colonialism, slavery, mass killings in the name of caste,
creed n religion chant

From the start of life in the universe
five billion species gone extinct
Out of twelve million that exist we know around
a one million in front
In that one million o man!
You are one of the species going mad rampant
Everyday four hundred species disappear,
the holocaust seems imminent

May be more than seven billion in number O reckless human!
May be you have discovered the secrets of fusion and fission!
May be you know the secrets of life, cloning, energy and destruction!
When love and compassion has become extinct,
there is no resurrection!

In this universe of twenty eight billion parsecs of observable,
Your seven billion army continent of Earth is a minute particle,
In that range, your egocentric scientific achievement is zilch to tell,
Why cackle and guffaw O heedless human!
You are less than a dust particle!

11. In Search of a Desert Amidst of Water

Among my scattered ship ruins i became live dead
flotsam and jetsam,
Water is everywhere, but what are those raised
grave hands fearsome?
When you float like deadwood,
some turbulent current gains momentum,
Hope returns and runs faster in the lookout of
sand and rock conundrum.

When you are lost in endless water you hate it
and daydream of sand storm,
Every lashing wave and slashing wind shows
their shark teeth in death form.
Each drop of that rusty salt water glistens like a
particle of sand pearl storm,
Every fish or albatross pushes life inch by inch
towards the shore of wisdom.

Once you hit the shore you realise why she is the
All Mother to terrestrials,
Your water float legs and feet thank her in reverence,
practice stability trials.
In the wet sand your hands dig feverishly for a gulp of
water to quench thirst,
On your feet you run away from the razing sea
but ahead is the eternal desert.

You hate the father sea and run away from him
in frenzy in the wilderness,
The hot sun withers you into autumn leaf,
you pray for his water of kindness.

In the vast arid desert of cactuses,
xerocoles you dream for wells and oases,
Sand is everywhere for which you prayed once,
now you find mirages of ages;

Where is the elusive oasis now i am longing for?
Why it eludes me withholding its pristine form so far?
In these arroyos and dunes, how come my cry
becomes an arid echo?
I find no Manna and my song unheard;
does my life end in a big fiasco?

When Simum and Haboob black blizzards suspend
and saltate my life's path,
When Shamal and Sirocco strong winds
show their stark naked teeth of wrath,
When side wingers, vipers, Moloch lizards,
iguanas, courser and sand grouse,
Crisscross my faltering steps, i pray fervently,
' O God why on me this grouse?

When my prayer reaches your hall of kindness,
my feet touch the playa well,
Oh miracle! I found a well, like the infant son of
Hagar and Abraham, Ishmael.
When i quench my thirst and hunger,
my human meanness surfaces again,
Now i forge bow and arrows or big staff and
start hunting the God's creation.

With each step i recover my ego and step towards
civilization, away from God,
With each advance of step i construct towers
to reach and rise to heaven sod.
Wheels, cars, locomotives, airships,

satellites i zoom into far unknown lands
Wildly destroying everything in sight sparing none
in the name of god's hands

With my voracious hunger for power,
slaughtered many a helpless creatures,
Like Nimrod i wished to bite the hand that
created me with all these features;
With dugouts filled with weapons i started
and my ships now carry missiles,
But God sent a little mosquito, it entered my brain,
wrecked my ship and sails.

Among my scattered ship ruins i became live dead
flotsam and jetsam,
Water is everywhere, but what are those raised
grave hands fearsome?
When you float like deadwood,
some turbulent current gains momentum,
Hope returns and runs faster in the lookout of
sand and rock conundrum.

12. To No 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 Bosporus,
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!

13. Oh, Mirror on the wall!

Come on! Walk up backwards down on steps of
slippery stairs, like a mouse,
Hold a blinking candle; Go down in history - pit
of the pitch darkened house.
Like the eroding black waters of polluted sea,
in a moonless ghastly dark night,
Gaze into the mirror, what do you see?
A nice verdant 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 all those buildings and places look ugly?
Why these windows are ghoulish and ghastly?

-”I see a total mayhem, apocalyptic horror,
doomsday explosions and hell blast bombs,
I see fountains and pools of blood, smoke and
heaps of headless bodies and severed limbs,
I see and hear ear deafening trumpet sounds,
pitiful cries, screams and sobs, gurgles and rattles of breath,
I see and feel the whirlpools of fire, skin scorching caustic rains,
flying iron and glass pieces and the silhouette of death.

I see eternal sufferings in the smokeless
fire lake of Gehinnom,
I see dark energy phantom, critical density jam
and uncertainty gloom,
I see, gaze, scry, peep into the past, present
and future heat death and false vacuum,
I see big bang, big rip, big freeze, big bounce
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 these perpetrators of hate!
Shield us from this daily blood spate!
O Gabriel! O Blessed Prophets! O Great God!
The merciful and compassionate!
Protect us and bless us with your divine grace and
fill this world again with ever lasting peace.

14. 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 the paradise and your way,
I shall lurk in ambush for this human and lead him astray!

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

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

O Adam! Come on! Eat the fruit from the tree of
Eternity! I shall give you a kingdom,
That will never waste away, I shall make you angels and
immortals of my Jahannam!

Ha ha ha! me Azazil, shaytan, Iblis, satan,
the indefatigable Devil and this is my kiss,
I shall see you from where you cannot see me,
O Adam, here is my soft hiss s s s s s....

15. War and Peace Paradox

Where they begin and where they end,
this war and peace?

In the challenge of a 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 having 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
deities and the giants?
Do the human Rama and the demon
Ravana accept your proposal of peace?
Can you stop the birth of Hitler or Mussolini or
any other despot of Satan race?

Is it a perpetual liar's statement or
the cranky crocodile's statement?
Is it chicken crossing the road,
or arrow passing with speed?
Where do you nail the war and
how do you place peace?
Can you take away war from the water
and the pea from the peace?

Poets are the passionate liars
and lovers of peace.
People are prolific advocates of gainful
and selfish rat race.
War is the end product of self aggrandizement,
hate and greed.
Peace is the byproduct of destruction
and violence of virility seed!

16. Soothsayers

How much and what dark soot suits you
and need O soothsayer!

To blacken your dirty corrupt hands and
face layer by layer ?

What is in store for me and my country
in the near future?

Who is the savior to protect us
from your despicable nature?

Come on! Occupy the chair in the midst of
the circle of power!

Imagine, think, and endorse a curse or hex
on your people poor!

Cast those slogan spells; toss these bones,
read this Grimoire!

Handle the broom, sweep the elections,
draw the pentagram and fire!

Bring the poor rooster well below
the Promised Land's poverty line!

Mesmerise it with your magic chants of
garbled budget grain and brine;

Cut it from neck to navel and do extispicy,
read the live entrails within,

Track the planets and stars and foreign banks;
hoard the money on and on!

Move the pendulum and pen, half close
the eyes to the flight of Malya birds!

O augury horary crystal ball gazers,

clairvoyant, sibyls, profit prophet bards!
Spread tea leaves, dripping wax, threw bones,
sea shells and tarot cards!
Read hands, wield parrots, analyze numbers,
dreams, move the Ooza boards!

You sit in red forts, gobble public funds,
and grab lands with insatiable hunger,
Weave webs and nets, clump, plump,
lumps of black money in to your hanger,
Ponzi, Enron, fodder, two G, Bo force, coal
and what not you vile self banger!
Scam, scheme, schism, you scum bags,
don't you hear the screams of anger?

How much money you need to cremate or
burn your soot smeared body?
Do you know how many fellow humans
you are incarcerating every day?
Remember! Great kings and queens needed
no more than a small sepulcher!
You truth slayers! What punishment
makes you work for the people poor?

The one and only poet Ben Jonson asked
two feet land to bury him upright!
O Soot smeared soothsayers! Come to senses,
if not, you shall be off-census!
The whole world is sick of your poppets,
wands, hoarse chants and chorus!
We now break your spells and thwart
your games of peace and war, straight!

17. Merchants of Death

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

Seven continents, seven seas,
over seven billion human 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,
overall one billion guns, one lakh 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 pellet loaves,
Sixty five billion dollar industry, do you think,
cares olive branches from doves?

Hail O Warlords! O Adnan Khashnoggi,
Dale Stoffel, Prince Moosa!
Greetings O Sarkis Soghanalean,
Samuel Cummings, Prince of Marabella!
O Lasnaud, Leonid Minin, Zeharoff, Prodromas,
and the great Victor Bout!
What roses, what scents of Arabia can cleanse
your blood stained hands and about?

O Intelligensia of the world! O leaders of polity!
O Scientists and social reformers, please!
Where and when is the end to this suicidal,
stupid, self destructive arms race?
Cold war, hot war, D-war, Armageddon,
Ragnarok, or any war in any place,
Is it not the creation of a few power hungry people
playing the games of war and peace?

18. The Nonstop Train

When that interminable train of a
caravan surges forwards or backwards,
As you wished, a series of montages struggle
past inward and outward;
In the first compartment sits withered faces
with age old wrinkles and groans.
The terminal room is empty of life but filled
with bizarre skulls and bones.

In the Engine room resides a grave grotesque
dark sinister creature,
With a sharp curved blood oozing scythe
in his hand and expressionless feature,
To his opposite presides a faceless face of
illumination beyond any description,
In that sea of Fire, all the three periods merge
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, whistles but never stops,
Fireflies, glow worms buzz in and buzz out of
their form with hopes and hops.

As you walk across the compartments of the
various ages of uncertain lub dub,
Among the vermin ruins you shall find Cain's stone,
David's sling, Hercules club,
Primitive men's obsidian knives, stone axes,

boomerang, hatchet, tomahawk
Rama's bow and arrows, Krishna's wheel or disc,
King Arthur's Excalibur, Achilles shield
Umpteen swords, daggers, spears, bastilles,
catapults, seize towers, battering rams,
Bullets, canons, tanks, fighter planes, missiles,
atomic bombs and all that junk,
Scattered amidst the flesh and blood, bones
and the treasures of war stink!

In that night of nights, obsequies and funerals
are in full spate, the overcrowded platforms
open their hell down stair cases, to fling the rotten bodies
crawling with flies and worms,
and the invisible ladders from above wait
desperately to find a few qualified souls!
Oh you Visitor! Did you see the images of
all the prophets, in that glow worm light?
Hung to the walls of the compartments, and crosses,
pleading the people to do right?

Awake! Arise! Act! In that night of nights
no train stops at your station!
Your past deeds allot you a ticket to the
hell down station or the 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!

19. Habeas Corpus

(Swimming with a body as a hole)

Do you know the hundred billion 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 down turned bowls!

The holy temples of Ishtar, Aphrodite, Venus,
Renuka, and many fertile 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 those Houses of Heaven or sorority,
the birth holes suffering grievous injuries,
The comfort houses and service centers convulsing
in the hands of prejudiced juries,
Experiencing the trauma of a warzone in the
torture chambers of tortuous trespasses!

Every year providing service for about ten 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 paroxysms 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,
Hetaerae, geisha, tawaif, harlots, courtesans,
strumpets, with a color of shame
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 a chance.
The fawns dress in shorts and the business smells vapors
of money and semen,
Escorts, gigolos, rent boys, hustlers, masseurs,
gays, lesbians, and hetero men;

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! O Shit!
Every young boy or girl knows perfectly well
what triple x is and what is what!
Thirteen billion dollars a year you earn,
O Devil, you devastate two generations!
How many children and teenagers, you Satan,
pushing them towards total ruins!

O Holy hole! As a whole, you are the culprit for
this over pouring distress calls!
With how much blood and tears, monologues
and pro- epilogues this sheath of skin,
Lubricates itself till it becomes dry and infested
with the daily showers of dirty pollen,
And the nonstop assault of pounding battering
rams on a fertile fort of procreation!

Oh God! Close it, remove it, create me without it,
or put poison, blade, or a clipper,
To cut that erectile hunting member and
put its proud owner out of action forever!
Alas! These donkeys sell what is in between
their ears and hire that is between legs!
O cruel human! Don't you realize the
devastating effects of your dreadful lusty role?
If you damn a person as a nameless hole or whore,
it sucks this human race as a whole!

20. Fiddlers and flame throwers

While Paris is bleeding, the Nero likes wake up
to investigate, what the heck?

They see the white truck, a coughing gun and
a few hundred people's bad luck!

And wait for a remote organization claim that
it is their precise handiwork!

Meanwhile politicians, poets and people
proclaim peace with candle light walk!

Liberty, freedom, fraternity! Where are they?

In ghettos, grottos and graveyards ?

Equality, peace, humanity! What are they?

In the dictionaries, and in quarantine wards?

You see the mowing truck and moving gun,
you see the rushing bullet and bleeding wound,
you see the hands pull the wheel n 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 n death rattle from gullet,

I see the invisible hand from the 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 gushing up,

I find myself soaked in the smoke and
fire of alien attack and trap,

I find myself in the Tartaric hell, with all the
mental tortures pouncing on 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?
When everyone has right to live and share the
bounty of wind and sea, earth and sky,
Why these discriminations are allowed in the
name of caste, color, creed and religion?
Why this vanity, power hunger, excesses in the
name of freedom 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 overlooks the root cause vent,
The apparent wide gap between haves and
havenots in all fields is widening quick,
Unless we understand this and act promptly the
sporadic blood baths end up as epidemic!

GOD SAVE HUMANITY!
LET THERE BE PEACE!
Om Santihi! santihi! santihi!

21. The Bleeding Borders

How many dead bodies you have buried yesterday?
How many sprouted, what leaves, what fruits yielded they?
Did they bury the sun, moon, stars and sky?
Did they fill the gap, abyss, chasm, winds, space, matter
and water dry?

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

Which layer of the Earth the Archaeologists
found your tomb stone?
Which ugly monstrous period the scientists
marked your many a bone?
Did the tremble of Hell still palpable
in those dank trenches?
Did the grumble of Death still audible
on those stinking benches?

How many innocent hosts and children
were mowed like paper cards?
How many soldier ghosts and marines haunt
and move in those graveyards?
Did the fourth generation warfare sit
on the dysphonic border line?
Did the perpetrators of violence,
breed monster killers offline and online?

Why can't we put an end to these
premeditated political genocides?
Why these asymmetrical conflicts exploiting
human fear becoming homicides?
Did these intrinsically negative connotations
transform into terror seize?
Did these hellhounds run loose can be
put in chains to establish peace?

22. Do I have a face.... **(Dedicated to all the martyrs of peace)**

Do I have a face of a race or a
notion of a nation?
Do I look like Abel, you Cain can able
to kill me with a stone?
If your and mine goods may differ,
let them 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?
If your and mine 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 Martin Luther King,
so that you shot us with wrath?
If your and mine principles may differ,
let them be decided by people!
And why we were removed,
when our nations were still distressful!

Do I have a face of beauty or
harsh faithless wife's duty?
Do I look like lady Diana, you paparajji
why you stalked my privacy!
If you and I differ in styles of living,
why didn't you leave me alone?
Why I am hunted and haunted till I capsize
in my car own!

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?
If you and we differ in color or commitment,
you can accept them as it is!
Why we are incarcerated and disfigured with
a 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?
If you and me differ about war and
peace, what's the problem?
Why, let us war for the peace with love
and let it be our agenda and emblem!

23. Wishing Peace for all.....

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

See soldiers see! A seven foot skeleton with
a sharp Scythe is swishing and slashing!
Catastrophic calamity convulsing the cold catarrhal
cataracts causing cataclysms,
Pitch black ashes, pumice, cinders, blood,
pus, phosphorus fumes,
frightfully featuring fears,
Hideous, horrendous, 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! Ballistas,
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 Barrtus 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, bratatat,
clack, click, clatter, sound dakka, takkatakka, Nnnnnnn,
ratatatatat,
Pewpew, dhaam, psssss., ping, jarjaa, twish, ptaff,
Thish, twing twang, voooom wooom, and zap!

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.

24. The man with a left shoe!

Man made God in his own image,
In the image of man, made he Him!
Man made kings and politicians in gods maze,
In the maze of politicians made he the Elohim!

Man wears hat, goggles, clothes and shoes,
With fibres of envy, greed and glittering shows!
All are brothers; some are Orwell's big brothers
With more equal rights to wrong a little others!

In Arabia and Orient they show their discontent
By throwing a muddy shoe on to the opponent.
May be as a kiss of hate or the hiss of evil fate,
Pieing, egging, glitter bombing or villain hitting with spate!

Bush, Chidambaram,, Wen, Soskin, Blair,
Howard, Zardari or any politician,
Duck, dunk, knock, arrest, beat, drag, drug,
imprison, and do whatever you can!
Zaidi, Jarnail, Martin, or Dmitriv, Shahim,
pathan or anyone with shoe cannon,
Show their disgust or discontent in a fit of rage or
pre planned staged emotion!

You can only report as it was size ten and
seize an opportunity to escalate tension,
Or you can dub it as a Bye Bye shoe!
Last salute, or best show of retaliation!

But the hurt is now on both sides,
power snakes hisses, spills mutant poison,
Again and again we hear the wails of mothers,
and hails of gun wielders in unison!

In the shameless world of politicians,
if a shoe or two hits, so what?
It is better to dunk and pronounce mercy
on the miscreant is a trick of hat!
Is it a shoe left or shoe right, is it that much important?
It is that what is left in the shoe or show is the real point!

God made man in his own image,
In the image of God made He him on this stage!
Then tell me, from where came this flying shoe?
Is it not the war, disrupting the nature's peaceful show!

25. The House of Mirrors!

The rat after a bit of fat, a cat after that rat,
the dog after that cat,
They entered the house of mirrors,
the rat entered a hole, the cat into a window,
And jumped out, leaving the dog alone in that
house of mirrors with many a shadow!
Still angry the dog howled showing its terrible teeth,
and 60 thousand dogs barked at it!

Now the dog's heart is in its gullet and
its tail is in between its hind legs,
Like a deposed despot the dog doggedly
started moving from one mirror to another!
O Canine! What do you see! a cat in
a slow boat filled with cataclysmic catastrophe?
Or a pathological liar, a high roller contract breaker
politician dog with a catch of arms?

Do you see a blame gamer with bitches,
kittens surrounding the whiskered manipulator?
Aha! They are the drug dealers, war merchants,
the violence stalkers in disguise avatar!
O Dog! Can you see a beardless man with
a owl or bat perched on his black umbrella?
Oh, he is the quiet sadist brain washer, as a bratty
child tossed sphagette on his mother!

What hunched figure is this rager reviling
in the soggy mouldering muddy sock of hate?
An opportunistic parasite, a quite narcissist, the para-

noid pseudopenitent, how do you rate?
Like a solemn looking monkey, he breaks the
branch on which he is sitting,
A malignant thrill seeker and image maker with
emotional vacuum, preaches like a priest king!

The perplexed dog you are drifting like a slow boat
capsized in the storm of magic realm ,
Seeing the bodies of rats, cats and hot dogs
you devoured with bare teethed violent form!
Has fear returned seeing the ghastly images of
your own virulent visages doing harm!
And all those roads are filled with grenades,
nails, glass splinters and jagged stones jam!

O Nasty Dog! Look at your arms and armour,
how distorted and disfigured thy bones?
The War is a dirty game, with psychopaths on prowl,
predators growl, ghosts howl!
In a war game paradox, the only winning move is
not playing at all, even a single ball!
Envy is the ulcer of soul, greed is the gash of mind,
anger is the wound of body!
O Canine! Come out of the house of mirror!
The last mirror shows you too beautiful!

If you become a narcissist, the door closes,
you shall be trapped inside sick,
With all your bloody arms and armour,
then the time clock starts tick, tick, tick, tick.....

26. 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 river currents trench,
the waves push the boat to coast,
The cormorants, albatross and the seagulls cackle with
their voices of ghost!

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

Creep! Creep into that creepy phlegmatic
maggot roach 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 recognise it? Is it yours or the
one you attacked on that day without grace?

Look at this one! Can you recognise this belt?
you just pushed this button,
And presto! You brought how many almost
a hundred, that filled this coffin!
They put those pieces at random,
and 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 ad-
vance 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 advo-
cates no one shall hear!
The Divine Judge is coming! Order! Order! Order!

27. Borders

Borders have sharp dagger edges,
Brothers cut their own tongues and throats,
By putting fences as offences and defences
Big or small brothers when dividing properties,
Behave like bitter enemies without proper ties!

In the name of disputed borders, and thoughts
How many youth we sacrificed on those altars?
We call them soldiers, we call them intruders, the
otherside label them as warriors n martyrs!
But whose children are they?
Where are those mothers that lost them?
Why these youth carry guns loaded with patriotic
fervour or passionate hate?
Who induced them into the homicidal or
suicidal training schools diabolic state?

Spending fifty billion dollars this year as
defence 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 or hope for the peace
and Universal Brotherhood?

Spending more money for arms and
armour than books and schools,
Spending more money to protect those
fragile inconsistent borders
Than removing the consistent constant visible
poverty and pathetic conditions,
How can our mother land looks verdant,
happy and cheerful, with tears pouring in rains,
When the national fabric is riddled with ash black
bullet holes and crimson blood stains!

28. 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 day of September,
Nineteen hundred and thirty nine,
resulting in total rewriting of borders and power,
Germany's unconditional 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,
So, the D-day has come, Hitherto a secret weapon was
brought into ammunition!

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

don, a firestorm of annihilation!
Paul Tibbets, the commander of Enola Gray, a B-twenty
nine plane, completed his mission!

What did they see after that holocaust devastation,
a city wiped off its life and population,
Two more days of dilly-dallying, A 'Fat Man' climbed the
Bock Scar bomber on August nine,
City Kokura was lucky, at eleven 'o' clock in the
morning the clouds gave a view fine,
Of Nagasaki town, the crew of Charles Sweeney, released
the Plutonium Fat Man,
On a Tennis Court and the story repeated with precision
and ferocious explosion!

Around two hundred thousand lives they took
and flattened the cities in question,
The world war came to halt, Japan surrendered,
and the cold war started its motion!
Radiation sickness, physical, mental and genetic damage
affected the remaining few!
On the eve of seventy one years of that ghastly incident, a
little introspection is due!

What lessons we have learnt after that mother of wars!
How many more new weapons,
And strategies of peace and war the humanity is keeping
under its pillow 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?

29. 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;
Hitobashira the maiden human pillar,
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 kings had their accompaniments of
retainers of servants, concubines,
Chariots, horses, weapons and utensils to
serve them in after life;
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 put?
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 fire,
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;

Sirens and gunfire let them shatter the frolic
and fun, now it is whose turn?
Is it Isaac, Ismael, 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 main,
With refrain or restrain did anyone fathom
the pain and agony of Tarushi Jain?

30. 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,
Bursts 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 exhibits its anger by 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 body shrieked in silence like
an ambulance or fire engine siren screecher!

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?

31. 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 the
big brother, genetically bad,
When provincials fight for freedom,
we give them only cover and support card,
Envious of our greenness they show their colours three
and blame us hard!

VERSION-3- Three Colour 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 our 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

All the elders assembled there they make certain rules
to follow during the war!
Blaming it on some reason or treason,
they start flouting rules and create no bar!
May be it is Iliad or Maha Bharata,
the stakes are the same and the game is a spar!
In the name of valour or Motherland's border 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 crazy politicians
instead of the young soldiers,
Wars automatically die; Love and peace prevails
all over the world without 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 Mountains of pristine charm!
Oh, dear warring brothers! Why there is no son of soil
in those dead young ones!
For the sake of us don't bring annihilation to
all of us in these illusory land zones!

VERSION-9- No Future Channel

Odysseus and Diomedes kills the sleeping
Thracians in their tents,
Aswatthama, kills his father's murderer
and the sons of 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, 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?

32. 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 Water gate farce!
I see blind Tiresias proclaiming demonic horrors of
physical and mental cruelty,
I see you and me are gaslighted 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 fate,
Made worse by the passage of time late
and their progeny in agony state!

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 asylum!

How do we dissolve this dehumanising 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 saviour or Armageddon,
We, like people of Troy, ridicule Cassandras 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 action n reaction!
The only way to gain peace is love and compassion!

33. 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 now
gallons of blood and tears!
What pattern you nursed them,
they harbour now 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 continuous decline
towards the Gates of Satan!

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

Do you hear the deafening drums and the
Devil's dreadful voice in that hell's reserve?
Do you recognise your own sins sprouting to teach you
the lesson you richly deserve?
Once you reach that 'Y' junction, there is no return;
your ticket is booked for the session!
So Man! Repent! Still there is time, undo your cruel
actions, live with love and compassion

34. Waterboarding of Nine by Eleven

Drip! Drip! Drip! Drip! Drip! Drip! Drip! Drip! Drip! Drip!
A rat in the trap, drowning rap, truth serum sip,
sophisticated torture trip!
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 flying birds of steel jettisoned as
guided missiles, with wrath as ammunition;
Struck towers twin north n south, 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, colours, blood,
flesh and bones, all powder and dust,
In a few minutes, three thousand lives,
in fire and smoke, minute sand and rust,
The switch, the wire and the 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
The 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 clear,
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?

35. Seven Veil Dance of Salome!

Astarte, Inanna, Ishtar, Istar! A beautiful eight pointed star!
Goddess of fertility, love, sex, promiscuity and war!
Once the Epic hero Gilgamesh ridiculed her
about her fickle nature!....

- ' you dug seven and seven pits for your lovers of lore!
A majestic lion, a marvellous stallion, a lilac breasted
heron suffered under your spell!
You turned a shepherd into a wolf and sent your
first lover Tammuz to hell!'-

- ' You are mistaken, O dear Gilgamesh the brave warrior!
Tammuz the god of harvest, my lover and
husband, withered and died,
With great grief and searching for his soul,
I reached the gates of Hell,
The guard of Hell prevented me, with some
stupid rules to tell! I had to threaten him-
- 'If thou openest not the gate to let me enter,
I will wrench the lock, I will break the door!
I will bring up the dead to eat the living!
I will make sure that there's no more loving!'-

My thunder words shook the throne of the Hell!
The queen of Hell gave me permission but put a spell!
In the mourning black attire, I was made to shed,
My veils one by one at each gate of the dead's shed!
At the first gate I removed my Violet veil of pride,
At the second gate Indigo of lust, at third Blue of sloth,
At fourth gate Green of envy, at fifth Yellow of greed,
At sixth gate Orange of gluttony, at seventh wrath's red
And I reached the throne of Erishkgel, completely nude!
I requested her to release the soul of my dear husband,
She laughed at me and touched me with her magic wand,
And trapped me in a bottle like every else soul that enters hell!

When the goddess of love was trapped in Hell's jar,
There was no procreation, on Earth everything was
barren near and far!

When living beings cried in anguish,
the High God assessed the situation,
And sent Atsu-Sunamar a hermaphrodite
with a jar of waters of life,
To intervene and convince Erishkgel,
the daughter of Sun and the queen of Hell!

The queen of Hell released me Ishtar the
daughter of Moon, and said,-
-' Dear sister, understand, you entered the
house of darkness by threatening,
To the house out of which there is no exit,
the road from which there is no returning,
I release you under one condition, you have to send
someone to stay here in your place,
Otherwise I am forced to call you back,
let whatever may happen, this is my grace-
Wear this divine white robe now, and at every gate
you collect your veils and my gifts,
Go, sprinkle the waters of life on your Tammuz
when you reach home, but send someone! '-

I started my return journey from that house of
darkness along with God's emissary,
At seventh gate I received my red veil and
anklets of patience,
At sixth- my orange veil and bracelets of abstinence,
At fifth,-yellow veil and gems studded girdle of
waist of liberality,
At fourth- green veil and golden breast plate of kindness,
At third- blue veil and a diamond necklace of diligence,
At second gate- indigo veil and ear rings of chastity,
at first gate violet veil and a crown of gold of humility,

Endowed with great sins and virtues seven,
I thanked the High God,
And went home, sprinkled the glistening waters of
life on my Tammuz,
He woke up as though from sleep, Lo! Earth and
everyone has rejoiced with love,
There is restoration of normalcy, but whom to send
to the underground as for the promise?
When Tammuz heard my story, he dreamt about
Erishkgel and I know that's her spell!
Now he spends every year a few months at hell,
then the earth is covered by snow well!'-

Thus singing with a great sonorous lilting voice,
Salome the daughter of Herodias,
The Queen who has grudge against a prophet
for his proclamation, permitted her daughter,
And Salome performed a magnificent dance
in front of the king and royal audience,
Highly pleased, the king Herod Antipas in his
drunken euphoria promised,
-'Salome! Any wish you wish is done
at this moment without hesitation!'-
Salome consulted her mother waiting in
anticipation who gave her suggestion,
-'To bring the head of John the Baptist on a plate!'-
and it was done!

(it was the first and second striptease in the world,
and there are many lessons to be learnt from this song
and dance of love and seduction, about life and death,
procreation and the fate of prophets John and later Jesus
and present day ghastly murders)

36. All is Vanity!

A bare back ride, O pride, are you a virtue or vice?
Is it a feeling of personal triumph over adversity,
is it wise or nice?
Or, is it a sadistic contempt, or self idolatry
and vanity or vain glory?
Are you a positive self evaluation or
irrational corrupt Hubris story?

On the way to Thebes you solved
The puzzle of Sphinx, O clever Oedipus!
But you rebelled against the Fate,
And your life was a disaster after disaster and a mess!

Better to reign in Hell than serve in
Heaven- declared you O Satan - Lucifer!
But you rebelled against the creator
And was kicked out of Paradise forever!

You sold your soul and signed
A contract with blood, O Doctor Faustus!
You wished to be superior to all other men
And destroyed the life of an innocent girl Gretchen.

The prince of all monsters, Frankenstein,
Your great invention, O Mary Shelly's Victor!
To become an unmatched scientist,
You tried and brought your own destruction factor!

Vanity an empty vessel, a futile untruthful
foolish peacock,
An idealized self, tyranny of egoistic
troublesome self block,
But as a sense of attachment towards action,
Pride is a pleasant exhilarating emotion;
O Pride! You are a great Eagle,
Humble and useful, when in limits and caution!

37. The Cosmic Bug

Now this human bug thinks that he is very big,
Bigger than the Cosmic egg and divine dreg.
A diabokic drug he is now, rigs up and down,
Presuming this whole Universe is as his own!

Milking the earth resources he built pressure rafts,
Missiles, warheads, satellite ships and state-crafts
With prosperity and peace, hunger and war,
he is a twisted twin,
This mutant human has transformed earth
into a deep landmine.

One foot on the moon, another in his mouth,
Exploring the firmament to find any new birth,
Oblivious of grave problems on his native earth
Man trumpets the distant drums of dreaded death.

The great divide between haves and
havenots deepening into chasm,
Hate and discontent breeding wars
funneling chaotic storm,
Fear is the sceptre held firm by the rulers,
to be unleashed as war on the helpless,
Peace and love are the victims crumpled
under the iron boots of the aggressors.

O Man! Realise! Don't be a cosmic bug!
Offer your fellow beings a happiness hug!

38. Kethoneth Passim (a coat of many colours)

Preferred Love presents a coat of many colours
an ornamental tunic to a favoured son
That ignited jealousy and hate in the
remaining brothers umpteen
Who can tolerate a dreamer depicting himself
in center as an upright sheaf?
'Sun, moon and eleven stars bowed down to me '
-said the innocent Joseph.

So they found him alone, stripped him of his
coat and dumped him in a dry pit.
Later in Reuben's absence, they sold him
as a slave, and relaxed a bit.
A well woven story and the torn, blood stained coat to
their beleaguered father,
But fate thought otherwise, a slave now Joseph
in the household of Egyptian Potipher.

His master's wife Julekha tried her best to win
Joseph's heart and to seduce him,
Virtuous Joseph resisted and was jailed for
no reason but he behaved with wisdom.
After interpreting Pharaoh's dreams Joseph
became the overseer of Egypt,
Famine brought the family together and
Joseph pardoned his brothers from their guilt.

Joseph's father was Jacob (Yakob or Israel),
the progenitor of the twelve tribes of Israel
The family of seventy grew abundant in number
and prosperity and all,
Later generations of Pharaohs found it
as a threat to Egypt unity,
Jealousy and hate brought strictures on the
God fearing israelite community,
Once free men now slaves carrying the
yoke upon the necks but with dignity,
That was the beginning of exodus,
a great story of mass migration of antiquity.

One can see the seeds of jealousy sowed in
those days in the land of Egypt,
The Exodus was over, but the agony is there
in succession of generations in the hate crypt.
Love and peace wears the coat of many colours of life
and dances with wisdom,
Hatred and war dons the dark colours of death
and dances all around creating mayhem.

39. Apotheosis

In the heavenly magnificence of void
Not a shadow of a thing or concept exists,
Yet it permeates all objects of wisdom
Void is immutable, mutable is knowledge.

The shadows born from Evil are of sin and obscurations,
They occupy the city of illusions of the six world planes,
Living being is dictated by pros and cons from its self vision,
Egotism and greed directs him away from love and compassion.

Understand! From Void evolved everything,
And everything dissolves finally into that absolute nothing.
Break the wall between the shrunken houses of
yourselves and others,
Merge and disappear into the bliss of oneness
and the security of divineness.

If the Word has been made man
It is so that men may be made gods,
As man is made deified god Diva or Divus
God Deus now is man may be, again walk among us!

Amen!

40. The Ballad of the Rose Bud!

Lead me the way, O Father, light my path
in the woods so dense and prickly fright,
Tomorrow's flower is me, now a sanguine bud,
bless me to dance in thy divine light!
So slender and tender I am, motherly leaves
cover me with love and affection,
Morning dewdrops bathe me fresh and
sunshine warms me to perfection!

Do not pluck me, O Wayfarer! Wait till tomorrow and let
me blossom into a flower!
Where have gone all the roses bloomed yesterday,
did they meet their beloved lover?
Seeing their blossoms do the songbirds bulbul and night-
ingale burst into songs of love?
What dances, what fun and frolic, did those bees
and butterflies perform and how?

What will be my fate, O Gardener;
do you sell me as a cut-flower? Or make a garland?
Or make a bunch or a bouquet? Or you put me in a flower
vase or decorate in style grand?
Am I going to be a diamond or ruby in the plaits or
tuft of a beautiful maiden?
Or eaten petal by petal by the anxiously waiting
lover in profound apprehension!

Or you pluck my petals and boil them to make rose water,
attar, scent, oil or perfume?

Or sprinkle them on processions of joy or on the shroud
of deceased? Oh, tell me!

Do I have the fortune to reach the feet of God or
dwell in the arms of mother nature?

Or crushed under the iron boots of indifferent people
busy in their own worlds of torture!

O God, bless me to be the eternal symbol of
mother Mary and her rosary!

O Compassionate one, let me be the symbol of
enlightened prophets and bravery!

O Merciful one, let me be the rosy flush
on the cheeks of thy faithful and beloved!

O Great God! Let me be an everlasting hymn
in your praise and a beautiful ballad!

41. Pink

The frilled edge of the flowers,
the punched pattern with pinking shears
When we tense convolute in agony and
drown in our own blood and tears,
Quince buds, pinks, roses, cherry and
peach blossoms, pink topaz gems,
Can we walk like flamingos on the stage of
sadistic society beating its drums?

From ages a woman is shut in veils and
coerced behind the curtains of traditions,
Forgetting the path and hole they came out,
men use and abuse it with munitions,
Three or four days of hell-fire they evict made them
outcasts for a week and weak,
A motherly society transformed into the
hunting man's property of joy and steak.

Homer saw the child of morning,
rosy fingered dawn in pink, Hindus called it Aruna,
Raphael painted Madonna of the pinks,
and pink is the colour of the child Messiah
Madame de Pompadour, Emma, Lady Hamilton,
Sarah Moulton's Pinky, Francisca,
Shocking pink of Elsa Schiaparelli,
Mamie Eisenhower's pink dress, a trend sub-rosa

When gays were forced to wear a pink triangle
in Nazi concentration camps,
Now a symbol of gay rights movement and
a symbol of conscious sexuality!

Is it a outcry to nature? Do Gentlemen prefer
Blondes with pink attire vitality?
How fantastically beautiful are the tulips,
dahlias, roses and water lily swamps!
Magnolias, rhododendrons, peonies, hibiscus,
hyacinths and all pink blossoms!
Strawberries, raspberries, cotton candy, rose wine
and pink champagne blooms!

The feminine, the romantic, tender, sweet,
soft, polite, sensual, charming colour
But who wishes to see pink elephants,
even one is in pink health and a pink-worker?
Join pink movements; wear the pink ribbon
a symbol of awareness of breast cancer!
Do you have pink-money then you are in LGBT;
how do you react to a pink-slip?
Then visit Malbork castle, Agra Red Fort,
Casa Rosada and enjoy some Hawaii trip.

Pink is the expression of sensuality,
with white it expresses purity and morality,
It is the symbol of seduction when bordered
with yellow or dark colour vivacity,
The frilled edge of the flowers, the punched pattern
with pinking shears grace,
When women in intense convulsive agony
they need love and motherly embrace,
Let them dance like flamingos and bloom like
roses in the garden of our paradise!

42. Throwing out Red Moons....

With spasmodic convulsions, every month
my womb ejects out a mass of red moon,
Me writhing with pain, clutch the blanket sheet,
crying out a crippling moan,
My whole landscape tries in vain to escape
that fearsome earthquake,
I always remember the shudder of the
first flow shining crimson on a white lake!
My sprint toward my mom and hid myself
in her protective embrace,
Like a trembling leaf, I clutched myself to her heart,
that allayed my fears with grace.

Every month I pass a lunar path some times better
some worse, a clockwork fashion,
A few days of asylum and retreat,
a snake shedding out its skin, a rejuvenation,
Often some mounted desires, moonlight shining brighter,
half-globes becoming tighter,
Some peculiar pleasant bodily itch, craving for a
crazy cataclysmic touch,

A search for a hot sun, and a jet of milky ocean
a race of minions, victor's union,
A plantation in the womb garden, yang and yin,
the beginning of a new generation,
The cessation of the red waterfall, a nine month
glorification, an incarnation,
A teen into a woman and a mother,
a great performance and a coronation.

In closed bordered lands, where laws prohibit free love,
prevail lots of tensions and worry,
A flow-stop is a portentous phenomenon,
a lot of arms and ammo violate the inner sanctuary,
To frisk out the foetus en mass in a crushing
crucifying crusades of cruelty,
Where society norms stupefies natural
genuine passions and emotional ability,
Woman's vows and woes as a lover,
and as a love-filter chastised and chased,
In a pathetic world of paternal society,
woman slipping from the great mother status
To a lowly commodity, where her body is rented
and sold in parts and on hourly basis,
Where male lords and rods penetrate,
soil and spoil the holy land,
The woman in pain crying in agony,
prays and pleads for the closure of that birth-hole,
The advent of modern science, movements
and revolutions, pills and needles,
Knives and scissors, Oh, what a fall!
A loving woman's body is now a living laboratory!

Removing the wombs like some disposable bags
a trend now is an epidemic,
And the holy- land is fed with junk foods and
fertilizers, with curves n cuts of cosmetic,
To please the male mind or present trend,
life became a gamble without any preamble!
When finally the flow of that red waterfall has stopped,
a deep sigh and a meek ramble!

Such a tamponade of feelings when they strike
the tree of life of a fragile woman,
When she unloosen her red moons, O man,
do you hear the sound and fury of the waterfall?
Unless you revere and protect the moon blessed girl,
woman and mother,
No one can save the humanity from its
prodigious and definite fall!

43. The Colour of Sin

Sin, the violation of the God's will, or Nature's order
Missing the mark, sunjo, papa, syn, sun,
tsuni, thamb or dhamb
The first human pair crossed the line and lost the Eden.
Is tasting knowledge sin? Ignorance is bliss?
Is it virtue to be dumb?

Purity the absence of vice is a white ribbon,
On its back is painted, the tainted black pollution,
Life is a prism through which a white beam passes in,
The soul's pollution refracts it into dark colors seven!

Vanity the vain glory Superbia, the pride projects violet.
The intense desire, extravaganza,
the lust is iridescent Indigo,
Habitual disinclination to exertion is sloth,
the sluggish blue,
Unhappiness because of a lack of a quality is
envy is intense green;

Inordinate insatiable longing of wealth,
power is greed colors yellow
Overindulgence, profligacy, squandering
gluttony is orange,
With boundaries violation explodes rage or
wrath is anger fiery red,
The seven colors of seven deadly sins of life's rainbow!

People! What may be the color of our skin,
The colors of sin are attractive but cause caustic pain.
Let the seven virtues shield us from deadly sin
And God or nature protects us from going into the Hell-inn.

44. The Witches' Brew

I have this black nano tap cauldron ,
Underneath an underdeveloped willow tree,
Near a poor man's hunger creek ,
Beside a greedy man's Eden garden,
Beyond the security alarm networks,
In the tax heaven world havens;

Hubble, double, stubble, rubble!
Cinders burn, and cauldron bubble!
O Fonseca, Panama, wiki leaks and dribble!
With scams and schemes these filthy rich gobble!

Bring me the Swiss Toad, got stung by a money snake old!
Eye of Monaco newt, toe of Guernsey frog!
Leg of Liberia lizard, tongue of Jersey dog!
Wool of Bahamas owl, tail of Indian rat!
Singapore sea shark, Bermuda adder's fork!
Cayman's Hemlock root, Virgin yew's bark!
Bahrain blindworm sting, Malasia bat wing!
Bring me the witches mummy, fill the cauldron tummy!

Stir! Steam! Scream! Abracadabra! Scram!
Bubble double stubble rubble scribble trouble!
Dip the money, cards, coins, gold and notes
Abracadabra! What you have got!
Black money floats! Aha! Oh my country!
How many billion bubbles in this witches' brew?

Oho! Sleep! Sleep heavy in this soporific wizardry
and let leeches grow!
Come on! Crush these vampire bats brooding
in the tax haven caves and blast!
Smoke out these rats, bats, snakes, bandicoots
and hang them slow and fast!

45. Does Earth belong to man?

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

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

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

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

Man belong to earth. Nothing belongs to him.

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

Can he live alone in this planet?

A strand he is in the web of life,
he boasts that he knows the secret if life.
And his ancestor was lured by Devil and
put the first drop of poison in his brain.
Wherever man goes now,
the sin accompanies him out and in.

Buddha received enlightenment under Bodhi tree,
the tree of the waking omniscience.

The Sal tree for Mahavir Jina,

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

Katha Upanishad and Gita, the song of God,
speaks about a fig tree

with roots above and branches below.

There is another inverted tree, the tree of ten
Sephiroths in Kabbala.

There is this axial tree upon which the earth revolves
to Greeks, Persians, Japanese, Chaldeans and many!
we all have our breathing in and out in our respiratory
tree, an inverted tree.

The tree is a source of spiritual wisdom,
it is the axis of Universe,
The polarity of physical existence and
the secret of mortality
Pagans worshipped every tree as a spirit.
Earth spirits as Gnomes, water spirits as Nymphs,
fire spirits as Salamanders, air spirits as Sylphs.
In the garden of Eden, the tree of knowledge
and the tree of life.

Tree is a symbol of regeneration and resurrection
When Adam was dying Seth was sent to
Eden garden and was given three seeds of life.
The seeds were placed in Adam's mouth and
a tree was born from his grave with three trunks.

Noah took this tree on his ark and
planted it on mount Lebanon
.it is the tree of Noah, the same tree
Jesus carried as his cross
and cleansed the sin of Adam with his blood.

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

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

46. Poetree of Peace!

The tears as letters, the pain and coma as commas,
Ills and wars as colons and semicolons,
births as dots and deaths as full stops,
The blood soaked pages with red pencil marks,
the volume of blasts,
The racks of explosions, the room of
rapacious winds, the building of incidents,
The haunted place of that rage, the street of
discourage, the village in blaze,
The district of battle, the city in war seize,
the state of devastating fire,
The country of dismay, the world of mayhem,
the burial of earth, the burden of planets,
The trembling of solar system, the swirls of galaxy,
the slashes of milk way,
The libre verse of Universe, the black hole of
ignorance, the big bang into the big suck,
The inside out and the outside in,
The moult and the liberated elements,
The turmoil in the chasmic chaotic fire,
The birth of the Phoenix,
The seeds of life,
The sprout of poetree,
The expansion of roots, stem, branches, verdant leaves,
pink red buds, flowers, fruits, little visible invisible life
particles, worms, insects, the creatures of water, earth,
air, the splendor of nature, clouds, rains, rainbows,
songbirds, animals, man, happiness, nature, God,
Let there be light!
Let there be peace!
Let there be happiness and prosperity!

47. A Poet of the world in a world of the Poet!

Who is this comely cavalier coming from
that thought drink?

Why his garments stained in bleeding
black and coloured ink?

Who might be this horse rider robed in paper,
silk and parchment?

How fast is he surging forward in the
glitterings of word mount?

See his stallion performing the heroics of
ancient iamb, trochee and anapest!

What dactyles, spondee, pyrrhic, paeon,
tetrabrach, dispondee and epitrite it exhibit!

What cadence, what rhythm, what tones of level, rising,
departing and entering!

Hark! Behold its isochrony, intonation,
syllable stress, mora and tonal changing!

Ha ha! Harken its soul stirring sweet strophe, antistrophe
and epode!

What a figure, what a speech of neigh and irony,
what a metaphorical similitude!

Behold! The horse rider in divine white linen,
is a faithful and a true gentleman!

Amuses muses he with his anachronisms,
and famous for onomatopoeic sermon!

He owns the world of words and horde of
adjectives and phonaesthetics a ton!

He is clothed with a vesture dipped in pun
and his name is called the word of man!

The rider and his horse cross the dead valley
with a huge army of scribes and scribblers,
They fight the false prophets and the beast of
corruption with words and letters!
Out of the rider's mouth goes sharp words that smite the
illiteracy of the nations at a go!
He put the ills of the worlds to his words of swords,
and promises peace and prosperity glow!

48. Catch-22

'Oh, Don't you know! They have a right or
write to do anything,
We can't stop them from doing'-
lamented a learned reader.
Who, what, where, when, why and how?...
Enquired a second fiddle reader...

The poets...these poets are everywhere and nowhere
Like the unwanted storms and dreaded swarms
And we can't stop them from doing....moaned the first one.
Doing what? And why can't we stop them?-
enquired the second one,
With a pinch of tension and apprehension....

The writers, why, they write on anything
and everything,
Furthermore we can't stop them from
doing'...wailed the first one.
-'Why not? Is there no law that prescribe or
proscribe these scribes,
From doing what they are doing?'
....cried the second one,
Shivering with anxiety and depression .

No. The great god Odin gave them some mead,
The Muses provided those goblets, the industrious
Hephaestus armed them with pens and tons of paper.
Recently you know, Arachne supplied them some
www web and since then they are hitting the net non-stop,
Like flies on to a honeycomb!....roared the first one...
And we can't stop them from doing...
He sniffed, sneezed, snarled, snorted and wiped his tears.

No, no! Don't cry! I too can't bear it anymore!
How do you identify these blokes? Is there any distinct
Mark or remark, or a tick or a trick?...
Asked the second one, already desperate!

Easy, easy!-.said the first one almost run down by untold fear...
'Yes. They are atypical. They take classes, they wear glasses,
And the most important character is they form forums and groups.
Even there is a single member he forms infinite.
They are drenched by ink, think and they won't blink.
And we can't stop them doing'-.said the first one, mumbling.
'How can we stop them? Can we use swords,
guns or atom bombs or any other weapon?
Can we declare war on them? Or Can we...?'-
The second one is on warpath and on and on!

No, no, no! They are invincible! You might have read or heard-
said the first one ...the pen is mightier than the sword..
their words blunt our swords, their slogans devour our guns,
their grumblings defuse our atomic bombs,
so war is no use! No Use!...

Then they both started to weep and
others joined them in chorus.
Their tears ran into puddles ponds lakes brooks
streams rivers and oceans.
The oceans did swell up in spate and
began inundating all the worlds.
And when the carpet underneath the God's throne became wet
God perceived the impending danger and sent an Angel
to remedy it.

The Angel surveyed the situation and
said to the floating readers -....
There is a Catch! And there is only one solution!
AHA! And I have a plan!
Catch them one, Catch 22, or Catch one and all!
Catch if you can, Catch them young but catch them all!!

Nowadays I see them never reading others' write -ups at all
So arrange a great gala grand meeting and collect them all
Close the doors! Keep plenty of bouncers
with good whips to deal.
No escape routes, no talk, no walk, no wink,
no sleep, no drink or sips or whiffs; let them fall! Or crawl!

-'Unless they hear or read what their fellow member
had to say or write
Otherwise they forfeit their right to write!
It is a decree by God's might!'-
Aha! I like this plan! Now and then these
scribblers are heckling divine laws!
This will teach them a lesson for generations to come!
Aha what an idea, Sir ji!
Now you readers this instant go!
Go and knock the doors of the writers and poets! Go!
Knock! Knock!

I woke up with a start! Sorry friends!
Somebody is there at my door! I shall be back!
May be somebody is at your door too?
Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock!

49. DO not abandon HOPE, All ye who enter HERE!

A blind bard Homer sang the Epics Iliad
and Odyssey immortal!

A farmer poet Hesiod made his
Works and Days, highly popular!

When Virgil wished Aeneid to be burnt after
his death, Augustus saved it by his order!

Dante immortalised Beatrice, whom he saw
only twice, in his Divine Comedy et al!

‘Where are the snows of yesteryear?’- a great poem by
Francois Villon,

a poet laureate, a thief and a murderer!

An eccentric poet, but to Greeks a hero Lord Byron, -Mad,
Bad and Dangerous to know, -said his lover!

Li Po, a Chinese poet, in his drunken stupor tried to kiss
the reflection of moon and drowned in the water!

Dubbed as the most remarkable forger of all time,
Thomas Chatterton committed suicide at the age of sixteen,
In an eccentric family with twelve children,
some insane and drug addicts, brought up was the
famous Lord Tennyson!

Dostoevsky was facing the firing squad,
saved in the last minute by Providence, wrote his experi-
ences in ‘The house of the Dead’ in prison!

Mark Twain was born and died on the day of
Halley’s Comet arrival on the sky,
Daniel Defoe, the author of Robinson Crusoe,
on pillory wrote Hymn to the pillory,
Gutenberg published first book in history and

went bankruptcy, now a million dollars a copy!
Alexander Pushkin drew a pistol in a duel and
died like his fictional character Eugene Onegin,
Ben Jonson the first poet laureate in England
killed a person in a rapier duel, saved by
'benefit of clergy' and from mutilation!

Gabriel Rosette poems were recovered
from the coffin of his dead wife after seven years,
Stevenson threw his manuscript into fire during a quarrel
with his wife but rewrote every word of
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,
John Creasy wrote five hundred sixty four
mystery novels but his first novel received
seven forty three rejection slips before publication!
A book written in seven days 'Rasselas' by Doctor Samuel
Johnson, met his mother's funeral expenses!
Many authors and poets de Cervantes, Raleigh, Bunyan,
Voltaire, O Henry, Hitler, Russell, Gandhi, Nehru wrote
their magnum opuses while in prison!

But remember dear poets or writers!
We are the authors of our own destiny!
When the Roman orator Cicero criticised his
former friend Antony, he was chased, murdered
and his head and right hand were nailed
in the public rostrum as a warning!
Out of all the poets there was this unique guy
earlier I mentioned, requested the king to bury him
in standing position to save space and it was done!

50. Zodiac

The shadow clock struck once, like a ray of leaf,
The pendulum is moving to and fro,
The bird from its nest came out, cooed coo-
The cradle, swing, rattle, started moving slow!
 The infant lamb cried in mystery
 It breathed fast and said I exist.
 The umbilical cord was tied and cut
 It demanded fire and you gave love!

The water clock croaked twice like a frog
The pendulum is moving to and fro,
The bird from its nest came out, cooed coo-coo-
The door was opened and there is a field and plough!
 The chubby bull wants everything
 Its all senses are experimenting
 It giggles and leaps in ecstasy
 It says i have patience, obstinacy and jealousy.

The incense clock singed thrice like mice
The pendulum is moving to and fro,
The bird from its nest came out, cooed three times
The twins started thinking and communicating;
 The genuine Gemini jumps in the air
 It is versatile, alert, may be restless,
 It needs freedom like wind
 Mercury's magic is there as a bind

The candle clock burnt four times like a boar
The pendulum is moving to and fro,
The bird from its nest came out, cooed four times
The secret code world of puberty and wet dreams is open;
 The crab moves sideways and fast,
 White or red streams flow with moods lost,
 Imagination, tenderness, or irritability cost,
 Anger is brief but sudden and shoots blast;

The flower clock bloomed five like bee-hive
The pendulum is moving to and fro,
The bird from its nest came out, cooed high-five
The young man starts roaming in the jungles of Freud
 I will rule the world says the brave Leo
 Blood boils and ready for war or love
 Life is all sunlight, nobility and generosity,
 Arrogance, pride, vanity pricks the Romeo

The oil-lamp clock cracked six like pin pricks
The pendulum is moving to and fro,
The bird from its nest came out, cooed sexy six
The virgin ideas start analysis and formulation
 Earthly reality attracts Virgo's attention
 Flaws and imperfections stay in direction
 Frets and worries plays in self-discipline
 Criticism and pessimism causes confusion;

The Hour-glass clock hissed seven like a raven
The pendulum is moving to and fro,
The bird from its nest came out, cooed seven
The measure is ready and weighing reality is on;
 The balance is on mind's perception roots
 Music, art, romance, harmony gives peace
 Procrastination, argumentativeness hampers race.
 Surface beauty stops them in shoes, trouble shoots;

The spring clock squeaked eight like antlers fight
The pendulum is moving to and fro,
The bird from its nest came out, cooed eight
The poison sting points out at the perpetrator or foe;
 Desires bother much of a Scorpio
 An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth
 Magnetism, insight, and self-control shines
 Fanaticism, suspicion, and sadism stings;

The Mercury clock flashed nine like a blasting mine
The pendulum is moving to and fro,
The bird from its nest came out, cooed one into nine
The bow and arrow are ready on target fine;
 An archer half-animal and half-human
 A reluctant prophet, a skeptical philosopher,
 A Centaur is an optimist, gay and honest
 Often wounded by love's reality and pines;

The quartz clock flashed ten like Big Ben
The pendulum is moving to and fro,
The bird from its nest came out, cooed ten
The goat or crocodile ready for its musing;
 Sympathy for human mistakes and flaws
 Winter chills start blasting the Capricorn
 Seek wisdom, tranquility and stability
 But quite self-destructive in rigidity;

The Astronomical clock stirred, eleven like good heaven
The pendulum is moving to and fro,
The bird from its nest came out, cooed coo-coo- eleven
The water bearer starts his second childhood on his own;
 A true humanitarian and a friend to all
 With a host of telepathic images he retires
 Uranus granting him intuitiveness to this genius
 Sometimes suffers neurosis, and absent-mindedness

The Atomic clock struck twelve like divine shelve
The pendulum is moving to and fro,
The bird from its nest came out, cooed bliss twelve
The fish in the water reaches the final stage;
 An old soul attaining spiritual grace
 Both heaven and hell the experience runs race
 Often hooked by deep emotional commitment
 Blends the trinity of mind, spirit, and heart in lament

The old clock struck none like chilled silence
The pendulum stopped and came to standstill
The bird from its nest did not open its cabin door
The clock has stopped, needs repairs or a new one from store.

51. A wash basin and a mirror!

Come on! Let us start from zero!
Nothing was there, you and me too!
There was a big void in a big world,
Time drifted slowly, slower than slow word!

Runners, pigeons, horses, postal services,
Wires, cables, phones, long distance calls,
To make a call we still remember those days,
Waiting for hours near a post office with batting breath!
Every telegram one used to have
a missed beat or a musical note!
Postman was an angel Gabriel many times
and Lucifer at odd times!

Then came the cord phones, wireless phones,
cell phones the great magic mirrors!
The whole world is in the palm of the hand but
increased is the interpersonal distance!
Apps came dozen a dime draining the pockets of
everybody's time prime!
In these social media people started cleansing
their seven deadly sins,
Proposing virtues of heaven and everywhere
now we see many washbasins!

Oh Mirror! Mirror in my palm! Tell me what is in
store for me and my progeny?
Is my next generation going to born with
inbuilt antenna, cellphone and computer,
Like the warrior Karna in the epic Mahabharata,
By birth who had ear rings and armour?
This modern technology is it going to be milk
and honey or a painful agony?

52. Quid Es Veritas?

To a Pontias Pilate filled with scorn,
does it matter, one Jew less or more?
He posed that question to the lamb of God
and did not wait for an answer!
What is truth? Is it a hidden or concealed treasure?
Is it the word of god and divine?
O magnificent Sun! Thy face of truth is covered
by the disc of gold, unveil it, let it be shown!

Satya, Aletheia, Veritas, Tryggvi, or Pravda
are the many names of Truth,
The divine Time saves the dame Truth
from the clutches of falsehood brute!
With a mirror in one hand and a serpent in
another hand Truth is nobility,
Verum ipsum factum, Truth is constructed
in accord with fact or reality!

What is truth? Is it a substance, quality or a relation?
Or external reality confirmation ?
Or a tree as steadfast as an oak and beyond the distinc-
tions of time, space and person ?
Is it the staff of Moses or Gandhi? Or is it the wheel of
Lord Krishna or the chariot of Sun?
Is it the great age Krit yuga when the cow of
Dharma walks on four feet and there is no sin?

Truth is the strength, Truth is the light,
Truth is the weapon of the prophets, no doubt,
But can anyone amongst us push the truth paste back into
the tube once it comes out?
And did you hear when the Saviour answered that
he came as a witness to the Truth?
No! You scorned him and walked away without
waiting for his answer!
Are we not Pilates in disguise, we scorn and lull
our conscience and walk out with wrath?

Remember! Truth liberates! Truth alone wins!
Satyam muktaye! Satyameva Jayate!

53. Click-bait Headlines

Johnny, Johnny!, Yes papa!
Seeing posts? No papa!
Show me click-bait! Ha Ha Ha!

A curiosity click to find one to nine lives of the cat,
The clever, the misleading, and the destructive bait,
The good, the bad and the ugly ambiguous portrait,
The web content aimed at generating
online revenue on advertisement,
Read this and tell me when your jaw hits the
floor or basement!

Chronicle, particle, or listicles of information
in new names and disguise,
This is not a joke, you may laugh,
but you shouldn't, it is quiet horrifying for wise,
Keeping the essence in the first and
last three words, to drive a point,
Up worthy, Elite daily, Buzz field, and
their parodies like Click hole joint!

All aiming at clicks, more clicks and
many more clicks, likes and shares..
Hares, red herrings, mirages, inquisitiveness,
exploitation of curiosity gap, malwares,
Eyes, ears, nose on money, more money and
all money, luring children into their traps,
Innocuous links leading innocents to the sites
with nefarious activities and porn taps,

Are they not ruining a whole generation of
future selling them evanescent euphoria?
Are they not bringing the whole internet traffic to
standstill by their clandestine verborrhea?
Who will bell these fat cats?
Who are going to put the red flags?
Who will break the yellow codes of
journalism and sensationalism?
While these Internet farmers browse,
the content developers attach hooks and
baits to the ends of rainbow chase,
Tell me under the anaesthesia of xxx embrace
and crimson bloodbaths of virtuous game world,
whose child is safe?

Johnny, Johnny! Yes Papa!
Clicking games and seeing videos...? No Papa!
Open your Browser! Ha Ha Ha!

54. On my head a Burden!

At that two road Y junction,
There is a mystic mirror or crystal ball,
O Sojourner! Gaze and gauze your reflection
and make your call!

I looked at the less walked road of sharp stones
and thorns and critically narrow,
The sign says it is a virtual road of virtue and
there is a short queue!
The other road is wide, wider than any divide,
choked with traffic jams of pleasure seekers,

On my head, a burden of twelve labours of
Herculean task,
I took the least walked path, in straight jacket,
A plethora of mysteries drained my energies
And I reached the vanishing point with my burden doing
the vanishing act!
There I found the other road joining this
path to become one,
My one track mind, prompted me to take a
U-turn into that road now sullen and silent!

I saw skin and bones with laboured breaths
and gurgles gliding into the main road,
i moved along the graves and tombs,
experiencing pleasure towers and ponds,
With heavy head I arrived back to square one!
in that mirror I found my old me
and on my head, the burden of twelve labours again!

At that two road Y junction,
There is a mystic mirror or crystal ball,
O Sojourner! Never take U-turns of curiosity
that may lead to your downfall!

55. Know thyself!

There is zero, absolute zero,
Go, pickup nothing from Chaos
Yes, add nothing to nothing,
Go on, add nothing but nothing,
Till you get something,

That's how this world was made,
Atom by atom, element by element,
Brick by brick a heavenly palace,
The palace has nine doors..

Then came the light, fractal by fractal
Ray by ray entered the palace illuminated it
Decimating the darkness in Toto,
But, the doors started closing slowly,

Selfish genes sneaked like snakes
The walls of the palace showed cracks.
Great Light sent many rainbows
Shafts of light to weld the breaches,

The palace developed its own illusion,
It thought that illusion as illumination,
The illusion is mind, minds its own business
It thought it has got everything and everything
But bit by bit it lost something from everything

Later something lost from something
something left from everything
something left from something
Then everything left from something
there is nothing left except nothing
It added nothing to nothing
What remained finally is zero!
Absolute zero!

I know Myself, I am a big zero!
Acting like a great hero!
Big Bang and Black Hole!
I am the nature's misguided minute particle!

56. Like a child made up of salt....

So the child, in search of herself,
went to the vast infinite sea,
It saw the upturned infinitesimal blue saucer
kissing the sea with its cloud lips,
The sea was roaring in pleasure,
with its myriad raised hands caressing the sky,
Yet, it paused for a while and talked to the child!
–‘No fear, dear! Welcome to my house and find your home!’-
Diffident at first and later very confident the
salt child dipped her toes first,
Slowly dissolved herself in that enormous host of happi-
ness, Lo! She lost and found herself!

What and who am I?
I am what I am my wounds and all!
Once sequestered, dried, packed and I was
separated from my mother!
Now my wounds disappeared, I lost my
individual identity, but I am the taste of the sea!
To remind this to the human beings don't
I stay in their tears, in sorrow and in joy?

O man! Find your blindness first and lose it, to find the
light, the light of love and compassion and oneness!
Dissolve yourself in the vastness and do not corrupt the
elements of nature and find the truth and happiness!

57. Poetree

Poetry ...try, try and try!
A good store of vocabulary,
A little bit of observation,
A subtle way of presentation,
No deviation, nice devotion,
Edit, edit and edit till you find your
own way and no influence. ..
Oh, there flows the poetic stream,
your heart and mind's passionate scream!
Narrate with a naive diction,
Have some nice decorum to befit the genre,
style or system.

See! What is this tree?
Roots below, above or directions any!
Stem moonlight silvery and branches many!
Leaves green to golden and colours of Iris
with season bloom,
Its flowers are groomed on the divine loom,
buds on twilight zoom;
In its shades stay sojourners and muses,
after long walks and travels of travails,
Its fruits ripe or unripe, its parts are food or medicine,
It sounds with wind and rages with fire!
Birds and bards, creatures and
Caesars all admire this tree!
What is this tree that prefers to be free?

Oh, what a lovely garden!
This is the tree of knowledge that is the tree of life!
Look at those five trees of Paradise!
Their rustling of leaves
Generating Assonance, Alliteration, Rhythm and Style..

See those figures of speech- marvellous metaphor,
scintillating simile, And mystic metonymy, with bushes of
ambiguity, symbolism and irony!

Aha! Listen to the onomatopoeia of eternal brooks
and the chirping of birds,

My God! Wonderful patterns those floral arrangements,
Sonnets, Shi, Villanelle, Tankan, Haiku, Ode,
Ghazals- of Bonsai to epic trees!

What a rhapsody, prosody and bards' cultivation of
literature fields!

Glimpse this great palace! Stately halls,
princely rooms, floors of moonstone,
Walls and pillars studded with gem words of
Dionysian tears, phrases of jade,
Meters of malachite, alliterations of onyx,
assonance of quartz, irony of amber,
Rhetoric of Inca rose, allusions of turquoise,
ambiguity of ruby, pun of pearls,
Red coral ballads, emerald elegies,
sapphire sonnets, diamonds studded dramatics,
Hymns of Hessonite, cat's eye carpe diems,
red ochre rendering, under that blue roof,
- once here wandered,- bards, Castilian bands,
metaphysical, cavaliers,
Classical, neoclassical, pastorals, Parnassians,
romantics, symbolists,
Modernists, imagists, objectivists, renaissance,
beat, misty, new formalists,
And the new generation like you and me; come on!
Let us wander and wonder!
Let the Muses bless us! And let us drink the
mead of Odin and sing the songs
Of Universal brotherhood, prosperity, equality,
and the perennial peace!

58. He that end, he this end!

The Lord of lords the great God Vishnu,
reclining in the milky ocean,
On a bed of the coils of that thousand hooded
serpent Adishesan,
From the navel of Him arising the milk way
like a stem of lotus flower,
In that open flower, sits the Lord of creation
Brahma, his four faces as directions four!

Brahma the visible world creating the
manifest worlds and dwellers,
In the dwellers mothers' wombs,
a lotus flower of placenta and a cord,
An umbilical cord reaching the navel of the
indweller in the mother's womb,
Aha! O God, this end is the fetus and on the
end is the great God Macroprosopus!

When you cut the umbilical cord,
the child loses the connection with Him,
And from that moment, the intense longing
and the spiritual journey begins-
For each individual his own time and tide
and the moment of realization comes,
Once he understands his real destination
and home, the path takes him towards Him!

59. Incarnations

A fish, a tortoise, a boar, a man-lion, a midget,
An axe man, a hunter, a charioteer,
an enlightened spirit,
I did all my roles well and now scripting Armageddon.
The tearful earth is trembling under the iron feet
and time has come for final show down!

Many prophets major and minor,
I sent to change your sinful brain!
Many calamities and catastrophes,
I released to thwart your vain train!
Many revelations and retributions
I projected to reform your ego drain!
Now, no more change of scenes and
The stage is set for final dance of annihilation!

As a great fish I rescued humankind from flood,
As a mighty tortoise I helped you to churn
medicines and food.
As a giant boar I brought earth again
out of water zone.
As a man-lion I saved the righteous one
from the wrong one.
As a dwarf zooming into Universal form
covered the three worlds with my divine feet!

Wielding a fierce axe, I decimated
the ruthless cruel ruling clan.
With bow and arrow I crossed the sea and
fought with a terrible demon.
With a gyrating wheel I supervised the mother of the
wars and reduced the earth burden.
Then I proposed non-violence and peace to alleviate
grief and attain benediction.

Yet, you arrogant man! You again started
conniving plots against one another!
You have become a terrible nuisance and
you have no sense!
No more you will be tolerated for
your insolent idiotic behavior!
Change your attitude; otherwise
your end is very near!

60. Let there be light!

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

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

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

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

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

NOTES (wiki)

1. **Muse**-(in Greek and Roman mythology) each of nine goddesses, the daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne, who preside over the arts and sciences. a woman, or a force personified as a woman, who is the source of inspiration for a creative artist

Muse	Domain	Emblem
<u>Calliope</u>	<u>Epic poetry</u>	<u>Writing tablet, Stylus, Lyre</u>
<u>Clio</u>	<u>History</u>	<u>Scrolls, Books, Cornet, Laurel wreath</u>
<u>Euterpe</u>	<u>Music, Song, and Lyric Poetry</u>	<u>Aulos (an ancient Greek musical instrument like a flute), panpipes, laurel wreath</u>
<u>Erato</u>	<u>Love poetry</u>	<u>Cithara (an ancient Greek musical instrument in the lyre family)</u>
<u>Melpomene</u>	<u>Tragedy</u>	<u>Tragic mask, Sword (or any kind of blade), Club, Kothornos (boots)</u>
<u>Polyhymnia</u>	<u>Hymns</u>	<u>Veil, Grapes (referring to her as an agricultural goddess)</u>
<u>Terpsichore</u>	<u>Dance</u>	<u>Lyre, Plectrum</u>
<u>Thalia</u>	<u>Comedy</u>	<u>Comic mask, Shepherd's crook (the vaudeville act of pulling someone off the stage with a hook is a reference to Thalia's crook), Ivy wreath</u>
<u>Urania</u>	<u>Astronomy</u>	<u>Globe and compass</u>

2. **Prayer** (from the Latin *precari* "to ask earnestly, beg, entreat") is an invocation or act that seeks to activate a rapport with an object of worship through deliberate communication
3. **Poetry** is a form of literature that uses aesthetic and rhythmic^{[1][2][3]} qualities of language—such as phonaesthetics, sound symbolism, and metre—to evoke meanings in addition to, or in place of, the prosaic ostensible meaning.
4. The modern English word is from Middle English *moder*, from Old English *mōdor*, from Proto-Germanic **mōdēr* (cf. East Frisian *muur*, Dutch *moeder*, German *Mutter*), from Proto-Indo-European **méh₂tēr* (cf. Irish *máthair*, Tocharian A *mācar*, B *mācer*, Lithuanian *mótė*). Other cognates include Latin *māter*, Greek *μήτηρ*, Common Slavic **mati* (thence Russian *мать* (*mat'*)), Persian *مادر* (*madar*), and Sanskrit (*māt*).
5. The verb "to father" means to procreate or to sire a child from which also derives the noun "fathering". Biological fathers determine the sex of their child through a sperm cell which either contains an X chromosome (female), or Y chromosome (male).^[1] Related terms of endearment are *dad* (*dada*, *daddy*), *papa/pappa*, *papasita*, (*pa*, *pap*) and *pop*. A male role model that children can look up to is sometimes referred to as a *father-figure*.
6. **Hiraeth** is a Welsh word for which there is no direct English translation. The University of Wales, Lampeter attempts to define it as homesickness tinged with grief or sadness over the lost or departed. It is a mix of longing, yearning, nostalgia, wistfulness, or an earnest desire.
7. The role of teacher is often formal and ongoing, carried out at a school or other place of formal education. In many countries, a person who wishes to become a teacher must first obtain specified professional qualifications or credentials from a university or college. These professional qualifications may include the study of pedagogy, the science of teaching.
8. Gen 1:26–28- And God said: 'Let us make man in our image/b'tsalmeinu, after our likeness/kid'muteinu; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over

every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.' And God created man in His image, in the image of God He created him, male and female created He them. And God blessed them; and God said to them: 'Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that creepeth upon the earth.'

9. Geneticist Dean Hamer hypothesized that some people have a specific gene that makes them prone to religious belief, which he calls the God gene, and that over time natural selection has favored these people because their spirituality leads to optimism. Wright states that the human brain approaches religious belief based on how it adapted to survive and reproduce in early hunter-gatherer societies. He points out four key traits of religion that align with the human brain's survival adaptations:
 - Its claims can be surprising, strange, and even counterintuitive.
 - It claims to show what causes good and bad things to happen.
 - It tells people that they can control these causes and increase the ratio of good to bad results.
 - It is hard to falsify or disprove.
10. In Isaiah 40:12, centuries before the physical sciences even conceived of these phenomena, Isaiah said that God “has measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and marked off the heavens by the span, and calculated the *dust of the earth* by the measure, and weighed the mountains in a balance, and the hills in a pair of scales”
11. **Isaiah-** 17" The afflicted and needy are seeking water, but there is none, And their tongue is parched with thirst; I, the LORD, will answer them Myself, As the God of Israel I will not forsake them. 18" I will open rivers on the bare heights And springs in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water And the dry land fountains of water. 19" I will put the cedar in the wilderness, The acacia and the myrtle and the olive tree; I will place the juniper in the desert Together with the box tree and the cypress.
12. Space: the final frontier. These are the voyages of the starship Enterprise. Its continuing mission: to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations, **to boldly go**

where no one has gone before. The quote was used in the 2009 Star Trek reboot film series.

13. "Terrorism" comes from the French word *terrorisme*, and originally referred specifically to state terrorism as practiced by the French government during the 1793–1794 Reign of Terror. The French word *terrorisme* in turn derives from the Latin verb *terrere* (e, terreo) meaning "to frighten".The *terror cimbricus* was a panic and state of emergency in Rome in response to the approach of warriors of the Cimbri tribe in 105 BCE that the Jacobins cited as a precedent when imposing the Reign of Terror during the French Revolution. After the Jacobins lost power, the word "terrorist" became a term of abuse. **Actually:** It's both "Mirror, mirror, on the wall..." **AND** "Magic mirror, on the wall..." In the 1937 Disney classic, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs the Evil Queen utters the famous line "**Magic mirror**, on the wall – who is the fairest one of all?".
14. **Whisperer-Saitan- Devil- Soft speech** produced without using the full voice. 2. Something uttered very softly: overheard his whisper. 3. A secretly or surreptitiously expressed belief, rumor,
15. ***War and Peace*** : is a novel by the Russian author Leo Tolstoy. It is regarded as one of the central works of world literature. *War and Peace* and Tolstoy's other major prose work, *Anna Karenina* (1875–77), are considered Tolstoy's finest literary achievements.
16. **Soothsayer** (plural **soothsayers**). One who tells the truth; a truthful person. One who predicts the future, using magic, intuition or intelligence; a diviner.
17. **Merchants of death-** was an epithet used in the U.S. in the 1930s to attack industries and banks that supplied and funded World War I (then called the Great War). The term originated as the title of a book by H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen, *Merchants of Death* (1934), an exposé. The term was popular in antiwar circles of both the left and the right, and was used extensively regarding the Senate hearings in 1936 by the Nye Committee.

18. **non-stop train.** If there are 30 railway stations to cross when a fast moving bullet train is operated between two cities, just stopping and accelerating again at each station will waste both energy and time. the basic idea revolves around how a fast moving train could be run without stopping in any of the stations and yet commute passengers from one station to the other. This poem is an allegory of Time.
19. ***Habeas corpus*** (Medieval Latin meaning literally "You may have the body" is a recourse in law whereby a person can report an unlawful detention or imprisonment before a court, usually through a prison official.
20. A **flamethrower** is a mechanical incendiary device designed to project a long, controllable stream of fire. They were first used by the Greeks in the 1st Century AD. In modern times, they were used during World War I, and more widely in World War II.
21. **Borders** are geographic boundaries of political entities or legal jurisdictions, such as governments, sovereign states, federated states, and other subnational entities.
22. The **face** is a central organ of sense and is also very central in the expression of emotion among humans and among numerous other species. The face is normally found on the anterior (frontal, rostral) surface of the head of animals¹ or humans,^[1] although not all animals have faces. The face is crucial for human identity, and damage such as scarring or developmental deformities have effects stretching beyond those of solely physical inconvenience.
23. **Peace** occurs between heterogeneous social groups and is characterized by a lack of conflict and freedom from fear of violence. Commonly understood as the absence of hostility, peace often involves compromise, and therefore is initiated with thoughtful listening and communication to enhance and create mutual understanding.
24. During an Iraqi press conference on December 14, 2008, Iraqi journalist Muntadhar al-Zaidi threw both of his shoes at then-United States President George W. Bush. Bush ducked, avoiding being hit by either of the shoes. Al-Zaidi was subsequently grabbed, kicked and hurried out of the room by

former Iraqi Prime Minister Nouri al-Maliki's guards. Though effigies of many United States Presidents had long appeared with shoes on them all over the Middle East, it was not until then that shoeing had received widespread notability. Since then, there have been many other shoeing incidents on an international scale.

25. A **house of mirrors** or **hall of mirrors** is a traditional attraction at funfairs (carnivals) and amusement parks. The basic concept behind a house of mirrors is to be a maze-like puzzle. In addition to the maze, participants are also given mirrors as obstacles, and glass panes to parts of the maze they cannot yet get to. Sometimes the mirrors may be distorted because of different curves, convex, or concave in the glass to give the participants unusual and confusing reflections of themselves, some humorous and others frightening.
26. **Order** frequently refers to orderliness, a desire for organization.
27. A border may have been:
Agreed by the countries on both sides
Imposed by the country on one side
Imposed by third parties, e.g. an international conference
Inherited from a former state, colonial power or aristocratic territory
Inherited from a former internal border, such as within the former Soviet Union
In addition, a border may be a *de facto* military ceasefire line.
28. "**Fat Man**" was the codename for the type of atomic bomb that was detonated over the Japanese city of Nagasaki by the United States on 9 August 1945. It was the second of the only two nuclear weapons ever used in warfare, the first being Little Boy, and its detonation marked the third-ever man-made nuclear explosion in history. It was built by scientists and engineers at Los Alamos Laboratory using plutonium from the Hanford Site and dropped from the Boeing B-29 Superfortress *Bockscar*. For the Fat Man mission, *Bockscar* was piloted by Major Charles W. Sweeney.
29. **Jephthah** appears in the Book of Judges as a judge over Israel for a period of six years (Judges 12:7). He lived in Gilead and was a member either of the tribe of Manasseh or of the tribe of

Gad.^[1] His father's name is also given as Gilead and, as his mother is described as a prostitute, this may mean that his father may have been any of the men of that area.^[2] Jephthah led the Israelites in battle against Ammon and, after defeating the Ammonites, fulfilled a rash vow of his, by sacrificing his daughter. Traditionally, Jephthah is listed among major judges on the ground of the length of the biblical narrative referring to him, but his story also shows signs of minor judges, for instance only six years duration of his office as judge. On the night of 1 July 2016, at 21:20 local time,^[16] five militants took hostages and opened fire on the Holey Artisan Bakery^[8] in Gulshan Thana—an affluent area with many embassies in Dhaka, Bangladesh. The assailants entered the bakery with crude bombs, machetes, pistols, and took several dozen hostages (foreigners and locals). In the immediate response, while Dhaka Metropolitan Police tried to regain control of the bakery, two police officers were shot dead by the assailants.

30. On June 12, 2016, Omar Mateen, a 29-year-old security guard, killed 49 people and wounded 53 others in a terrorist attack/hate crime inside Pulse, a gay nightclub in Orlando, Florida, United States. He was shot and killed by Orlando Police Department (OPD) officers after a three-hour standoff. Pulse was hosting Latin Night and most of the victims were Latino. It was the deadliest mass shooting by a single shooter, the deadliest incident of violence against LGBT people in United States history, and the deadliest terrorist attack in the United States since the September 11 attacks in 2001.
31. The **2016 Uri attack** was an attack by four heavily armed terrorists on 18 September 2016, near the town of Uri in the Indian-administered state of Jammu and Kashmir. It was reported as "the deadliest attack on security forces in Kashmir in two decades". No group has claimed responsibility for the attack,^[10] though the militant group Jaish-e-Mohammed is suspected of being involved in the planning and execution of the attack.^[7] At the time of the attack, the Kashmir Valley region was at the centre of unrest, during which 85 civilians died^[11] and thousands injured in clashes with security forces.
32. The **Rosenhan experiment** was a famous experiment done in order to determine the validity of psychiatric diagnosis,

conducted by psychologist David Rosenhan, a Stanford University professor, and published by the journal Science in 1973 under the title "**On being sane in insane places**".

33. **Crossroads**, or **crossroad**, or cross road may refer to: **Crossroads** (junction), a junction where four roads meet. Contents. [hide]. 1 Film; 2 Literature; 3 Music
34. **Waterboarding** is a form of water torture in which water is poured over a cloth covering the face and breathing passages of an immobilized captive, causing the individual to experience the sensation of drowning. Waterboarding can cause extreme pain, dry drowning, damage to lungs, brain damage from oxygen deprivation, other physical injuries including broken bones due to struggling against restraints, lasting psychological damage, and death. Adverse physical consequences can manifest themselves months after the event, while psychological effects can last for years. In the most common method of waterboarding, the captive's face is covered with cloth or some other thin material, and the subject is immobilized on their back at an incline of 10 to 20 degrees. Torturers pour water onto the face over the breathing passages, causing an almost immediate gag reflex and creating a drowning sensation for the captive. Vomitus travels up the esophagus, which may then be inhaled. Victims of waterboarding are at extreme risk of sudden death due to the aspiration of vomitus.
35. The **Dance of the Seven Veils** is a term used to refer to the dance performed by Salome before Herod Antipas. It is an elaboration on the biblical story of the execution of John the Baptist, which refers to Salome dancing before the king, but does not give the dance a name. The name "Dance of the Seven Veils" originates with the 1893 English translation of Oscar Wilde's 1891 French play Salome in the stage direction "[Salome dances the dance of the seven veils.]"^[2] The dance was also incorporated into Richard Strauss's opera Salome. Wilde's choice of title for the dance has been linked to the popularity of orientalist "veil dances" in the period and to the emergence of striptease acts.
36. **Vanity** is the excessive belief in one's own abilities or attractiveness to others. Prior to the 14th century it did not

have such narcissistic undertones, and merely meant *futility*. The related term **vainglory** is now often seen as an archaic synonym for *vanity*, but originally meant *boasting in vain*, i.e. unjustified boasting; although *glory* is now seen as having an exclusively positive meaning, the Latin term *gloria* (from which it derives) roughly means *boasting*, and was often used as a negative criticism.

37. **Bugs** often refers to insects or arachnids and other non-aquatic arthropods. Man is a cosmic bug in this poem.
38. Kethoneth passim in Hebrew. It was a royal garment; 2 Samuel 13:18 (cf. Ralbag ad loc.). The word passim can be translated as 'colorful' (Radak; Septuagint), embroidered (Ibn Ezra; Bachya; Ramban on Exodus 28:2), striped (Ibn Janach; Radak, Sherashim), or with pictures (Targum Yonathan). It can also denote a long garment, coming down to the palms of the hands (Rashbam; Ibn Ezra; Baaley Tosafoth; Bereshith Rabbah 84), and the feet (Lekach Tov). Alternatively, the word denotes the material out of which the coat was made, which was fine wool (Rashi) or silk (Ibn Janach). Hence, kethoneth passim, may be translated as 'a full-sleeved robe,' 'a coat of many colors,' 'a coat reaching to his feet,' 'an ornamented tunic,' 'a silk robe,' or 'a fine woolen cloak.
39. **Apotheosis** (from Greek ἀποθεώσις from ἀποθεοῦν, *apothēoun* "to deify"; in Latin *deificatio* "making divine"; also called **divinization** and **deification**) is the glorification of a subject to divine level. The term has meanings in theology, where it refers to a belief, and in art, where it refers to a genre. In theology, *apotheosis* refers to the idea that an individual has been raised to godlike stature. In art, the term refers to the treatment of any subject (a figure, group, locale, motif, convention or melody) in a particularly grand or exalted manner.
40. A **rose** is a woody perennial flowering plant of the genus **Rosa**, in the family Rosaceae, or the flower it bears. There are over a hundred species and thousands of cultivars. They form a group of plants that can be erect shrubs, climbing or trailing with stems that are often armed with sharp prickles. Flowers vary in size and shape and are usually large and showy, in colours ranging from white through yellows and reds. Most

species are native to Asia, with smaller numbers native to Europe, North America, and northwestern Africa. Species, cultivars and hybrids are all widely grown for their beauty and often are fragrant.

41. **Pink** is a pale red color, which takes its name from the flower of the same name.¹ According to surveys in Europe and the United States, pink is the color most often associated with charm, politeness, sensitivity, tenderness, sweetness, childhood, femininity, and the romantic. When combined with white, it is associated with innocence. When combined with violet or black, it is associated with eroticism and seduction.
42. **Menstruation**, also known as a **period** or **monthly**,^[1] is the regular discharge of blood and mucosal tissue from the inner lining of the uterus through the vagina. Up to 80% of women report having some symptoms prior to menstruation.¹ Common signs and symptoms include acne, tender breasts, bloating, feeling tired, irritability, and mood changes.¹ These may interfere with normal life, therefore qualifying as premenstrual syndrome, in 20 to 30% of women. In 3 to 8%, symptoms are severe.
43. The **seven deadly sins**, also known as the **capital vices** or **cardinal sins**, is a grouping and classification of vices of Christian origin.^[1] Behaviors or habits are classified under this category if they directly give birth to other immoralities.^[2] According to the standard list, they are hubris, greed, lust, envy, gluttony, wrath, and sloth,^[2] which are also contrary to the seven virtues. These sins are often thought to be abuses or excessive versions of one's natural faculties or passions (for example, gluttony abuses one's desire to eat).
44. **witches' brew** (*plural* **witches' brews**- a concoction of strange, powerful or terrifying ingredients -"Fillet of a fenny snake, In the cauldron boil and bake; Eye of newt and toe of frog, Wool of bat and tongue of dog, Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting, Lizard's leg and owlet's wing, For a charm of powerful trouble, Like a hell-broth boil and bubble." *Macbeth* Act 4 Scene 1
45. Modern **humans** (*Homo sapiens*, primarily ssp. *Homo sapiens sapiens*) are the only extant members of Hominina clade (or

human clade), a branch of the taxonomical tribe Hominini belonging to the family of great apes. They are characterized by erect posture and bipedal locomotion; manual dexterity and increased tool use, compared to other animals; and a general trend toward larger, more complex brains and societies.

46. The term 'peace' originates most recently from the Anglo-French *pes*, and the Old French *pais*, meaning "peace, reconciliation, silence, agreement" (11th century).^[1] But, *Pes* itself comes from the Latin *pax*, meaning "peace, compact, agreement, treaty of peace, tranquility, absence of hostility, harmony." The English word came into use in various personal greetings from c.1300 as a translation of the Hebrew word shalom, which, according to Jewish theology, comes from a Hebrew verb meaning 'to be complete, whole'.¹ Although 'peace' is the usual translation, however, it is an incomplete one, because 'shalom,' which is also cognate with the Arabic salaam, has multiple other meanings in addition to peace, including justice, good health, safety, well-being, prosperity, equity, security, good fortune, and friendliness. At a personal level, peaceful behaviors are kind, considerate, respectful, just, and tolerant of others' beliefs and behaviors — tending to manifest goodwill.
47. A **poet** is a person who writes poetry. Poets may describe themselves as such or be described as such by others. A poet may simply be a writer of poetry, or may perform their art to an audience. The work of a poet is essentially one of communication, either expressing ideas in a literal sense, such as writing about a specific event or place, or metaphorically. Poets have existed since antiquity, in nearly all languages, and have produced works that vary greatly in different cultures and time periods.^[2] Throughout each civilization and language, poets have used various styles that have changed through the course of literary history, resulting in a history of poets as diverse as the literature they have produced.
48. **Catch-22** is a satirical novel by American author Joseph Heller. He began writing it in 1953; the novel was first published in 1961. It is frequently cited as one of the greatest literary works of the twentieth century.^[2] It uses a distinctive non-chronological third-person omniscient narration, describing events from the points of view of different

characters. The separate storylines are out of sequence so the timeline develops along with the plot.

49. Dante passes through the gate of Hell, which bears an inscription ending with the famous phrase "*Lasciate ogne speranza, voi ch'intrate*" most frequently translated as "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here.(Divine Comedy)
50. The **zodiac** is the circle of twelve 30° divisions of celestial longitude employed by western astrology and (formerly) astronomy. The western zodiac is centered upon the ecliptic, the apparent path of the Sun across the celestial sphere over the course of the year. The paths of the Moon and visible planets also remain close to the ecliptic, within the belt of the zodiac, which extends 8-9° north or south of the ecliptic, as measured in celestial latitude. Because the divisions are regular, they do not correspond exactly to the boundaries of the twelve constellations after which they are named.
51. A **mobile phone** is a portable telephone that can make and receive calls over a radio frequency carrier while the user is moving within a telephone service area. The radio frequency link establishes a connection to the switching systems of a mobile phone operator, which provides access to the public switched telephone network (PSTN). Most modern mobile telephone services use a cellular network architecture, and therefore mobile telephones are often also called *cellular telephones* or *cell phones*. In addition to telephony, 2000s-era mobile phones support a variety of other services, such as text messaging, MMS, email, Internet access, short-range wireless communications (infrared, Bluetooth), business applications, gaming, and digital photography. Mobile phones which offer these and more general computing capabilities are referred to as smartphones. The first handheld mobile phone was demonstrated by John F. Mitchell^{[1][2]} and Martin Cooper of Motorola in 1973, using a handset weighing c. 4.4 lbs (2 kg). In 1983, the DynaTAC 8000x was the first commercially available handheld mobile phone. From 1983 to 2014, worldwide mobile phone subscriptions grew to over seven billion, penetrating 100% of the global population and reaching even the bottom of the economic pyramid.^[4] In first quarter of 2016, the top smartphone manufacturers were

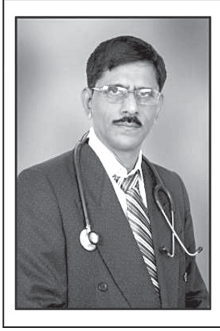
Samsung, Apple and Huawei (and "[s]martphone sales represented 78 percent of total mobile phone sales").

52. **John chapter 18, verse 38** of the Gospel of John, is often referred to as "jesting Pilate" or "*What is truth?*", of Latin *Quid est veritas?*. In it, Pontius Pilate questions Jesus' claim that he is "witness to the truth" (John 18:37). Following this statement, Pilate proclaims to the masses (lit., "the Jews" referring to the Jewish authorities^[3]) that he does not consider Jesus guilty of any crime.
53. **Clickbait** is a pejorative term describing web content that is aimed at generating online advertising revenue, especially at the expense of quality or accuracy, relying on sensationalist headlines or eye-catching thumbnail pictures to attract click-throughs and to encourage forwarding of the material over online social networks. Clickbait headlines typically aim to exploit the "curiosity gap", providing just enough information to make the reader curious, but not enough to satisfy their curiosity without clicking through to the linked content.
54. **Carrying on the head** is a common practice in many parts of the world, as an alternative to carrying a burden on the back, shoulders, and so on. People have carried burdens balanced on top of the head since ancient times, usually to do daily work, but sometimes in religious ceremonies or as a feat of skill, such as in certain dances
55. The Ancient Greek aphorism "**know thyself**" or "**gnothi seauton**" (Greek- *sauton* with the ε contracted), is one of the Delphic maxims and was inscribed in the pronaos (forecourt) of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi according to the Greek writer Pausanias (10.24.1) In Latin the aphorism is generally given as *nosce te ipsum*^[2] or *temet nosce*. The maxim, or aphorism, "know thyself" has had a variety of meanings attributed to it in literature.
56. **Common salt** is a mineral composed primarily of sodium chloride (NaCl), a chemical compound belonging to the larger class of salts; salt in its natural form as a crystalline mineral is known as rock salt or halite. Salt is present in vast quantities in seawater, where it is the main mineral constituent. The open ocean has about 35 grams (1.2 oz) of solids per litre, a salinity

of 3.5%.. Salt is essential for human life, and saltiness is one of the basic human tastes.

57. **Poetry** is a form of literature that uses aesthetic and rhythmic^{[1][2][3]} qualities of language—such as phonaesthetics, sound symbolism, and metre—to evoke meanings in addition to, or in place of, the prosaic ostensible meaning. Poetry has a long history, dating back to the Sumerian *Epic of Gilgamesh*. Early poems evolved from folk songs such as the Chinese *Shijing*, or from a need to retell oral epics, as with the Sanskrit *Vedas*, Zoroastrian *Gathas*, and the Homeric epics, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Ancient attempts to define poetry, such as Aristotle's *Poetics*, focused on the uses of speech in rhetoric, drama, song and comedy. Later attempts concentrated on features such as repetition, verse form and rhyme, and emphasized the aesthetics which distinguish poetry from more objectively informative, prosaic forms of writing. From the mid-20th century, poetry has sometimes been more generally regarded as a fundamental creative act employing language.
58. **Vishnu** (Sanskrit- *Vi□□u*) is a major male deity in Hinduism, and the foundation of its Vaishnavism tradition.^[1] He is, along with Brahma and Shiva, a part of a Hindu trinity (Trimurti); however, ancient Hindu texts mention other trinities of gods or goddesses. In Vaishnavism, Vishnu is identical to the formless metaphysical concept called Brahman, the supreme, the Svayam Bhagavan, who takes various avatars as "the preserver, protector" whenever the world is threatened with evil, chaos and destructive forces.^[5] His avatars (incarnations) most notably include Krishna in the Mahabharata and Rama in the Ramayana. He is also known as Narayana, Jagannatha, Vasudeva, Vithoba and Hari. He is included as one of the five equivalent deities in Panchayatana puja of the Smarta Tradition of Hinduism.
59. **Incarnation** literally means *embodied in flesh* or *taking on flesh*. It refers to the conception and birth of a sentient being who is the material manifestation of an entity, god or force whose original nature is immaterial. In its religious context the word is used to mean the descent from Heaven of a god, or divine being in human/animal form on Earth.

60. **Genesis 1:3** is the third verse of the first chapter in the Book of Genesis. In it, God (the Hebrew word used for God, like in all of Genesis 1, is Elohim) made light by declaration ("God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light"). It is a part of the Torah portion known as Bereshit (Genesis 1:1-6:8). "Let there be light" (like "in the beginning" in Genesis 1:1) has entered into common usage as a phrase. It is the motto (sometimes in its Latin form, *fiat lux*) for many educational institutions (using light as a metaphor for knowledge). The University of California is one example^[1] The phrase also forms the chorus of John Marriott's hymn about Creation, "Thou, Whose Almighty Word.



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4. The Twilight zone- Poetry- English
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6. Vaana mabbula kanthi khadgam - Poetry- Telugu
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54. Chupke Chupke (Essays)
55. Oka Sarassu - Aneka Hamsalu (Poetry)
56. The Footsteps of Christ (Telugu)
and many more books...

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THE GUERDON OF POESY

(AN ANTHOLOGY OF WAR, PEACE AND POESY)



Apoorva Lanka

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