

RAVIMARUTH'S  
**THE ENRAGED VOICE**  
(Poetry)

రావిమారుత్  
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Translated by

**Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad**

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**Srijana Lokam / Writer's Corner**  
Prasanthi Hospital  
Sivanagar, WARANGAL-506 002,  
Telangana, INDIA  
Mobile : 8897849442, 6305677926  
Email: lankasrprasad@gmail.com  
**www.anuvaadham.com**

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## PREFACE

**‘Qui delivrera le message n’aura pas d’identite. Il n’oppressera pa’s-**

‘The one delivering the message will have no identity. He will not oppress’-

Rene Char- Aromatic Chasseurs

An **angry or enraged voice** can be righteous, sympathetic, exploding or seething, dominates the scene with its evocative nature. It has frame, flow, fastness, reflection and reverberation. Ravi’s enraged voice is intelligible and communicative. The dramatic tone changes in sudden flights of apprehension and suave metaphors, rises anger to dharmagraham- justifiable anger. His poems have sonorous possibilities of hidden sirens and alluring word ways.

Thomas G. Clark’s blog ‘Another Angry Voice’ in 2010 regularly criticized the Conservative government. Clark is a supporter of Jeremy Corbyn the leader of British Labor party. Clark “enjoy[ed] demolishing pathetic arguments” and has been a strong critic of right-wing media.

Likewise, Ravimaruth’s angry voice has its distinct tone and left-wing sympathy. His poetry has an extensive play of contraries that surreptitiously announce the future needed metamorphosis. His poetic lines come out of tangent blues and tangerine greens have minimal yellow liminality with cross-bordering luminous red anxiety. The phrases set fire to the sentences and the poems glow with human values forcing the readers inside comments out.

Translating a friend or his thoughts into new space is like treading in a challenging secret passage. Letters bleed beyond margins and punctuations run amuck. The breach of trust in ending a line stares straight into eyes; images and imageries often go blur. The metatext in the poet’s dreams often gets grey and the rain sometimes glides in sideways and fissures. Yet I enjoyed the work and its penumbra in reasonably adequate flamboyance. I am sure readers do experience the lightning and hear the enraged thunder in its defiant tone.

Writing wrong, writing right, writing the wrong, righting the wrong, writing left have different right and left perspectives and purposes. Ravi in his poetic writings tried to right many wrongs and find solutions to the ills prevalent in the society. His practicality, experience and knowledge accrued in yester years flowed into poetry with ease and aplomb. With pain circled eyes the poet comes down to the world of inequalities. What does he propagate?

**‘Vigils sur le promontoire. Ne pas descndre. Ne plus se taire’**

‘Vigils on the lookout point. Not to go down. No longer to be silent’

-Jacques Dupin- L’Embrasure

**Dr. LANKA SIVA RAMA PRASAD**

**WARANGAL.**



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# 1. DREAM DEBARRED STATE

To the literates,  
And to the literate illiterates,  
To the daily wagers on the edge,  
And to the unstable lot looking for the stable sedge,  
To the theorists  
And to the metaphysical sophists  
To the upper middle-class high-heels,  
And to those who got stuck in the high-rise cog-wheels,  
Let me propose a novel way of life!

Don't allow anybody into your domus,  
Especially the servant maids,  
The helpers, cooks, drivers, or the watchmen!  
Don't hire them!  
In this epidemic horror,  
Let them face hunger or death,  
Anyway, our lives are more precious and costlier!

To implement social distance,  
This is my new proposal  
To establish aesthetic equality at home  
She does the cooking work,  
He does the cleaning job vice versa  
Sharing work is sharing dainties of life



Now I draw a lucid inner image of life  
I paint the naked feet  
Struggling on the flagstone meadows,  
Straddling on the bitumen highways,  
Fraught on the hot sand mires  
Fighting the liquid ultraviolet rays,  
I paint those dry wet scorched bodies  
And those migrating birds back to home,  
With the burden of embittered lives  
And with the fear and curiosity mixed kids  
Dozing and crying often in the rustic backpacks  
I paint them all fainting on the roadside cracks;

But I don't understand  
Why I am unable to dream a new life  
To those stressed-out migrating birds  
Who came all the way to alien places,  
In search of livelihood  
But leaving in despondency as weary hordes  
Why I am unable to dream a brighter life for them?  
Among the multitude of leaders  
Why can't I find a single savior or trailblazer  
Who can give assurance to change the torn lives  
And to restore the dwindling hope among the downtrodden?  
Why?



## 2. COEXISTENCE

To the representatives of the people,  
And to the government officials,  
Not much acquaintance with the pandemic;  
To the social scientists  
And to the literary giants  
Not much habit to advise the public

To do the lab tests to the whole population  
Where do you get the funds?  
To isolate the suspects  
Where do you get the personnel and bonds?  
Can you stop the health facility from crumbling  
With face masks and hand sanitizers?  
Can you transform the world torn with conflicts  
Into utopia with magic chant?

When the highest court keeps silence  
Do the wandering feet get wheels to run?  
People in the farmhouses  
Can they perceive the pain of the migrant labor?  
When fertile brains get dry and flower calotropis  
When soft tender hearts transmute stony hard,  
Novel thoughts brew to whistle off-guard,  
And the economic cure is found in liquor sales;

In the Indian summer heat of Rohini  
When stones and pestles crack  
The body gates begin to leak;  
Diseases evolute into pandemic  
And the survivors can coexist with the disease  
In the life's surrealist stream in ease!



### 3. MIGRANT DEMOCRACY

Fourteen hundred million people  
When moved into voluntary isolation  
The whole world looked at you  
With well widened eyes

We the common people  
We only know to abide the king's orders;  
Even when our lives are at stake,  
Without uttering a word, we bend at borders;

We evince no interest  
Like the great migration of animals  
O revered camera oculi  
Of National Geography or discovery  
Please allot a few minutes  
To this calamitous migration

The heard and unheard maladies of yester years,  
The melancholy of a tragic separation,  
But, why now?  
Why the scenes repeat with the migrant labor?  
Where has gone the government's plans astray?  
Can it happen in any developed country?

The much-trumpeted friendship with Trump,  
The short-lived shake hands with Xi Jinping,  
But the growing enmity with the prodigal brother  
And the impatience towards criticism  
Can they solve the problems of migrant labor?  
When priorities go topsy turvy  
Do you find any silver lining beyond this long march?



## 4. LOOSE MOTIONS

From the world's greatest Democratic country  
I speak these few words in dithering syllables;  
I am a humble citizen humbled by all means,  
I pay taxes and pray all the gods with labels  
Regularly, as I am an ignoramus in governing skills;

From the folklore ages to the modern times,  
I carry the burden on my head and shoulders;  
After making my life into shreds and splinters,  
My leaders promise me new welfare rhymes;  
Regularly, they sanctify these rituals on power hills;

From plenty I am allotted the rationed poverty,  
For a fistful of rice, I need to grind my flesh property;  
Twelve thousand passenger trains move on rails,  
But I have to struggle to reach my house in wails;  
Regularly I suffer, even more in this one-month drills;

From sunrise to sunset, I move with the day lamp,  
My working hours stretch with my employer's clamp,  
All the brave words of constitution give no solace;  
We cohabit with epidemics and pandemics in grace,  
Regularly, they shower a few rupees for my liquor thrills;



## 5. CHEMICAL CHAIN

A pale moon, a bit of moonshine, the infinite sky,  
A giant sun, the hot sun shower, the solar family,  
Innumerable stars, countless lamps, the universe,  
Thousands of galaxies, Blackholes, Big Bang verse;

A chunk of land, sufficient water, plenty of fresh air,  
Green trees, vivid blossoms, carpet like green grass,  
Sky high mountains, frozen seas, two distant poles,  
Numerous lives, ravishing nature, one human being

A chemical chain reaction, Physics or metaphysics,  
Void sans beginning or end, matter spreading within,  
Burning cinders or flaming gasses whatever may be,  
O human! You thought of them and named them free

All those self-promoting experiments and inventions,  
Finally reached zenith with pollutions and destructions,  
Slaves to laborers, kings to capitalists, new social orders,  
Everywhere humans reduced to caged animal borders

When the whole world burns in dirty chemical chain,  
A lifeless virion makes man shiver in his murky rain,  
Fear governs the sphere, the candle of hope dwindles,  
With a hole on the ozone, death descends in doodles



## 6. PAID PIPER'S SONG

Hot sweltering breeze,  
Blisteringly scorching May daylight,  
Dead Sea's layered salt specs  
But, no traces of cumulonimbus  
A few prodigal raindrops fade in the sands

Hot money plant nearby,  
So, follow the reforms and no backtalk  
We have land; the world needs good produce,  
Let's sow seeds tinkered with money  
And reap rupees, dollars, pounds and euros

Hot corona is on prowl,  
You stay behind closed doors and masks,  
Wild animals and birds wander free on roads,  
There is hunger around and beyond sanitizers,  
Social distance is crueller than physical distance

Hot poly tricks shrivel humanity,  
They serve art of living to hungry pates,  
One can trail sadgurus and sages free of cost,  
And follow the modern paid piper of politics  
To sit beneath the ancient pyramids of gone hope!



## 7. THE TONGUE OF FIRE

Alone was the ancient Spirit,  
That created birth and death,  
Blended hunger with breath,  
That's what living beings inherit!

Changes in the magnetic fields,  
Earth, water and sky in between the poles,  
Fire and air with them in shields  
All half-truths, only truth is hunger's blackholes

Fire and arms born in Adam's brain,  
And a kingdom governed by law, hell and heaven  
Whales in south and bears in north haven  
Back and forth migrations brought civilization train

With the demonic urge of property expansion  
Earth, water, air, fire and sky became commodities  
Men became slaves; there crumbled humanity mansion,  
In one October a tsunamic wave was born in oddities,

From France it marched crossing the great wall,  
Spread like tornado to the distant lands in a rigid squall;  
Suddenly why this lull and heightened despair and dull?  
In the oceans, may be a volcano is exploding in fire whirl!



## 8. FOR SALE - FLAT 50%

On those tender lips  
Can I sprout like a pearly smile blossom?  
On those wavy black hair lines  
Can I drift down in golden shower bloom?  
On those lithe fragrant stems  
Can I spread like mahua nectar awesome?

The fossilized bodies of the Middle Ages,  
David, a Renaissance masterpiece of Michelangelo,  
The modern nightlife of youth in Ibiza blazes  
The broken sound barriers in Tomorrow's music glow  
Waveless, silent Great Barrier Reef with infinite mazes,  
Schools of fish, white sand dunes, Sunshine's naked flow

On those dry cracked lips  
Can I sprout like a derisory smile of storm?  
On those hungry migrant labor lines  
Can I drift a fistful of food and water charm?  
On those sweat drenched feet stems  
Can I spread panacea of hope and love norm?

The mummified bodies of hunger ages,  
Sheetal or mal-air or pandemic death reminders,  
The migrant birds in search of food coverages,  
The demonic dreams in democratic mind benders,  
Waveless, silent streets of negligence wages,  
Schools of selfish piranhas with people's flesh grinders

On those callous customary market lanes  
Can I offer my poverty for sale- flat fifty percent?



## 9. INVOLUNTARY REFLEX ACTION

When the big man changed his fashion statement,  
His spokesman brayed at length  
About the significance of the upper garment;  
A philosopher adopted a few villages  
And one Yogi took his people for a ride of lament;  
In the reign of contactor legislators,  
Priests and officers gobble the deity with its raiment;

When I try to quote from the scriptures section  
About the virtues and fidelity of women  
There was chaos in thought reception...  
Vedas give side effects to some men in omen;

And the bitumen roads reflect the tired feet,  
Migrant labor fixed compass towards home sweet,  
Helped by a few compassionate ones  
The harsh walks appeared comfortable in tear tones;

Self-dependency seemed to be the long marathons,  
A few prescribed sacrifices literally became canons;  
In democracies paying taxes has become the DNA  
No matter it is Maurya or Mughal or UPA or NDA;

Maybe they knee press throttle on American roads,  
We were taught skills to kill in prisons by British hordes,  
On barefoot we cross caste mires and religious swords,  
But, if we are forced to walk back into stone age wards,  
Our involuntary reflex action is defiant poetry and words.



## 10. WALKING RAINBOW

Deeply entrenched roots,  
straight and strong spine,  
Widely spread branches and leaves  
With head held high  
A green society I am,  
On my lips move the breath of life

A special place I have in our society,  
Every day I cross rivers and paths  
My birthright is sweeping,  
No finger prints I have;  
Cleanliness is my philosophy;

From Siberia to pullicat I can expand  
On snow mountains and blue seas  
Vividly colorful is my world  
My voice has poly musical tones

The world forced on me a smog veil,  
My natural glow is fading  
My aspirations and hopes too

My freedom died in budding,  
My dreams remained as dreams,

Yet, only my ideal is on its feet



## 11. COMPETITIVE TIMES

Flame-of the forest is in its bounty,  
Golden shower is swinging in vanity,  
Jasmine fragrance in diffusion plenty,  
Neem flower scent is summer's dainty;

A black lily is on its knee right  
Defying the White House might,  
It is no more America's internal affair  
The dissent is the people's voice fire;

That deadly virus is on its head hunt,  
Régimes recruit gods to play moral stunt,  
Mangoes and papayas in delicious front,  
Hailstones broke the peasants' back in grunt

O migrant birds moving in exodus,  
Fly on your wings and legs in your own modus,  
Treasury is empty and tensions are profuse,  
Diseases are seasonal so be wise grouse no use;

No foresight, no hindsight  
No middle spirit goes straight  
Paper tiger America versus old dragon China  
In ego competitive isms fallen dice are common fauna



## 12. ANYONE

Light spreads slowly  
The newborn cry forces out of forewaters  
Surrounding sound pollution sculpts  
A meaningful sentence in your inner layers;

Starting with faltering steps  
Your feet prepare for a long odyssey  
Millions of memories and skills  
You treasure in your blooming body

Warmth emanated from experiences  
Hones you into a fine sculpture,  
Friends, peer groups, environs and desires  
Forges youth into burnt gold structure;

Finally, you reach the shore wet  
in vivid illumination showers of reasons  
In your purified conscience  
Bloom infinite stars and spring seasons

In time and air frozen zones  
Life, family, society rocks to destabilize  
Restlessness reigns and renders itself  
As an image or sentence dramatized on mind stage

Dark lethargy slowly devours you,  
You crave for your gone childhood,  
Sulking alone sans shadow or companion  
you become a dream or yesterday's truth

Waning in a long breath, no intentions, no pains,  
Everything enters into nothing; nothing remains



### 13. THE PICTURE OF DEMOCRACY

The fragrance of ripe palm fruits,  
The half-eaten palmyra roasted sprout,  
The torn kite in the tree branches  
The unburnt wisp kagada- torch,  
Freak remainders of a life's fading portrait

Leaking roof raining waters from sky bladders,  
On emaciated body inadequate cloth in tatters,  
Dampened stove with dank kerosene smell,  
Open toilets and closed amenities of basic spell,  
The great Indian family show of minimalism drill

On the other side, Lido Shows of Paris,  
Apple gardenstroll among Alps mountains  
The grandeur of Blue Mosque near Bosphorus  
The cool volcanic brimstones of Santorini islands  
A few milestones in the timeline of the civilizations

Our Manhattan businesses, Hollywood pictures,  
Miami beach escapades, Houston port trades,  
All OK, but the artist who paints black images  
in the capitalistic society do you think he is alive?

Locusts'swarm in crop system zone,  
The timely entry of Nisarga cyclone  
Political sales in elected houses clone  
Our darn democracy style in hot moonshine



## 14. INQUIRY

Order! Order! Tell the Court  
You, all loved the Paris commune!

You admired the October Revolution  
You follow Alluri Site Rama Raju,  
Your solidarity with Long March,  
Your views about Jallianwala Bagh,  
Your respect to Bhagat Singh,  
Your support to British in Second World War...  
Session adjourned!

Silence! Haajri ho! Tell us your perspectives!  
About the Armed struggle of Telangana peasants,  
Your links with Kilavenmani Dalits;  
Why did you visit Vietnam?  
You profess Naxalbari;  
Met Srikakulam tribal people, why?  
The case is adjourned!

Proceed! You gathered against Emergency!  
Did you not have any role in the movements  
Of Godavari belt, Siricilla, and Jagityal?  
Or inciting the Dalits of Karamchedu and Chundururu?  
Why you visit Kashmir so often?  
What vested interests you have in university flares?



Honorable Justice!  
Hundreds of years they are unchanged  
These utopian believers hate Bharat conscience,  
They reject Gandhi; project Ambedkar;  
Criticism their breath of life; cynicism is science  
They hate globalization, abhor American ways;  
They hinder development, cohabit with poverty;  
Cancel their ration cards; tear their Aadhar cards,  
Burn their Passports; incarcerate them in Yerwada jail;  
If you think their maintenance is waste of public funds  
Just kill them in encounter attacks! That's all!



## 15. EMOTIONAL SURRENDER

A few bones, a scrap of skin,  
A spoonful of blood and a pound of flesh  
Body is not just that stitched inert sac  
But a hall of live chemical reactions

In the sacrificial altar of hunger fire,  
The living bodies do act like dry twigs  
Desires regulate and deregulate  
The process of procreation gigs

In Serengeti grasslands, in Botswana mud fields,  
In Namibia sand shores hunting often less yields  
After many failed attempts prey becomes food;  
Northern polar bears, southern penguin waddles,  
All the living beings on earth procreate live bodies

Body is not a mere flesh and blood pot,  
An implement, a machine and a thought  
Hunger an instinct; Desire a support,  
Both create produce and sport

Thousands of thoughts and emotions  
They reconstruct you many times in your journey  
Beyond the flesh and blood pot body  
You change into a being of knowledge and wisdom  
Then mind and body surrender to your feelings  
You will transform into a traveler of the new world



## 16. INSTITUTIONALIZATION

Flake by flake snow packs in layers,  
Drop by drop rain flows in torrents,  
In hot sunshine sweat drifts in streams,  
Air fluxes wave by wave ignite fire beams!

Crossing Ganga plains, Vindhya-satpuraranges,  
Occupying Deccan plateau, and Western ghats,  
And those who conquered Eastern shores,  
Mississippi plains, Nebraska deserts and Texas,  
Emperors, rulers, kings, democratic leaders  
All pieces in the same cloth and class of oppressors;

Time in its eternal flow passing in eons,  
Centuries, decades and in moments,  
Greenery in its perpetual glow expanding in stems,  
Branches, flowers, fruits and seeds  
Aggression in its upsurges blow dividing  
Humanity into races, religions, colors and castes

A Jesus, A Buddha, A Gandhi, a Mandela  
They come with a torch and ladder,  
Their teachings slowly fade away  
In the inherent oppressive institutionalized minds;  
Lincoln, Ambedkar, Martin Luther and their likes  
Preach yet Yesobu and Floyds get killed  
But, the fallen warrior's breath  
Inspires future rebellions and uprisings



## 17. HAND WRITING

Responding to the call of the wild,  
I did run on my youthful legs to attend  
The night meetings adorned with folksongs  
And dances that made me, red with excitement  
I remember three haunting words  
Emergency, civil rights and political prisoners;

Responding to the call of the wild,  
I was one of those university students  
That voluntarily participated in many agitations;  
As a lawyer with conscience  
I did plead many cases against lockup deaths;  
And spoke in civil liberty meetings and reiterated  
That- 'All encounters are murders by the government'-

Responding to the call of the wild,  
As a college lecturer I taught students  
The varied political thoughts and their nuances,  
With poetic fervor I did describe in lucid words  
The harassment of police and the callous governance  
As a social worker I did my relentless fight against  
Globalization, privatization, Sez and atomic reactors

Responding to the call of the wild,  
I carry untouchable heirloom of the past,  
Against all discriminations I rise my voice,  
I plead for the welfare of peasants, workers,  
Dalits and poor, Kashmiris and minorities  
O patricidal emperors! O fratricide Badshah!  
O political leader oppressing the people!  
Release the political prisoners unconditionally  
This handwriting declaration is from the people



## 18. IN THAT WAY

The broken mirror greets  
The familiar face in umpteen silent ways  
The broken lyre pleats  
The familiar tunes in myriad motion sways  
The broken voice gathers  
The freedom among high frequency waves

Sitting in the sky throne, you preach scriptures,  
Standing on earth I breathe in strict strictures,  
Between sunrise and sunset your life is a book,  
Day and night my fragile body hangs to hook;  
Your every signature on the book of judgement  
Rewrites the death sentence on my life's element

Daily life sags same, with leftovers of yesterday,  
Work stood still, Hunger pangs at lesser bay,  
Routine life race with added zero size circus  
Summer holidays, still homes in silent ruckus

Everything is the same old run except the isolation  
Political enmity, nation's adversaries grow in extent  
Under the cover of pandemic arise new amendment  
New detention becomes a way of life with less tension  
Life style stays same as time passes by in old dimension



## 19. A LIVE DREAM

Purple orchid flowers bloomed on the trees  
Turning blue after falling on the ground  
Here the twinkling stars fade away  
And there blossom the flowers of light;

You can imprison our bodies,  
You can crush a nation under your foot,  
You can be a monkey in street show,  
But the country is not a crushed voice  
It is the live voice came out breaking the earth,  
Bodies are not flesh pots;  
Reality is the burning flame on mind's layer

Seawaves that fade into moonless dark night,  
Reappear with vigor in full moonlight;  
Weeping flowers, whispering thoughts,  
Roaring voices or sweeping light- ask them;  
Our countries, our bodies are the same,  
Our deaths and messages are too in that frame;

Time heals wounds but not the past,  
Past reminds wounds in the present time,  
Present uprisings dream a better future,  
The future brought by spring was not in the past



## 20. ENDLESS LOVE

We never had a conversation,  
Our grammar rules have different station,  
Minds need no word fumes  
Eyes and dreams speak volumes

We met in times without sunrise or sunset,  
We walked together near infinite sea coast,  
We ran cool in white desert dunes  
We swam with the floating iceberg cones

In hills and dales, in dense forests  
In humble huts we lived in peace  
In folksongs, in palm wine orgies  
We shared joy in happy outings

By the time I know your conviction  
it was a different time altogether,  
They put surveillance on grammar,  
And put me in indefinite detention

Perhaps we may not meet again,  
This is to you, my secret string and pain,  
Here echoes the conversation of our minds,  
Yes, Prisons cannot arrest the music of the winds



## 21. DECEPTION ISLAND

Anchored my boat amidst an exploded volcano,  
No waves, no unrest, a burnt-out stove sans fire,  
A waddle of penguins moving to and fro in snow,  
Whale bones appear white amid black lava hills,  
In Antarctica, Deception island is a fossil empire;

In a five-star hotel built at the edge of a volcano,  
I stayed and walked in the rich hills and dales,  
Enjoyed the proximity of birds, flora and brooks,  
Hunting is everywhere an inborn instinct to know  
Ngorongoro in Tanzania, a renaissance nature show

Carrying the cross on my shoulders near a volcano  
I lead my life in strain among many daily explosions,  
The burnt-out green in the lava flames is my religion  
My life is a smog cloud emanating from caste pyre  
Bharat land is a frozen continent with many a mire

Looking with awe at the face of flames in a volcano,  
Burning with rage and pent-up emotional pressures;  
In the ruins of past civilizations near the river banks,  
I dream a new cultural life with no discordant flanks,  
And the planet earth as a beautiful utopian paradise



## 22. VIRUS NET

Leaves standstill quiet, air cutting noise,  
Dreams flutter sprite, cut winged tear waves;  
A few hanging lives on the hospital wire,

Life float in the mazes of drainage graves;  
Ideology kites flying in the turbulent air  
Gay grief face sowed in extinguished stove;

Morning shower of night-flowering jasmine,  
Tender touch of Indian laurel punnaga scent,  
Color printshow of purple orchid flower petals;

Reflected moonshine of pagoda fruit warmth  
Sunrise in snow clad mountains in golden hues  
Aurora lines of the sunset glow on polar icecaps;

Blood stains on death fear ridden bitumen roads,  
Virus net spreading fast on the civilized city loads,  
All colors fade in the hot smoke vapors of viruses,

Yet, a stray Peacock did dance in the front garden,  
Koel the black bird sang a ditty relishing neem twigs  
Relieved mind looked glad but a vulture is flying high



## 23. TWITTER FITS

Brush your teeth with Indian beech tree branch,  
Taste the yellow neem fruit hanging in clusters,  
Smell the scent of oregano leaves on your fingers,  
Bite a few goose berries and gurgle a glass of water,

Did you admire the labor of the friendly earthworms?  
Did you appreciate the help of rain bugs in plant care?  
Or cockroaches that taught you the nerve system?  
Or thanked the birds that spread the seeds all over?

Look at the whirlwind uprising for freedom in Kashmir,  
Hear the slogans rise against Manipur army excesses,  
Breathe the vigor of the flames of the forest philosophy,  
Sense the lightnings against the constitutional shutdown

The mad words you speak,  
Sycophants may applaud, Twitterers may laud,  
With colorful jackets of innumerable likes, but,  
Doesn't it reflect the smell of scent from the dead body?



## 24. INAPPROPRIATE

A silvery white light line clasped my hand  
Daggers bloomed on my fingers  
Deadman did he reveal the secret of disease?  
In search of truth dead body shuts its mouth;

Purple color bled on the fallen Indian beech flowers,  
On my eyebrows anger bow tightened its string,  
Pandemic deaths do not reach memorial list,  
Borders silently watch slipped soldiers in snow valleys

Yellow flamboyant trees are in dense bloom,  
Reverberating like drums of death in gloom,  
My breath sounds; Time halts at border horizons  
Death grasps ill-fated people like Ketu demons

The leafless gul-mohar flame tree pollen,  
From my eyes anger stained arrows rain,  
Pandemic deaths and persistent pain,  
The fire is alive in the resistance fallen

The rise of sycophants,  
The limitless power plants,  
Rulers promise the same,  
Life after death is free and open sesame!



## 25. A LONE GROUP

No one is there in my room  
Not about my heart chambers  
Now no one enters my room  
N95 mask, goggles, head shield,  
Plastic overall, hand gloves  
Health personnel rounds and drugs  
Periodical case sheet check ups  
With questioning eye signs  
Breath comes in labor  
White blankets, curtains and walls,  
Frozen thoughts in mind and brain  
Everyone is near and around yet isolation is terrible

Anybody can come into my room,  
Crush my heart, it is permitted,  
It has a price on its forehead,  
It belongs to the one who purchased me,  
Remove your sandals, watch, specs, and dress,  
On nude body you can paint wounds  
Wear a protection- a rubber glove like one  
Breath comes in labor  
Under heavy weights and movements  
Gaudy blankets, curtains and walls  
Hope derailed, open sales,  
Everyone is near and around yet isolation is terrible



Everyone cannot enter my room,  
Silent hearts of same frequency color  
My room has an external cast  
It has all modern amenities  
You can feel free, speak, embrace  
Breath comes easy and fresh  
Open windows, clean blankets and walls  
Yet, my room has flimsy curtains  
Life's inseparable shades of past generations  
Everyone is near and around yet isolation is terrible



## 26. ENDLESS ANGST

Dried earth cracked feet,  
Termite infested tree like body,  
Ants bitten bread crumb hands,  
Drainage drenched dumb life

Sewers maintain class difference  
Caste controls below the belt  
Lifting garbage is a hereditary work  
Life seems interminable in big cities

Like bats flying through cave mouths  
Thoughts evaporate in carbon gasses  
Feet begin to resist to go further  
Like infected wounds hands suffer

Sewerage is not just plastic bottles  
Excreta and putrefied flesh float  
Like dried petals on dirty slime,  
It is work for some; who cares them?

Forgetfulness is a boon to human being,  
Flies in clouds do business music thing  
The painting of life is openly simmering  
Life seems endless amid start and ending



## 27. TRUTH

In a sleeping cell built with leaves or mud  
Or its own hair it is breathing transformation  
Do not wake up that sleeping consciousness!

Breaking the shell or splitting the earth,  
A life is sprouting its live appearance,  
Do not destroy that musical dream!

Shattering the darkness or the forewaters  
A flame of beauty is breathing alive,  
Do not keep your hand to suppress the cry!

With brush or pen or word or goodness  
He is burning winds with his flute,  
Do not finish him in forests or prisons!

Your adversary multiplies into infinite!



## 28. UNDERSTANDING

Look at the leaf life!  
From pale green to emerald hue,  
With a capacity of absorbing light  
Preparing food in rain and sunshine,  
When its time is over turns into golden yellow  
Leaving its stem and floating in the air  
Falls on the earth and converses life  
And turns to brown to fade in soil;

Oh, look at the newborn calf,  
After a few faltering steps it learns standing,  
Savoring mother's milk  
It runs around its mother and all over the ground  
An unforgettable image, a vivid dream

See! You sowed the seed  
It sprouted out breaking its shell  
Planting itself secure  
Feet in the earth, hands in the sky,  
Roots embracing the mother earth  
And the sprout expands with stems and branches  
Leaves harvesting oxygen, the breath of life  
Flowers emanate fragrance  
And fruits fill the pates of the living beings

O come on! Try loving people!  
The letters do kiss; embrace the walls in graffiti,  
Papers sprout into poetry  
Imaginations and thoughts  
Transform into swinging revolutionary movements



## 29. NOTHING CHANGES

Happiness or grief, anger or sympathy  
In the assembly of inequal society  
A dream burns in empathy,  
Heart becomes heavy;

In the detention flames mind dies  
To change the people politics tries  
Wounds are greeted in war cries,  
To preserve hate nationality vies

Creativity, development no litmus test,  
Run, run till you reach the goal sans rest,  
Asia to America, Africa to Europe  
Migrant run continues in kindled hope

Sorrow swallows the happiness  
Mind becomes lighter in time's tardiness  
All is well that ends well if there is end  
Day and night cycles move in errand

To god, on death bed, make a request  
To distinct devotees from rebels,  
And punish them in separate cells,  
Otherwise, virus may infect the key priest



## 30. WOMANHOOD

A green life of a coriander plant  
Grown with sufficient care and love,  
Protecting from birds and many an ant,  
When seeds sprout and look at sky above,  
Every movement watched every moment,  
Taking every care against harsh winds  
Before it blooms placed into future hands;

The other pot has a different plot,  
Growth depends beyond past oath,  
leaves leave one by one or in group  
Fragrance blazes in hot lentil soup,  
but, separated as something to loath  
pushed to the edge of the eating plate,

The leafless body procreate and bloom,  
A few pods and seeds boom as heirloom,  
When job is done, plucked out and out  
And buried to be a fertilizer for future hangout



## 31. CAUSE AND EFFECT

Did you ever love a human with reason?  
Did you ever speak to anyone without bias?  
Did you ever disparage strangers in irritation?  
Did you ever learn to question on the dais?

Who woke up the dreaming children from sleep?  
Who pushed them into life's school bus in leap?  
Did you ever enquire about the basic amenities?  
Did you observe the environ right in your vanities?

After those harrowing school hours,  
A rerun in the closed tuition bowers;  
Did you realize the overloading side effects?  
Do you understand the fragile mind insights?

Middle class muddles are no melodies  
Mid-day meals have long hunger studies  
Don't care about water or restroom facility?  
Learning a few questions and a certificate is felicity!



## 32. TSUNAMI

Darkness all around dense and quiet,  
Past hanging to the hereditary canines,  
Silent love kept hidden in poetry book,  
Reality bound to the Indian elm tree;

A death trapped in dark secret,  
A wake-up sinks in Death Valley,  
An answer becomes an unwanted dream  
A journey entertains a life's complexity

Matter's rotation in void,  
Without refraction light cannot reflect,  
Meteor explodes in gravitational field  
The sea of people in tsunami wipes out old

Some stories may not attract any view,  
Brushes and pens cannot agitate tragedies,  
Rain showers again and again in tea gardens,  
The real story is in rewriting the history anew



### 33. EYES THAT CANNOT DREAM

Amongst the twigs of a black babul tree,  
On the beautiful lace of silk threads,  
Sun is treading in his gentle ways

In the said prohibited areas  
Covering them like pitch darkness  
Death is on prowl without any pretensions

The eyelid corners heavy with scents  
Gets invitation in lightning reflection  
That cave mouth is a circle of destruction

Standing before of the flimsy screen of light,  
Youth spent waste in steady meditative state  
Life's burden carried on eyes that cannot dream

Imaginations weaved in delicate wind  
Thoughts blossoming in beautiful mind  
Murders classified in a civilized society  
Carry cut paper flowers on pier of piety



## 34. CONSUMER CIRCUS

Like the round droplets from the stopped tap,  
Rain drops are drizzling quietly in morning gap;  
In the swinging palm of the green papaya leaf,  
A pearl drop is keeping its steady state relief;  
On the leaf tip of a night jasmine a rain-drop  
Hangs on like a cucumber seed in light lap;

Doesn't a flower vender know about fragrance?  
Does a butcher seem oblivious of tender meat sense?  
Doesn't a chef understand the taste in essence?  
Does a farmer need lessons about seasons presence?  
Government prepares scripted plans and lessons,  
In the buyer world of consumer circus in many sessions!

Everlasting sunrise in Han's Empire,  
Sixteen-year festival in Siberian snow plain,  
In the garden of racial discrimination  
The bloom of black lily, all high imagination;  
To this virus affliction India prepares vaccine page,  
Wait and see, puppet shows on democratic stage!



## 35. QUESTIONING WOUNDS- A NEON DREAM

Too much sultriness, flowers decline to open,  
Dim light after a few days storm,  
Last night's rain drenched the village and left;

Overflowed drainage decked pictures with filth,  
Dung dry grass wet mud smell in stealth  
Puddles painting white on the speeding scooterists;

On the compound walls in sleep the dry moss,  
Took a few rain sips and woke up in light green mass,  
Greenery had head-bath, shining like a wood-nymph;

A lone crane is crying hoarse,  
The electric bulb exploded in storm winds  
Village drowned in dark night broke in lightning strokes;

Time in steady state sitting amid buffalo horns  
Songs of moral philosophy traveling in passenger trains,  
Race for a fistful of rice of infinite distance

Population density a vamp in city civilization,  
Silicon Valley life a broken neon dream  
Five-year plans, uncondacted rays lost steam

The questioning hearts are the sprouting wounds!



## 36. INBORN HABIT

When green grass is scarce then to dry hay,  
Often on cinema wall posters, cattle's day  
More than the hunted warm flesh and blood,  
Hyenas get hunger satisfied with rotten food

When food crumbs are plenty in its dorm,  
A chicken doesn't cross road to catch a worm  
More freebies hush the inner voice  
Habit becomes inborn living noise

The sweet memory of savoring boiled shoes,  
Medvedev and Sholokhov in desperate hoes;  
The fine dream of eating boiled wild roots,  
Sibadas and Ashutosh in life's frantic shoots;

The moving memory of eating burnt wild rice,  
Hang moon and Dung bao paying hunger price;  
The tragedy of inborn racial death drum grudge,  
Phoenix, Floyd paying with life on broken bridge;

Life boils slowly in daily dose of domus violence,  
Democratic incarceration breaks the hope sense;  
Prison becomes a dream garage of open swords,  
Inborn sadness changes into a rebel song of words;



## 37. RUMINATION

Cutting the rainbow into papers with scissors,  
Stringing the moonshine pearls into garlands,  
Keeping the triangle on top of a rectangle,  
Placing the Ongloe bulls to the tire vehicle,  
In the moonless dark night,  
When the pale black clouds drift in the sky,  
Then on the National Highway,  
A dream realization of moving villages to protest

One winter morning  
Binding a sweater to the tee-shirt,  
In the sleek Secunderabad station  
Running crazy with the civilized city  
With boiled maida flour filling the mind,  
To stick the protest prints with hot temper,  
A cup of Iranian tea at alpha hotel to pamper;

On Sunday, Abids platform visits  
Embracing the warmth of spread books;  
Among smoked papers and inebriating old scents,  
A smiling statue looking at the flightless pigeon;  
Wanderings in Tilak road like a cat with burnt feet,  
A defiant walk at Andhra Sarasvataparishat,  
A hot blood song reverberating amidst prohibitions  
Ruminating thoughts revive memories and situations



### 38. TIME IN RESTING CHAIR

He, counting similarities in apple and guava flowers,  
She, tenderly touching the raw fruits with fingers,  
A few, curiously biting the raw ones and spitting, but,  
Who is he, discussing philosophy of birth and death?

In that valley a lone tree, kitchen room,  
Dry saffron petal smell, astringent taste,  
Winds flowing over the tears from windows,  
Pablo Picasso or Escobar or Neruda, who knows?

After the night lamp's light on the wall fades,  
Morning sun enters room through ventilator,  
How much time I can spend with open eyes?  
Walk four steps, bed five steps away from chair

Eye pupil stops its focus at wall boundaries  
A lone room is devoid of smell vagaries  
Present tense is unbearable that dream death,  
Darkroom delivers a circle of morning breath



## 39. RANGOON CREEPER

Even though life seems a food platter,  
Served with love, somewhere it senses a break,  
Hope and affection retrieves fading breath  
Like Rangoon creeper that survives its cutter

Endless discussions about a meaningful society  
But I have no galactic time to wait  
Already lost three generations  
Now I cannot sprout in the new plough lines

Impatient words, doubtful looks, suspicious deeds  
Do not help in carrying a new yoke;  
Death comes in its time; Decay a definite plug-in  
Cause and effect analyze an event stroke

The philosopher's stone in Sahara deserts,  
The lumpen camel head in cosmopolitan tents,  
The poverty of thinking and discrimination  
All disappear in to the expanding Black hole  
A new light appears to create equality as a whole



## 40. GRATITUDE

Like a sacred fig tree, day and night,  
That infused breath of life to people's struggle  
Eight decades of youthfulness,  
The tremendous work in literary field,  
Fifty spring seasons of banyan leaf heart wriggle

Prison life is not new but now  
Why new liberalism kept its head low?  
Religion fundamentalism is in nationalism mask  
A shower of light is running to you in secret

Capital enclosed in globalized fence  
Flame of the forest trees dying in dollar race  
The shrinking forests of Mada area  
The shining moha-karinijeeluga in prison  
Produces nitrogen in soil;

Time steadily gobbles tomorrow's dream trills  
justice and injustice struck in constitution knots  
vanishes as suicide witnessed by the Seven Hills  
Blue kurinji tree blooms again in western ghats



## 41. WORRY SMOKE

From broken sky death spreads like cholera  
Uncontrollable matter's unlearnt lesson,  
Terrible fear, anarchy, magnetic polar aura,  
Necessity of joint agenda in health revolution

For the last four months tiredness is on rise  
Hot breath is burning the body otherwise  
Unchanged angst is appearing in the face  
Worry smoke slowly overpowering the grace

With arm, armor and woke up fires a war is on,  
Children in their games lighting the dreams lawn,  
Greetings, excitement, revolutions, wanderings  
In southwest flow light and dark data moorings

In one's own house we are digital online worlds  
When servant maid appears with masked words,  
Cornucopia seems to knock the smoke in kitchen,  
Cats descend to gobble the food and worry is gone



## 42. MONEY PERMANENCE

On the horizon of certainty and uncertainties,  
Time moves like a slow cat on the hot tin roof,  
Changes its outlook like river altering its course  
And splits into eons centuries decades moments

Time is essential to love, fight, dream or agitate,  
Love letters cannot bloom, friction doesn't arise,  
Death dies not when time becomes too scarce  
Time with lowered head sheds a tear drop in solace

Love was there in those days of empty pockets,  
In changing times, love and money both air packets,  
A woodpecker is knocking trees in search of reason,  
Stray flowers and night jasmines awake fall season

Commercial crops, fish ponds, twitters, WhatsApp calls  
Grand trunk roads as national highways in speed shrills,  
Where money rules there love drools lost in translation,  
In the consumer pond a water hyacinth of selfish relation  
Time with lowered head sheds a tear drop in consolation



## 43. A DREAM OF A BRAVE MOVEMENT

Like everyday dad is smiling from his wall nest,  
A body hanging from roof is swirling in unrest,  
How many times one can count the window bends?  
Quite appalling is the diminishing number of friends

Countless elegies about the fallen champak tree,  
Numerous odes in the farewell of a dead koel bird,  
In devastated dreams a few twinkling morning stars  
For them innumerable hopeful tear wet signatures

In green fields, slums, mines, and forests  
Many shed sweat and blood to bud in unrests  
And sacrifice their lives to bring justice to all,  
Yet constitutional rights mirages in desert stall

In between tweets and webinar protests,  
Self-restraint surfaces in updated contests  
Dead men' tears work not in public anger  
The voice of people in tsunami wave score,  
Do cross prohibited lines with much encore



## 44. TERRIBLE SCENE

Hanging high on a big tree pole  
The sacrificial lamb shivers in death fear,  
Falling in to depths when a phantasmic sky  
Chases, fear rattles every cell of a shaking body;  
Like burning forest, desert, stars, fire, sea and void  
Fear haunts in devastating state of nature annoyed;

Fear that explodes in and out with icy breeze,  
Fear that enrolls a new baby in instinct wheeze,  
Fear that rolled out of unanswered questions  
Fear that honed out of Imagnate elves and demons  
Fear that bankrolled in guardianship, love and devotion

Fear that sculped and scalped out in life's routine,  
Fear that emerged from birth and death column,  
Fear in property accumulation and in discrimination,  
Fear as in hunger, exploitation, wars, nation formation  
Fear burst in mutual annihilation and solitary confinement

When humanity redeems itself to bloom in love and peace,  
A dream comes true, of gaining victory over fear menace;



## 45. A GUIDING STAR

In the northwest sky a guiding star faded  
Leaving its footprints on the path of light;  
Carrying the burden of caste weaved angst,  
A weaving spindle in stirring loom vanished,  
In a moment, leaving a legacy of half century

The red graffiti on the Guntur town walls,  
A burning sun in the movements of defiance,  
A wave of courage comforting wounded hearts  
A signature of light in external and internal wars

Listening in the laughter of castor bloom  
The burnt motor noise and peasants' gloom  
Moving with farmers in electric sub-stations seize,  
Walking endless distances in water scarce fields

Social life though spread like holy Ficus tree,  
Personal life exited leaving leaves free  
Between eyes and earth unstoppable grief,  
Where can I search for his footfalls in pebble reef?

Wandering in the land, I sow you in middle space,  
Forge your ideals in kiln, into new shape and pace



## 46. AMORAL KINGDOM

Kingdom, king, war, morality, and law  
The relative ruling procedures  
The boundary disputes, kings' histories,  
The continuous fear ridden war vagaries  
Caste, color, gender, religion heirloom  
Generations together acquired Bharatiyam

Many incarnations, many disguises,  
Kings after kings, laws beyond laws,  
Morals of war or dharma remained the same  
History of the flames of violence has that name;

In stones and images, in the elegant appearance,  
Deceit amidst deep devotional mystic fragrance,  
Anointment with sandal paste for umpteen miseries,  
Religious fervor to veil the exploitation in sanctuaries

The much-waxed flattery of an old kingdom,  
Loyalty to husband as virtue, a Patriarchal heirdom,  
Four colored roads and subway caste loom,  
Reappearing shoe worship, discriminating gloom;  
But in the defiant black lava cloud and blood rain flood,  
The time is ripe for the exit of the incarnation, for good



## 47. MIDDLE CLASS SMILE

Neither stretch this daily drudge life further,  
Nor, put an end to this journey half the way,  
No strength to die, no support to live;  
I can admire butterfly, but vary of caterpillar

I can glorify poverty in merciful letters of poetry,  
I can liquify poison in human relations as a story,  
I backstep to fight against violence in society page,  
And to contain fighting fire in constitutional cage

Wait for a savior all my life  
Pass my time in relishing false truths,  
Do religious fire-walk with utmost belief, and  
Play deaf to the clarion call of social movements

Addressing fear as courage, question as anarchy  
I move with tinkle bells of life's struggles to my feet  
On the sacrificial altar I light my middle-class smile,  
Thus, I exit my life walking, running all the while



## 48. AFTER DEATH

He is dead  
How he lived his life, a river, a flower, a fire  
Or a storm; weighing scales are individual  
Class distinctions, caste discriminations all  
Classical dances on the circus wire

Did you ever try  
the winter jasmine to grow up the house top?  
Did you ever help  
A wounded fighter suffering in pain nonstop?

Your blood preferred to be a fertilizer  
To the welfare of a growing social culture,  
Why you use it as an exhibit in glass tubes,  
And you to end as a body, as ultimate vibes?

The great magician and barbarous priest  
The incarnation in modern heist;  
The law of Manu is revived,  
It is the arrival of Lord Ram on a new road  
He is alive.



## 49. MIRROR ERROR

Mirror reminds the past;  
Thoughts before mirror excavate history,  
Future dream blooms, to fail in acid test,  
Mirror may not tell lies but  
Never ravel the secret of truth;

Life in layers stay behind the mirror,  
It won't sing elegy to the cut hair,  
Mirror's smile flash on a pale face is invisible  
Your efforts to rewind time amazes the mirror  
It maintains silence at your dress exertions  
The bindi mark on the forehead  
The kohl or maskara near the eyes  
Send compliments to the reflecting mirror

In the rooms behind the mirror,  
Secret love may proceed into honor killing,  
Frozen blood may break into a grave thing,  
Weapons may burst powder and bullets,  
Yet, the morning mirrors  
The society's glued nature in pieces



## 50. DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE

DREAM:

I am no more me; you became I,  
In the champak bushes, I became you  
You are the red color of my henna adorned hands,  
Me a wet print blossomed by the rough stubble

AWAKE:

In the inebriety of desire flowers  
Milk boiled to overflow, lust gets cooled,  
your life belongs to me, and mine to you,  
in your inner and external life  
no dreams of mine; my dream a broken cream;

REALITY:

I am a mother, servant maid, cook; an all in one,  
In the domiciliary economic zone  
The crime of me being educated and holding a job,  
Day hours an employ, evening a new curry,  
A teacher to the kids and a sweet sleep-in bedroom

HOPE;

Half of the earth, half of the green,  
Half of the earnings and both half-half  
I am me and you are not me,  
You can't become me,  
Dreams dissimilar; poetry different; lives diverse  
Have to walk together in different paths and pains;



## 51. DEATH A METAPHOR

Death is not a welcome guest,  
Fear of death is same for the living host;

Just touch the touch-me-not,  
Fear is obvious in its shrinking state;  
Try disturbing the centipede,  
Fear is apparent in its curling stance;  
Make an attempt to terrify a monkey,  
Fear freezes you if the monkey is aggressive;

Forgetting that the same blood flows  
In the fellow being some hunt with death instinct,  
Violence, torture, domestication, use, Imprisonment,  
Exploitation and killing are synonyms of human tint;  
In the space exploration the slipped scientist's heart,  
It seems in breathless state was unaware of death fear

On the G4 mount near Pangong lake shore  
Soldier's blood flows without death fear  
The fight of white coat warriors with invisible enemy,  
Derides the dance of death in its game slimy;

The colors anointed to human face by humanity,  
Knowledge thirst, patriotism, and controlling Nature;  
Death becomes a simile or a metaphor in vanity;  
Life swinging between transience and permanence  
To gain immortality, a brave struggle defies death fear



## 52. WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT LOVE?

Flower blossoms, nectar flows, vivid colors,  
Varied shapes and sizes, diverse fragrances,  
I say, is love of world green, what do you say?

Bird songs in varied pitches and flairs,  
Dances and walks of mesmerizing styles,  
I say, is the flow of love, what do you say?

Animals wild or domestic in their game trip,  
Embraces and sensitive touches of courtship,  
I say, is the life of love, what do you say?

Youthful gestures, lip locks, sweet whispers,  
Hand touches, embrace races, flash raptures,  
I say, is the way of love, what do you say?

Beauty, age, voice and walk as nature's gifts,  
Race, religion, money as love's predicaments,  
I say, let friendship, arts, education be the base,  
What do you say?



## 53. ENEMY OF THE STATE

From north dominance is expanding fast,  
Big banyan tree is spreading its branches,  
Question in prison wisdom stay frozen,  
Capitalistic clouds rain sharp swords

Emaciated mother feeds water to her baby,  
Seeds that won't germinate demand fertilizer,  
Globalization plays swansong to labor rights  
Universal currency sinks life in tsunami nights

Winged eye spots the vicious weapons,  
Law controls the signature of underground,  
Magicians pedal the flight of butterflies,  
Constitution hunts the rebel thought all around

Your life hangs in front of screen light zoom,  
Your time dissolves fast in Facebook lane,  
Your blood thickens in air-conditioned room,  
Your heart oscillates more with weather wane;



## 54. NEW STRATEGY

A thimbleful of tears mixed with turmeric,  
I Poured it on the time gaping wounds,  
Mind wear no wings like the drying clothes,  
Heart won't get twigs again and again,  
Petals showered in flour do not stick together

Unbalanced life, painful walk upside down,  
Infinite distance between mouth and plate,  
Without seasoning life's curries go waste,  
Sleepless nights agonizingly wait for sunrise

Law and order are rulers' handy weapon,  
Prison has the sharpest missile in detention,  
No consolation when verdict follows the ruler,  
Money is the fastest non-living virus in cooler;

Mistakes you study and blame the memory,  
Try doing new ones instead of repeating,  
Metropolitan cities have ants in excess,  
Spill some red blood, your plan tastes success;

This is the time for pens and ploughs,  
Handle the tool showered by clouded sky,  
Surgeon's skill makes the blood flow normal,  
Southwest monsoon brings a new change soon



## 55. CRICKET TUNE

The drum beating sounds of a woodpecker,  
The violin string tunes of a house sparrow,  
The iris tones of a lyre fetched by a peacock,  
The piano soprano facilitated by a kid crow,  
The chamber music voiced by a koel-cuckoo;

The natural cultural image,  
Goes for sale in money culture;  
Scientific technology supports  
Heirs in creative fields;

Do not cry hoarse about the note in the rendition  
Of a bard who sang thousands of popular songs,  
The one who practiced relentlessly bows humbly,  
To the singer who has the natural gifted voice

In a country with one man's rule,  
Birds chirping, flowers blossoming,  
Flute music gets confinement in prisons;  
We wait by the riverside  
To get drenched by the raintree blossoms



## 56. SELF- CRITICISM

Did you ever try ruminating your life past?  
Did you ever self- criticize the vain time pass?  
Why waste your energies on rendered reports?  
Reveal the secret at least before death sports!

Parrots are those cohorts stood in the shade,  
Peacocks are those buddies with skill blade,  
Crows are those chums that brought questions,  
Say how binary fission ensued to schism infinite?

One cannot reach the port in rudderless boat,  
Don't be a gnu wildebeest in great migration,  
Bolshevik of October Revolution never returns,  
Long March left the timeline long back  
Capitalistic unity tune has become religious tone  
Caste struggle is getting icy in layers of dominance

Experience the low depression in southeast,  
Swim dangerously in the floods of northeast,  
Get buried in the desert storms of north west,  
Travel the country in the monsoon of southwest;

Listen with open mind in a great migrating group!



## 57. FORGIVENESS

Don't beg us to forgive you,  
You lost that right long back,  
Even you cannot forgive yourselves;

Mutilation of ears and nose is your culture,  
Pouring lead into ears, your pastime feature,  
Getting cut thumbs from innocent pupils,  
Hunger, desire, riches, greed your inborn ills;

Time wriggles under caste and religious fanatics,  
Killers on prowl, judges scowl, law's burn tactics,  
Untouchability transplanted to forest green,  
Grave politics, ashes smell acrid in night reign;  
Cut tongue speaks truth and the wild fire spreads;

Bringing Treta Yuga to the modern times is a plan,  
All gods are equal, religion theme is the same;  
Places of worship to be in temple distempers,  
Break the back of democracy to establish oligarchy

No forgiveness, no mercy,  
In the fire test Sita becomes a heap of ashes;  
Law and justice get life-imprisonment  
In the religious philosophical grammar  
Namo becomes a revered noun



## 58. THE BREATH OF SOUND

Of that sound wave  
we stay on ends opposite,  
Relationships, bonds, human sentiments,  
When converted to sound waves  
Heart becomes a heartening voice;

When the path of life changed into dollar hunt,  
You live in Asia and me in America,  
What remains in between us is the sound pollution;

In the tired life of daily rigmarole  
A familiar soundwave sprinkles fragrance of love;  
Sound serenades in silence allowing  
Thoughts to whisper and minds to ponder

Sound or silence nothing is eternal,  
When you decode the secret of the beauty of sound  
The mind's inner wave floods into poetry all around



## 59. COMMON

One bites the poetic lines and spit carelessly,  
Another one splits the stories like a woodman,  
There another expert breaking the lyre musically,  
Here a self-styled artist exhibiting dramatics scan;

He measures poetry in three-dimension scale,  
She weighs novels in available weights and sale,  
Some stitching the songs into a ragged blanket,  
Many tearing books into heaps of pages on a picket;

We, a line of ants on fallen petals of purple orchid,  
You, stealing crape jasmines crossing boundary walls,  
A few, walking with heads high like flame of the forest,  
But, whose shades of negligence, these bramble bushes?

Don't jump like a squirrel on the tree branch sways,  
Don't go slow even though monitor lizard strikes you low,  
Be an agile deer and escape from predator's death blow,  
Project the braveness of commoner in uncommon ways



## 60. LET'S WALK TOGETHER!

Every land has its own charter and character,  
Each life announces its goal in a specified time,  
Barring yourself from nature a prisoner you are,  
In four walled room you get settled in a family  
Away from commune and activate introspection  
Alone you hide in yourself and search elsewhere;

Sharable things you store and guard it with ferocity  
in mill you crush the usable to gain added value;  
you ridicule atmosphere and measure ozone holes,  
Make utopia in palm of the hand; create new virus  
Transform fear into war and sculpt dictatorship;

Hiding moonlight behind clouds why invite darkness?  
Barring sunshine in skyline why play with breath of life?  
Caging feelings in detention why speak about tolerance?  
Keeping people in meditation why sing democracy tune?

Let's group together into a great sea of abundance,  
Let's be a part of nature's bounty in dance trance,  
Let's light the torch of thought into arduous weapon,  
Let's burn the light with boiling blood to end oppression  
Let's built a building of equality devoid of discrimination





**Ravimaruth Popuri**

Ravimaruth started his journey as a political activist. His maiden poetry compilation “Kopodrikta Swaram” was released at the age of 60 years. He did his masters from Osmania University in Linguistics.

He married Dr. K. Anandavani and had two children, elder one Dr. Samar, younger one Himamsu is an engineer. He is an eminent person in Khammam and Correspondent of Harvest Public School.





**Dr. LANKA SIVA RAMA PRASAD**

M.B.B.S; M.S. GENERAL SURGERY  
M.Ch. CARDIOTHORACIC SURGERY  
Fellow in VASCULAR SURGERY

Post graduate Diplomate in Human Rights  
Post graduate Diplomate in Television Production  
Cell animation Specialist- Heart Animation Academy  
Computer Animation Specialist- Pentafour- Chennai  
Web Engineer and Web Designer- Web City- Hyderabad  
Fellow of Indo- Asian Poetry Society

Facebook Pages:- Wordsmith; All the world is a stage;  
The Regal World of Scribes; Travelogue

Address -  
16-10-1294  
Prasanthi Hospital  
Under Bridge Road  
Siva Nagar  
Warangal  
Telangana 506002  
India

Contact - 6305677926  
88978 49442  
lankasrprasad@gmail.com  
www.anuvaadham.com

Dr. LANKA SHIVA RAMA PRASAD (Dr. LSR Prasad) is a Cardio Thoracic and Vascular Surgeon by profession, a popular author of 160 books, cartoonist, painter, critic, Editor and orator par excellence.

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

More than 40 translations of contemporary poets, two novels, twenty short stories, hundreds of essays and prefaces, books on science and Medicine and dream analysis are available. Now his published books have crossed the prestigious hundred land-marks and crossed 160. Most of his books are reference books in literature. His poems were translated into Greek, Spanish, Arabic, Hindi, Tamil, Kannada and many other languages. His works are available free at [www.anuvaadham.com](http://www.anuvaadham.com)

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

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



RAVIMARUTH'S  
**THE ENRAGED VOICE**  
(Poetry)

రావిమారుత్  
సకల

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Translated by  
**Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad**

