

# *Varavara Rao*

## POETRY



(VISION - VICTORY)

## PoeTree

*Translated into English by*

**Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad**

# VARAVARA RAO POETRY

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కవిత్వం

1957 - 2007

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PoeTree

(VISION - VICTORY)

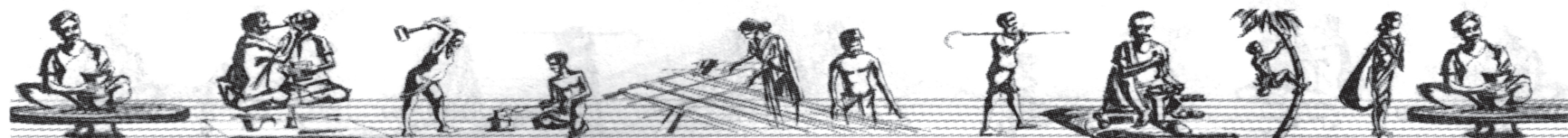
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**Dr. LANKA SIVA RAMA PRASAD**



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# Preface

***Synthesizing a beautiful lie,  
Or under symbolism shadow hiding the truth  
To satisfy the injustice perpetrator  
What more a poet has done all these days?...  
... As long as poet bothers more about his decorated words on paper  
Current wire betters him by giving shock better and stronger! (Life Pulse)***

Translating more than 350 poems of life's complexities penned by a legendary rebel poet of distinction in the time period of tumultuous fifty years- (1957- 2007) needed a good amount of knowledge and study of personal, local, national and international affairs to understand and fathom his poetry's impact on society. While going through the poems in chronological order one can appreciate the Shakespearean ages of the man in our poet Varavara Rao's diction, style and determination; The impact of his letters on a great movement that strived for the uplifting of the oppressed people and its highs and lows, counters and encounters between the long arms of justice under the reins of successive Machiavellian governments and the cut-short lives of rebel martyrs. the capitalistic nets and the downtrodden fish in the troubled waters of politics, guns and bullets against guts and gullets, blood, tears from all directions one can read, study and analyse in these poems in Marxist- Leninist- Maoist or humanist and other perspectives.

This enormous original work is an everlasting time- capsule and commentary in the revolutionary history of India.

15 Prime Ministers from Nehru to Modi meanwhile established their way of thinking on people's welfare. We have celebrated 75 years of independence recently. (2022). At this juncture, an octogenarian poet need not be incarcerated under surveillance by the callous rulers who believe still in Treta Yuga dharmas. In the age of internet and cyber warfare such silly things draw flak from the scientific analysts. Let Right to live and right to write be the guidelines of the posterity. Then blooms thousand ideas instead of million useless apps.

As the poet and the translator belongs to Warangal, a hubbub of progressive ideas, it is natural the fragrance of the original poems is preserved with utmost care in the translated version.

***As long as you don't surrender it is no defeat  
It will not be yesterday's memory  
as long as you fight and have the life-wish;  
It will be the action of today we do for the better future (Life-Wish- pala pitta songs)***

WARANGAL.  
TELANGANA, INDIA

- Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad





సమ సమాచ సాధన కై

తమ ప్రాణాల్పర్పించినవారికి

పొరబడుతున్నవారికి -

సాహితీమిత్రులు

లంకాకించావు ప్రభువు నాకికి

పైకబుద్ధులైనా.

— నీని

05.09.09



# LOOKING CLASS

There's more to the story,  
than what just appears.  
A war written story,  
from blood and from tears.

-Amy Peterson

And you place a looking glass and a time line of fifty years (1957- 2007) opposite to one another and ponder in a linear way, incidents roll one after another, often waiting at the milestones to be unwrapped. The road you have taken is wrought with wounded hearts on the point of the bayonets and the injured body culverts over blasted landmines. Often you had encounters or rendezvous with a strange fellow with protean manifestations carrying a scythe or throwing bullets and bouquets on innocent lives' caravan.

From your incarcerated guest house or house of dwindling hopes you often look through the window where hope-sun setting and rising in red weeds. And you start painting letters with blood and tears in metaphoric galvanized current and take solitary solace underneath a withered tree of hope or a dilapidated umbrella. In your looking glass many images veil and unveil themselves like pigeons flying in the air of Mecca Masjid or revolutionaries in olive green dress resting under palasa - flame of the forest trees.

Coming out of the memory house you look at the reality road that was already abandoned by many of the casual walkers with shoes and feet of despair. Sitting at the cross-roads you scribble your heart sighs, releasing them on a free road to search for the lost warriors who went on a mission and never came back.

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## PART-A

How, venturing midstream, the oars lashed the waters  
And the waves yet staying the flight of our boats? How? – *Mao Zedong*

A poem is the work of a poet, Poesy is the art or habit of the poem writing, and poet is the scribe or bard. Poetry and art in general are the nascent self-consciousness of humanity. As Marx puts it art brings about the beginnings of human self-consciousness.

Other philosophies tried to understand the world, Marxism tried to change it. Marxism is a materialist philosophy which tried to interpret the world based on the concrete, natural world around us and the society we live in. It is opposed to idealist philosophy which conceptualizes a spiritual world elsewhere that influences and controls the material world.

Marxism believes society progresses through the class struggle. Between opposing forces like feudal age lords against peasants or capitalists- the bourgeoisie against industrial labour – the proletariat. Morality,



religion, art and philosophy are seen as echoes of real-life processes. In Marx's own words, they are "phantoms formed in the brains of men."

Socialist Realism, Partinost or commitment to the working class cause of the party, Narodnost of popularity and Klassovost or writer's commitment to the class interests, **Cultural Materialism**, over determination, ideology, social reality, Repressive State Apparatuses (RSA) and Ideological State Apparatuses (ISA), Hegemony and the Subaltern like terminologies tried to explain the subliminal meaning of communism political line.

The order of the world in which we had grown up was dissolving. The old skills resulting from long study and knowledge of the correct political line suddenly seemed senseless. Anarchist, Marxist, Gramscian, Communist, Leninist, Trotskyite, Maoist, workers were quickly becoming obsolete labels or, worse, a mark of violence. The exploitation of man by man and the logic of maximum profit, which before had been considered an abomination, had returned to become the linchpins of freedom and democracy everywhere. Meanwhile, by means legal and illegal, all the accounts that remained open in the state and in the revolutionary organizations were being closed with a heavy hand. One might easily end up murdered or put in jail for indefinite periods, and in these riotous times among the common people a stampede had begun. —(Elena Ferrante)

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"There's no mountain higher than a man, and no road longer than his feet".

-Chinese poet Wang Guozhen.

Christopher Caudwell, the British Marxist who was killed in 1937 in the Spanish Civil War at age 29, was one of the most important cultural theorists of the past century. He says poetry expands with the development of society, and new poets arise from whom we demand a new emotional attitude towards our changing social reality. (We see long periods of time, even centuries, of unchanging artistic standards (in Greece, Rome, Egypt, India, China, etc.), yet the art of our time is constantly changing and seems to progress. New and radical schools of art flourish, peak, decline, and make way for new schools and experimental methods.

Recalling the social function of art, Caudwell points out that in class society art has separated itself from religion "as the art of a ruling class" and tends to be conservative, "academic," and conventional. "The bourgeois is always talking about liberty because liberty is always slipping from his grasp."

Great poems are those which gather the greatest amounts of the new social realities and place the proper emotional responses on them. Thus, Caudwell thinks great poems must necessarily be long ones (to cover the greatest amount of new content and emotional response).

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***Seventy-plus years in the Marxist-Leninist laboratory gave rise to a new man: Homo sovieticus. Some see in the Marxist- Leninist- Maoist laboratory- Homo chinaticus***

**— Svetlana Alexievich - Prasad**

**Communism** (from Latin *communis*, - 'common, universal') is a far-left philosophical, social, political, and economic ideology and movement whose goal is the establishment of a communist society, namely a socioeconomic order based on the idea of common ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange—allocating products to everyone in the society. It can involve the absence of social classes, money and the state. Communism, while sometimes used as a synonym of socialism, is mainly a specific, yet distinct, form of socialism. Communists often seek a voluntary state of self-governance, but disagree on the means to this end. This reflects a distinction between a more libertarian approach of communization, revolutionary spontaneity, and workers' self-management, and a more vanguardist or communist party-driven approach through the development of a constitutional socialist state followed by Friedrich Engels' withering away of the state.

In the 20th century, ostensibly Communist governments espousing Marxism–Leninism and its variants came into power in parts of the world, first in the Soviet Union with the Russian Revolution of 1917, and then in portions of Eastern Europe, Asia, and a few other regions after World War -II. Along with social democracy, communism became the dominant political tendency within the international socialist movement by the early 1920s. During most of the 20th century, around one-third of the world's population lived under communist governments. These governments were characterized by one-party rule and suppression of opposition and dissent. With the dissolution of the Soviet Union in 1991, several communist governments repudiated or abolished communism altogether. Afterwards, only a small number of communist governments remained, namely China, Cuba, Laos and Vietnam. While the emergence of the Soviet Union as the world's first nominally Communist state led to communism's widespread association with the Soviet economic model, several scholars posit that in practice, the model functioned as a form of state capitalism. Public memory of 20th-century Communist states has been described as “a battleground.” between the communist sympathetic political left and the anti-communist political right. (wiki)

**Communism in India** (1925–1964) has existed as a social or political ideology as well as a political movement since at least as early as the 1920s. In its early years, communist ideology was harshly suppressed through legal prohibitions and criminal prosecutions. Eventually, communist parties became ensconced in national party politics, sprouting several political offshoots. The **Communist Party of India (CPI)** was founded in Kanpur on 26 December 1925. The **Communist Party of India (Marxist)** party emerged from a split in the Communist Party of India (CPI) on 7 November 1964. The **Communist Party of India (Marxist–Leninist) (CPI (ML))** was formed in 1969. Later the CPI(ML) party splintered into several Naxalite groups. **Central Organising Committee, Communist Party of India (Marxist–Leninist)** . COC, CPI(ML) occupied a



middle position between the pro-Charu Majumdar group led by Mahadev Mukherjee and the anti-Majumdar group led by Satyanarayan Singh. Failing to articulate a common ideological position, COC, CPI(ML) soon suffered internal divisions and splits. Two of the splinter groups of COC, CPI(ML) in Andhra Pradesh are predecessors of the present-day Communist Party of India (Maoist). The **Communist Party of India (Maoist)** is a Marxist–Leninist–Maoist communist political party and militant organization in India which aims to overthrow the “semi-colonial and semi-feudal Indian state” through people’s war. It was founded on 21 September 2004, through the merger of the Communist Party of India (Marxist–Leninist) People’s War (People’s War Group) and the Maoist Communist Centre of India (MCCI). The CPI (Maoist) are also known as the Naxalites, in reference to the Naxalbari insurrection conducted by radical Maoists in West Bengal since 1967. The party has been designated as a terrorist organisation in India under the Unlawful Activities (Prevention) Act since 2009.

In 2006, Prime Minister Manmohan Singh referred to the Naxalites as “the single biggest internal security challenge” for India, and said that the “deprived and alienated sections of the population” form the backbone of the Maoist movement in India. The government officials have declared that, in 2013, 76 districts in the country were affected by “Naxal terrorism”, with another 106 districts in ideological influence. In 2020, the activities of the party began to increase again in Telangana and other areas.

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*The poet with death-circled eyes comes down to the world of miracle, what does he sow...  
what does he privilege in the things awaiting nothing in the grey silence?*  
-‘Coincidence!’- **-MICHEL DEGUY**

### Literary Movements at a glance:

Literature –(Latin- litera- littera- letter) literally means learning, a writing, grammar and is the writing formed with letters. It is a collection of written work like prose-fiction, drama and poetry including oral literature and non-fiction genres – biography, diaries, memoir, letters and essays, now electronic literature.

Literature is classified according to whether it is poetry, prose or drama, and such works are categorized according to historical periods, or their adherence to certain aesthetic features, or genre. It is broadly divided into-

Medieval- 500 AD - 1500 AD; Renaissance- 1500 – 1670; Enlightenment- 1700 – 1800; Romantic- 1798 – 1870; Realism- 1820 – 1920; Transcendentalist- 1830 – 1860; Victorian- 1837 – 1901; Existentialism- 1850 – 2014; Naturalism- 1870 – 1920; Modernism- 1910 – 1965; Beat Generation- 1945 – 1965; post-Modernism- 1965 – 2014. Turner’s post-postmodernism; Epstein’s trans-postmodernism; Gans’ post-millennialism; Kirby’s pseudo-modernism or digi-modernism; Vermeulen and van den Akker’s meta-modernism; Hyper modernity, post humanism, post materialism, post structuralism.





Modernist poetry refers to poetry written, mainly in Europe and North America, between 1890 and 1950 in the tradition of modernist literature, it is usually said to have begun with the French Symbolist movement and it artificially ends with the Second World War. Modernism experimented with literary form and expression, as Ezra Pound's maxim - to "Make it new".

Postmodern literature-Rejected (or built upon) many of the tenants of modernism, including shunning meaning, intensifying and celebrating fragmentation and disorder, and initiating a major shift in literary tradition. Its main features are- 1. **Embrace of randomness.** 2. **Playfulness.** 3. **Fragmentation.** 4. **Metafiction.** 5. **Intertextuality.** As a form of collage-style writing, many postmodern authors wrote their work overtly in dialogue with other texts. The techniques they employed included pastiche (or imitating other authors' styles) and the combination of high and low culture (writing that tackles subjects that were previously considered inappropriate for literature).

### Modern Telugu Literature and literary forms-

Novel, Short Story, Drama, Playlet, and poetic forms. Literary Movements: **Reformation, Nationalism, Neo-classicism, Romanticism and Progressive, Revolutionary movements.** Digambarakavulu, Chetanavartam, Feminist, minority and Dalit Literature.

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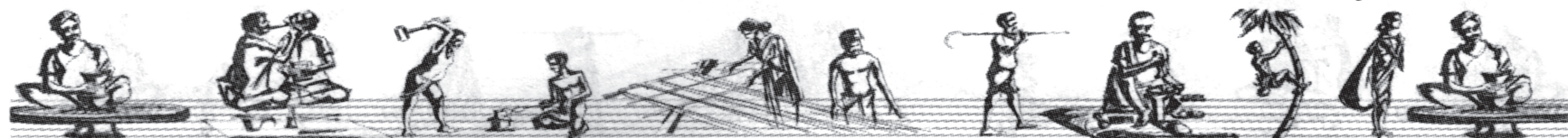
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**"Two things are infinite: the universe and human stupidity;  
and I'm not sure about the universe." – Albert Einstein.**

Science advanced dramatically during the 20th century. There were new and radical developments in the physical, life and human sciences, building on the progress made in the 19th century. The development of post-Newtonian theories in physics, such as special relativity, general relativity, and quantum mechanics led to the development of nuclear weapons. The development of new materials such as nylon and plastics and advances in biology led to large increases in food production, as well as the elimination of diseases such as polio. Technologies such as electricity, the incandescent light bulb, the automobile and the phonograph, first developed at the end of the 19th century, were perfected and universally deployed. The first airplane flight occurred in 1903, and by the end of the century large airplanes such as the Boeing 777 and Airbus A330 flew thousands of miles in a matter of hours. The development of the television and computers caused massive changes in the dissemination of information.

The Space Race between the United States and the Soviet Union gave a peaceful outlet to the political and military tensions of the Cold War, leading to the first human spaceflight with the Soviet Union's Vostok 1 mission in 1961, and man's first landing on another world—the Moon—with America's Apollo 11 mission in 1969. Later, the first space station was launched by the Soviet space program. The United States developed





the first (and to date only) reusable spacecraft system with the Space Shuttle program, first launched in 1981. As the century ended, a permanent human presence in space was being founded with the ongoing construction of the International Space Station.

In addition to human spaceflight, uncrewed space probes became a practical and relatively inexpensive form of exploration. The first orbiting space probe, *Sputnik 1*, was launched by the Soviet Union in 1957. Over time, a massive system of artificial satellites was placed into orbit around Earth. These satellites greatly advanced navigation, communications, military intelligence, geology, climate, and numerous other fields. Laika, a stray mongrel from the streets of Moscow, was selected to be the occupant of the Soviet spacecraft Sputnik 2 that was launched into low orbit on 3 November 1957.

An influenza pandemic, Spanish Flu, killed anywhere from 20 to 100 million people between 1918 and 1919. A new viral disease, called the Human Immunodeficiency Virus, or HIV, arose in Africa and subsequently killed millions of people throughout the world. HIV leads to a syndrome called Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome, or AIDS. Because of increased life spans, the prevalence of cancer, Alzheimer's disease, Parkinson's disease, and other diseases of old age increased slightly.

Sedentary lifestyles, due to labour-saving devices and technology, along with the increase in home entertainment and technology such as television, video games, and the internet contributed to an "epidemic" of obesity, at first in the rich countries, but by the end of the 20th century spreading to the developing world.

**Classical conditioning** (also known as **Pavlovian** or **respondent conditioning**) is a behavioural procedure in which a biologically potent stimulus (e.g. food) is paired with a previously neutral stimulus (e.g. a bell). Together with operant conditioning, classical conditioning became the foundation of behaviourism, a school of psychology which was dominant in the mid-20th century and is still an important influence on the practice of psychological therapy and the study of animal behaviour.

### 1950s – 2000s

- The 1950s are sometimes referred to as the Golden Age. Colour TV was invented, the polio vaccine was discovered, Disneyland opened in California, and Elvis Presley gyrated his hips on "The Ed Sullivan Show." The Cold War continued as the space race between the United States and the Soviet Union began.
- The 1950s also saw segregation ruled illegal in the U.S. and the beginning of the civil rights movement.
- To many, the 1960s can be summed up as the Vietnam War, hippies, drugs, protests, and rock 'n roll. A common joke goes, "If you remember the '60s, you weren't there." Other revolutionary movements of the decade included the Stonewall Riots and the beginnings of gay rights, the Women's Lib movement,



and the continuing and growing civil rights movement. The Beatles became popular, and the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. made his "I Have a Dream" speech.

- Alongside these revolutionary cultural changes, geopolitics was equally dramatic: The U.S. entered the Vietnam War, the Berlin Wall was built, the Soviets launched the first man into space, and President John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and Robert Kennedy were all assassinated.
- The Vietnam War was still a major event in the early 1970s. Tragic events dominated the era, including the deadliest earthquake of the century, the Jonestown massacre, the Munich Olympics massacre, the taking of American hostages in Iran, and the nuclear accident at Three Mile Island.
- Culturally, disco became extremely popular, M\*A\*S\*H\* premiered on television, and "Star Wars" hit theatres. In the landmark case Roe v. Wade, the Supreme Court made abortion legal, and the Watergate scandal reached its climax when President Richard Nixon resigned.
- Soviet Premier Mikhail Gorbachev's policies of glasnost and perestroika began the end of the Cold War. This was soon followed by the surprising fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989.
- There were also some disasters this decade, including the eruption of Mount St. Helena, the oil spill of the Exxon Valdez, the Ethiopian famine, a huge poison gas leak in Bhopal, and the scourge of AIDS.
- Culturally, the 1980s saw the introduction of the mesmerizing Rubik's Cube, the Pac-Man video game, and Michael Jackson's "Thriller" video. CNN, the first 24-hour cable news network debuted.
- The Cold War ended, Nelson Mandela was released from prison, the internet changed life as everyone knew it—in many ways, the 1990s seemed a decade of both hope and relief.
- But the decade also saw its fair share of tragedy, including the Oklahoma City bombing, the Columbine High School massacre, and the genocide in Rwanda.

### **Timeline of Events 2000-2007**

2000- May 7th Vladimir Putin becomes the president of Russia

2001- George Bush Jr becomes 43rd president of USA, Napster was founded

May 1st The CIA informs White House of future 9/11 terrorist attack

September 11th 2001 -9/11 Terrorist Attack (New York, Washington DC, PA)

October 7th the War in Afghanistan begins

2003- Hu Jintao became the paramount leader of China

Android was founded

2004 the project changed to become an operating system for smart phones.



Factcheck.org was created. August 1st Myspace started, December 13th Saddam Hussein is captured by USA

2004-Facebook was founded; NBC/ Universal is bought by GE & Comcast

2005- February 16th BBC launched The Apprentice starring Donald Trump

YouTube was founded

2006- Disney Corporation bought Pixar, Twitter was founded, October 9th Google acquired Youtube, December 30th Saddam Hussein was executed

2007- May 19th Donald Trump announced he was leaving The Apprentice.

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***Son, tonight, our works of dust  
Will be visible in the sky  
Already oil returns to life from lead  
- Rene Char***

The **history of Telangana**, located on the high Deccan Plateau, includes its being ruled by the Satavahana Dynasty (230 BCE to 220 CE), the Kakatiya Dynasty (1083–1323), the Musunuri Nayaks (1326–1356), the Delhi Sultanate, the Bahmani Sultanate (1347–1512), Golconda Sultanate (1512–1687) and Asaf Jahi dynasty (1724-1950). In 1724, Nizam-ul-Mulk defeated Mubariz Khan and conquered Hyderabad. His successors ruled the princely state of Hyderabad, as Nizams of Hyderabad. The Nizams established first railways, postal and telegraph networks, and the first modern universities in Telangana.

After Indian independence, the Nizam did not sign the instrument of accession to India. The Indian army invaded and annexed Hyderabad State in 1948. A brief history of Andhra Pradesh and chronology of the movement for Telangana state:

The region Telangana, was part of the erstwhile Hyderabad state which was merged into the Indian Union on 17 September, 1948. Central government appointed a civil servant, M K Vellodi, as the first Chief Minister of Hyderabad state on 26 January 1950. In 1952, Burgula Ramakrishna Rao was elected Chief Minister of Hyderabad state in the first democratic election. Andhra was the first state to be carved out (from erstwhile Madras state) on linguistic basis on 1 November, 1953. It had Kurnool town (in Rayalaseema region) as its capital

An agreement was reached between Telangana leaders and Andhra leaders on February 20, 1956 to merge Telangana and Andhra with promises to safeguard Telangana's interests. A "Gentlemen's Agreement" was then signed by Bezawada Gopala Reddy and Burgula Ramakrishna Rao to the effect.



Eventually, under the States Re-organisation Act, Telugu-speaking areas of Hyderabad state were merged with Andhra state, giving birth to the state of Andhra Pradesh on 1 November, 1956. The city of Hyderabad, the then capital of Hyderabad state, was made the capital of Andhra Pradesh state.

In 1969, an agitation began in Telangana region as people protested the failure to implement the Gentlemen's Agreement and other safeguards properly. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi came up with an eight-point plan on April 12, 1969. Telangana leaders rejected the plan and protests continued under the aegis of Telangana Praja Samiti. In 1972, Jai Andhra movement started in Andhra-Rayalaseema regions as a counter to Telangana struggle.

On September 21, 1973, a political settlement was reached with the Centre and a 6-point formula put in place to placate people of the two regions.

In 1985, employees from Telangana region cried foul over appointments in government departments and complained about 'injustice' done to people of the region. The then Telugu Desam Party -N T Rama Rao, brought out a Government Order to safeguard the interests of Telangana people in government employment.

In 1999, Congress demanded creation of Telangana state. Congress was then smarting under crushing defeats in successive elections to the state Assembly and Parliament with the ruling Telugu Desam Party in an unassailable position. Yet another chapter opened in the struggle for Telangana when Kalvakuntla Chandrasekhar Rao, who was seething over denial of Cabinet berth in the Chandrababu Naidu government, walked out of TDP and launched Telangana Rashtra Samiti on 27 April, 2001. Following pressure applied by Telangana Congress leaders, the Central Working Committee of Congress in 2001 sent a resolution to the then NDA government seeking constitution of a second States Re-organisation Commission to look into Telangana state demand, which was rejected by the then Union Home Minister L K Advani saying smaller states were "neither viable nor conducive" to integrity of the country.

TRS started gradually building the movement for a separate state.

Congress forged an electoral alliance with TRS by promising to create Telangana state. Congress came to power in 2004, both in the state and at the Centre, and TRS became part of the coalition governments at both places.

Protesting delay in carving out the separate state, TRS quit the coalition governments in the state and at the Centre in December 2006 and continued an independent fight. In October 2008, TDP changed its stance and declared support for bifurcation of the state. TRS launched an indefinite hunger-strike on 29 November, 2009 demanding creation of Telangana. The Centre budged and came out with an announcement on 9 December, 2009 that it was "initiating the process for formation of Telangana state". But the Centre





announced on 23 December, 2009 that it was putting Telangana issue on hold. This fanned protests across Telangana with some students ending their lives for a separate state. The Centre then constituted a five-member Committee on 3 February, 2010, headed by former judge Srikrishna, to look into statehood demand. The Committee submitted its report to the Centre on 30 December, 2010.

Telangana region witnessed a series of agitations like the Million March, Chalo Assembly and Sakalajanula Samme (general strike) in 2011-12 while MLAs belonging to different parties quit from the House. With its MPs from Telangana upping the ante, Congress made Union Home Ministry to convene an all-party meeting on December 28, 2012 to find an “amicable solution” to the crisis.

After several years of protest and agitation, the central government, under the United Progressive Alliance, decided to bifurcate the existing Andhra Pradesh state and on 2 June 2014, the Union Cabinet unilaterally cleared the bill for the creation of Telangana. Lasting for almost 5 decades, it was one of the most long-lasting movements in South India. On 18 February 2014, the Lok Sabha passed the bill with a voice vote. Subsequently, the bill was passed by the Rajya Sabha two days later, on 20 February.

As per the bill, Hyderabad would be the capital of Telangana, while the city would also remain the capital of residual state of Andhra Pradesh for no more than ten years. At present, Hyderabad is the *de jure* joint capital.

**On 2 June 2014, Telangana was created.** Telangana became the 29th state of India, consisting of the thirty-three districts, with Hyderabad as its capital. The city of Hyderabad will continue to serve as the joint capital for Andhra Pradesh and the successor state of Telangana for a period of ten years up to 2024.

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A famous Bengali writer remarked how Telangana was nothing more than ‘a cluster of folk songs and stories. The writer was obviously unaware of the rich literary past of the state. Some of the greatest names in the history of Sanskrit literature have emerged from Telangana. Jayappa Senapati (commentary on Bharata’s Natya Shastra, the ‘NrittaRatnavali’), BommeraPothana, Palakurki Somanatha and Mallinatha, hailed from here.

The Qutub Shahi rulers of Hyderabad Deccan had several literary figures among them. The king Quli Qutub Shah was a poet and wrote several books. The famous female poet MahaLaqa Bai Chanda (1768- 1824) lived in Hyderabad. She was fluent in Urdu, Persian, Bhojpuri, Hindi and Telugu. She is credited to be the first female poet to compile a proper Diwan of poems, that too utilizing the sweet Daccani Urdu language spoken in the Hyderabad regions. Several research scholars are of the opinion that her life and times influenced the famous writer Mirza HadiRuzwa while writing this story about ‘Umrao Jaan Ada’. Chanda was a great devotee of the Sufi saint Maula Ali whose shrine is on top of a hill in the area Maula Ali in Hyderabad. She wished to be buried at the foot of the same hillock after her demise.



In the 20th century, post 1947, some of the top names that come to one's mind are poets like Kaloji Narayana Rao, Dasharathi Krishnamacharyulu and the revolutionary Maqdhoom Mohiuddin. Public intellectuals like the founder of 'Golkonda Patrika' Suravaram Pratapa Reddy, folklorist, indologist, historian Acharya Biruduraju Rama Raju, an avid writer, polyglot, translator and later years Indian Prime Minister like P V Narasimha Rao are the other illustrious members of the literary tradition of this region. (veejaysai)

## PART-B

*Es la fruta del arbol de la sed.... It is the fruit of the tree of thirst*  
*Es la ballenaverde del vernao... it is the green whale of summer...*  
**-ode to a watermelon- Pablo Neruda**

"When the day becomes the night and the sky becomes the sea, when the forest becomes the fire, and schools become jails, When the clock strikes heavy and there's no time for tea or tears. And in our darkest hour, before my final rhyme and breath, the martyrs will come back home from neverlands to establish the humanity land and turn ahead the hands of time." (Lewis Carroll- Prasad)

From the spoken tradition to romances, lyrics, allegories, prose and verse tales, epics, mythologies, ballads and folktales as back drop Renaissance and industrialization brought a new boldness and sophistication to prose and poetry, as well as to the revived art of drama. Islamic and Colonial rule brought many changes phase wise in the lifestyle, language, customs and traditions of the people of India that boasted of unity in diversity. Moving out from the clutches of the tradition and grammar, reason gave way to imagination as the dominant force. Storm and stress brought the inner feelings out in all the branches of art with modernist, surrealist and metaphoric forms and images.

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Varavara Rao dedicated his whole life for the cause of humanity. He believed a poem is a connection between the dreams of concept and the wakefulness of reality. A poem should wake up the readers from lethargy and end up in action. No surprise for the poet, no surprise for the readers. His statements are visible arrows forged in the furnace of humanity.

This anthology covers the period of the last five decades (1957- 2007) focussing its social, political, economic, cultural aspects of the contemporary society in poet's perspective. As a teacher, orator, writer, poet, affectionate friend, intellectual on the people's side, journalist, editor, revolutionary voice, translator, Maoist party representative, Varavara Rao excelled with his fighting spirit and has the unique history of a poet that was incarcerated in jails most of his life-time. His poems ooze immediate reaction to the contemporary incidents, analysis in calm impartial environment yet with Marxist perspective, looking at its back-ground, advocating present action and with hope for the better future. With metaphors taken from





the daily lives, words honed from the people's lives, pictures drawn from the sweat and blood of proletariat and the fighters that laid their lives and life-time for the cause of just. Dreaming for an alternate society where freedom, equality, friendship and brotherhood thrives he pens his dreams with sagacity and truth. Moving with and against tides of the society trends, he designed and redesigned himself and his goal in Marxist- Leninist- Maoist way of thought often criticizing and analysing the meandering and ever-changing communist stream in its course. Like many other intellectuals he also viewed 'the past incidents as a series of stepping stones to the exalted position that now we hold'-

He understood the philosophy of Marx well-'what the bourgeoisie therefore, produces, above all, is its own grave diggers, its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable'- Capitalism the dominant system of the Western society, in it, huge upheavals would never stop, because, of constant revolutionizing of production, uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation distinguish the bourgeoisie approach from all earlier ones. All fixed fast-frozen relations, with their train of ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions swept away, all new-formed ones become antiquated before they can ossify.

How true is its valency even now after 174 years of its birth of these thoughtful sentences! (1848-2022).

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His first poem is about Sputnik-1, the first artificial Earth Satellite, launched on 4 October 1957 by the Soviet Union., Sputnik means a fellow traveller.

***One more young moon  
In the east Caucasian hills of Europe  
Like a missile he zoomed past into the sky...***

***...To reconstruct Earth and sky as one pleasant unit  
And a new world parliament in the perpetual seas  
Promising equality to cloud and clod  
Establishing a democratic utopic new world  
The insignia are clear  
That future is very near...***

It is that period, poet believes, honed his personality. He says -born in 1940 my childhood was the period that smelled war; Spain had its civil war, Second World War swallowed lives and economies of the world, Quit India movement created tension in household that was anointed with political and poetic environment, enriched my intellect. -



With lots of hope and belief in the Soviet sponsored peace and utopian world our poet started his poetic journey.

***“Love has turned many into poets; pain has turned many into artists; charity has turned many into pacifists, and anger has turned many into activists. You can burn libraries, ban books, boycott scholars, and blacklist intellectuals, but you cannot blot out ideas. Alone a candle can only light a room, but in thousands they can even light a city.”~ Matshona Dhliwayo***

His first anthology is Camp fires- chalinegallu. It incorporated the wisdom and fears of dark night coupled with the hope and serenity of future socialistic society.

***Night, like the vast difference between expectation and result  
Like the unfeasible wants, like a desolated park died in tumult  
A long struggle, a churning of mind; a gaping abyss receiving jolt  
Like a dark cavern, an unreachable phantasmagoria’s fine colt- (night)***

Then he assures us -***No more fear, morning shall explode in silvery light, dear!*** He goes on describing winter mornings, snow screens, ambrosial rains and the pastoral life entwined with natural happenings, and confidently says- ***A poet is a tireless traveller always in search of light!***

His dreams in odd hours and his travels in surrealistic festival of lamps, rakhibandhan, and he realises that life is no cake-walk as said by his grandmother. He had tears and praise for Nehru and declares-

***It is our responsibility to realize your socialist dream,  
It is our duty to bring democracy in this land. (Jawaharlal)***

Now his mind has determined the future walk of his life and he took that road-

***Writing for a classless society,  
Waiting for a clear and bright sunrise!  
I am penning beautiful dreams,  
Incorporating dreams here and there  
Adding enduring lamp saucers,  
Blooming with lights bright all over(I)***

From Camp fires to Life pulse -jivanadi or lifeline, he moved further. This Life Pulse anthology covers the timeline between 1965 and 1969.

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***“I am neither the problem nor the cure. I am simply the voice of the people,  
the face of their fight” -Starr Z. Davies.***



Varavararao defines and declares his path as revolutionary path and he moves on that path without second thought. His life pulse crosses the cross-roads observing the snake charmer's snake and the imperial death of Delhi, searching for the lost child of humanity.

***What if  
After kindling thousand lamps  
I lose my life's breath or pulse?  
I am the light of this age,  
I am the electric current born in this modern generator  
I am the revolution!***                    *-(Life pulse- jivanaadi)*

His poetic genius sustains and modifies the images, emotions and thoughts of daily happenings in Marxist perspective. Yet, at places he invites western thought winds with enthusiasm.

***Sometimes west wind seems very good  
Let it take away the wavering poisonous vines  
Then native trees with strong roots will survive  
And they rise high in freedom defying winds of any direction! (West Wind)***

And he writes his song for the better tomorrow...

***This is the song I write for the better future!  
A song that reveals the path to a world of freedom  
Where exists no slavery, no suppression;  
To prepare yourself to release the shackled truth-  
An arrow of light and fire,  
this song is for the bright future!***

The poet understands the axis of human life in the present time...

***From despair depths is born rebelliousness to score  
From scorched throat and lips spurts out a great roar  
From desolated islands our boats reach humanity shore  
It is the breath that conjoins life and death in its core***

He declares without hesitation- Like a lion, a warrior poet must act and move the world in the world of oppression against exploitation.

***Sun in his eyes  
Pen in his mouth,***



*Hungry child crying for milk in his heart,  
Millions of cries from oppressed ringing in his ears  
Famished lion's roar in his stomach,  
With foresight of broken shackles to his legs,  
A sword in his hand,  
Ideal approved violence in his thoughts...*

*Let a poet be the crowbar that tears the darkness straight,  
Let a poet be the torch light to bring the hidden voices out,  
Poetry is not a mere message, it must be the game changer,  
Like hope in eyes, agony in soul, it must reflect real life  
-(LIVE WIRE IS ANYTIME BETTER THAN THE POET)*

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With that excited life pulse the poet's **Long March** (Procession) begins....

Greeks called the poet as fayne or maker. His art of faining expresses the life in fit measure, numbers, harmony. (Aristotle). Fable and fiction is the form and soul of any poetical work or poem. When truth is blatantly oppressed the long march of truth seekers begins with a procession...

*Truths in people's courts, truths emerged in struggles,  
Truths written with letters of blood in history pages  
They will come out if truth is alive and kicking well  
As long as truth is alive, truth will be an immortal warrior*

The poet observes that every road leads to Naxalbari in search of truthful revolution and he pays his respects to the great revolutionary Charu Majumdar ...

*In our dreams and in our deeds  
In the minds of youth and workers' creed  
In the thoughts of intelligentsia, wave after wave  
This struggle continues till sun-rise for sunrise  
Our salutes to you, o Charu Majumdar!  
Our Red salutations to you, o great leader!*

He praises the rebels whose efforts bring light in the lives of the oppressed and underprivileged people...



***Then came along with fireflies, the nocturnal dwellers  
They brought love and compassion to the poor villagers  
Camps of darkness disappeared in their fearless bright light  
Like moon, stars and sun they pledged support with might***

Like inevitable traditions and festivals elections arrive in fire and storm rituals. Lots of feudal customs and thoughts make elections a charade. He considers elections as farce and advocates boycotting the shameful sham.

***These are the poly tricks of rich and famous  
These are pepper sprays in poor people's eyes  
They milk the cow and leave zilch to the calf  
They exploit poor for years throwing a bit chaff***

***Don't sell yourself for a note! Don't go there to vote!  
O farmer! O worker! Don't lose dignity in that moat!***

He hears the call of the forest and describes the long march that raised hopes in poor and created fear in the oppressors and exploiters.

***Looking at the sewerage drains, unclean streets,  
Garbage and foul smell grew in all these years  
Their blood boiled to maximum  
Looking at the poor, downtrodden and oppressed  
The long march continued with more steam and power***

His poetic odyssey continued with a hope of red sun rise in the morning and his pen and paper proceeds to picturise the events of importance in the red path.

***On this knife's edge, getting sharpened is the theory  
A dream is shining like squeezed flame in night's sleep***

***People shall rise with class consciousness from slog  
In the morning dawn of eyes, fly high the red flag***

He understood that sacrifice minimises the distance between dream and reality and revolutionaries commit scientific sacrifice.

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In the 21st century, historians have increasingly portrayed the 1970s as a “pivot of change” in world history, focusing especially on the economic upheavals that followed the end of the post-war economic boom.





Novelist Tom Wolfe coined the term “ ‘Me’ decade” in his essay “The ‘Me’ Decade and the Third Great Awakening”, published by New York Magazine in August 1976 referring to the 1970s. The term describes a general new attitude of Americans towards atomized individualism and away from communitarianism, in clear contrast with the 1960s.

In Asia, affairs regarding the People’s Republic of China changed significantly following the recognition of the PRC by the United Nations, the death of Mao Zedong and the beginning of market liberalization by Mao’s successors. Despite facing an oil crisis due to the OPEC embargo, the economy of Japan witnessed a large boom in this period, overtaking the economy of West Germany to become the second-largest in the world. The United States withdrew its military forces from their previous involvement in the Vietnam War, which had grown enormously unpopular. In 1979, the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan, which led to an ongoing war for ten years.

Political tensions in Iran exploded with the Iranian Revolution in 1979, which overthrew the Authoritarian Pahlavi dynasty and established an even more authoritarian Islamic republic under the leadership of the Ayatollah Khomeini. Meanwhile, American hostages would be held by Iran until 1981;

in 1971, the Pakistan Armed Forces commits the 1971 Bangladesh genocide to curb independence movements in East Pakistan, killing 300,000 to 3,000,000 people; this consequently leads to the Bangladesh Liberation War; the 1970 Bhola cyclone kills an estimated 500,000 people in the densely populated Ganges Delta region of East Pakistan in November 1970, and became the deadliest natural disaster in 40 years; (wiki)

All these world events had their impact on Indian political economic scenario.

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Varavara Rao’s poetic odyssey moved on, in the overwhelming tumultuous tides of Indian seas and scenarios. After penning the child- prodigious Socialist Moon poem in 1957, published were a series of anthologies such as-Camp fires- 1968, Life-pulse- 1971, Long March (Procession)- 1974, Freedom- 1978, Ocean- 1983, Future Portrait- 1986, Liberated voice- 1990, As it is- 1996, Those Days- 1998, Burning Baghdad- 2003, Silence is a war crime- 2003, Inner Thread- 2006, Telangana Ballads- CDs- 2007, and Pala pitta Song- 2007. A visual treat of a red coral treasure of poems.

From **Long March** to **Freedom**, it is a natural progress in revolution. Poet Varavara Rao presents the decade long happenings in India in Marxist – Leninist- Maoist perspective.

***Livid flames we are, born in the sorrows of deprived!***

***Burning songs, we are, with radical ideals fine-tuned!***





*Future is bright, what if the path is thorn ridden?  
 We have Marxism-Leninism microscope and telescope  
 Mao's thought is our eye of knowledge.  
 Our slogan is long live people's war!  
 It illuminates our imaginations very far!  
 If we become the fire-sparks in the furnace  
 That forges the sword of people's power  
 What radiance, what brightness,  
 what illumination would be its light!*

Believing in Mao's ideology he stresses the importance of revolution and moves in liberty ship on the red tides of an unbridled ocean.

*From continents five, From oceans four  
 We came running O rising sun!  
 We surged like storm, O rising sun!  
 We brought upheavals, O rising sun!*

*Watery oceans are four,  
 But people's seas are five!  
 Oh, this is what a sea is, not so vast as I thought,  
 In between us and sun this ocean, what I sought!*

*And I am the ocean that lost freedom;  
 In the freedom of ocean  
 In true liberty  
 I am a water drop searching for freedom;*

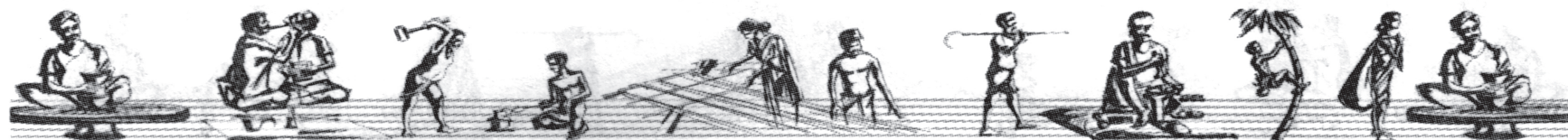
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The decade, (1980- 1990) known as the **Excellence Eighties** and the **Moderation Decade**, saw a dominance of conservatism and free market economics, and a socioeconomic change due to advances in technology and a worldwide move away from planned economies and towards laissez-faire capitalism compared to the 1970s.

The AIDS epidemic became recognized in the 1980s and has since killed an estimated 39 million people (as of 2013). Global warming became well known to the scientific and political community in the 1980s.



Developing countries across the world faced economic and social difficulties as they suffered from multiple debt crises in the 1980s, requiring many of these countries to apply for financial assistance from the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the World Bank.

Islamism became a powerful political force in the 1980s and many terrorist organizations, including Al Qaeda, started.

By 1986, nationalism was making a comeback in the Eastern Bloc and desire for democracy in communist-led socialist states combined with economic recession resulted in Mikhail Gorbachev's glasnost and perestroika, which reduced Communist Party power, legalized dissent and sanctioned limited forms of capitalism such as joint ventures with Western firms. 1989 brought the overthrow and attempted overthrow of a number of governments led by communist parties, such as in Hungary, the Tiananmen Square protests of 1989 in China, the Czechoslovak "Velvet Revolution", Erich Honecker's East German regime, Poland's Soviet-backed government, and the violent overthrow of the Nicolae Ceausescu regime in Romania.

Destruction of the 155-km Berlin Wall, at the end of the decade, signalled a seismic geopolitical shift. The Cold War ended in the early 1990s with the successful Reunification of Germany and the USSR's demise after the August Coup of 1991.

The 1980s saw great advances in genetic and digital technology- "designer babies", Gestational surrogacy, sex-selective abortion in China and India as ultrasound technology permitted parents to selectively abort baby girls.

Tim Berners Lee formalized the concept of the World Wide Web by 1989 and performed its earliest demonstrations in December 1990 and 1991. Television viewing became commonplace in the Third World, with the number of TV sets in China and India increasing by 15 and 10 times respectively.

The early 1970s saw the spread of Naxalism to almost every state in India, barring Western India. During the 1970s, the movement was fragmented into disputing factions. By 1980, it was estimated that around 30 Naxalite groups were active, with a combined membership of 30,000. Though India's first wave of insurgent violence ended badly for this domestic left-wing extremist movement but did not eliminate the conditions inspiring the movement or all of those willing to hold to the Naxalite cause. This time, the insurgency was done in South India particularly in the (undivided) state of Andhra Pradesh. On April 22, 1980, the Communist Party of India (Marxist-Leninist) People's War, commonly called as People's War Group (PWG) was founded by Kondapalli Seetharamaiah. He sought a more efficient structure in attacks and followed the principles of Charu Majumdar. By 1978 Naxalite peasant revolts had spread to the Karimnagar District and Adilabad District. This new waves of insurgents kidnapped landlords and forced them to confess to crimes, apologise to villagers, and repay forced bribes. By the early 1980s insurgents had established a



stronghold and sanctuary in the interlinked North Telangana village and Dandakaranya forests areas along the Andhra Pradesh and Orissa border.

In 1985 Naxalite insurgents began ambushing police. After they killed a police sub-inspector in Warangal, IPS officer K. S. Vyas raised a special task force called the Greyhounds; an elite anti-Naxalite commando unit that still exists today to establish control in the seven worst affected districts. On 27 January 1993, Vyas lost his life in a surprise attack by Mohammed Nayeemuddin and four other members of the CPI (M-L) People's War Group (PWG) while taking an evening jog at Lal Bahadur Stadium in Hyderabad.

The governments of Andhra Pradesh and Orissa managed to quell down the rebels with a variety of counterinsurgency measures. Including the help of the Greyhounds, the states established special laws that enabled police to capture and detain Naxalite cadres, fighters and presumed supporters. They also invited additional central paramilitary forces. The states also set up rival mass organisations to attract youth away from the Naxalites, started rehabilitation programs (like the Surrender and Rehabilitation package, and established new informant networks. By 1994, nearly 9000 Naxalites surrendered.

*from your closed hands  
my poetry  
like broken strings of agony and anger,  
like lamps that makes tears burn with light,  
my poetry,  
flows like a river of letters of blood-  
a scarlet river*

He believed that one day people will come out of the fear prisons to speak out the truth. And the new found khaki religion of police will disappear as fast as the fog after sun-rise.

Thus, he paints the **Future Portrait** observing the Jagityal procession- a long march of no precedents it brought new vigour to the people's movement.

*About Karimnagar meeting, they say many stories  
Not our eyes, only mind can see it again and again  
Farmers and workers with the support of radicals  
In the path of people's war, a democratic revolution  
Land to the tiller! Long live agricultural revolution!  
Long live new democratic revolution!  
Peasant- workers union zindabad! Johars to martyrs!  
We will continue their ideals! Long live revolution!*



After going through the strains of Satnala, Bhopal gas tragedies, and various oppressive measures applied by the government to suppress radicals, he keeps the **Future Portrait** in vivid colours and one can hear the roar of the **Liberated Voice** raging from villages to forests predicting imminent change.

*Forest will be there; earth will be there  
Forest dwellers will be there;  
Heirs of martyrs will be there;  
A long stick will be there, a sharp sword will be there  
Even you comb the whole forest, hidden fire will be there  
A town named Indravelli stays forever  
Becoming a milestone in revolutionary history*

After the long hands of oppression took the lives of many young warriors, blood and tears flowed in perpetual streams in forests and severe repressive measures from governments tried to suppress the insurgent activities. With cupped hands he stood on his knees before the mothers who lost their warrior sons and daughters in this ongoing struggle...

*... died for a cause a greater one, can I tell the mother  
That and request for more warriors like her child!  
with lowered head can I stand before her index finger  
And request for more and more sacrifices? - (With cupped hands)*

Sirens do cry, Doves die, life's vigour goes dry, evenings fade in lone sigh, letters suffer in postal mortem by jail spy, rudder go astray, lullabies go low and high, people disappear in cold sky, dairies ink blank, moonlight visits jail plank, dreams go blank. Geeta Rani and Sunita tell their stories in voices frank, surrealism spreads into sadistic file and rank, fire flower -poolakkawas put off, sounds become noises,

*You say it is sound when we question these things  
It is sound when we sing, it is sound if we gather at a place  
When awakened person fell to bullet  
You questioned about silence in that sorrowful recess  
Not about the bullet but about the silence in that sound  
Leaving the life's philosophy, you did bother about logic;  
The flaws in your word are being observed by  
The song flowing in silence (Noise)*

Then the Liberated Voice moves through the dark days and the poet remembers **Those Days** (WARANGAL- 1968- 1998)



*Are there no songs during dark days?  
Why not? There will be songs about dark days!*      *-Bertolt Brecht*

*Telangana is always an open eye of agitations  
Warangal is a relentless wave of people's sea  
Never satisfied with short term works or results  
It touches the high gate of Warangal and  
Leaves to Medaram hills in search of life's elements  
Its vision is towards confrontation against atrocities  
Unmindful of defeats and victories  
It cares about the alternate values not about triumphs*

*These are my confessions  
About Warangal and my wanderings  
A few dreams, tears, pains and agonies, incidents  
All compiled in letters of emotional arrays written in truth*

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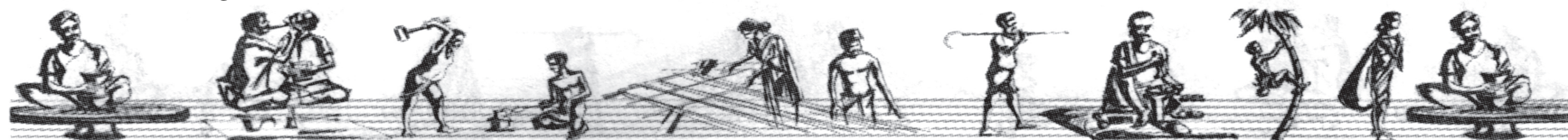
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The **1990s** was a historic decade in **India**. Economic growth rates increased as policies were liberalised though not as quickly as in China. Urbanisation was also very slow compared to that in China. Rate of growth of population and fertility rates decreased. Infant mortality rates saw a good rate of decrease. Two polarising trends emerged in national politics – that of the politics of social justice based on caste which followed the implementation of Mandal commission report, and of the politics of religion based on Hindu nationalism, which was marked by demolition of the Babri Masjid in 1992 and the subsequent communal riots.(wiki)

Our poet describes the scenario **As it is...**

*Once we draw a line to fight  
It is not possible to stay clean  
When Naxalbari stands to fight  
It is not possible to speak gentle  
Language and tunes of longing won't work  
For the songs of resistance with anger, spark  
Don't get frightened o word sculptor  
Tell in a way to touch the heart  
But as it is... (As It Is)*





*in my room, in my heart,  
it is a companion maybe a wooden ball, a light ray,  
or the bright light of sun entering my room (Love)*

*If every one wishes to have a meaningful life  
Sometimes death is a welcomed guest  
Sharing death maybe a necessity  
Dying for people is equal to celebrating marriage (Pagideru)*

*Nakkira of Sangam period  
His laughter continued  
-‘Whoever you are, why should I care?  
Even Lord Siva opens his third eye,  
I shall go on telling the truth’ (I shall go on telling truth)*

The Seven Sisters story poet pronounces vividly...

*From the cut crescent moons, spilled blood got frozen  
Forest blackened its head in shame, for being a witness;*

*Girls who went to pick up ponna flowers  
Returned home as severed dreams  
Without any clothes or flowers on their naked bodies  
Last fires swallowed them their flowery bodies, where,  
They went to the forest to pick up ponna flowers*

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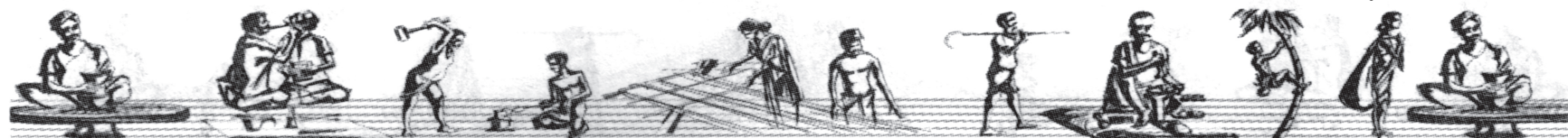
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In the **Election Season** he explodes a few crackers on those political big figures and lampoons the ridiculous process of the elections ...

*In the name of the chiefs of  
the three lines of defence  
please vote for lotus flower  
and pay Kargil tax  
you can eat disputes stomach full (Democracy)*

*If a doctor becomes minister  
He not only can kill people*





***But also keep cases on them  
That fact is proved inadvertently  
By ex-home minister (Bomb's Rule)***

He tries to find the **Inner Thread** of the society's indifference and inner voice in the cauldron of time, bubbling with many incongruities...

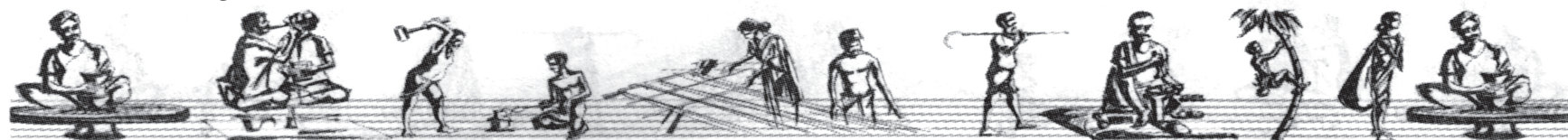
***When blood pours from sky and eye  
in incessant stream, from the sword wounds of womb  
what a poet can do directly  
like the drumbeats that deafens the village  
during epidemics of cholera or plague  
hoping for the peace and relief in villages  
he can sound his heartbeat  
in cohesion with shehnai's agony in silence. (Inner Thread)***

With village sun and moon, hearing the Sufi song in sand storm, as a tireless traveller towards free zones of freedom with a smile's question on the wounded lip, Poet wanders in light and moonlight, ...

***Where tears transformed into blood  
Blood transmuted into red flags  
Warriors transfigured into immortals, prohibited areas  
becoming places of people's march- we did notice  
  
where is death?  
In the hearts of enemies!  
  
Where is life?  
In the paths of martyrs!  
  
We did notice (Those Three...)***

He firmly says- Silence today is equal to war crime and describes Baghdad Crescent in its war scents of western currents...

***War never comes in silence, It is a tumultuous noise  
It is a market that robs away life's essence  
  
We have to raise our voice  
We have to fight it with all our means***



***Answer to war is saying no to war  
By people, coming in multitudes into streets( Silence Today- A war Crime)***

***Is this attack intended to liberate Iraqi people  
from dictator Saddam's hands or  
is there any hidden motive?  
Keeping gun our shoulders and attacking us  
Keeping our fingers in our eyes  
From Kuwait and from Turkey side  
Now Baghdad is burning in firestorm... (Baghdad Crescent)***

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He describes his jail life and memories fly like butterflies ...

***Jail is like the day dragging its feet into the night...***

***A part of sky always keeps you under observation  
Between the four walls you can see  
the metamorphosis of caterpillar into butterfly  
and the nest made by golden sparrow in reeds  
Seeds brought by pigeons from Mecca Masjid  
growing into plants and giving corn;  
sky continuously gives light to you like a lamp***

As the age grows, he says, 'everything on you grows bigger'

***Songs of Batukamma that reminds one  
about the native village, stream and childhood days  
become moon who drops flowers one by one and  
those tunes of life, showers moonlight in heart chambers***

and he sings the ballads of Telangana of seven generations making his native land immortal...

***O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In your moonlight we soon,  
Sing our Batukamma song,  
And our own lives all along!***

***O Mother! We brought to you  
Colourful flowers in a pyramid view***



*Each flower with its own story  
Tells about our Telangana glory*

*The flowers we leave in water... O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In this night ... O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
they make their journey... O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
To become stars in the sky... O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Tomorrow in our life's path... O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
They will be our guiding stars... O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
They change our lives for good forever... O Chanda mama! O Moon!*

*O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In your moonlight we soon,  
Sing our Batukamma song,  
And our own lives all along!*

And songs of Pala pitta- the blue jay bird rent the air and reverberates all over Telangana inspiring people of all walks of life...here, I give a few sparks of those electric wires that explode with fire and brimstone...

*Relaarerelaarerelarelarelarelary  
Relaarerelare let's achieve Telangana  
Relaarelarelarelare let's get our Telangana*

*Our language, our slang, our studies, our jobs  
Our arts, our culture, our resources, our drabs  
Our lives, our struggles, our joys and our mobs  
Our needs and deeds; let's eat our own grubs*

*Relaarerelaarerelarelarelarelary  
Relaarerelare let's achieve Telangana  
Relaarelarelarelare let's get our Telangana*

*No more pleadings, no more bleedings  
We want our land, milk and water  
We want our separate Telangana*

*A rich bee-hive is Telangana  
That's why migrants won't leave it*



*Tasting the honey for decades  
They wished to squeeze it forever*

*Be careful! Migrant exploiters! Be careful!  
People of Telangana moved in strength full!*

*In the fine early morning hours  
Like the fresh rays of light showers  
O martyrs of Telangana, to you our Johars!  
Our salutations to you, o great warriors!*

*As long as you don't surrender it is no defeat  
It will not be yesterday's memory  
as long as you fight and have the life-wish;  
It will be the action of today we do for the better future (Life- Wish)*

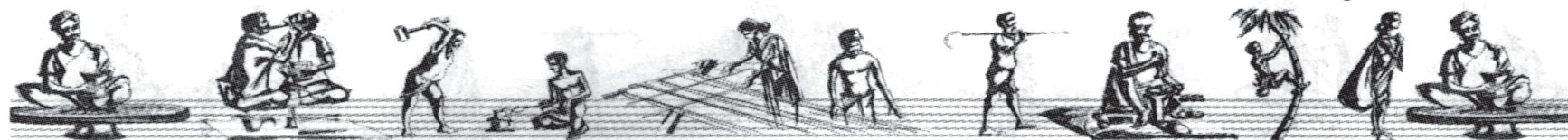
*Martyrs of Nandigram will come again  
From the reddened Talpati River by their blood  
Like Marx who told about the 1857 revolt  
To their mother land victoriously (SAB KA NAAM NANDIGRAM)*

Poet Varavara Rao touches the quintessential elements of life and basic human rights as a fellow traveller to the truth and humanity. He spared no efforts in unravelling the masks wore by the capitalist, bourgeoisie society. His stand towards the proletariat is undeniable and irrefutable. In this journey many hurdles, imprisonments, kidnaps and many murder attempts he tasted and the saga is still on like the red stream of hope.

Imagine 82 years old young man being incarcerated between jail and bail with frivolous reasons of no technical stand and made to spend time in between four walls! Those walls have become four looking glasses to look into the classes of the world –the oppressors and the oppressed and the dramas in between played by the bourgeoisie on the capitalist stage.

The capitalistic society of bourgeoisie has drowned the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervour, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in the icy water of egotistical calculation. (Marx)

*Cleansing the heart's wounds  
Mending the hearts, my friend  
I shall meet you on the other bank  
We can talk about  
War, politics and our activities (With Love)*



*Doves of dreams hoisted by mind  
Land on my eyelids  
If I open my eyes  
I fear that their wings may get broken  
  
This is no sleep but wakeup state  
You knew it well  
Dream is not personal  
And I know that it is not private fiction (Dream Doves)*

The dream is to be fulfilled.

**“The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communist Revolution. The Proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.”(THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO)**

---

As a translator I have done my job by rendering the poet’s thoughts into an alien language taking care of the essence in mind but with a few deviations of existing poetic licence. I understand the necessity of editing this work, yet time presses me to have the first version released in this form so that any amendments can be done in due course. Most of the notes in the preface is taken from Wikipedia and I express my gratitude to those authors of repute.

**“I could end this with a moral,  
as if this were a fable about animals in human disguise,  
though no fables are really about humans in animals disguise.”**

**~ Margaret Atwood, The Tent**

---

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# 1. SOCIALIST MOON

One more young moon  
In the east Caucasian hills of Europe  
Like a missile he zoomed past into the sky  
Making rounds invisible in his orbit  
Beyond the stratosphere, beyond the exosphere  
Beyond the earth's fear  
Like a fellow traveller to the moon  
To become a king in the stars' realm  
A confusion in the seraglio of the celestial night lamp  
While Queen Tara looks in amazement and suspicion  
Night gets perplexed at the doppelganger  
Water- lilies smile in the hands of the two lovers irresistible;

From now onwards  
Death dares not to show its face  
No dead bodies, no mass graves  
Celestial cow gave birth to deathless life in Russia  
In future there will be dearth to death  
A famine for the death related news  
The Sanjeevini alchemical stick of life  
Which can bring back dead to life  
They found it in the Moscow laboratory in twilight  
A remedy to that elusive death once frequented earth  
Soviet Russia like a mythological god  
brought to earth,  
The celestial nectar

Like that voluptuous nymph Mohini in beauty,  
But, unlike her attitude and partiality  
socialist moon distributes the ambrosia in equal measures to all



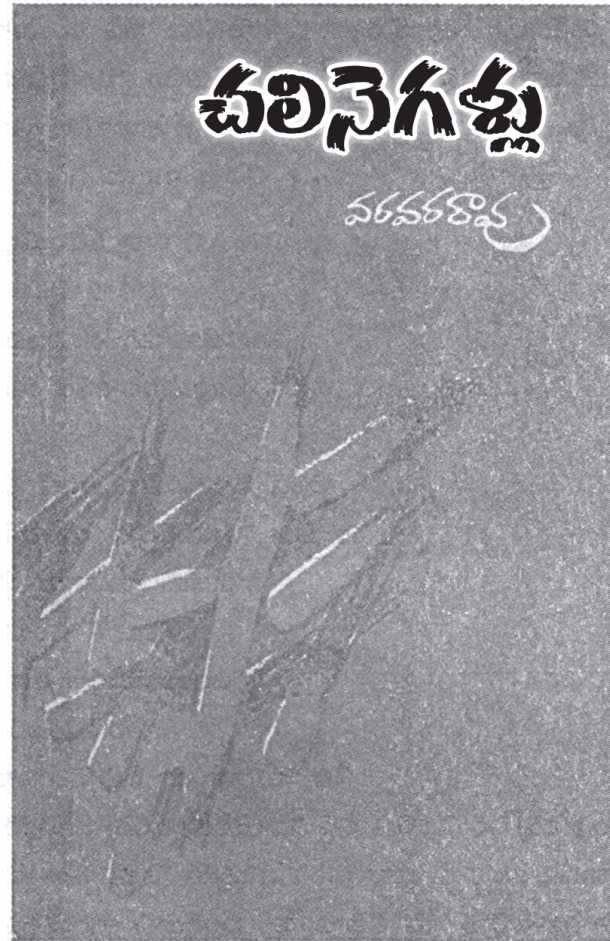
Many moonstones that gleam in moon valleys  
Change shape into exquisite palaces on the horizons  
Earth's countenance engages cheerfulness  
Blooms like a beautiful flower behind blue sky screens;  
In future every earthling claims the rights of gods' harvest  
Population grows in abundance  
Exclusive interviews with crescent television  
At least once in a month  
A trunk call to the king of stars  
A wireless call to Luna from earth's night  
The lily girl can express her loneliness  
In rock n roll tunes in regular intervals  
Moon can sing Mohana raga in radio stations

Time will come  
When the red sun makes  
Earth and sky as one pleasant unit  
Where Peace abounds in this tumultuous world  
No more this world is limited to this mundane earth  
Both parties  
When they sit at the window of reason  
A mutually beneficial agreement  
To reconstruct Earth and sky as one pleasant unit  
And a new world parliament in the perpetual seas  
Promising equality to cloud and clod  
Establishing a democratic utopic new world  
The insignia are clear  
That future is very near

(Sputnik 1 - was the first artificial Earth satellite. It was launched into an elliptical low Earth orbit by the Soviet Union on 4 October 1957 as part of the Soviet space program.)

**Telugu Swatantra, November 7, 1957**





***Chali Negallu (1968)***  
**(CAMP FIRES)**



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# 1. NIGHT

Puzzling problems posing in serpent's revenge attitude,  
Ornament of desires suddenly scattered by broken thread rude,  
Torture of a soldier tormented in enemy's camp on thorn-bed,  
No more pleasure! Gone, in flight is the royal swan in dread.

Night downpours desires and broken dreams  
Night rains slaughtered scarlet blood of stars in streams  
Night drives away the kind clouds in tears with wild dog teams  
Night burns the bones with unfulfilled wants in crackled screams

Night a fierce fence with barbed wires all-around  
Then, where is that moon faced rose in this closed ground?  
Night a cutting saw; an exploding earth-quake abound  
Then it grins like night queen with time price in pleasure sound

Night traps my wayward self that runs amuck all-day  
And places it in the flesh and bone bird-trap of ash-tray  
Fever that went cold in day reverted back with chill-spray  
Anxiety filled this creepy animal-pound, sleep went astray

Bolting the mind that waits for a fresh morning,  
Jolting in to memories, abysses, and wounds burning  
Halting the helpless one with its cackles of stomach turning  
Casting a bridge between past recalls and present realities warning,





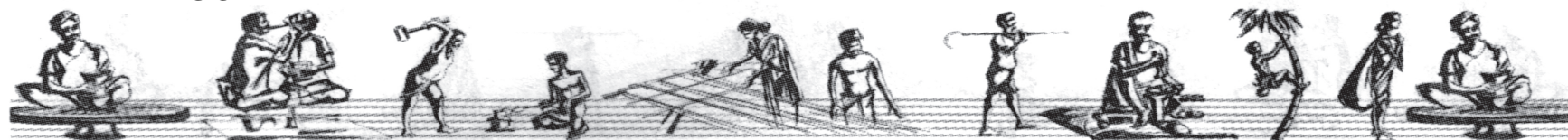
Night, like the vast difference between expectation and result  
Like the unfeasible wants, like a desolated park died in tumult  
A long struggle, a churning of mind; a gaping abyss receiving jolt  
Like a dark cavern, an unreachable phantasmagoria's fine colt

This night is like the street filled with the barking dogs in rut  
My mind is like the burgled house, a dilapidated mill in debt  
Oblivious of tomorrow's dawn this night is suicidal in its quest  
Its self-deceit is like the critic's remark on my face in angst

Its paralytic touch, its nightmarish sight, like the fire-burnt sea  
Loveless marriage, an insipid book, moonless sky, boring to see,  
A mask, this night is throwing out uncorrected mistakes' spree  
Somewhere it is dawn, warm sunrays bloom in morning glee,

The winds of hope, the waves of joy and bliss,  
There is the way towards that bay nonetheless  
No more this sickening night in suicidal dapple dress,  
Hey! Look at the red sun emerging out of dark recess

\*\*\*\*\*



## 2. NO MORE FEAR...

(No more fear, morning shall explode in silvery light, dear!)

Why night slept in half-sleep?

Why earth mumbled in deep sleep?

Why night jasmine flowers fell from its tree top?

Tears from the lotus eyed one, why, spilled, drop by drop?

Naiad nymphs knotted their long hair around the neck  
of the ocean the treasure of the precious stones to check.

And on the wide chest of the sea

The lady of the night kept her head and gone to sleep, see!

Scientists slept in the graveyard depths mumbling in little tones

To avoid ghosts hearing their conversations among tomb stones;

Intelligentsia of yester years still continue their arguments

With their naked bone remains crackling in contra statements;

Corpses that hate humility and practice hate

Burning in sulphur fumes and smoky state;

The flame of the forest tree that grew over

a Hindu Youngman's grave is trying vain to see the flower

and the fragrance of a rose bloomed on a distant tomb

of his Muslim girl – a love story often ends in catacomb;

A prodigal son is agog with tears rolling on his cheeks

Looks distraught at his mother's burning pyre streaks

Remembering her tear drenched face

When she was pleading for his return from mirage chase;



Owls' hoots and jackals' howls in strings  
inspired a lazy vulture to spread its wings;  
Silence shed its cinder; a terrible sound exploded in soft ear;  
Crickets chirped hammer blows; devils' chamber on a tree rear;  
A bear split open the chest of a bare footed traveller in bad mood  
One young cobra sitting on its anthill hissed with its spread hood;

Under a thatched shed a beggar in penury  
Allowed winter cold to gnaw his bones in usury  
Never thought that night will be this much dreaded  
Never imagined that earth will be this much degraded;  
In those days of imagination-  
Night is moonshine, a deep emotion,  
Pleasant cool west winds, lilies blossom,  
Jasmines, hibiscus, koel birds, beauties lissom;  
Those dreams of sweet desires  
About a pure white pacific earth with peaceful affairs  
People with soft hearts that melt like cream  
Sky high ambitions, resisting oppressive stream;  
Those imaginary swings and fantasies  
All... proved to be illusions and imaginary daisies  
Never thought this night-damsel will be this dreadful  
What remains is a fond hope for a morning cheerful  
A long wait for a confidence retrieval;

Beyond those great mountains some disturbance  
Shades of crimson blood in abundance  
Hope raising in rays of red hues bright  
No more fear, morning shall explode in silvery light



To differentiate blackness from white,  
To assess good from bad ones by sight;  
And tell me, did you ever at any time, at least once  
Looked straight into the fire brimming Sun's countenance?  
Tomorrow, I shall pick a few rays of His Highness  
And measure the redness and heat of his claimed fierceness;

No more fear, morning shall explode in silvery light  
Tomorrow, I shall be looking into the Sun's eyes straight,  
And also, into the depths of everyone's face and eyes  
Cry out their crimes and sins on their smeared face highs

With impartial crystal-clear looks of barbs  
And make them puke their bile hidden behind those orbs;  
I shall bombard them with powerful X-rays  
And investigate them thoroughly for their betrayal trays

No more fear, morning shall explode in silvery light  
You will discriminate the rotten black from the truth bright  
Tomorrow shall be a good day, all sunshine and vibrant  
Sins shall be burnt and peace will reign all over the world-front!

\*\*\*\*\*



### 3. WINTER MORNING

As expected, morning made its presence;  
On the banks of aspirations, young buds showed luminance;  
Coming out of the night-lady's snow sprinkled delirium  
Young aurora peeped through the golden yellow drape collyrium;

Languorously breaking out of the sizzling dreams of last night  
From winter girl's arms, Sun stretched his arms lazily in clouds alight;  
The damsel of verdant nature pretended sleep  
Behind the screens of fog moving thick and steep

A drop of frozen water got stuck in the jasmine flower's throat  
Like a streak of pun struck right the intended thought float,  
A string of snow pearls gave pristine beauty to the half-died grass  
And ice-crystal lady touched the heart of a mango-leaf wet and gross

The ploughman is busy in directing the water flow in his garden,  
Providing music to his folk song, the sounds of water and a family of hen;  
Swinging in west wind's lullaby is a green clad corn-girl in her group file  
A marigold maiden in chilli pepper shrubbery is dancing in lambada style

A groundnut offers greenness taste and warmth to a snowdrop  
The young lady of morning is shivering with fever of chilled love crop;  
Acquiring certain fog curtains in the company of winter pleasure woman,  
Myself became blind to the wrong happenings in the dirty world domain;

Oh! Hear that great talk aired in All-India Radio this morning  
about youth and discipline, by our M.L.A sir in full swing  
who was playing rummy in rum mood all night,  
with our sincere Police officer looked so genuine and straight!



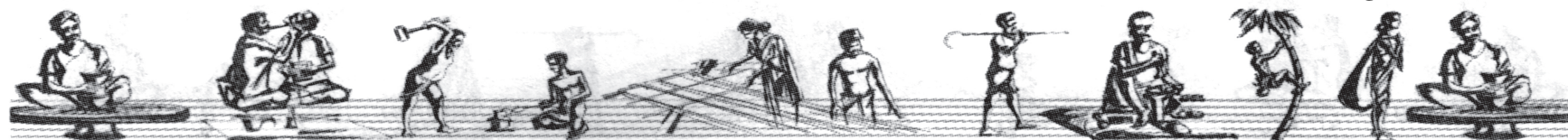


All my hopes were dashed into shards on smoky night burners,  
When the morning brightness failed to unravel the dark corners  
The sinister fog covered the eyes of all these men of responsibility  
It is still early, A bit more sunlight may dissolve this cold quality;

It is the time to raise the voices of oppressed clear and loud,  
It is the time to throw away the yoke of forced labour chill cloud,  
It is the time one has to move with the Sun to decimate tyranny,  
It is the time to tear away the curtains of fog with rays sunny;

The frozen snow drop will go melt in the throat of Jasmine,  
The hidden goodness of everyone surfaces in warm ray mine;  
The oppressed voice gets freedom from the shackles of strain,  
The workman's labour shall reap gold grain for all his pain train

\*\*\*\*\*



## 4. SNOW SCREENS

Early morning-

This snow weaved a spider web all over, grinning,  
And while I was in such thoughts, it came fast for certain  
like some insect breaking open the snow screened mountain;

Freezing permanently the deep hidden old beliefs,  
Political Red Sun's rapid rays go dissolving the imagination reliefs  
Like the skilled Dhaka weaver's milky white saree cloth  
Woven with such utmost care and diligence worth

That fits in a match box was lying idle all the time in its cell unseen  
Celebrating independence today in liberty like today's snow screen;  
A leafless tree widow when getting married to winter groom gem,  
The society of Kandukuri days, looming like a screen in between them;

Hissing noises from the windblown trees beyond that snow screen,  
Arriving like the sounds of trembling arms with bangles red and green;  
The melted dew drops flowing from the toddy palm tree leaves,  
Leaves an impression of white water dripping from its wound cleaves;

Falling snowflakes reminds one of the tumbling Sterling Pound,  
Gives relief about the thought of winning Socialist horse around;  
When hope's red flower opens, snowdrops of despair fall to ground  
When red lion rises up in the east, flees the spectre-grey snow hound

The songs of liberty resound in the mind screens with compassion  
The rejuvenated heart welcomes the morning sun in true passion  
The snow screens do melt away in the warmth of the bright sun  
On the lighted plane of heart morning rays scribbled a great lesson!

\*\*\*\*\*



## 5. SNOW CURTAIN

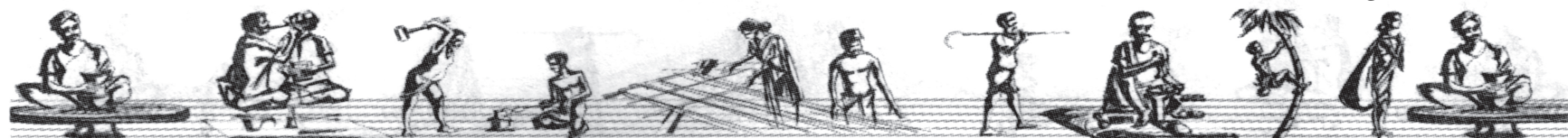
Draped in fine snow fabric, Early morning shines like  
A modern young woman without red Bindi on her forehead;  
Dappled by maya like snow- frost,  
The pleasant morning is like the still sleeping light ray;  
Dazzled by the lightning flashes of the snow maiden  
An inquisitive eye lost its quest of that light ray still in bed;  
Drizzling snowflakes like warlords who deceive the populace  
by hoisting peace flag in the open, yet continue surreptitiously war  
A serene early morning rules over the snow kingdom  
Like the white monkeys swarmed Lanka Island,  
Or like guerrillas conquering Berlin in a flash,  
In between moonset and sunrise  
When people are still heavily sedated in sleep;

This snow curtain-  
Sneakily closed the eyes of earth  
By not allowing the quiescent sun's radiance to appear in a blast;  
Slyly closing the petals of a red rose  
It trapped the bumble bee in the snow-room the entire night;

In that winter cold, in moonlight, in the arms of moon  
Nature damsel spent its amorous night in secret,  
Now pretends to be virtuous in her snow veil  
And waiting for the warmth of sunray arms

The murderer washed his trembling bloodied hands,  
The blood stains received the tears of winter snow,  
The motionless dead body in the side drain was covered  
By the snow cloth and the flow moved it into distant shores

Even in the freezing winters, one half-clad ploughman  
and his oxen walk towards the deep well in early hours;



A cowherdess in her yellow- green attire,  
One newly married shepherdess with snow pearl on her tender nose  
There the farmer's wife woke up and clearing the snowflake clusters  
On her braided hair that looked like black cobra shedding its scales;

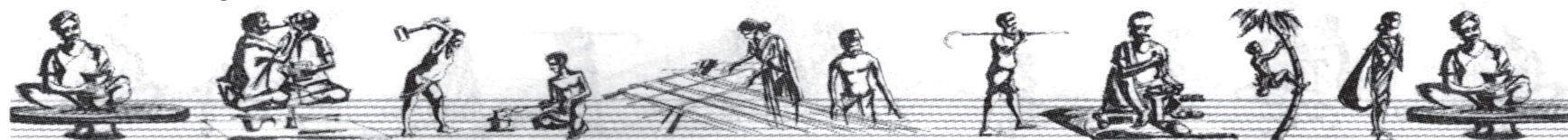
Youngman's youthful interest is a snow-clad village,  
Modern girl's mosquito net is the snow screened city- town;  
Snow steps from terrestrial plain to nimbus lane  
A bridge of snow from earth to sky  
On the other side of this bridge  
People shiver in the grip of winter snow tiger  
A few brave like Dilip fight it with tooth and nail  
Winds from fields whisper about the cities naked crisis  
At the city- edge hunger, cold and Kali age dance in poor huts

A great eagle snatched away the snake with unshed skin  
A tramp trampled a poor beggar woman in cold winter hunger  
A few more scenes enacted on the world stage  
Behind the thin transparent snow screens  
A poor woman's insufficient saree cloth, to cover the night child,  
When appeared in bundles in the early morning light  
Made her wonder, whether she failed to hear the knock at the door?  
But when she tried to grasp it the snow fabric dissolved into mist;

It must be the smoke from the eyes of a jealous neighbour  
It must be the towel that killer threw away after his ghastly act  
It must be the ashes from the pyres of the dead rebels  
That makes a journey to the heavens to claim their place there;  
This is the incarnation of winter, a misty fog, a cold fight of a race  
A snow rain it is, a snow screen, a snow tackle,  
Blackness devoured by whiteness, unless the anchor Sun comes  
And pulls the screen out, world's drama won't get started;

-This is the foreword-

\* \* \* \* \*



Behind this intact screen lies another fine sculpted world;  
Breaking the wombs of these undissolved ice crystals,  
Born is the pure white light that makes the earth stage  
Brilliant, and dances in style welcoming the sunrise;  
Birds sing their welcome songs with background music pristine,

The silver arms of sunrays smoothly wipe out the tears  
Hanging on to the corners of leaf eyes and painting rainbow hues  
To each stem and branch under the leadership of the righteous  
And the frozen blood of youth returns to hot bubble flow,

The warmth of the human heart spreads near and far  
And riding on the horse drawn chariot of responsibility  
Young and old work for the common good of the society  
By thawing the dark snow, releasing the trapped liberty

Awakening the earthlings from slumber to tread in freedom  
Recouping from the illness and rule the world of perennial light;  
Then this night will go away giving way to the silvery morning  
And the hopeful words of the poet shall come alive true in coming spring.

-This is the beginning of a story-

\*\*\*\*\*





## 6. WHERE CAN THAT PUPPY GO?

My dog has died  
My lovely dog has gone away from here,  
And my hands are groping for something.

What is this, this biscuit is still here in my hand,  
That used to get vanish in a fraction of a second  
Today it is looking at me like a dry log,  
Where has gone that dog pup  
that played joyously in these hands?  
But it has gone, somewhere!  
Leaving me alone, it has gone forever!

Humans have their heaven, so they go  
A beautiful garden, night-queen tree, celestial nymphs  
The tastiest nectar- amrita all available in abundance  
And pay the premiums and advances here in this world;  
So, they go without much ado or complaint  
Leaving their parents, lovely wife and dear children;  
But, where can that dog pup goes?

Such a faithful creature  
How can it get united with infinitude?  
I don't believe,  
It must have gone far away chasing a robber,  
And it will be back soon  
Chasing the selfish people towards the end of the world  
And return back by early morning like the homecoming boat;  
What it has got in that heaven to stay there?  
In its limpid eyes, tomorrow  
I shall read the class clashes of that much lauded heaven!

\*\*\*\*\*



## 7. A POLITICAL VICTIM I AM!

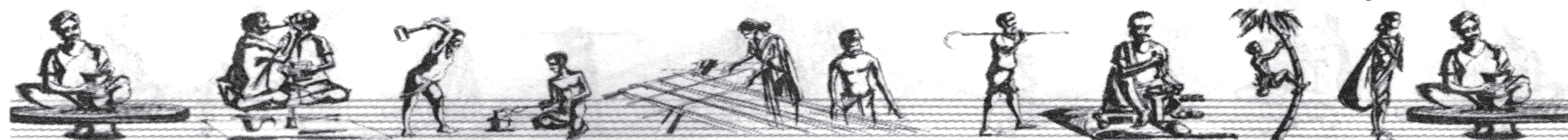
In the pea-vine in front of my house  
And in the pistachio tree in my backyard  
I noticed some development  
But I am going down to the bottom day by day  
Now I walk under the trellis of that vine  
And I could not touch the fruits unless I threw a stone;

Learnt a lesson that without revolution  
No electricity gets generated but when it gave a shock  
I thought that the castor-oil lamp is better;  
I feel pity at the jasmine plant  
Which gives white flowers even in these dark days,  
While every village is transforming into a factional umbrage;  
Even though I have a four walled narrow house,  
That did not stop my neighbour's bee stealing my rose's nectar

When I wished to be a sacred-fire stick in the national movement,  
I could not bear to see these happenings without my involvement;  
It seems everyone is being benefitted except me here,  
Are they doing something that I am unaware of?  
Fifteen years back I gave so much to this country,  
Now what is wrong if I expect some returns from it?  
All those evening jasmines that are offered to the god  
For the last twenty years they still offer themselves;  
It seemed moth has habituated to jump in the candle fire!

Now I have the desire to become well-off  
It is neither greed nor selfishness, o dear!

\*\*\*\*\*



## 8. AMBROSIAL RAIN

Rain in its downpours again giving aqua floral blessings  
Streams in their swell rapids flooding the lakes and low lands  
Acacia on this bank, desiccation cracks in dry fields that side  
Grew greenery of future by softening their rugged looks

Cremated desires reborn like a seven-pound new-born baby  
A new vitality whistled in the crevices of fast gales,  
Sea brought a tonic to the dried-up damsels of winds  
To make them wet and fruitful with cumulonimbus clouds

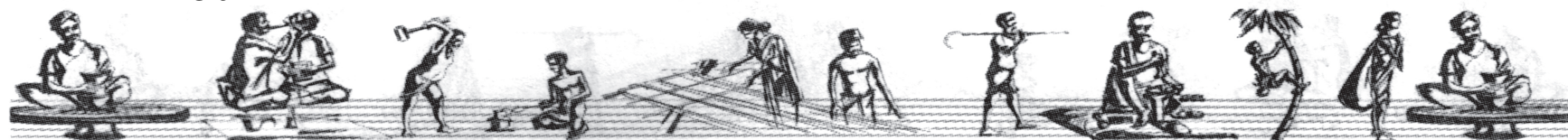
Outside boundary wall fell down like longstanding thoughts  
New waters flooded like the revolution in spate  
One young calf drenched in leaking hut was ruminating rain memories  
Earth, like one estranged wife redeemed her lover's return  
With Bindi spots on her forehead of scarlet velvet Arudra mites

A dashing bull bellowed; a rooster crowed from its perch  
A farmer's son declared – "tomorrow is mine"  
On green grass top raindrops moved themselves in pearl-chain  
Plough on his shoulder, wife by his side, oxen preceding  
Commoner moves nonchalantly sowing seeds of change

When he grabbed the food plate chasing away the dog  
A beggar's hunger responded with tears of joy  
Likewise, rain rolled on the parched earth  
Chasing away the hot winds of summer with cool squalls

Like the enthusiasm of peasants and workers for better future,  
Excitement, emotions and happiness for a common drive feature,  
Rain weaves cool drizzles and downpour that smothers forest fire;  
O people! Come, let's drink the ambrosial rain from the sky sapphire!

\*\*\*\*\*



## 9. POET

Must have been ravished  
By the night long mosquito concert;

Do kisses drive one crazy?  
Can love bites produce itchy lumps sleazy?  
A lone dark night cloud that dozed on the hilltop  
This early morning took rest on this poet's countenance,  
As languorous sleep and not leaving him for a price;

Goddess Padmakshi took Kartika snow bath  
Avoiding clash with the society dotted with atheist tinge  
Lord Bhairava clads with onion skin thin snow fabric  
Crossed religious lines of sanctity;

Scattered stones and broken pillars of Ekasila Dynasty  
Shed tears of snow showing the carved letters on stone  
To the poet in melancholy tone,  
Bonfires receiving the snow tears reminded  
The poet of the perennial hunger pains

The beggar's song 'Bhikshuvarshiyasi'  
That haunted the great poet's mind before Independence  
Fell flat in front of the poet's house, today,  
Covered by the pamphlets of Five-year Plan campaign  
In the front garden of the romantic poet  
Calotropis grew instead of his imaginary jasmines and lilies  
Spiders are now weaving poems in the house of the poet  
And the poet has tongue-tied on writer's block;



A deprived poet is ever busy in decoding scribbled letters  
On the palm leaves found in the Thanjavur Saraswathi Mahal  
But, penniless to buy a tonic for his dwindling light maiden  
Sun with his surveillance rays is inspecting the snow crystals  
Left by the night rain, Poet too with his perspectives  
Finding that many restless revelations;

Raped by the atomic explosion  
Sahara Desert cried in pain  
What could a poet do  
Even it slashed his heart with terrific strain?

Can he enter the political mazes of Machiavelli, expecting...  
To find oases and utopias in imaginary garden depths?  
He looked at the dead bird  
That searched for light in electric wire;  
In it he saw an immortal being  
Got wet by the tears of snow from the sky eyes;

Yes, A poet is a tireless traveller always in search of light!

\*\*\*\*\*





## 10. ODD HOURS

It is that night time  
The two hands of clock lie together;  
When earth gets trapped by moonlight  
From the illusory love of sun  
Its heart beat counts twelve in tandem;

It is the time, in the sanctum sanctorum  
The reluctant god is in deep sleep amidst incense smoke  
It is the time a beggar is still cajoling his hunger stomach;

it is that time;  
Waylaid by a vicious cobra, a girl  
from a respectable family, jumps into a dilapidated well,  
It is that time in the political game  
When N.G.O 's back is broken by a shrewd manoeuvre

It is that time when the enquiry officer threw the empty bottle  
The sharp glass pieces hit and wounded an old sweeper;  
It is that time the cold gale hit hard the lone dog pup;  
It is that time the hunger fires of poor gives illusions of fire spirits  
It is the cruel Devil's crucial time  
It is that time when my pen waved its letter locks and moved out  
In moonlight dressed up in drapery of imaginations and emotions

With borrowed beauty and radiance from sun,  
Moon tried to ravish the earth maiden;  
Knowing this how can I imagine that  
Next morning the same sun adorns her forehead  
With Bindi in red vivacity and clads her in bright greenery?

When an honest man committed suicide going under  
A speeding car that ran over him and the lady and her dog,  
Inside the car never noticed it; but a piglet cried in death fear  
That made two wounds in the heart of the white silence;



When a ricksha puller's hard-earned money  
Half pocketed by the traffic police and half gone as daily rent  
His eyes chuckle and heckles his tired legs, in despair

Half-asleep insect wakes up in frog's mouth  
False coin in unemployed guy's hand buys no food coupon  
In the city garden champak is dazed by a poisonous snake  
Lying on the green grass a madman is dreaming about heaven  
Municipality pet mosquitoes hovering over his shrivelled hair  
In his warm embrace moonlight lost its way in thoughts

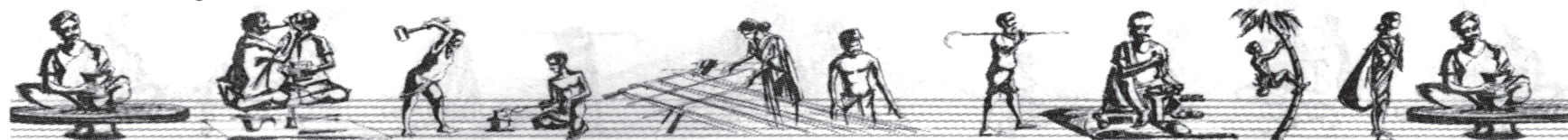
Dark night plays see-saw in the distant grove  
The paid driver smuggling merchandise in his truck  
When died in a new bridge collapse  
River rapids threw him out on the banks without mercy  
The foundation stone laid by an honourable minister  
Still awaits progress with smeared moonshine  
Meanwhile the palm seed grew big befriending moon  
And providing moon white water and livelihood to a family

When the factory siren blows in full throat,  
Leaving his son at home, the worker runs to the working place  
Is there any guarantee that he will return home safe and sound?

While I write this poem this is already past odd hours,  
In this serene moonlight, writing a despair poem  
It seems not palatable even to my pen

As per the calendar, already new day has begun,  
Yesterday's dream comes to tomorrow's experience  
Gets transformed into today's reality  
As per the earth's deceit it is still mid-night  
And still remains half of the night to smoke out the deceptions;

Affected by the daily dismal happenings in this miserable world  
My eyes get wet by pain and anguish; Wiping my tear-filled eyes,  
Keeping them safe in my eyelid orb boxes, cajoling them to sleep  
I shall bring a great radiant dream of bright future! Good night!



## 11. SURREALISTIC FESTIVAL OF LAMPS!

A great desire to see the moonrise  
But yesterday was a no moon day  
So, with plenty of lamps in my shut eyes  
I was thrilled in my visions of imagination;

In the far away forest, I came to know, that  
Many wild jasmines were trampled by the night beasts,  
A lone bird's family spent a whole night hungry  
Village beggar held his empty stomach with empty hands;

On this festival days of lamps  
Sky donned starry clothes while forest was in night's grip  
Darkness with jealousy declared hate campaign  
My kingdom of light started blinking  
As the candles and oil lamps breathing their last puffs  
Soon prevailed the power of darkness in that precarious night

Uncanny shadows underneath the oil lamps  
Creepy darkness caterwauling in the ground floor of a palace  
A demon is always on prowl to kidnap the light nymph  
These things I never imagined even in my wild thoughts  
Moonshine is a heart moving necessity  
Like the jasmine tree in bloom,

Moonshine as white upper cloth,  
Doves with silvery moonlight shining  
In their eyes and hearts saying sweet nothings

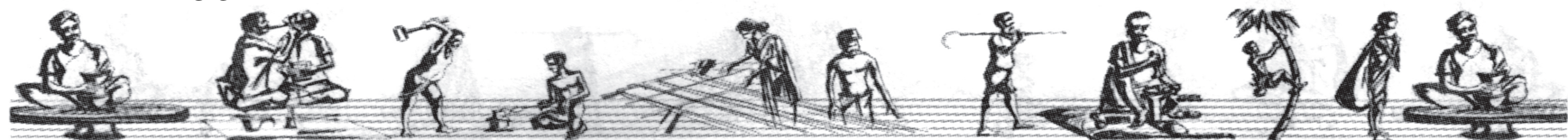


Near the newly whitewashed by moonlight a decrepit old inn  
An embittered lover finding his past girlfriend around the corner,

An awakening dream to the sleepy soul,  
A wavy day for the excited sea god  
A lovely game of light and shadows in thick forest zone  
A disciple coming out of his preceptor's pate like moonlight

Bare darkness overpowering bonfires of the bearish night  
Like a beaming flambeau, moonlight stood at the trellis edge  
Standing guard to the farmer's girl guarding the field  
A prism, a mirror, a celestial lamp, a heavenly cow  
I would like to see the moonrise on every night to issue ambrosial light

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## 12. UNREACHABLE SKY

Like the last flicker of the lamp in the smoky niche  
Like the scattered vermilion on a Rajput widow's forehead  
Like the coral leaf carried away by a flying demon  
Like the frozen blood from the wounded buffalo on west shore  
Like the red signature of an officer on a wrongly framed report  
Sun sets on the west horizon allowing dark poverty to spread in!

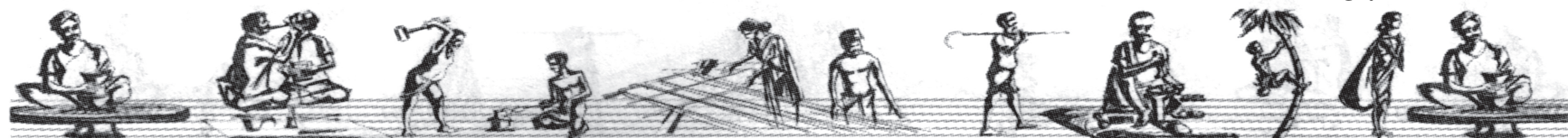
Hungry clouds, like rats, ran to grab the milky white crescent,  
In the repeated cats and monkey story monkey got the honey pot,  
When stars tried to trap the phantasm of a deer  
They found neither gazelle nor hare on the moon's lair;  
In the orbits of the satellites the dead Laika has its neighbours

Hunter 's hunger died for today,  
Unable to distinguish between stomach and brain  
Eagles mistook the crescent moon as a white pigeon  
Tigers misidentified it as a tired young bullock  
They fought for the prey and found the illusion  
That reminds one the present-day world's progression  
My arguments with my friend seemed to annoy  
The myna-bird pair in their romantic run

Enjoying the shade and oxygen offered by the trees,  
Constructing the ladders without steps into the clouds  
Looking into the deep layers of sky with television eyes,  
O man! Why your sighs do become poisonous fumes of fires?

Look at the banyan tree! It has greenness of fulfilment  
It spreads its arms with supporting roots in the basement  
There is no room for hunger in the sky,  
When you grow without contentment serenity eludes you  
When dissatisfaction, deep quest for power, selfishness  
Spread their roots, they like nightmares deprives your sleep;  
There you will realize the difference between a tree and human!

\*\*\*\*\*





## 13. RAKHI BANDHAN

My dear sister! Many years have passed since that day  
You tied the precious Raksha Bandhan to my wrist in joy  
Those golden days they move like images of a silent movie  
Leaving my eyes wet, with tears full of precious memories;  
Do they return those playful days and the lost childhood?  
My dear sister! Many years have passed since that day!

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On that day when you are leaving to your husband's house  
Your mother was agog with sorrow of unknown fears  
Yet, consoled herself looking at the bright future ahead!  
You did feel, we forcibly pushed you into another threshold,  
I think that was the last and final year you tied Raksha Bandhan!  
And those knots of marriage rituals  
Witnessed by fire, sky, Arundhati and inner consciousness  
In between two personified cloth corners  
Did they vouchsafe your safety in near disaster future,  
On that day when you are leaving to your husband's house!

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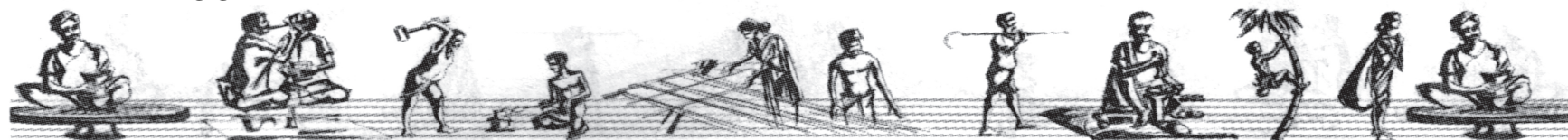
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My heart burns in grief  
When these visuals now dance in front of my very eyes.  
We never thought that bouquets will become sharp knives  
And silence you forever;  
Raksha Bandhan knot looked at me with pleading eyes  
But I failed to understand its silent message  
While you suffered there,  
I believed you are well taken care of;  
They stretched your patience beyond life's limits; now  
my heart burns in grief...

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Your eyes preserved those swirls of tortures  
Your voice box preserved the oppressed emotions  
Your stomach preserved the marine fire  
Yet your eyes were silent like twin Pacific oceans  
You never showed your waves of sorrows to the outside world  
Your eyes preserved those swirls of tortures

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No human heart heard your inside explosion  
No star sensed the bitterness in your tear's composition  
When a brother fails to understand your angst  
How can one expect the distant moon to come to your aid?  
No human heart heard your inside explosion!

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You tied my hands, Rakhi,  
My return gift was shackles to your tender hands  
This life imprisonment  
This transfer of you from one animal house to another  
In the name of tradition, which I could not stop!  
In this age-old bull-fights young bullocks get injured;  
We thought they will preserve you like a beautiful flower  
But they wilted you in their loveless desert;  
You tied my hands, Rakhi-

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My day-dream of seeing you as a queen  
In reality it withered...  
A clerk I became and you a slave  
I wished to gift you a palace  
The sand castle dissolved pushing me down under  
And left you in crumbled space with narrow walls, unlike  
my day-dream of seeing you as a queen

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With what measures can I fight this world?  
Which one is important, Education or Ethos?  
Which one is looked with awe, arrogance or kindness?  
Which one is given preference, vanity or humility?  
World is full of contradictories, it prefers appearances;  
With what measures can I fight this world?

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They said you are like earth, born to bear  
They decided the master of your ship  
The land looked like the desert of Sahara  
You carried them in hot sunshine, sand storms, day and night  
When they are out of water, they cut open your belly  
Without any mercy or memories to haunt  
And they said you are like earth, born to bear!

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I wished so many things for your safe passage  
On your way plenty of oasis stops, date trees  
But the master of your ship is alien  
He took you in his terms and you left us in your journey  
The land looked like the desert of Sahara  
I wished so many things for your safe passage

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Look o dear sister! How this inimitable moon is struggling  
To avoid imprisonment by the persistent dark clouds  
Even in this august month of Sravana?  
Let him be an example to you,  
Even in this mechanical daily routine,  
Is he not painting shining stars on his serene mind canvas?  
Look o dear sister! How this inimitable moon is struggling!

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Let this Rakhi be a memoir of your unfathomable love  
Let this love be a song of happiness and my blessings;  
Do I hear any discordant note in this musical composition?  
Does it sound odd when I say live with them with patience  
And preserve yourself well in an alien land with dignity?  
Let this Rakhi be a memoir of your unfathomable love

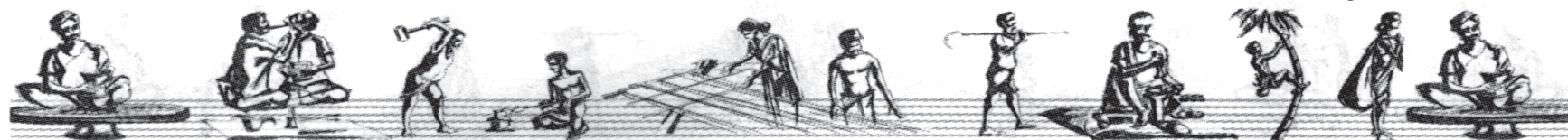
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Who will read this letter to you in that land of oppression?  
You did not go to school as per our tradition and confession;  
In that land of dictatorship no one comes to your aid  
Even that young boy, your husband's brother was reprimanded  
It seems, for he scribbled the letter and posted it on your behalf;  
One day I will post this letter  
that has my impressions about this world, then also,  
who will read this letter to you in that land of oppression?

\*\*\*\*\*



## 14. NON- POETIC OBJECT

Every part of your body defines primeval beauty  
Every expression determines your youthfulness!

When the whole world is stunned at your beauty pristine  
Why yourself is in that rock-solid state, o gorgeous one!

Your flaming lips lit many hearts afire  
Did they burnt themselves in that fire to show your heart?

Youthfulness flush flashed all over your edifice  
Yet did not rob innocence from your young heart and eyes!

Got deceived by this rotten world of selfishness, your heart,  
While expecting an immortal pleasant experience;

World enjoys the view of Niagara waterfalls  
Cares a hoot about the fall of water and its flaming heart break

Puppetry to machines man's skills evolved, but,  
His mind still wavers in understanding the inner love's uproar

A star, a lightning on the surface of the dark clouds,  
Your stay is for a moment, but it yielded gold in abundance

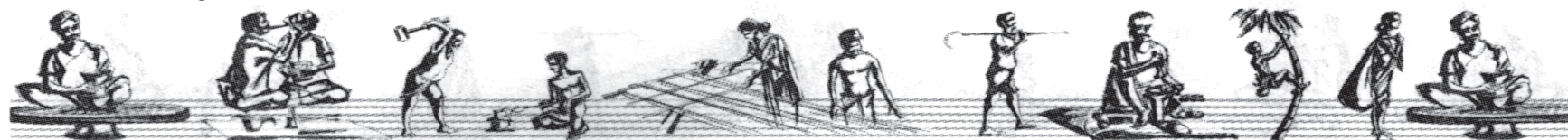
One can say umpteen wicked things about you,  
But you are yet to reach the stage to be penned on a paper

Lots of stones, shoes inspired many to write epics  
But, o lust, you failed to possess the standard requirement

Society got troubled not by your nudity  
But the nakedness of your limp heart caused eye burn to it

This world is blind to the beauty of your heart  
That's why you fulfil your quest for inner peace in stunning sleep

\*\*\*\*\*





## 15. MELODIOUS SONG

I write these words  
Dipping my pen in the blood that spilled  
from the eyes of an epileptic during a terrible fit,  
I write these words;

And filling my pen with the pathetic cry that leaked  
From the throat of a collapsed cow's last breath  
I write these words insisting that budding  
and fulfilling are parts of dream realization;

See the shades beneath the lamp stand  
Look at the issues of the daughter in in-law's house  
Find the predators in pitch darkness  
Trampling the innocents under their lust squeeze;

Feeding on sour mango leaves a koel sings bitter songs  
Swinging in hot winds, neem tree gives no cool breezes;  
A few handfuls of people sit tight on the breath of millions  
Minister of Finance scribbles budget on the entrails of poor

It is the time  
We cease crying hoarse to wake up Sri Rama god;  
It is the time  
To tread on the path of Alluri Sita Rama Raju for common good!

\*\*\*\*\*



## 16. LIFE IS NO CAKE-WALK AS GRANDMA SAID...

It is unlike the grandma's story, this life,  
There is no king,  
Only a clerk  
So, there is no king  
That tells without saying, there are no seven sons  
But this clerk has seven or more girl children  
And the eldest daughter is dreaming about her prince  
Just like in that movie, she as that heroine;  
Sleep deprived clerk has no dreams  
Except his daughter growing like daily expenditure;  
Second daughter moves  
with detective Parasuram in dream cars;  
That clerk feels criminal in that novel is more productive  
And useful to the society than that defective detective;  
His eyes and thoughts revolve around the money stacked  
In the officer's purse, or treasury's locker for a while;

In dream sequences he pays all his debts,  
marries his two daughters to most eligible persons,  
Gives his wife gift hamper  
And spends again the most beautiful night  
With rejuvenation and resuscitated economic wellbeing

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Dream Effect-

Money purse officer reprimands him in harsh tones

Account section informs him about his loss of pay

Elder daughter elopes with a stage actor

And commits suicide after the conman's jump

Second daughter and her rowdy husband

Goes to prison for a collective robbery or joint crime

Life never was a great story as told by grandma

That clerk is still many steps away from the conclusion of his story

\*\*\*\*\*



## 17. JAWAHARLAL

Nehru,  
The bitter reality of your demise  
Did not go well into my conscience  
Through the scientific perspective you developed in us!

A democrat you are, declared people as your heirs  
This country seems to me now  
Like Ayodhya without Rama, Dwarka city without Krishna;

Problems that singed you like stove on the chest,  
You considered them as singing roses,  
But the thorn of the rose  
Robbed your health in stealth  
Now who has the capability to bear that formidable rose?

Our tears have no words to describe the agony,  
Our feelings cannot be described in any scribe's words  
Our hearts are choked with silence of your absence

Dear Nehru, please speak a few words to console us,  
Make us repeat Jai Hind thrice with your speech nimbus

We built a pyre on our hearts with deep sighs  
You look serene in your flower decorated cart  
Your folded hands, your smiles, your hand signs  
Your showers of affection on little children  
Your warm heart and kindness filled eyes  
That gave assurance to the millions are now montages



We feel that you left us  
To unshackle another country that is in dire straits  
More than our Mother India,  
through this burning sandalwood path;  
Your face a source of deep thought,  
Your merciful eyes, your unassailable smile,  
The red rose on your chest a symbol of revolution and progress  
Your humaneness how can we wipe it out from our hearts?

You may not be here physically,  
But your thoughts with tinges of philosopher's stone,  
Touched and ignited every cell of our body;  
And there is no place that is not touched by your radiance

Today's sunset is not the end point of creative process  
To this moon, stars, lamps, and fireflies  
And even to the sunshine burnt rocks have the power  
Of redeeming brightness, and sun knows that;  
For a bright tomorrow is your today's exit.

It is our responsibility to realize your socialist dream,  
It is our duty to bring democracy in this land  
It is our concern to bring a proper shape to this raw stone  
Then only these tears gain some value of a proper vision

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## 18. I

Blooming beautiful flowers,  
Looking at half-nude lovers,  
Emanating half-blossomed desires;

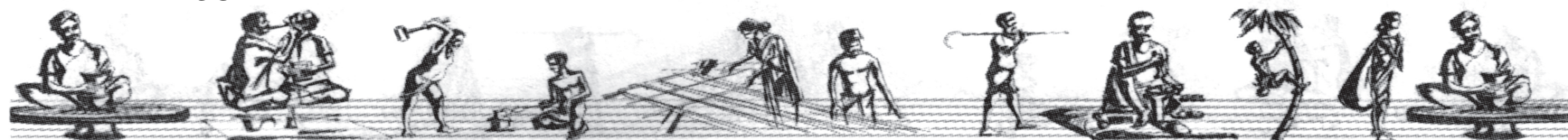
After falling into the lower most realm  
Don't bother about the clods in rice bowl;  
With full stomach evolves no hunger poem  
Sipping strong sizzling coffee  
I feel the magic of romantic javali songs

In the dust filled streets, flying in fantasy lands  
I dream about Roerich's Himalayan splendours  
Slipping serenely on the slopes like pristine snow;  
Avoiding the crime thriller- Who is the killer?  
Me enjoying Satyajit Ray's films on my mind- celluloid  
From the world of salaries, pay-checks, scales, rules,  
Scandals and gossip-tinged discussions  
I look forward for some unique family of Universe!

Writing for a classless society,  
Waiting for a clear and bright sunrise

I am penning beautiful dreams,  
Incorporating dreams here and there  
Adding enduring lamp saucers,  
Blooming with lights bright all over

\*\*\*\*\*



## 19. DEFINITION

How can one define life without actually living it?  
How can one say it is good or bad, without tasting the curry?

Not only sour grapes, but some fruits in hands do taste sour!  
May be bitter fruits are available to all everywhere!

Yes, truth is always bitter  
While untruth tastes like heaven and tastier

Mother feeds her nine months dream  
Child enjoys the nectar and smiles heavenly,  
Looks into the sky, into her face, into her eyes,  
Into the brightness in divine satisfaction;

Her blood sap, her love and affection's essence  
Her breast milk, the child drinks copiously

Like the flower attached to the vine stem,  
Like the sweetest smile sprouted in a mellowed thought  
Hanging his smiles to mother's smiles  
The child is playing with her hair waves

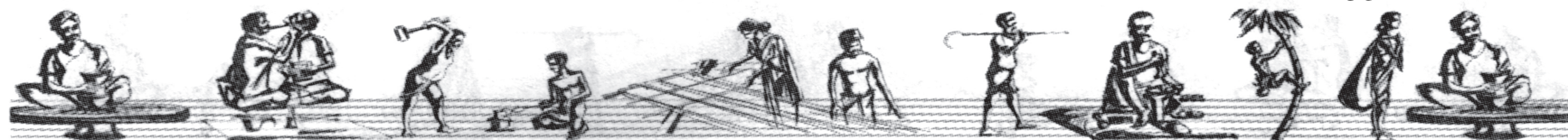
In smiles and cries he expresses his pleasures and wants;  
May be that percolate in later life  
Into forced smiles and sorrow acts of dubious nature

By gurgling experience one can never define it  
One has to digest it, assimilate it,  
Like the child absorbs the essence of milk,

Giving definition to that experience is impossible  
Yet, we do it umpteen times

Finding no definite definition is also  
a definition of life

\*\*\*\*\*



## 20. HUNGER?

O beggar woman! O mad woman!  
In your hasty touch and breath from my behind  
I find your hunger, not your youthful exuberance!  
In your slant inviting glances  
I find the hunger pangs, not lust screams;

Your dreams of past  
They withered like your breasts...  
Like your empty dreams hanging on to you  
Your breasts too hang on to your chest bones...  
What treasures can they offer to the lust seeking customers?

What is there to hide and what is there to cover?  
Your blood no more can transform into milk essence

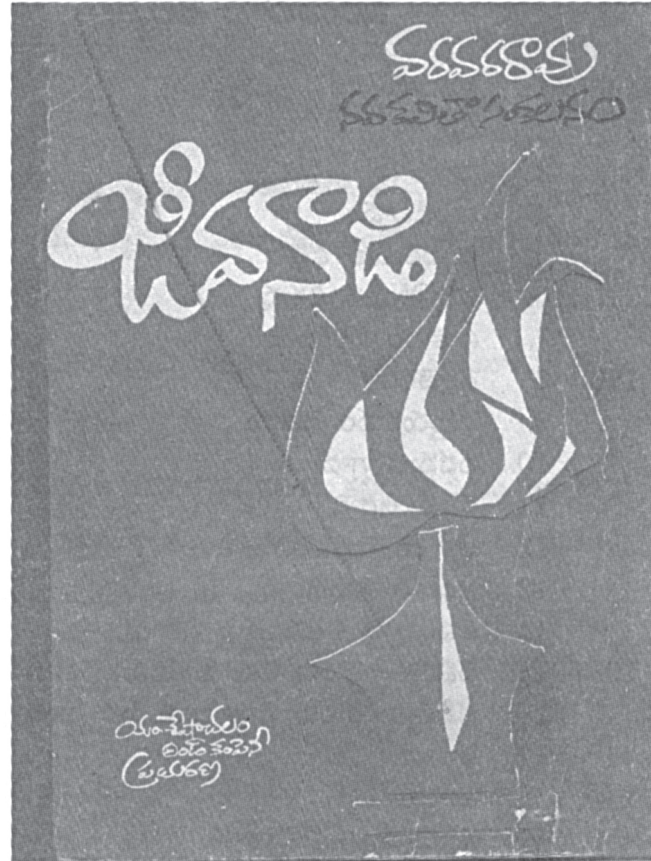
I could not turn back  
Though you pressed your knees on my calf pillars  
I could not sense any warmth  
Though you tried to titillate my back with saggy globes  
I could not feel any thing  
Though you spread your arms of drainage flows of sideways  
Sorry, I am incompetent to measure your pressures!

My vanity and rich look must have lured you for a try,  
Maybe it is better you steal those coins in my back-pocket,  
Leaving me here in my thoughts of this surreal world;  
Fool! For a few coins you rent your body to a stranger  
Me I am unable to buy your offer for a few coins here,

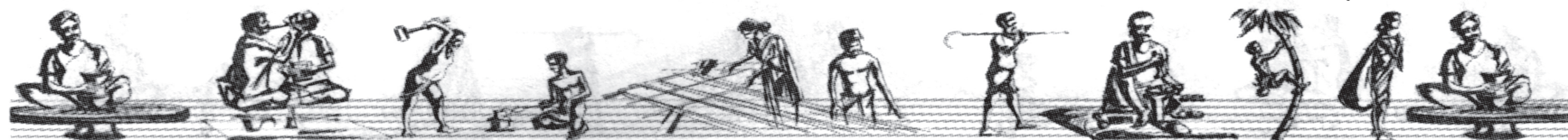
Forgive me,  
I am not rich enough to pay you for your services,  
Those coins I have in my back pocket cannot answer your hunger  
Loan service gives no guarantee of future payment  
This train journey is comical and painful in its own way!

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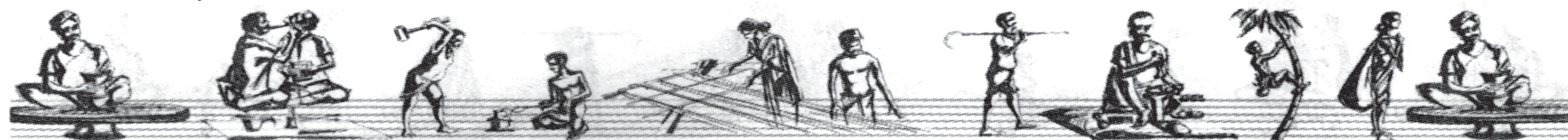




***Jeevanaadi* (1970)  
(LIFE PULSE)**



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# 1. LIFE PULSE

What if  
I sleep in despair and rise in hope?  
A leader to my generation I am,  
A singer to the voice of my age I am;

What if  
I enjoy my day dreams' outcome in my night dream?  
What if  
This whole day my eyes drenched with blood and sweat?  
But I have trust in tomorrow's glows

I know  
I am speaking about the unrest around  
I am kindling the doused-flames to life  
For tomorrow's peace, for future pace  
Umpteen unstated feelings  
Go in quest of expression in my writings  
They search for their own personality there

The sunrise is in freedom movements  
Not yet seen in the real lives of black brethren  
In Asia, Africa, Europe, America,  
In any sphere of the universe  
Any one that seeks progress but no destruction is my heir  
I am the lamp of hope to the poor and oppressed



What if  
It looks immature or unclear?  
I speak the voice of the world, voice of this age  
From a pure, excited, hopeful heart

I am the electric current born in modern generator  
Not those old lamps that wavered in celestial airs;  
Sporting with atoms and molecules  
I lead the world to all-round progress  
I will write my victory saga on moon with rocket quills

What if  
After kindling thousand lamps  
I lose my life's breath or pulse?  
I am the light of this age,  
I am the electric current born in this modern generator  
I am the revolution!

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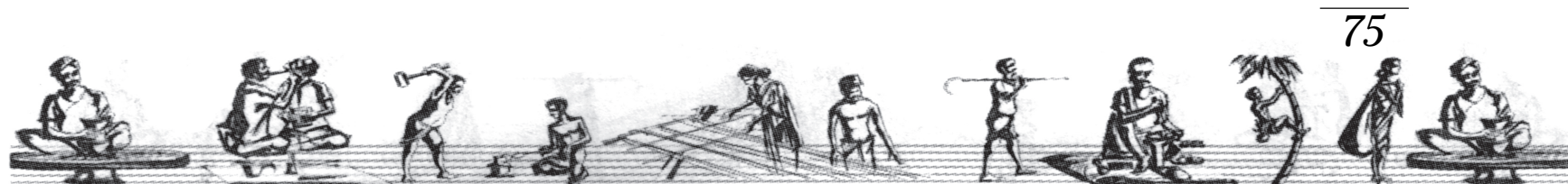
## 2. TOMORROW

Tears won't remove sufferings  
Think about your duty  
Poetry won't remove sorrows,  
Plan a perfect formidable formation

When your heart burns like a fire of miseries  
Ignite revolution  
In the hearts of millions  
Suffering like you

Bring the frogs out of that well  
Leave the skiff of leaky morals  
Ignite the fires with your flaming breath  
Doused by the opportunistic sky and  
Create and construct a brighter tomorrow  
rooted so far in your fertile imaginations

\*\*\*\*\*



### 3. CROSS ROADS?

I am searching for the taste in daily morsel of food,  
And affection in the lips of the beloved ones;  
Searching for the wetness in tears,  
Noises of Niagara Falls in smiles,  
The pulsatile sounds of blood flow from heart  
And the fragrance in the flowers I am looking for...

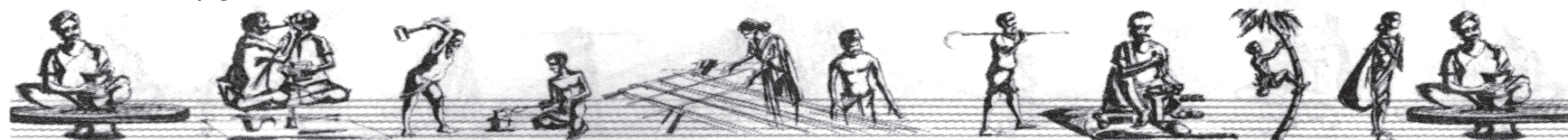
Tower of Qutub Minar do fall in the time's onslaught  
And I search for steel furnace that sprouted overnight  
Sun is ablaze scorching the devotee's empty stomach  
No Indra god is available to visit Trinity as a messenger  
Rain god comes but on his own terms, form formidable,  
Frog goddess fails to function under atheist surveillance;

When infant is in distress old measures fail these days  
But they are no worse than the incompetent specialist  
Values changed in tastes, interests, and foresight  
But, the value of life and necessary care never changes  
The shadows of slavery ever loom on every sector  
Education encourages meekness, Jobs preaches loyalty

Like hanging bats upside down in dark corners or caves  
Poor lives die thousand deaths each day in daily chores  
Fear prowls like policeman's dog, common man shivers  
In the airless place breathing becomes grim and difficult  
With walls all around foresight becomes the first casualty  
My head bows down under my dirtied feet sunk in mud

This tongue acquired sweet talk, how I don't know!  
I am searching for freedom in this independence  
And some light in dwindling values I am searching;  
For sunrise through this thick fog, advancement of better life  
to everyone, awareness of reality in poetry,  
I am searching, sincerely for the destination to be reached;

\*\*\*\*\*



## 4. SNAKE-CHARMER'S SNAKE

A virile cobra viciously attacks  
If someone steps on its tail;  
It swings side to side  
Mesmerised by Nagasvara-flute rhythm;

When its sharp fangs are removed  
Its head or tail makes no difference,  
So, it yields to power  
Even you touch its hood;

Snake charmer knows this  
Yet he creates a dramatic scene  
Not to defuse snake's anger  
But to basket the audience in his favour

Snake too knows its vulnerability  
It too participates in its act  
It hisses, spreads its hood  
It dances to his tune

In that act of yielding  
There is a remedy unseen by onlookers,  
For the hungry stomachs  
Of both the master and his prisoner!

\*\*\*\*\*





## 5. IMPERIAL DELHI

Why o poor girl, you look towards Delhi imperial?

No water, no warmth

They tap tears, but no water from taps local

No good air, no living strength

Market has everything

Money flows like dirty water in side drains

Gold or gilt they sell without guilt

Even the finance minister gets duped in this quilt

Everything is available except the one you came to buy,

Prices go hot hotter hottest like sunshine outside,

They say prices rise in proportion to the dearness allowance

Like the daily beard and daily shave

Air freezes or explodes but never go in breezes

It speaks fourteen languages officially in its circular house

And outside you find twisters and storm winds

Everything is obtainable on cards

A card for each bare necessity in this city

Available for every situation including prostitution

Milk bottles contain American cowmilk powder

And Indian children have dollars in their doctored blood

It has lost its own existence and its individual stance

Shimla sizzles its European guests with its snow spectacle,

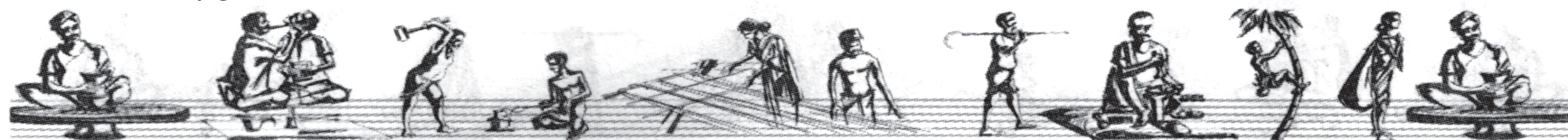
But leaves its own children under frostbite and hunger bites

Whenever Thar Desert burns hot Delhi sports fire-walk

Here treason is in perennial demand, shadows spy in shades

Embassies have walls of treachery bricks and political tricks

Top secrets of governance are openly sold in open market



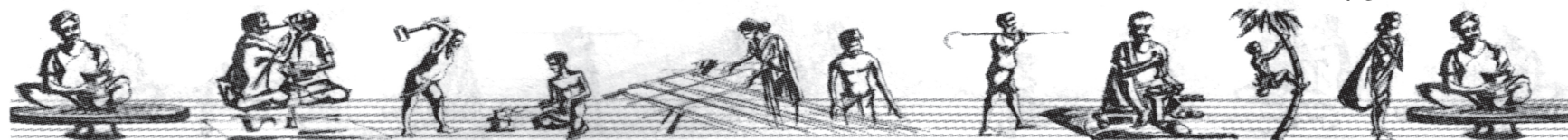
Your Madras smell is repugnant here  
 Bengalis uphold your honour under jealousy limits  
 Soon you will feel the pin prick and lose interest in Sarat babu  
 Tamils live in brotherhood and you are not their brother  
 Your own Telugu goose walk away in mongoose style  
 Fourteen or more languages speak in hushed tones of suspicion  
 Every Sunday they screen a Telugu movie,  
 Richly decorated ladies tread in stylish ramp walk  
 Come on o girl, you can have Chandni chowk's charming beads  
 And see time melting away in wait for Delhi Parivahan buses  
 Teen murti is agog with visitors, Nehru is now a museum piece  
 Let's pray at Rajghat and intone our mistakes  
 There they crucified the Christ,  
 here we shot dead Mahatma  
 And sell fruits on his name

How can Dominican Republic harbours peace in Eagle's beak?  
 How can peace prevails in Malabar coconut groves,  
 Or rubber plantations where workers' basic rights are denied?  
 Yet they gift rights to the priests on people's gods  
 Then how can peace prevail where iniquity rules the roost?

You are not allowed to go up in Qutub Minar  
 They deny the opportunity to suicide enthusiasts  
 Red Fort has sound and light exuberance, one can enjoy  
 the views of Parliament and Rashtrapati Bhavan from outside  
 To visit Taj mahal, Taj express journey is a fashion,  
 Mother said once- What is there to see?  
 No temples, no sacred towers except the tombs of silence!

My fair lady! Let's enjoy Coca-Cola sip by sip in gossip  
 And see My Fair Lady movie in Sheila Theatre  
 Let's drown ourselves in these new trends,  
 We can go wild in the vague art exhibition galore  
 And munch a few gup-chups to pacify the revolt, but  
 my fear is you will soon start weaving sweaters instead of flowers!

\*\*\*\*\*



## 6. THE LOST CHILD

Where are you my child?  
Lost you somewhere here  
Wished to keep you against the tides  
But pleasure walked me the other way

Such a ghastly experience and struggle  
Lots of bleeding and labour pains wriggle  
The pleasures of spring looked tiny  
Against the hot winds of March

Every time you formed in me  
And came out in to this world amidst tears  
All my brawls against life did vanish momentarily  
But realities required you to be thrown into some dustbin

Never had a chance to look at you for a damn minute  
In the waves of hands, you rolled towards a shore, destitute !  
Lots of sighs and tears did expand into a repeat sea  
Visions of you playing with flowers and kind people I always see

I live under nightly labours of servicing the bulls  
There somewhere you must be reaching a muddy shore  
This world has nothing to do with our loneliness  
A pleasure pot has no rights to think of a family store

Cord was cut and you were thrown out into darkness  
Colostrum was still hot before I start renting my whole  
Milk flows from my breasts for a while like nascent love  
Some dreams fly us to the ever land of mother and child

Crime and punishment cries often in my gelded mind  
Hunger and poverty play pimps in selling you to fate  
Where children do play mother and children roles  
There I often feel guilty of being a mother to a lost child

\*\*\*\*\*



## 7. WAIT FOR ME

Wait for me  
Wait for me  
Bearing endless struggles  
Flowing infinite tears

Ashadha rain clouds  
When they rain incessantly melancholy  
Sisira season with its winter gales  
When it tried to take away the leaves and hopes  
Grishma hot winds  
When they burnt your patience too-  
Wait for me!

Every known person ceased waiting for me,  
Even mother too stopped thinking,  
Friends did forget about yesterday and me  
And no letters I received from you

Then also do not lose your hopes  
Do not get tired of waiting for me  
I shall return, wait for me  
Defying death I will return

Then they say I am fortunate

They never reason that you are the one  
That saved me from the stranglehold of death;  
They never realise,  
Since we only knew, the truth!

\*\*\*\*\*



## 8. WHITE FLAG

Delivering umpteen children  
Feeling lost its pristine beauty  
Dreams withered like children  
Wandering in hot summer winds

Tears of happiness and grief  
Both dried in heart and eye depths  
A complicated web is weaved  
On the tender heart nest

The microanalytical eye sight  
Lost its light by overgrowing pterygium  
We lose inspiration for somebody's kindness,  
Tastes for convenience; freedom for false prestige

Honour for opportunities, ideology for selfishness  
And we do crush buds on the day of appearance  
Our blood has become water on the very moment  
we established treaty with this unreasonable society!

\*\*\*\*\*





## 9. BLOOD FOR BRIGHT LIGHT

Freedom seeker is kept  
Strictly in prisons;  
Imperialist cannot sleep  
Unless the freedom fighter is in chains;

Nightmares haunt the oppressor in his wildest sleep  
Where oppressed hoist him from sky to hell pits;  
When there are no boundary lines  
Between the behaviour and feelings  
Plutocracy put scissor cuts to the commoner's life

But the shackles adamantine or steel  
When applied to the fundamental rights  
They break like gossamer threads in near future;  
In this difficult endeavour  
Unless warriors walk and stand like lamp posts  
Revolutionary current fails to flow  
in that trying trail of many a torture

\*\*\*\*\*



## 10. WEST WIND

West wind is blowing high  
Are you sure, you made the embers cold?  
Crazy winds hot and balmy  
They can ignite easy fires of our thatched huts  
So suitable for the ships from the west  
That bring wheat to this impoverished land  
And the same wind evokes sand twisters  
On the sun rising in the east  
And sprinkles dust and sand in the food of the poor

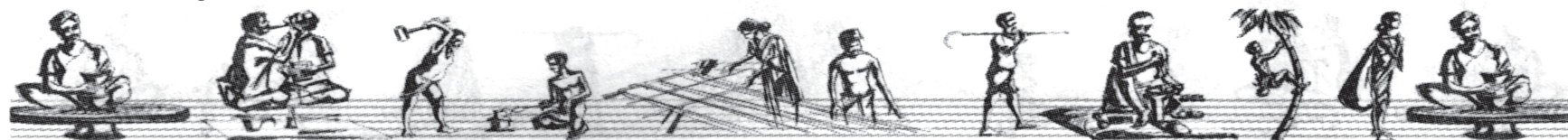
Close the east door!  
Sun is so bright  
And our eyes could not take that light  
Close the east door!

One who lost his judgement at one place  
Offers education in another place  
One who broke revolution at one place  
Declares himself as the protégé of democracy  
This must be the five coloured spectrum  
Here kindles fire, there it puts out the lamps  
Oh! West wind! Providing ravishing music  
To the Lord of hills and his song of God!

Do not take away the native's natural fragrance  
With your winsome speed; you carry away  
Not only books but also the kids, o west wind!  
Remember Vietnam- a classical word for revolution  
Your winds burnt guerrilla trees in forest fire there,  
A serpent sacrifice of Janamejaya of MahaBharatam;  
Another freedom revolution in Africa  
Blows like rock oil to topple the imperial foxy ways

Sometimes west wind seems very good  
Let it take away the wavering poisonous vines,  
Then native trees with strong roots will survive  
And they rise high in freedom, defying winds of any direction!

\*\*\*\*\*



## 11. NEW YEAR- UGADI OF TOMORROW

Trees are rock-still  
Like the workers on strike  
Stars are glistening  
Like blood drops from the warrior's wounds

A dog is barking in wrong tune  
In this terrible night of ancient oppression  
Varied scents emanating from drainage pipes,  
Factory chimneys, hospitals, hotels and railway stations  
And the crude oil spills from the crooked public bus  
Electric lights dream in Technicolor

Lata Mangeshkar's beaming koel's voice,  
Jasmines over- powering whiteness and the sweetness  
Of beloved's embrace that is wanted in present poetry,  
Electric lights erase the line between light and darkness

Necessity rules  
Chance changes the ideals  
Civilization is all weaving in and out  
A card game is waiting for winning cards

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Stars spread all over  
like coins thrown in front of a tavern  
Hunger, injustice, misrule failed to ignite the spirits  
of the people who became resilient like unmoving trees  
The crescent moon and moonlight sprouts  
on the eve of New Year's Day – Ugadi  
Maybe tomorrow arrives  
Removing the long-drawn darkness

The blooming forest-fire trees do invite the revolution  
The brimming moonlight do remove the dark affliction  
Let spring come from the fallen flowers of fall season  
Let a new world arise from this inhuman world of unreason  
And this new year shall bring new hopes and revised vision  
A new spring season shall bring a strong and nubile generation

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## 12. A FLASH IN THE SKY

Sky flashed for a moment  
Like hope in the eyes of poor wretched ones;  
Though it rains when sky flashes  
Lake maybe full to the brim, of waters but do you think  
The neighbourhood landlord, will he allow water  
to this poor farmer's tiny piece of land?

Sky flashed for a moment, but rain is good  
It fills a lake or many somewhere  
A good harvest and it fills the pate  
of some poor wretched one like myself-  
Like this sort of hope sky flashed for a moment  
At some dreadful jungle;

Sky flashed for a moment; It is said  
Respected Vinoba Bhave made thieves into saints  
Thieves never denied thievery  
But they put the blame on the circumstances  
Landlords do the same and they remain the same  
Like the sky that never rains;  
Sky flashed for a while  
Like the occasional victories of an unknown rebel  
A revolution, a movement for change  
Flashed with hope for the well-being of a new society.

Sky flashed for a while,  
Like a poor man finds himself in his recurrent dream,  
Always a lottery winner, falls in love with a cinema star;  
Sky flashed ravishing that poor wretched man  
Like the twinkling hopes that appear brightly for a moment,  
In long speeches and well-orchestrated plans;  
What poor wretched people have anything to do with it?

Sky flashed for a while with sound and fury,  
What we need is the rain that flows into us  
Into the earth, into the people, into their minds  
Producing plentiful harvest for all, including those poor  
wretched people, living with flashes of hopes in their eyes



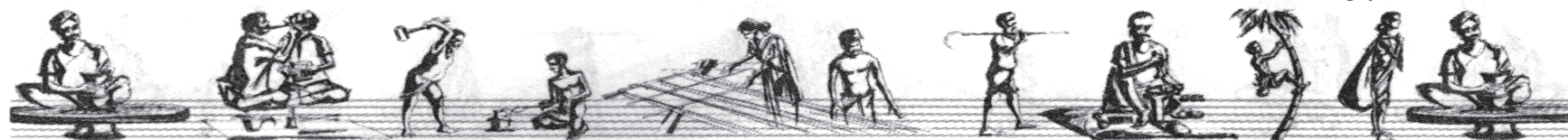
## 13. THE CHILD OF EMBERS

Forget about my mind,  
In this village nobody cares my word!  
People consider my tongue is sharper than  
The shaving razor blade they use;  
With a shield of silence, duty as my weapon  
Loneliness as my tent, smile as my defence  
I lead my life fighting all the way here.

In some innermost worlds they say  
the child of embers goes to sleep, in the folds of flesh,  
In a fire proof structure fortified with clothes over clothes  
Coloured spectacle glasses between the speckled glances  
Boundaries of handshakes in between minds  
the child of embers goes to sleep,  
How to go beyond these boundaries, rules and colours,  
towards that sleeping fire-ball covered with everyday ash,  
How to gain those enliven bright smiles from that child?

My opponents lost their battles  
with their inner enemies and declared a war on me;  
Though I am losing the mercurial opportunity  
to decimate my inner enemies, I continue my fighting  
standing on earth wound, to have a look at the child of embers,  
and I know in this earth it is impossible to find a naked mind

More than their thoughts  
Their fears, jealousies, made them to attack me  
They keep thistles under that beautiful carpet  
And invite me to walk over it to reach them  
Holding a star in the supportless sky I move forward  
They try tempting me with stars and coloured clouds  
What can they throw on me except the updated poison?  
They handed over their weapon of honesty  
A long time back to the enemy unconditionally!





They declared me as their enemy  
They insist to stop fighting with my inner enemies  
They are against my straight forward approach  
They pressurize me to leave truth as a part of treaty;  
I moved forward  
With open arms and undaunted speed, I saw  
There the child of embers flared in red fires  
Cutting the legs of untruthful beings;

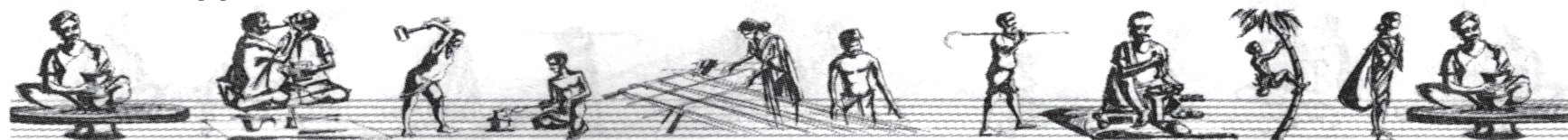
At some treeless place  
Sunlight sparkles in separating truth from untruth;  
A transparent cloud of bright light  
cleanses the wounds, removing the rottenness;  
Pain escalates,  
No pleasure hat, no rain coat of sweet words  
No sign board to indicate the destination  
No real path, no words to wander in wilderness  
No song, even if there is one  
It went backstage with the bright red song  
Coming from the lips of that child of embers  
all fire sparks, bettering the flames from the midday sun;

But there are many distractions, many deep trenches  
Beverages of benumbing mind poisons  
Beauties with bewitching smiles and embraces;

Mind closes its eyes, accepts no mistake  
Head nods yet mind travels in distant lands;

Crossing the crocodile infested ditches and moats  
Who dares to reach that child of embers?  
Yet, winter ends to invite the spring season!

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## 14. UNSATISFACTORY SONGS

No rains here to think about testing the new waters  
No sufficient life force to raise here a protest voice  
Some dust is covering the hidden truth in me  
Old scents and shades come without hint  
Blurred realities and imitations; colour blindness  
Due to coverings of pigments, unclear destinies,  
Dream- reality distorted versions, hazy reflections  
No rains here to think about testing new waters;

Voice breaks, stupefied feelings go immobile in heart  
Wiping the tears and clearing the uneven ground  
Driving out the fear, avoiding variances to move ahead  
Abandoning lower worlds moving into bright heavens  
I will come like bright light into the new radiant world, when?  
Voice breaks, stupefied feelings go immobile in heart

From religion's shade, from past glories trade,  
And from that half-awake glade, when?  
From prison, from impaired vision,  
To the truth, to the vast new revelation, when?  
From this country, that country, my country,  
To a country where there is no oppression,  
With a universal message of everyone's happiness,  
A chance for each one, more valued than money,  
People and a great power that arises, when?  
From religion's shade, from past glories trade!

From religion's shade, from past glories trade,  
Lies, mirrors, greed, curtains, parties, entertainments,  
Tobacco pan- masalas, itch for fame and properties,  
In this civilized forest predators roar from all four sides,  
From religion's shade, and from past glories trade!

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## 15. MY SONG FOR THE FUTURE

The pristine light hidden behind the wet eyes  
The resilient power in the sweat drenched hands,  
The simmering blood we spilled for freedom  
With all these elements rendered in splenic experience  
I am writing this song of revolution!

Values stay, never leave them  
Sacrifice beckons you, never fear,  
Warriors fight for freedom  
And they are remembered for their martyrdom

So far you lived in gods' reverence  
Now die for the humanity cause;  
Come, this way!  
Who so far has written a poem about you,  
and the exploding volcanoes hidden in you?

Go explode! Let lava flow in hot streams!  
Let it burn and drown the injustice and oppression  
Let the light of truth dispel the all-round darkness

This is the song I write for the better future!  
A song that reveals the path to a world of freedom  
Where exists no slavery, no suppression

When you prepare yourself  
As an arrow of light and fire,  
to release the shackled truth, this song  
leads you to the land of bright future!

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## 16. NOTICE

With this notice we inform you all the residents-

Do not kindle your cooking stove  
Under any circumstances,  
Since it may add sparks to the revolution;  
Do not breathe  
Since the rebel nature is prevalent all over  
And may enter your fragile blood vessels;  
Do not drink water  
Since they might have sprinkled, in abundance,  
With anti-government poisons in the wells and lakes;  
Do not participate in hunger strikes,  
Since it is a declared crime,  
Instead, you can die with well-established hunger;  
Do not overdrive with ideals  
Since we formulated preventive detention act  
To make sure- 'prevention is better than cure';  
Do not believe in distracting propaganda  
Since we declared this country belongs to the ruling party,  
And no more we equate country with people or land;  
Do not trust past proverbs  
Since we declared patriot as a member of ruling clan  
And who ever questions our authority is a conspirator;

And he will be branded for ever as a traitor

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## 17. BEATITUDE

Come out of yourself and your past,  
Destroying your religion and affection!  
Stand firm for the truth as a human being!

People who protect gods and gods that save people  
Bring them into open streets  
Not singing hymns and chanting prayers  
But question them about the realities  
of who has the yoke on their shoulders, and  
Who is carrying the burden of the world?

Oppressors need a few gods to justify their ways  
They have Venkateshwara, Sai Baba, deified stones  
Cows, bulls and snakes to worship in defined days;  
But why you should perform these rituals  
when you have the right to enjoy the produce  
the result of your sweat and blood?

Honesty is your god,  
Human welfare is your religion  
Work place is your temple  
Your work is worship  
That is the beatitude you get!

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## 18. I AM IN LOVE WITH SUN

Must be mad to fall in love with sun  
Maybe I wish to get burned in his flames;  
After observing the happiness in the countenance  
of trees in the morning light in the east face of the sky,  
And the flowing consciousness all over  
I measured the difference between night and day  
With the ray of light from my eye and  
then I fell in love with him;

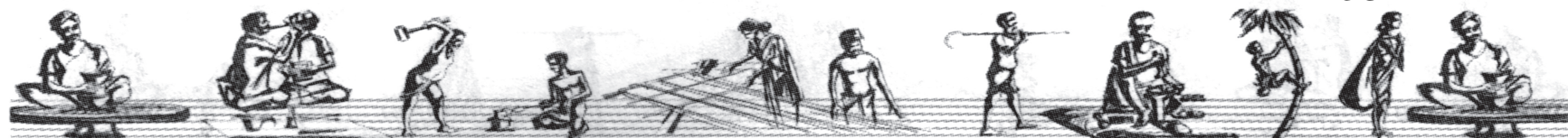
To him I may not be more than a leaf, a bird, a flower  
A forest, a hill but not a lover...  
But his rays of light sustain me with life,  
Feelings and emotions which he is ignorant of...

It is not that I desperately need him,  
He cannot arise in my blood that turned cold,  
He cannot travel with my long-expended energy;  
My nerves and bones never hurried for his warmth,  
But my glances need that heat  
then only my heart hisses like furnace bellows  
To forge sharp edged ideal swords

For some time, sun is kindling my thoughts  
For some time, sun is travelling in my dreams  
O heart! The heat you sense is your hidden energy  
Sun looks at me with cool rays always  
but when they enter my heart, fire gets ignited

He moves ahead with slow gait  
But I feel his long jump from high sky to my mind deep  
I prepared a garland with flowers bloomed in me  
By the time he leaves the garland gets withered  
But mind furnace burns hot and sweet

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## 19. INTERNAL FEVER INTENSITY

My inside sun keeps on scorching me  
Truth suppressed in me is torturing me  
Crescent moons on my lips are melting away  
Dreams in my heart are breaking into smithereens  
Nectar in the flowers evaporates in front of my eyes;  
My mind that failed to perceive many realities of life  
Now sees moonlight in some unattained beauty

Self-deceit is sweeter than any other treachery  
I can find faults in others better than any parliamentarian;  
Freud too fails to reveal that reflection in the mirror is mine  
Youthful desires, maturity in experience, ideals in enactment  
and mind stirs all around like a drunkard on move;

I know how truth burns my innards and where;  
I know why I keep on suppressing the truth;  
I know that the sun in me is burning hot and red;  
But how can I depict it and when?  
Once I make my departure  
It cools down in the rain showers of my fame!

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## 20. SOUNDS OF FREEDOM CAR WHEELS

Is it the Golden Age of Samudra Gupta?  
Or the land of precious stones ruled by Raya?  
About what you are writing, o poet?  
About the land filled with Bihar and Rayalaseema?  
About the land looted by businessmen and dishonest?  
You must have forgotten about Bengal, Malabar  
Of course, Telangana a ten million precious stone lute!

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- 'To this independent car  
I am the axis, grease, and everything I am'-  
Says they in every election propaganda  
So, every five years flow mouthfuls of liquor  
Then who cares about whom?  
All the yesterday built bridges are lost.

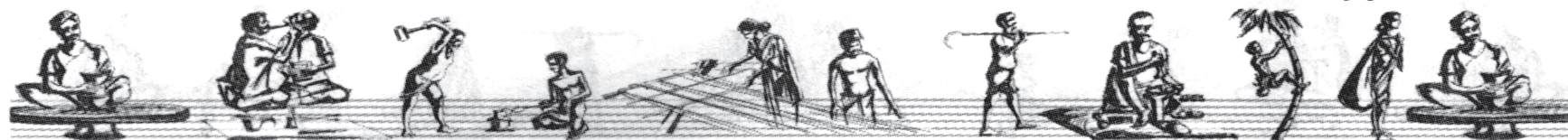
Somebody in this car is playing flute  
Stretching the innards into hunger strings  
Singing a great song about the famine fund  
Yesterday he tenderly touched my hand  
And took a promise from me to vote for him  
Today he is on that high pedestal  
Like a god on the high mount;

We have a great sacred stone in our village,  
Deified as man-lion god  
Who never spoke or showered blessings,  
Even the priest offers everyday flowers and leaves;  
But God is silent because our leader is in-charge of words  
No more kings now and their era is under time's cobwebs  
So, our minister goes on speaking nonchalantly  
In meetings, media, newspapers and Radio  
(We regularly believe words become works sooner)

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What a great change we got after we gained freedom!  
 Remarkable! Everywhere we have light in our kingdom  
 Forests gave way to cities,  
 Wolves rule replacing the tigers  
 Land lord has become District Chairman  
 Patwari's son rules as panchayat sarpanch  
 Contractors, businessmen, vendors or wise men all in disguise;  
 Just drape yourself in khaddar or cruel crime attire  
 You will be the leader ruling over the commoners;  
 Crowns got replaced by white caps  
 Kings fitted perfectly in the garbs of ministers  
 Sitting on the Vikram Aditya's throne  
 Even an idiot can speak scriptures and science  
 If you pronounce allegiance to Mahatma's thought in public  
 Your criminal past is forgiven and you are a saint,  
 And the throne of honesty offers itself to you;

Many seasons gone; righteous behaviour gone  
 with the wind, foreshadowed by riotous attitude  
 Though hot summer got reprieve with winter blanket  
 Now through the sky needle hole rain thread fails to pass

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Look at the stupendous car of independence!  
 Look at the radiant gods of freedom!  
 Look at the magnificent festivities!  
 Look at the prices touching the sky!  
 Where can I look for the money to pay the price  
 of my food, clothes and a small house?  
 No change in my situation,  
 Still, I wander in the dust I am born!  
 My life runs without break,  
 Sowing rice, harvesting maize, making plough furrows  
 Looking at seasonal and unseasonal clouds with anxiety  
 And when I die no one cares a hoot!



People sing praises of decorated cars  
and distinguished passengers forget the wheels,  
No kingdom so far in the history  
Bothered about its basic workers' sweat and blood;  
O poet! Can you write about us people that strived much,  
but considered worth less than flies and mosquitoes?  
We know, you are interested in penning  
The sagas of those privileged freedom fighters!

Which lesser gods gave us these lives of burden?  
To question them we are not allowed to look at the map,  
We are prohibited to breath in the winds of freedom  
And condemned to live under the shoe souls of land lords;  
Our hungry bowels rebel looking at the empty bowls;  
But the law and order with its spikes  
impale us to the earth pillars!

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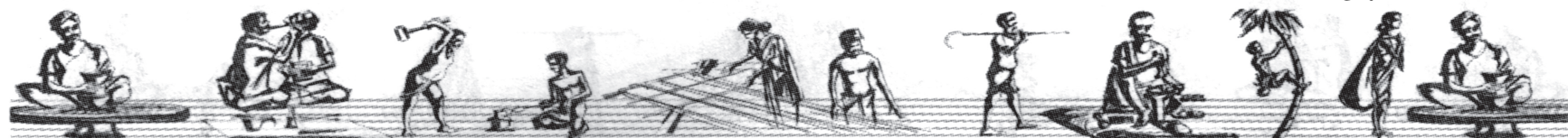
We too are human beings!  
The words of despair came out of our bellies!  
Hear those sounds and sighs of hunger and deprivation!  
O Leaders on the freedom car, hear with attention!  
One false move, one break in our wheel  
You will fall flat on this same earth we live;  
And that will be a mire that sucks you in!

In the wheels of freedom  
Every common man is a part of it!  
Once the car moves on revolutionary path  
All the idols will face the wrath of their worth!

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{Tears cannot extinguish the flames of suffering  
Acceptance is defeat, it is not the ultimate ruling}





## 21. AXIS

The line between life and death are getting erased  
Summer dries up eyes, earth revolves around hunger  
Poverty is the Equator, Greenwich is the time zone  
in between death and disease frolicking in anger

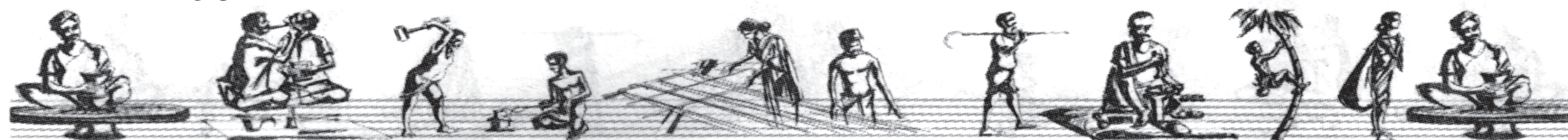
kids emerging in infinite number  
just by rubbing the Aladdin's lamp  
Bugs ever ready to suck the blood  
Of the new generation in slumber

We have no complaints about attire, food and habits,  
We speak big words but our minds flirt with timid bits  
And without shame we hoist the flag of independence  
Our lives run on the wheels of money, packed dense

Love, friendship, position, power  
They adorn the vine of transplanted lives  
Like sky looking into well waters to find its face  
We look for hope in deep wells of pains and sorrows

We feel that we are more fortunate than  
The people who are in power;  
They are in a hurry to make hay while sun shines  
Many live carpe diem lives timidly

We live for tomorrow's light accepting today's darkness  
Expecting peace, we die in wars of the lords  
For unity we divide lands into countries  
We took the preaching of great souls and mad men



Thinking they spoke truth and we sacrificed our lives;  
We are the relentless waves that break on shore edges  
We hope forever that someday God descends to uplift us  
And the child we conceived from our fears, experiences

And discontent is crushed like hay  
Under the feet of beasts in power  
It is the last teardrop that stayed in our eyes  
Expecting to see tomorrow's sun ray

Our hope is stronger than gravity that prevents us  
From reaching solution highs from problem depths;  
Our lives are iron splinters in between the magnets  
of life and death; We live with hope under bayonets

Hanging on to the withered breast that has no milk  
We wait patiently for the transfer to the full breast;  
In our hands we clasp death and look for the explosion  
Feeling the lava of revolution flowing hot till horizon

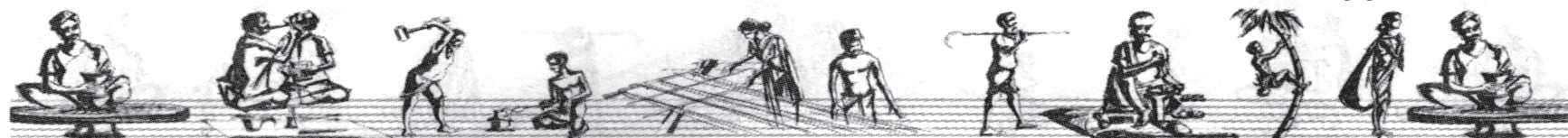
From despair depths is born rebelliousness to score  
From scorched throat and lips spurts out a great roar  
From desolated islands our boats reach humanity shore  
It is the breath that conjoins life and death in its core

I finally realized....

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(Time is not the setting sun plunging into darkness  
It is the poet that awaits tomorrow's sun in splendour  
Time is the only thing that won't look back into the past  
It is like the true poet who always move forward beyond lines.)



## 22. LIVE WIRE IS ANYTIME BETTER THAN A POET

Synthesizing a beautiful lie,  
or under symbolism shadow hiding the truth  
To satisfy the injustice perpetrator  
More than that, what more a poet has done all these days?

Always bothering about some praise or positional raise  
Some bouquet or brickbat, blessings or banishments  
More than that, tell me, when a poet conducted himself  
Like water, earth, fire, air, rain, salt, taste, heat and trees?

Or did he anytime construct a mass movement?  
His insipid lectures, interest lacking incidents, introversion  
Made poetry into nobody's child crying in wilderness  
Condescending its role to create momentary happiness;

Or did he anytime fashion revolution as an implement?  
To boil blood or to create a thrill or palpitation in the heart?  
Did he anytime flow like a torrent of energy sufficient?  
Searching big words in poetry with torch light of no use!

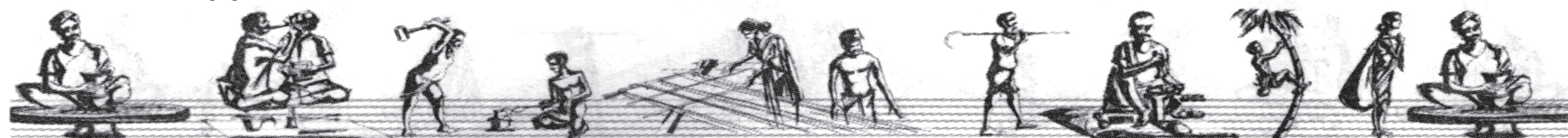
Let a poet be the torch light that tears the darkness straight,  
Let a poet be the crowbar to bring the hidden voices out,  
Poetry is not a mere message, it must be the game changer,  
Like hope in eyes, agony in soul, it must reflect the real life

As long as poet bothers more about his decorated words on the paper  
Current wire betters him by giving a shock better and stronger!

\*\*\*\*\*

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Magazines in the market sell a poet's fame acquired by selling his heart.  
Crown and throne leave the dead and marry a new one who sold his art-



## 23. SUMMER SONG

Vietcong! Vietcong!  
Those swellings on your back  
Are they symbols of revolution?  
Those bomb clouds spread shadows on your glances;  
O fighter! o sun! o human!  
O soldier with bullets sprouted on your shoulders!  
O combatant with battle agony blasting your heart!  
O warrior! Vietcong revolutionary!  
O fire that remained live after the forest fire  
O sea that has hidden volcanoes in its depths

Like Siva who has kept poison in his throat  
Like Prahalad who cared no lions or elephants  
They are now legends of old myths in our timid land;

There in your country  
You got rid of imperialistic poison brought in eagle's beak  
You cleansed the rot created by dollar politics of dark reek  
Your kids are safe, your mothers live without fear  
Your beloved writes letters with freedom filled blood  
Looking at you, war dies in its own shame  
Without free Vietnam universal peace is like  
having Christ hanging to a chain in your neck,  
instead of staying in heart!  
It is not the Christmas light for you-  
Human hearts from all countries wish you blessings  
From the peace that was crucified  
And wishes you sunlight like mind- peace

(After throwing away the thoughts out,  
After losing the mind in deep sleep,  
How to get a blanket of dreams to cover myself?  
How to avoid darkness of the nights?)

\*\*\*\*\*



## 24. SAVE US! SAVE US!!

Save us save us  
From poverty, ignorance, diseases, pleasures  
Save them the power centres, collapsing parties,  
Save our parliament palace standing on hollow words  
Save them from rapidly spreading revolution!  
Sing about green revolution  
Tearing away the songs of socialistic fervour  
Under the auspices of PL 480 guitar strings!

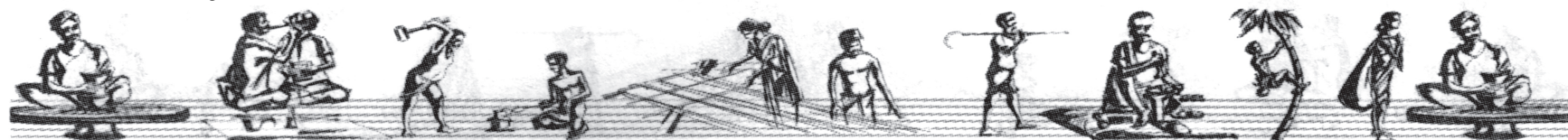
Declare green revolution  
Exhibiting the loaned wheat,  
And heat borrowed from American Education  
Pronounce that industrial revolution is possible  
Only with the kindness of capitalists

Raise voice saying socialism survives  
In rubberstamp party tickets, bureaucrat brains,  
police atrocities, liquor dens, caste-religion ridden  
democratic governments and say it again and again

Declare that it is essential for progress  
To have alliance of communalism with communism  
Congress and Marxist association, unique United Front  
And then, banish the proponents of people's democracy

It is essential to carry ignorance, slave attitude in one's mind  
It is profitable to recreate language and regional differences  
It is safe to project old scriptures to say king is everything  
It is fine to have bribery, rituals, etiquette, and past culture

Let our past beatitude live in this present day's hunger  
Let it be declared as one's past life under performance





Let them tell the stories of Sibi, Rantideva, Karna and pigeons  
And imbue morals of Bhartrihari to the present generation  
So, save these teachers leaders pleaders and orators at once

Save the Great Soul who presented his case  
With a single piece of cloth around his body  
Save his disciples- Birlas, Agakhans, Morarjees,  
Save the yellow press, Voice of America, Patriot,  
Statesman, Hindu organizers, Muslim Leagues  
Save the bell-bottoms, care, milk powders  
(That provides some food to the hungry teachers)  
Save the committees from the rapid-fire revolution!

Rob the country and build a building for Prime Minister  
Mortgage the counter and hoist the tricolour flag  
Pledge freedom to feed planning commission, panchayat raj  
Blow the conch of freedom struggle again;

Hunger, poverty, disease, patience, pillage, elections,  
Slogans, lectures, religion, God, loyalty to land lord  
Patriotism, love thy mother, love thy neighbour,  
Officers, courts, police force, economics, plans, Constitution  
Intelligentsia, sanctions we have in abundance; save them!

Save them from rivers, forests, hills, valleys, fields, youth  
Save them from rebellion, self-confident, workers union  
Save them from the people's anger and revolution  
Save those bad land lords, money lenders, paid police  
Save them with announcements by the voice of Radio

Suppress the people's struggle to save your people  
Devour the country resources to save your interests  
Break the revolution to build your own safe bastion  
Save, save, save your country from swift revolution!

\*\*\*\*\*



## 25. TWO CARTOONS

### a. Let this winter cold be devoured by a tiger

One poor man  
Posing half naked Gandhi  
Resembling our own Vemana  
Keeping an empty bowl of hope  
Sat near the door of requisition congress meeting  
A true khaddar crow thought of dropping its dropping  
Flown over crowing- 'look, what has rabat done to you?  
Then a swan called Priya Darsini fluttered its socialist wings  
And crooned- 'what a warmth you got in this winter  
From the nationalization of all private banks in a carpet deal!'

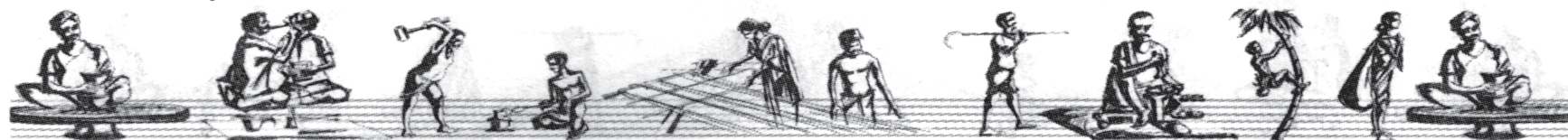
### b. Two oxen – one yoke

In the beginning  
Everything went on well  
Two oxen in synchronized work  
Good food, fab shelter, then,  
They started moving in opposite directions  
One with self-declared conscience dropped the yoke  
Other one kept it as a token of past

Then the war of principles began  
- 'You are a paper tiger' - declared the conscience ox  
- I am the disciplined one' - retorted the ox with yoke  
- 'What these things have got to do with our lives?'  
Commoners wondered sweating for their daily bread!

(Inspired by Vijayan's two cartoons in Sankar's weekly- 23-11- 1969)

\*\*\*\*\*



## 26. AERIAL VIEW

O our lucky ace!

To look at the floods brought by a terrible storm

You hovered on us in a metal bird?

Broken bridges, rotten bodies,

Haphazard waterways, half dead harvests

Splayed rail tracks, sporadic dead animals

A scene of ghastly devastation;

Our newspapers and All India Radio

must have already described it as destroyed beauty!

Look at that water grave with wide eyes of surprise

Look at that swirling death- deeps with unclosed eyes,

Look at those horrible scenes clustered with tangled trees,

Look at those destroyed houses tumbled like packs of cards

Look at that watery field reminding a terrible game of war lords

But, never say – what a destroyed devastating beauty-

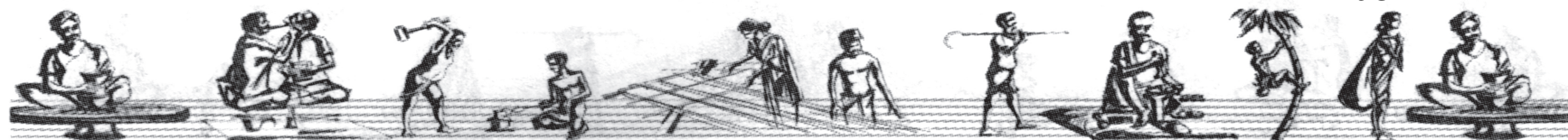
Media has big ears and elephant memory

O our lucky ace! Thank you for hovering on these waters

That took away my life and left me as living dead!

(Thanks to Sunil Gangopadhyaya- for his poem- Dear Indira!)

\*\*\*\*\*



## 27. REVOLUTION

Revolutionary quills

Getting sharpened to write uprising skills

Voices of young stallion

Getting emblazoned to sing songs of rebellion

Glances as suns, hearts as rebel flags

Youth power is surging as eons energy from burning logs

Feet as destiny, hands as flaming torches,

Determination as dwelling place, revolutionary thought arches,

People's support as power, brave youth

is moving on the blazing path to reach revolutionary truth

\*\*\*\*\*



## 28. RESPONSE

These innards in the air  
They are the fertile lands for revolutionary sprouts;  
They are not stained with asafoetida, but  
These are fire powered missile shoots

These deep sunken eyes for thought creation,  
This red streak for implementation,  
This light and wetness are symbols of victory and hope;  
These are not those timid eyelids of slaves  
That shrink towards the land lord's feet  
They are the solemn seas that keep  
The hidden volcanoes of revolutionary thoughts;

These hands work relentlessly  
To give wealth to the lords and shrivel with famine  
These hands that bore the brunt of thankless jobs  
Takes up now the flags and burning torches;  
These hands are aware of shackles, chains and bruises  
They still wait with hope for proper justice,  
They one day will become weapons of action,  
They shall become feet and rhythm of a poem;

Today's prosody of a poem is uprising  
Today's poet's theme is rebellion  
Today's response to the poem is revolution

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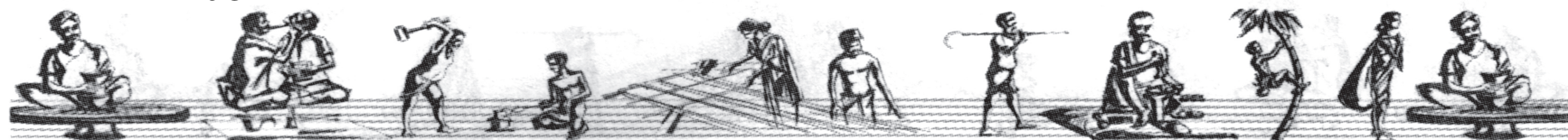
## 29. OPERATION

Why do you try to stir the problems,  
that were sitting like flies on the wound?  
Why do you try to fathom the moonless nights,  
with never ending flows of tears of agony?

In the name of elections or five-year plan songs  
We reopen the wounds and slip into coma again  
I know it needs surgery and medicines won't work  
But I refuse to remove this fleshy out-growth  
I fervidly reject the idea of cleansing my bad blood  
I may die but I think, I gain the heaven in protecting my wound

These useless hands-  
Tiny loans, chits, explanations to chargesheets,  
These useless hands-  
Tirelessly manhandle the wife and children  
These frustrated hands...  
These hands-  
Allowed ballot boxes to establish governments  
Allowed those government hands to oppress them  
These useless hands that went weak in strategic times...

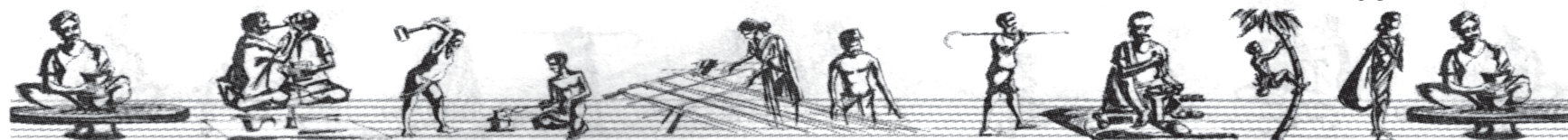
These hands with lust stimulated energy  
Eagerly rush to embrace the wife  
But the fear of pregnancy puts a barricade  
And the lusty feet guide you to sex movies, or erotica books  
More satisfied by scratching the gossip itch, they live in dreams  
Yet, kids come in succession like interest upon interest



Ill-health is a routine token of excuse  
Morsels of preferred food during salary day or festivals  
Do smell money lender's pungent jarda- tobacco,  
Dissatisfaction emerges in defiance into apathetic hands

But these hands feel like fish out of water  
Struck by anglers of many hopes;  
Cowardness, fear, slave mentality became  
Multi-vitamin tablets, and I survive on them,  
So, please leave me here, I beg you, my friend!

\*\*\*\*\*



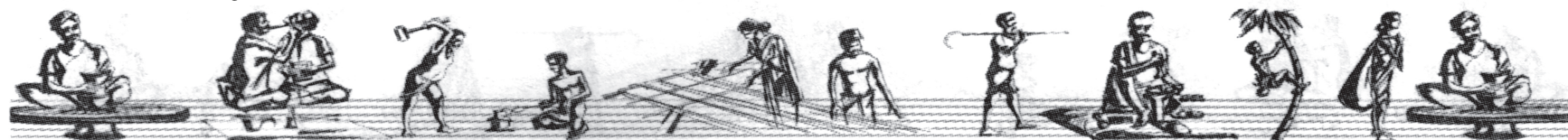
## 30. HAND

O young man!  
Your hand that practiced copying in examination  
And threw paper arrows at the girls' hair  
Manhandled the conductors in bus  
Broke the electric lamps  
Passing time in unethical measures  
Got job by paying bribes to unclean hands  
These hands and mouth so infected  
Write and dictate useless files;

To real workers and future generations  
You transmit your ills  
by building bridges of inferior standards;  
Writing fearful morals on black boards  
Creating terror in tiny minds  
Your hands did succeed in their crooked methods

O young man!  
A great dream, hopeful and healthy one  
born from your mother's womb  
When she was crying in labour pains  
and followed you,  
A great dream, hopeful and healthy one  
don't you have the strength to realize it?

In your blood that flowed from your heart  
To your hands, doesn't it have the red blood cells  
That simmer with freedom wish?  
If they exist-  
Let them light the lamp of hope  
To aid these helpless people  
Let you be the red streak  
In their eyes expelling the darkness in their lives!



## 31. LION'S CLAW

O lion!

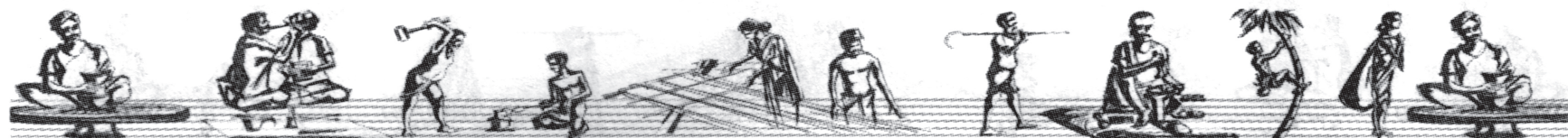
Those wicked men after hiding the robbed pearls  
In their foreheads are dreaming you in their sleep;  
Break their heads and devour them  
but, why do you eat the gross grass like a circus lion?

O lion! It is high time for compassion  
Lift your claw and hit with lightning speed  
Throw away the foxes and rats  
that lives on your left-over victuals  
Throw away the gadflies and mosquitoes  
that sing songs of praise for their survival!

O lion! Get up and move,  
With you the whole forest moves  
And sing refrains to your hunger roars!  
Move ahead fast, get out of your slumber!  
Believing that you are in deep sleep  
Many vicious animals made sallies into your territory  
Show them their place with blows of your ferocious claw!

O lion! Let your eyes be torch lights,  
Roar like the waves of stormy ocean!  
For once this whole forest will arise with life force  
To welcome you when you come out of your slumber grotto!

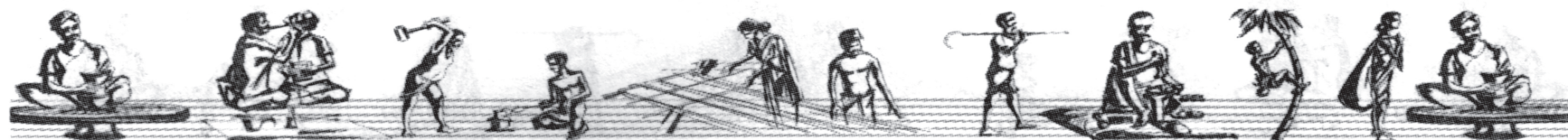
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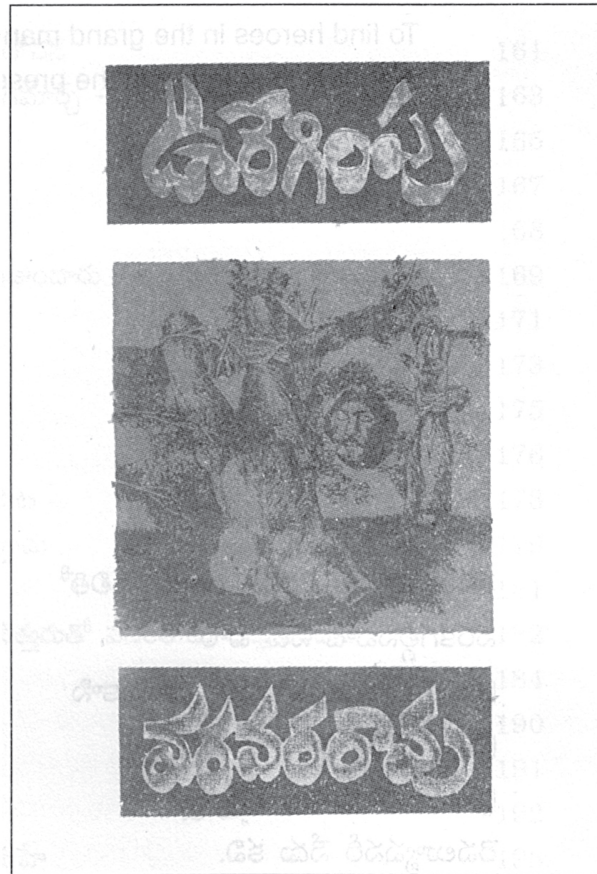
## 32. WARRIOR

Sun in his eyes  
Pen in his mouth,  
A hungry child is crying for milk in his heart,  
Millions of cries from oppressed ringing in his ears  
Famished lion's roar in his stomach,  
With foresight of broken shackles to his legs,  
A sword in his hand,  
Ideal approved violence in his thoughts  
A warrior with sun in his eyes....

\*\*\*\*\*







***Ooregimpu* (1973)**  
**(LONG MARCH)**  
**(Procession)**



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# 1. DEATH OF TRUTH

They say that they have killed the truth!  
The truth from the hearts of poor and downtrodden  
The truth of removing the traces of slavery  
The blazing truth to establish equality  
The flaming truth that stood upon the hilltops  
The green truth that stayed in the hearts of forests  
The red truth sprang from the sunless dark abysses  
The truth of arrow released from the bow of hill people  
That was aimed at the money lenders and landlords-  
That fool says they have killed that resilient truth-  
Confirm the fact whether truth is dead or not!

At every step they killed the truth  
In their governance, in Parliament, in courts of law,  
Confirming power to true-lies  
and hiding their faces behind the frame of law and order  
They definitely presume that truth is dead

You tell me, these parasites  
these oppressors who looted the country and poor  
under the disguise of democratic rule  
they live on the blood of the real workers, don't they?  
Do they ever measure the power of truth?  
They tell a lie and popularize it- Truth is dead!



If truth- Satyam is alive lots of truths would have unearthed  
Now the bullets of government guns grieve  
with tears for they failed to capture the truth alive  
Lies became usual headlines of capitalist newspapers  
If truth is alive lots of truths would have unearthed-  
Pro-note truths, people's burden truths, loan truths  
And election promises truths, truths in courts of law

Truths in people's courts, truths emerged in struggles,  
Truths written with letters of blood in history pages  
They will come out as if truth is alive and kicking well  
As long as truth is alive, truth will be an immortal warrior

(October 1, 1970)

\*\*\*\*\*



## 2. ZINDABAD!

Grief won't come for the one  
That took death as a better sacrifice than living!  
When life becomes a wound of disgrace  
Slavery as a hereditary disease  
Timidness as the blood character  
Many people die every day in miserable maladies

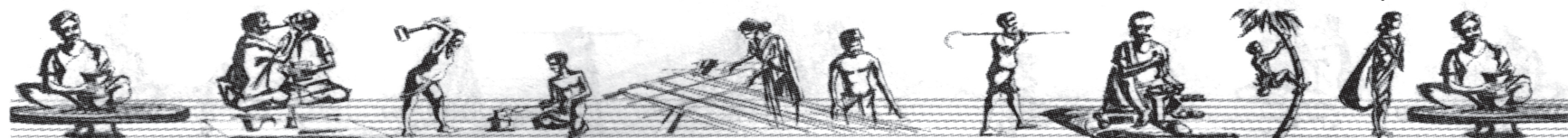
To keep his generation happy and prosperous  
A warrior dies a day earlier

Many teachers came and gone in this land...  
The painful truths in the blazing hearts of hill people  
About exploitation, and the wounds of agony  
That became revengeful bow and arrows aimed  
at the oppressors- that is the truth- if you care to know!

Scientists, physicists who go for purifying baths  
on the day of eclipse gets Nobel prizes  
for finding soul's atomic structure  
in the eyes, hair and dust of Sai Baba likes

-Wisdom is fighting against injustice  
With more powerful weapons-  
-Declared George Reddy  
Whom people considered as the real scientist!

\*\*\*\*\*





### 3. EVERY ROAD REACHES NAXALBARI

When he declares class-enemy decimation  
Enemy eliminates him as the class justice

In the deep woods of Srikakulam, Mushahari  
In the streets of Kolkata  
that created red fear and Naxalbari spear,  
A relentless war, a new thought of utopia  
Was killed by this Kansa like society statute!

A staunch supporter of subjugated people  
A relentless fighter for the welfare of oppressed  
A brother to the poverty bitten impoverished crowd  
He never slept- till he hoisted the new democratic red flag  
On this land, breathing the oxygen of revolution

This society attributed its own maladies to him  
it dug its own grave by murdering him in cold blood

unless his thoughts are extinguished  
there is no death for Charu Majumdar!

We follow his resplendent principles  
He is an immortal; Long live comrade!  
My red salute to you, o dear Charu Majumdar!

\*\*\*\*\*



## 4. CHARU MAJUMDAR! IMMORTAL YOU ARE!

Our salutes to you, O Charu Majumdar!  
Our Red salutations to you, O great leader!

To walk on the road of Marxist-Leninist  
To tread upon the path of Mao Zedong  
To move steady in Naxalbari and Srikakulam  
To support the struggle of farming labour  
You became the guiding light for the poor farmer

Our salutes to you, O Charu Majumdar!  
Our Red salutations to you, O great leader!

Siddhartha, Gandhi screamed a plan  
Warrior at the helm lost his life-span  
Boat never stops in the midst of red-sea  
Another sea-man takes up the rudder

Our salutes to you, O Charu Majumdar!  
Our Red salutations to you, O great leader!

We take up weapons and fight the oppression,  
We take up the cause and fight the class-enemy  
We make our tears and pains as weapons and arms  
And we establish the red rule without any qualms

Our salutes to you, O Charu Majumdar!  
Our Red salutations to you, O great leader!

In our dreams and in our deeds  
In the minds of youth and workers creed  
In the thoughts of intelligentsia, wave after wave  
This struggle continues till sun-rise for sunrise

Our salutes to you, O Charu Majumdar!  
Our Red salutations to you, O great leader!

(-August 1972)

\*\*\*\*\*



## 5. TONIGHT'S LIGHT- TOMORROW'S MIGHT

Near the forest edge, near a lake's sedge  
Near many a villages' life and death pledge

A camp has come hissing guns and uniforms  
A police force has come searching red farms  
One grim looking mustachio, one paunch bearer  
One monkey acting regular leading the team of terror

Near the forest edge, near a lake's sedge  
Near many a villages' life and death pledge

They devoured chicken, drank country liquor in gallon  
Then raped girls and women in nightlong orgy fall on  
They beat the old men and children to find a rebel son  
They burnt the huts of alleged men as a warning lesson

Near the forest edge, near a lake's sedge  
Near many a villages' life and death pledge

They kept look-outs and some went to sleep  
They kept shields of villagers for protection deep,  
They cursed gnats and darkness with words steep,  
They tried to have a wink of sleep after the crime leap

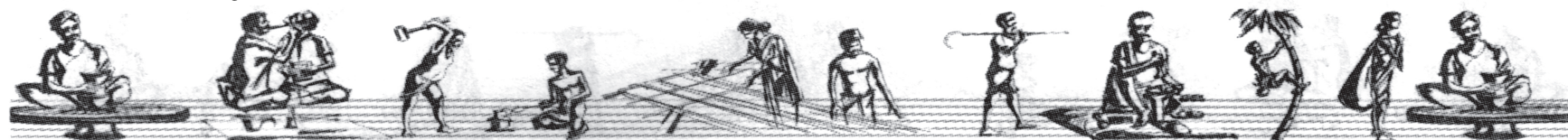
Near the forest edge, near a lake's sedge  
Near many a villages' life and death pledge

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Then came along with fireflies, the nocturnal dwellers  
They brought love and compassion to the poor villagers  
Camp of darkness disappeared in their fearless bright light  
Like moon, stars and sun they pledged support with might

Near the forest edge, near a lake's sedge  
Near many a villages' life and death pledge  
They came like nocturnal dwellers carrying the torch of hope  
They are tomorrow's sun rays that dispel the darkness slope

(-August 1972)



## 6. ELECTION SONG

Many types, many times, many loops, many hopes  
Elections, collections, selections, with reluctant actions

Many more years passed in negligence  
Many more hopes crashed in no cognizance  
Haves had more, have nots became more and more  
Poverty, pains, pause -less tears passed in rulers' snore

Many types, many times, many loops, many hopes  
Elections, collections, selections, with reluctant actions

Panchayats, assemblies, parliament, properties  
If chance is given year long elections move in entities  
Liquor, petrol flows in abundance like seasonal floods  
Leaders enact pole dances in tandem with latest promises

Many types, many times, many loops, many hopes  
Elections, collections, selections, with reluctant actions

Tempers rise with temporary loyalties to parties  
Leaders meet in sly whereas loyalists go for sorties  
Victory guarantees five-year chance for paisa collection  
With power in hand leaders live in isolation and corruption

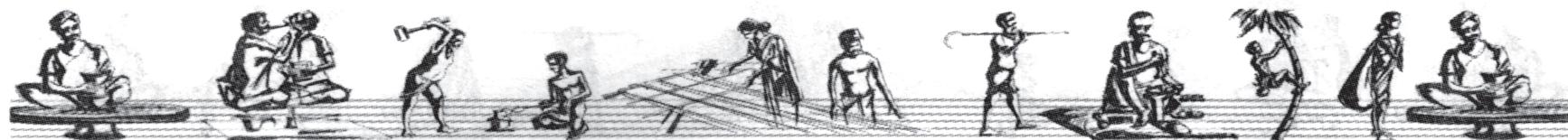
Many types, many times, many loops, many hopes  
Elections, collections, selections, with reluctant actions

O comrade! Arise! Act! Walk on the edge of the knife  
These elections, realize, what prosperity they brought?  
Poor stayed poor, rich became richer, every moral is bought!  
War is the option; fighting shall be thy passion against strife!

Many types, many times, many loops, many hopes,  
Elections, collections, selections, with reluctant actions!

(-March 1972)

\*\*\*\*\*



## 7. VOTE!

Don't sell yourself for a note! Don't go there to vote!  
O peasant! O worker! Don't lose thy dignity in that moat!

These are the poly tricks of rich and famous  
These are pepper sprays in poor people's eyes  
They milk the cow and leave zilch to the calf  
They exploit poor for years throwing a bit chaff

Don't sell yourself for a note! Don't go there to vote!  
O peasant! O worker! Don't lose thy dignity in that moat!

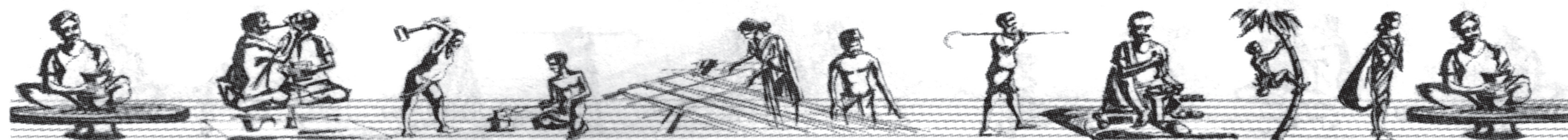
Our lives are lamps in the open  
They allot air as per their plans often  
They conditioned us to do slavery  
Our lives are no better than any mule's misery

Don't sell yourself for a note! Don't go there to vote!  
O peasant! O worker! Don't lose thy dignity in that moat!

They have got umpteen tricks up their sleeves  
Let's break their spell like autumn leaves  
Uprising is the only choice we have got  
If not, now, it will be too late in future slot

Don't sell yourself for a note! Don't go there to vote!  
O peasant! O worker! Don't lose thy dignity in that moat!

\*\*\*\*\*





## 8. LENIN

Lenin 1917

Lenin 1949

The rising hope in the darkness of this country

A symbol of people's uprising

If Marx is red flag, Lenin is hammer, sickle is Mao

Coming out of the spell of Gandhi religion

Moving ahead on the red path

Lenin is now a student of Kolkata

Lenin is in the people's movement of Telangana

Labour, liberation, people's power, revolution

Necessity, implementation, and weapon is Lenin

A guerrilla fighting in the deep forests of Srikakulam,

An exiled warrior carrying guns on his shoulders is Lenin

Lenin is the archer in the eastern hills

Fighting for the welfare of the hill people

He is the forest fire, fire in the hearts of youth

The liberator, a dense shield of the oppressed

Revolution took wings in France,

Showed resistance in Cambodia

Sprouted in American campus

Challenging Pentagon's basement

Against corruption, establishment, red tapes, kinship loyalty,

and all the maladies spreading under democratic carpet,

every stone, staff, weapon, slogan, movement is Lenin

He is the hammer and anvil that breaks the shackles

People's war that is fighting for universal peace is Lenin,

And my pen that is writing for the revolution is Lenin

\*\*\*\*\*



## 9. PARROT SONG

Parrot sings the song of the land it lives

Protecting the property rights

Constitutions suppress

The right of questioning for daily bread

Lending their ears to big mouths

Courts of Law

Sit in indifference with closed eyes

Keeping illicit mentality alive in law and order

Government machinery

Kills the people's fighters who question its crimes

Praising the exterior non-violence masks

Artists of pro-establishment

Deride the works of people's scribes

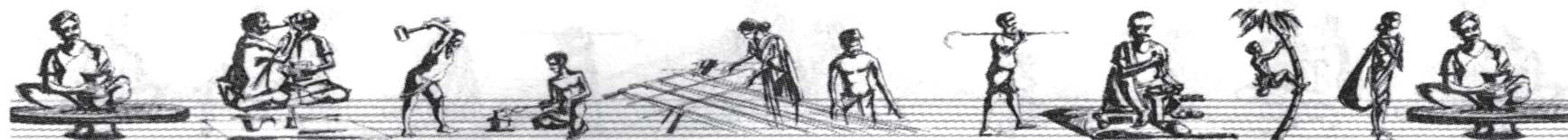
To protect the creators of their class fair

With all these means

They undermine the people's welfare

(July- 1970)

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## 10. WHEN CITY BECOMES A TIGER...

In the forest  
Every tree hides a secret  
And blooms revolution

Winds carry its fragrance  
And invites us  
To have a look at those flowers

We go in search of them  
Worried about their existence  
In the gun fires of establishment

Every tree carries hidden fires  
Every mountain top is a fire-stone;  
Leaves send wireless signals; birds have thousand eyes

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Our lives suffer the daily whip lashes  
Thoughts become stagnated waters, and  
Our naked feet are forced to run in embers

We are deprived of needed oxygen  
Officially they allotted it to the factories of profit  
And forced us run towards the forest's fresh air

Under fresh auspices of sun, river and air,  
Emerge new thoughts and new doors  
Carrying new winds and news of better future

When city becomes a tiger  
People run towards forest and  
plan to kill it before it causes devastation

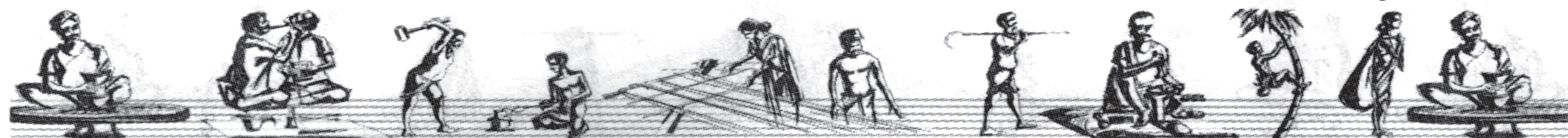
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May be flowers are Cupid's arrows  
These flowers are the sacrificed lives of fallen warriors  
They have fallen for the birth of a new world of tomorrow!

\*\*\*\*\*



## 11. THE CALL OF THE FOREST

It is the call of the forest  
To hunt the hunters  
That carry the whip of statute and  
Lashing the innocents in towns and villages;  
It is the call of the forest

In the hot humid sunlight of exploitation  
In the unseasonal rains and bone biting cold  
where agricultural labour strives  
yet die in the travails of time, we hear  
It is the call of the forest

For the child in the cradle, for the life-long companion,  
for the tomorrow that arises on the eyelids of this land,  
in the plough furrows, in the sickles and hammer sounds,  
to build a better tomorrow a song is heard continuously  
It is the call of the forest

It is the call of the forest  
To hunt the hunters  
That carry the whip of statute and  
Lashing the innocents in towns and villages;  
It is the call of the forest

(1970)

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## 12. LET'S KILL THE CUPID...

Let's kill that stupid Cupid of lust  
And spill spring colours with his blood

From Eastern hills piercing through the clouds  
With rays of light, life is born in its splendour  
Simhachalam took him in its fold among lions  
Krishna and Godavari Rivers provided waters

In the hill passages echoed bows and arrows  
Fire is born in the red buds of trees in rows  
With ideals as shafts and struggles as bows  
Telugu anger showed its lights in meadows

In hills and valleys, in hearts and thought volleys  
awesome light asked the youth to come in rallies  
Forest-fire trees bloomed; granite hills boomed  
An undaunted song reverberated and echoed

Let's kill that stupid Cupid of lust  
And spill spring colours with his blood

(1970)

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## 13. LONG MARCH

Long live the Revolution! Long live the Revolution!  
Long live! Long live the Revolution!  
Voices of the thousands in stormy gales of hopes  
From the sky of Khammam to the villages  
It gushed life into the lives of waiting people;  
Long live the Revolution! Long live the Revolution!  
Long live! Long live the Revolution!  
Ether carried those defiant voices  
To be heard in the radios of the poor hearts

They are not mere voices; they are the waves of lava  
that flowed out of the betrayed hearts of the society;  
They are not just slogans; they are the known fates  
Invited heartfully by the intelligentsia with war cries

Armed struggle is the only way  
Only way is the armed struggle-  
In the poisonous embraces of the universities  
Standing on the edges of honey smeared swords  
Eyes looking at the truth in real lives  
That were suppressed in the syllabus of education;  
When questions go sally confronting earth and sky,  
Everywhere one can see bright lights of hoisted red flags  
Fly high, fly high o red flag!  
O red flag fly high and high!

Working hard for the benefit of capitalists  
Hands of the labourers becoming fuel  
To suffer unemployment  
Hands of students writing examinations;  
Labouring for the welfare of landlords  
Hands transforming into water, plough, sickles and produce;



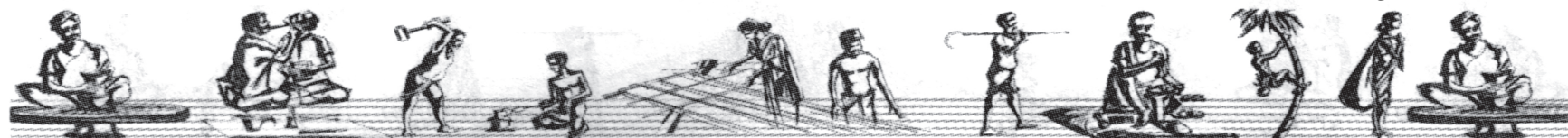
Writing white lies on black-boards with resigned chalk-pieces  
Hands of the teachers that induce lies into children minds;  
Now these hands have transformed into weapons of dissent  
With clenched fists, became the symbols of the flag of future!

Death to bourgeoisie culture!  
Death to bourgeoisie arts!  
Death to sexiest literature!  
Death to the oppression of police!  
What is the wish of the people's hands?  
What is the wish of the people's minds?  
What is the wish of the people's thinking?

The dictatorship of the proletariat!  
The literature of the proletariat!  
Long live cultural revolution!  
We welcome people's courts!

Garbage accrued for the last two decades  
In the streets, cleared only during election festivals,  
Those neglected streets now find the procession in joy  
Bringing the brooms of new hopes  
Anticipating the arrival of the march of people's army!

They are not feet,  
But the present revolution's roots spreading  
Into the society's heart!  
They are the hot waters  
Spreading silently under the mat of imperialism  
They are the new walks, runs and leaps of change  
Arising into present and future in east and  
moving along the path of workers' sun



That is no procession,  
That is the mob of revolution  
Ready for any sacrifice without fear  
For a better tomorrow!

Satyam is immortal! Immortal is Satyam!  
They knew a fighter never dies  
They knew Satyam never dies  
They knew revolution never comes without bloodshed  
They knew guns cannot threaten revolution

That's why they are offering their helping hands  
To the people in the outcasted hamlets  
To the people in the ostracised communities  
To the people living beyond safe measures

Satyam never dies, truth never dies;  
Satyam is immortal; no death to truth  
Truth never dies; no death to Satyam;  
Revolution never ceases; forever it flows  
Forever it flows; revolution never ceases  
Satyam is immortal; no death to truth  
Revolution never ceases; forever it flows

Procession never stops  
Whether it is rain from the sky  
Or bullets by the government

Long march moved ahead  
Crossing lanes streets and highways



There is sparkle in the eyes of the poor huts  
There is dread in the bricks of moneylenders' houses  
The hands that held lathis and guns  
When realized that they are hurting their own children  
Fell limp and silent with anguish in their hearts

These fighters have no national superciliousness  
They fight for the liberation of oppressed people  
They fight for the welfare of the world workers  
They are the vines that stretch towards the sun  
They are the rebels ready to sacrifice their lives  
Their revolutionary capital is new China  
They rise from east, follow the compass of Mao  
Naxalbari, Srikakulam excite the signals of revolution  
Naxalbari zindabad! Srikakulam tribal struggle zindabad!  
Chairman Mao zindabad! Save the civil rights!

These fighters have no belief in patriotism  
Defined by the landlords  
They knew people suffered all these years  
In their so-called democratic rule  
That's why weapons bloomed from their voices  
Processions moved around the villages  
Naxalbari did spread all over the country

It rained heavily, but march continued  
Looking at the police stations, cars and palaces  
Procession got new energy and frenzy  
Looking at the sewerage drains, unclean streets,  
Where garbage and foul smell grew in all these years  
Their blood boiled to maximum



Looking at the poor, downtrodden and oppressed  
The long march continued with more steam and power

Demonstration moved ahead in the heavy rain  
Procession surged fast in waves of collision  
Blood washed the blood in the sacrificial altar

Youth with boiling blood  
Youth with sweltering blood  
Uttered letters of blood

In that procession  
There are teachers; there are analysts  
They explained the trickery of wolves in sheep clothes  
They deliberated the veils of the society  
They are the fair winds of ideal thoughts  
They are the schools of learned fish in society pools

In that long march  
There are students of past, present and future  
They are warriors with hopeful lamps in their eyes  
They are the scions of all sections of society  
Moving in the long march in unity with workers

In that demonstration  
There are workers who knew the value of labour  
They knew the power of workers' unity  
They knew the exploitation trickery of employers  
They studied well the ways of the society



For our rule, for equality,  
For a society without exploitation,  
They are moving in a procession  
They are in the long march

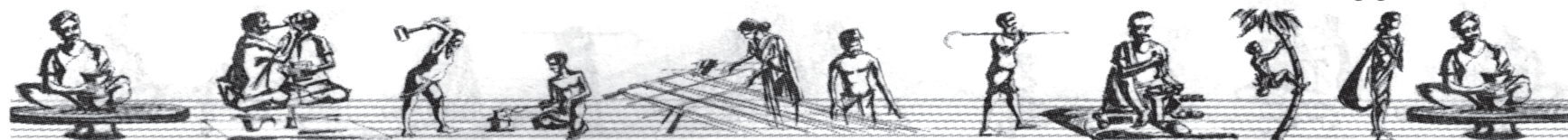
Johar, johar Subbarao Panigrahi, johar!  
Amar hai Subbarao Panigrahi amarhai!  
Johar, johar Subbarao Panigrahi, johar!  
That long march reached Subbarao Panigrahinagar  
From his hands poets and fighters received  
Pens, weapons and arts;

This march is not a simple demonstration  
This march is not just a procession,  
This is the march against oppression  
This is the march that moved with energy  
To unmask the real face of the society seeking justice

This march is not a simple demonstration  
This march is the stormy rain of hope  
in the hearts of the oppressed  
it is the morning dawn that rose  
in the eyes of the poor and downtrodden!

October- 1970

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## 14. ELECTION MAGIC

O poor voter! O poor voter!  
You thawed your blood in the sweltering sweat  
You rained your energies in the dry-hard earth  
You forgot your vagaries in the hope faced vote, but  
Those prestidigitators robbed your rights in wrong note

O poor voter! O poor voter!  
Your hands are your weapons  
Your hands your plough like implements  
Your hands your fine sickles and crow-bars  
With those tools your hands create riches

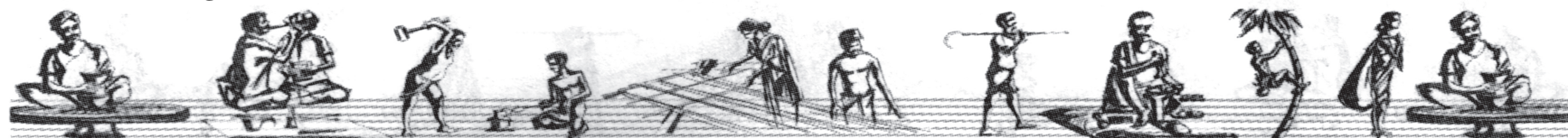
Ploughing the hard and soft, trenches and hillocks  
Your hands prepare the arid lands into fertile meadows  
Cutting the grass and weeds, bushes and brambles  
Your hands create gardens from deserts  
Such hands with five fingers are deceived into signing  
A five-year contract in the name of a trick called voting;

O poor voter! O poor voter!  
Open your eyes and break the spell!  
Look at the tricksters creating the trees of illusion  
with promises of prosperity fruits in mirage spill!

O poor voter! O poor voter!  
You know the value of your labour  
Don't get deceived by the vile prestidigitator!

-January- 1970

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## 15. NAXAL SPARK

Victory to the east winds  
Triumph to the true minds!

In the eastern hills  
Blazing is the forest fire  
In the eastern seas  
Exploded is the volcanic ire

Victory to the east winds  
Triumph to the true minds!

To suppress the forests  
Sallied forth the cities  
Fireflies of the forest  
Rallied the rapid fires

Victory to the east winds  
Triumph to the true minds!

To cool the burning ocean  
Flowed the rivers of coercion;  
Instead of cooling it, they themselves  
got dissolved in those great waters

Victory to the east winds  
Triumph to the true minds!

-September- 1971

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## 16. MY PEN AS A TRIDENT

Frenzied heart  
After a period of insight and quiescence  
when exploded  
Letters become bullets  
And run through the gun barrel  
To demolish your unjustified acts!

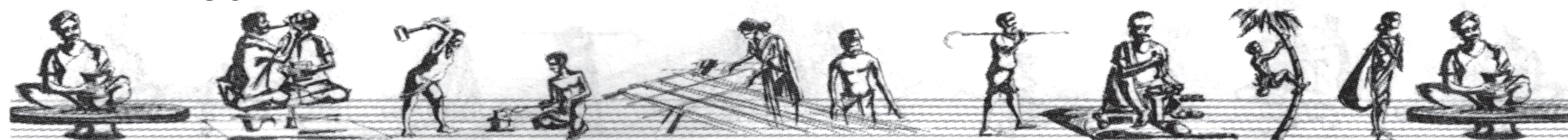
To demolish your unjustified acts  
All these days those hearts  
That were trampled under your iron feet  
When they get transformed into sharp arrows  
and shot in all directions  
You will die like a feral mongrel

You will die like a feral mongrel  
While those hands that penned useless words  
all these days get cleansed  
and perceive reality,  
and speak only truth and bravery and  
they proclaim armed struggle

they proclaim armed struggle  
and that armed resistance pierces your hardened hearts  
Like spears or tridents shall pin you down;  
You, rats in your vain holes  
Get buried in earth  
With all your accumulated filth, and  
frenzied hearts!

- March- 1972

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## 17. BHAYA BHAYABHAYA JAYAHE!

Oh dear, hoist your flag in open air!  
Hoist your colourful flag higher and higher!  
Hoist it along with your pride and vanity fair!  
Hoist your flag of exploitation on freedom stair!

Red colour shining in people's blood  
White colour of predator tiger's fury flood  
Green colour from land reforms in falsehood  
Dharma chakra wheel denoting dictatory mood

What praises can I heap upon your logic  
About your inhuman Gandhi Nehru Indira magic?  
Hoist your flag on the broom's end strategic  
That swept away your enemies into lanes of tragic

And write on the gun's bonnet that killed Naxalites  
Slogans of non-violence, vandemataram under delights  
And shut tight the mouths of Nagar-wala in dark flights  
Cutting short oxygen lines of poor workers in poor lights

Oh dear, you are really a matador in political ground  
Freedom caved into black-exploitation all around  
Secularism is sham, socialism imperialism's another sound  
We now realize all this magic on fifteenth August profound

O dear! Celebrate this silver jubilee with pomp and pageantry!  
Hang the fighters for the people, but praise your Bangla victory;  
With people's funds rejoice and let your hands raise in merry!  
Oh, honey smeared knife, a socialist snake with two heads in fury!

Not only your exploitation but also to this present generation,  
It is twenty-five years rule and it will be your last self- veneration;  
Enraged youth no longer tolerate your crocodile tears in profusion,  
Time is ripe for hoisting the red flag on the power fort in adoration

Dhana gana mana adhinayakajayahe Bharat Bhagya vidhata  
Bhayahe! Bhayahe! Bhayabhayabhayajayahe! O Indira mata!

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## 18. SOCIALIST BULL'S BELLOW

A bow to madam! A bow to revered sir!  
America is our cow; it gives milk so fair!  
Our sir is Russia who gave military flair!  
A bow to madam! A bow to revered sir!

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That's not bull but cow, but a bull once, how?  
Unable to carry the yolk it became a milky cow!  
It is socialistically transformed cow, give a bow;  
With polychromic forms it plays new tunes, now!

Carrying three coloured blankets grand  
Red from Russia; white from England  
PL 480 green cloth of American strand  
Ashoka wheel on its face with dharma brand

It kicks on the shin of farmers, and hungry kids  
But licks its own calf with fervour in favour bids;  
On fifteenth August it dons five colour silver skids  
Beneath the covers a hump of black money guilds

Its horns are its weapons to protect non-violence  
Animal dharma is walking with four legs in parlance  
Relishing landlords' grass it ruminates reforms nuance  
Drinking rich waters, it yields nationalised urine per chance;

Eating colonial bran and fascist cotton seeds  
It excretes socialist dung with its highbrow deeds  
For us to prepare panchagavya, Gowramma, fuel needs  
And manure for our fields in socialistic ways and creeds;

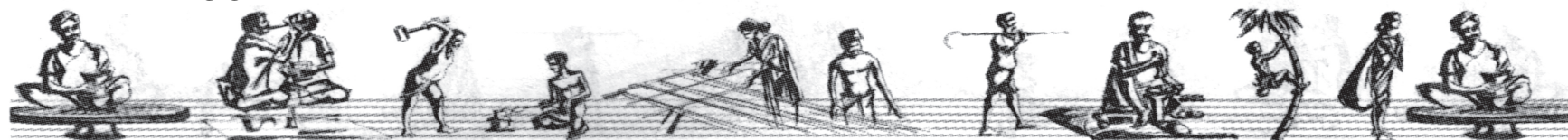
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A bow to majestic madam! A bow to revered sir!  
Move with macho bulls! Bellow with socialist fur!

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## 19. WIND BLOWS NON-STOP

This is the age of sacrifices in crisis  
This is the age of scientific analysis

Destroying the dark reigns of oppression  
Stars built crimson paths towards red nation

Throwing away the centuries'-forced yoke  
A new generation broke the shackles in a stroke

Morning sun rose in his red splendour  
Drove away the darkness blunder

Sky shone like bayonet smeared with opponent's blood  
Birds flew welcoming the red sun in light flood

Let owls and bats realize the meaning of freedom  
Let revisionism enter the dark crevices of fiefdom

Now no one can stop the vines to grow towards red sun  
No great trees can suppress vine buds in age old oppression

This is the age of scientific analysis  
This is the age of sacrifices in crisis

- April- 1973

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——— IN JAIL

## 20. BLOODY DREAM

A hand still singing, pen as a mighty weapon  
A mind still using, paper as stage to go on

Enemy, pen and paper imprisoned me in storms  
Not for provoking people to take up arms

For not yet carrying weapons ...

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## 21. COMMA

1.

I came from the conversing people  
To the silent trees  
From the swing of movements  
And the gale of slogans  
I came to the silent trees,  
And to the walls that wish to imprison winds

2.

Here everyone is a criminal  
Hard working prisoners, impoverished police  
Innocents like these trees

3.

Where yesterday's slogans become tomorrow's truths  
Today it is a resting place;  
Yesterday's small procession before it transforms  
Into tomorrow's long march  
This place is a travellers' inn

that opens the inner eye of the many in this society  
This experience runs a moment of time  
In the centuries of revolutionary history,  
A small sentence in the blood-stained lines of an epic!

12 October, 1973

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## 22. LAW AND ORDER

1.

I have enraged  
Peace in people's hunger, peace in sorrows,  
Peace that dried up in tears, sweat and hard labour  
Peace that bled in muscles  
Peace that bore insults to its heart  
Peace that lies in coated to suppressed words of honour  
I have infuriated that peace;

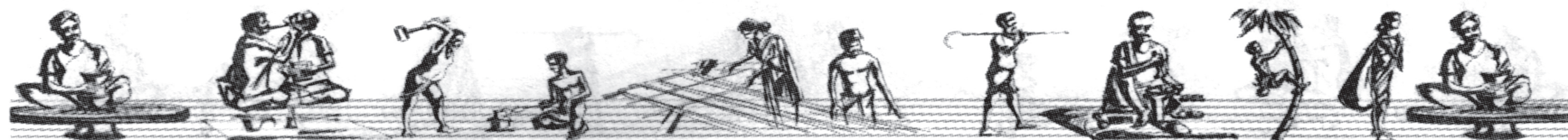
2.

I condemn severely  
The exploiting law and order that protects people's enemy  
The sportive law and order that play with people's tears  
The thirsty law and order that drinks people's blood  
The corrupt law and order that rapes helpless women  
And that spiteful gun in the hands of constitution  
So, I advocated gun against that malicious gun  
And disturbed the law and order  
Which I condemn severely...

3.

To the beauty in the labour and work culture,  
I pay my tributes and red salute  
And when the time has come,  
the suppressed rebelliousness of the people  
when it evolved in to storm, disrupting law and order  
from my pen too flowed a red ray of revolution, thus  
I pay my tributes and red salute  
To the beauty in the labour and work culture;

13 October, 1973.



## 23. DREAM

1.

Sowing in fatigue  
Budding in sweat  
Flowered in blood  
What dreams my sleep dreams?

2.

Inflamed in muscles  
Lit up in heart's nest  
Treading under flag shade  
Reaches what shores this movement?

3.

Workers' rule is for equality school  
The aim is towards the people's rule

14 October, 1973

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Sacrifice minimises the distance between  
Dream and reality  
Revolutionaries commit scientific sacrifice

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## 24. CRIMSON DREAM

1.

For mouth and legs, it is prison  
Hands are free to write  
Mind is free to ponder  
Moving out of lonely darkness  
Dreams reach shores of bright light

2.

More than the high walls  
More than sturdy doors and locks of Nizam's times  
Dreaded is happiness- this is the real prison  
To nourish idleness and  
To imprison words and happiness is a web formation

3.

Permission is denied to moon  
To dispense moonlight here, but  
None can stop morning sunlight  
Coming into my room nonchalantly

4.

Inmates bear the burden of crimes  
While the exploiter society moves scot-free;  
Police people who were imprisoned in their dress  
Protect the perpetrators in apathetic mode  
Power makes them imperceptible to truth

5.

These prison walls with deficit basement are trembling  
Rusted bars of doors are breaking into smithereens  
Winds rushing through trees pronounce freedom  
Ants moving in long march to scramble these walls  
And gobbling the cast out skin of oppressive snake



Every hammer stroke of worker on this society  
Falls heavily on the heart of this prison  
Gun that guns for monthly salary  
Shuns to shoot the workers and fighters  
Lathis do become flag poles  
That carry messages of revolution  
The souls of the employees of jail  
too endeavour for real freedom

To these sparks lie under ash heaps need oxygen  
Hearts of people need the light of revolutionary sun

**6.**

Individuals that perpetrate crimes in anger and  
When they become labelled in society as criminals  
If these guns are filled with the gun powder of  
Compassion and People's welfare, jails become open schools;

This dream is going to become reality  
This is the destiny of arrival for armed struggle;  
Boiling blood, with embroiling energy moves in a torrent stream  
Drenched in heart, dried over eyes, a bloodstained dream

14 October 1973

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## 25. CATALYST

### 1.

Great disturbance leads to great change  
I too wish to become a catalyst in it  
With my words of mouth, I incite people,  
With my two hands I add air to the fire;

When thoughts bloom only thoughts  
When do you expect practicality?

One hand still singing pen as weapon  
One mind still using paper as stage  
Enemy and paper imprisoned me

Not because I advocated armed struggle  
Because still I am unarmed...

### 2.

Whose security did I interrupt or destroy?  
I cried aloud when hands of exploitation  
Carrying off Sita from the fields of people,  
And insisted on gunning down the gun of exploiters!  
How is that wrong?

### 3.

I became the trigger  
Of people's revolutionary gun  
And the point of a dagger  
Aimed at the hearts of oppressors  
Spilling their black blood  
Maybe it is grave disturbance to the enemy  
But a great armed Sankranti festivity to me!

22 October 1973

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## 26. RED FLAG IN THE EAST FLY HIGH IN THE SKY

Naxalbari, Srikakulam, Telangana  
From villages to Delhi  
On the basement of people's movement  
Communists are building blood drenched roads  
Milestones are their sacrifices  
Under their brave feet  
Exploitation stones are getting crushed to dust  
In the stormy friction of tree branches  
Class struggles are blooming in profusion;  
With the practicality of fire flowers  
the dust of revisionism is cleared away

The road shining with blood  
Looks like the drawn sword from Srikakulam sheath  
that was thrust in to the heart of exploiting capitalism

On this knife's edge, getting sharpened is the theory;  
Shining like squeezed flame in night's sleep is the dream!

People shall rise with class consciousness from slog  
In the morning dawn of eyes, fly high the red flag

2 November 1973

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## 27. NOT BACKWARD, ONLY FORWARD

First drop of water may not be an ocean  
First fire-spark may not be the sun in motion

To wet these cracks on this dry earth  
How much sweat and blood are worth?  
In search of fruitfulness  
How many flowers are sacrificed of a tree?

In the path of revolution defeat is also a milestone  
Read the lessons of experience spread in front  
and immortalize history with relentless fights

Maybe your struggle fails to give result  
But in the end, you are a part of the victory!

In these struggles of generations and generations  
The blood spilled from the warriors  
Now flowing in you from the Mother Earth

From the society of slavery  
To the community of equals  
We walk on the bridge of knives  
And you walked along  
And we all shall go marching forward and forward

3 November 1973

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## 28. WORDS

The boiling blood in my veins is speaking  
The future dreamt by my struggles is talking

Those are not mere words but fires  
Those are not mere words but spears  
They are the weapons forged in the furnace  
They sprinkle death to enemies  
And ambrosia in the hearts of people;

Burnt red in the class difference  
Sharpened in class consciousness  
Shot from the armoury of class struggle  
My words speak like weapons in snuggle

These are no words of air  
These are the paths of live wire  
These are the songs of people's long march fire  
These are no words but practical doings  
These are no words but people's proceedings

My word is the thought weapon's cutting edge  
My word is the finger on the trigger  
My word is gun powder  
It sings, it burns, like boiling blood  
It bursts like red hot cinders and flying sparks

These words become the paths for armed struggle  
I am sowing the seeds brought from the world history  
In revolutionary season in my land, and wet them  
with my sweat rain and nourish them with my blood  
and offer the fruits to the humanity in the world

People are my words' backbone and philosopher's stone  
I am for the people and my word is revolution  
A word that denotes change and equality in every notion

13 November 1973

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## 29. PEOPLE'S POWER

Earth becomes bricks and bricks a wall  
People's power demolishes empires strong and tall  
Ideas are like seeds, sprouts into thoughts thousand  
O enemy! You can never smite them  
You can never pinch them with your bloody nails  
You can never crush red buds blossoming into fire flowers

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He is today's hero  
That can chop off the head of the selfish bugger  
He is the visionary  
That lives in people's hearts and press the trigger  
He is the revolutionary poet  
That prepares people for armed struggle and war bigger

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For exploitation there is no religion,  
no caste, no race, no language, no country  
There are no boundary lines  
For rebelliousness and revolution

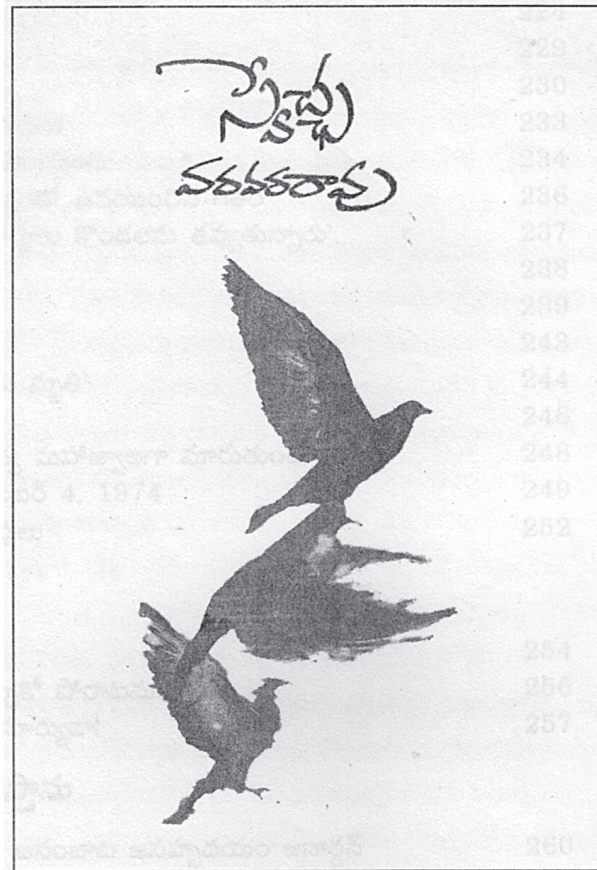
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Freedom is more powerful than napalm bombs in tons  
People's hearts are more powerful than enemy's weapons

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***Swechcha* (1978)**  
**(FREEDOM)**

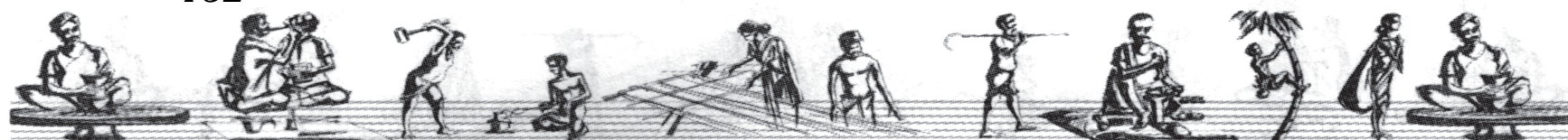




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# 1. FLY HIGH, FLY HIGH! O RED FLAG!

Fly high, fly high, O red flag!  
Revolutionary light full in our eyes without lag!  
Fly high, fly high, O red flag!

When you were hoisted to fly high  
Poor treated you as pupil of their eye  
Warriors spilled blood to rise you in the sky!

Workers' light, workers' place  
Workers' victory is your red grace  
Creates fear in the oppressors' face

Born bright in Naxalbari land  
Sharpened straight in Srikakulam woodland  
Fly high in the sky of Bharat land

In agrarian labourers' struggle  
In the farming revolution trumpet and bugle  
People's war tastes no defeat wriggle

Martyrs' agenda is hoisting red flag  
Warriors' weapon is raising red flag  
People's life in life is heaving red flag

Fly high, fly high, O red flag!  
Revolutionary light full, in our eyes without lag!  
Fly high, fly high, O red flag!

28 July, 1974

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## 2. REVOLUTIONARY WRITERS WE ARE!

Livid flames we are, born in the sorrows of deprived!  
Burning songs, we are, with radical ideals derived!

People's voices we are, reverberated in Naxalbari land  
East wind's waves we are, echoed in Srikakulam stand

Arunodaya singers we are, heirs of Panigrahi  
Cultural soldiers we are, poets of revolution

We hoist red flag of the ongoing people's war  
We consider workers' unity as the boundary line

Mao's thought is the touchstone for our path  
Thought and practice two-edged knife of people's action

Arts and civilization are handiworks of human labour  
Produce and money are the products of human hand

We antagonize the idea of valuating labour into profit  
We fight against exploitation of working class for benefit

This rule is a sham, helps land lords, agents, and leaders  
This constitution is a fence to protect these exploiters

Class struggle is inevitable and scientific  
People's war only brings workers' rule authentic

We poets reiterate the truth mentioned by history  
Citizens we are, took up this historic cause to victory

Livid flames we are, born in the sorrows of deprived!  
Burning songs, we are, with radical ideals derived!

30 May, 1974

\*\*\*\*\*



### 3. IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT?

Is it unbearable? - you asked me;  
Yes, when I think of our comrades  
Crossing death valleys  
To mitigate people's sorrows  
My useless stay here is bothering me!

Are you happy? – you asked me;  
Yes, I am happy, whenever  
I see the hope for better future  
Like lightning hidden in clouds  
In millions of oppressed hearts, I feel happy!

There we find disturbance even in the prison mouths  
That eagerly wait to gobble up revolution;  
Yet people and morning come here  
Crossing the fences that protect corrupt gang moths

Perching on the prison walls  
A few birds and jasmine flowers reared by inmates  
Send silent messages to me in thought rumination  
Night wind glides past the moon;(as told by comrade M.T. Khan)  
imprisoned behind the spikes of prison walls  
we sing and bring dreams of revolution into our sleep

There we see the poor policemen  
With sleepless eyes and proper shelter  
Cry a regular hourly rhetoric- sub theek hai?  
Is everything alright?

(This is to my half of the sky- our combined pledge to tread on  
Revolutionary path- 'sacrifice, our name- rebellion, our village)

27 June, 1974

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## 4. UNITY

Comrades!

Let's fight unitedly for the people

Let's unite with people and fight

Let this fight unite people and divide enemies

Let this fight be a fire to forge people into ironmen

Fight humbles people before history

It is the well-established principle of society -

History is built by the people;

People-

People are the principal energy in building society

Either we run or sing revolution

It is because people need it

Fighting for good cause is the need of the day

Comrades!

To gain more victories let's be united

To establish dictatorship of proletariat

To create new democratic society

Most simple is the one that appears most difficult

Most terrible one is the most timid

Artificial mountain created by atomic bomb

It cannot hide the trembling of ruling elite

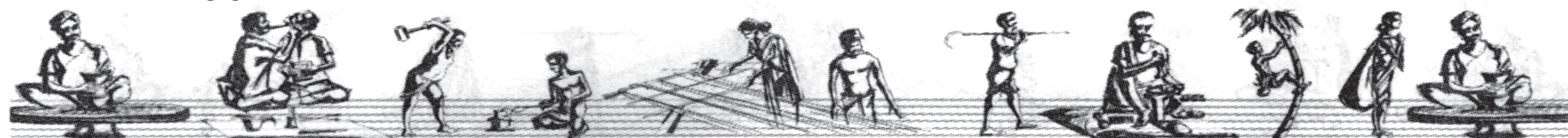
Most simple looking task is the one most difficult to perform

With fighting only, we can sing the last song to Imperialism on bier

All the battles in bourgeoisie history

And all the victories recorded are by a fistful of exploiting class

But revolutionary fight is under people's red flag



Our victory is people's victory  
This is no field that allows enemy to take away its produce  
This is no sweat that allows imperialism to rob its shine and truce,

Comrades! Each defeat should be a step for victory  
Many hammer strokes on red hot iron makes a weapon,  
Seed breaks to sprout plants of revolution  
Future is bright, what if the path is thorn ridden?  
We have Marxism-Leninism microscope and telescope  
Mao's thought is our eye of knowledge;

Our destiny is people's power  
Our aim is people's war  
When we move ahead darkness dissipates  
Sun arises in the east, we walk with him  
Backward steps slow the pace  
Practicality and action are the keys  
To make far away near one has to travel  
To walk into tomorrow one has to suffer  
the perils on the path and highway robbers' wrath;  
Light won't come without piercing the darkness

Our character is swimming against the tide  
Our duty is surpassing difficulties absorbing pain  
Future is bright, comrades!  
Let's paint the red sun in the revolutionary sky  
With the colourful sacrifices made by our fighters

If our politics are for the good of populace  
Maybe we are alone today  
But tomorrow you will see  
the coming of ship, sail and oar in the sea.





Thousand waves of stormy sea go silent  
Like teeth removed poisonous snake  
No power on earth can save exploiters  
Fortified by the present forces  
When revolutionary soldiers move as one united wave

O comrade! Your strength comes from people's support  
Properly planned political path determines final result  
Battle worn communist shines like treated gold

Fear is natural response; selfishness is its mother  
Its fruit is revisionism; roots are in bourgeoisie thoughts  
Be strong! Do not turn back; sacrifice is a small investment  
A great victory for a better future is on cards

Ants facing many difficulties build an anthill  
Snakes occupy them with indemnity  
Do the ants keep quiet?  
Mighty snake dies miserably in the jaws of ants  
Poor people's anger strands when made into a strong rope  
Binds securely the elephant on rampage

Only people and war path can ensure victory  
Unity among revolutionaries accelerates it  
Marxism is the right path, not revisionism  
No internal fights, no self-harming attitudes  
Fight against enemy with clear hands and minds

There is nothing to be hidden when you tread on Marxist path  
There is no hidden agenda that unfurls in timelapse math  
In this great war for the welfare of poor and downtrodden  
It is call of the revolution to all the forces to get united and fight!



Fishermen fears no storm  
Arrests and imprisonments, oppression and torture  
Do not deter the determined fighter  
From the stupendous storms only  
Arise the warriors from oppressed classes

After a great disturbance peace prevails

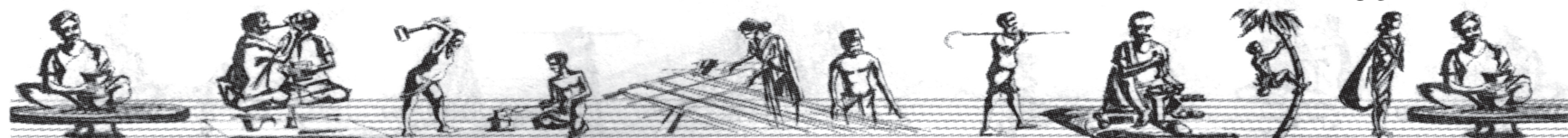
Swimming against tides  
we shall achieve workers' bright future

Comrades! Revolution is to fight against darkness  
It is the unity with burning bright light makes difference  
Let's unite to fight for the people, along with the people

(Based on 10<sup>th</sup> Congress Documents of China Communist Party)

7 June, 1974

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## 5. PEOPLE'S WAR

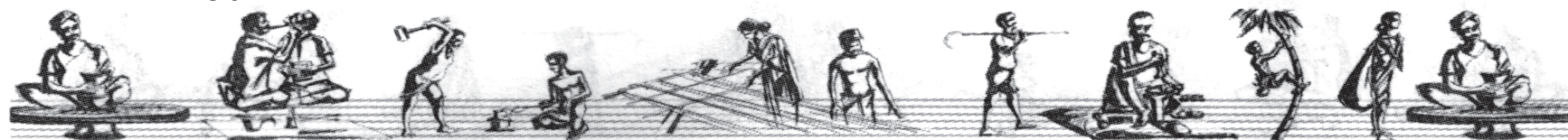
Santal tribe, Savara people  
Jataps and village folk  
Lambadas, koya people  
Erukas, yanadis,  
Mizo, Naga people  
Harijans, girijans  
Backward groups  
Oppressed classes of India

When united against  
Exploitation and oppression  
Violence and coercion  
and hoisted red flag  
Then moved ahead revolution

This is history  
This is the truth  
This is the power of people  
Undaunted and unstoppable

31 May, 1974

\*\*\*\*\*



## 6. INVITATION

Comrade! Your letters that breathed fighting  
Kindled the withered dreams of red flowers in darkness;  
Upon your heart that was wet with the tears of humanity  
A wound is bleeding on the sharpened edge of consciousness  
As a red star it invites us in our path with its bright light!

In loneliness I hear the song of combat  
And the music of moving against the flow of stream

You are not alone; all those buds to be flowers  
Opened their tepid hearts to blossom in bright light

I am also not alone; behind the bars, I dream a society  
Of workers and freedom bound in iron shackles,  
My thoughts became buds with people's breath  
And grew in the shade of red flag, you know that;

Our faith in tomorrow's victory  
Our every step being scrutinized by the people  
This consciousness has transformed pain into happiness;  
History placed in our hands  
a weapon in people's hearts as red flag  
and their war breathing blood as fighting spirit

Every cell fires a spark, every atom speaks for change  
But this jail life as rest in between-  
Drowning me in shame and anxiety;  
My nerves run on edge and my vessels burst lava  
Encouraging me to become a part in the practical war!

Let our blood cleanse the paths polluted by cowardness  
Let's strive to uproot the thorns that invaded our paths



Our songs are not just tunes stirred on lute strings  
On our innard strings we shall clink revolutionary tunes

Under this tower of exploitation, martyrs died like dynamites  
In this oppressive wall, every stone hides the tears of workers;  
There is fire flowing here, history giving birth to revolution  
To see the smiles on the face of this young red sun  
To witness the roaring floods of light  
that sweep darkness  
To hear its breathing sounds-  
-‘let’s spread our breaths on this revolutionary path’-  
Courage is our refrain; Sacrifices are milestones

Our slogan is-‘long live people’s war’  
It illuminates our imaginations very far;  
If we become the fire-sparks in the furnace  
That forges the sword of people’s power  
What radiance, what brightness,  
what illumination would be its light!

(Dedicated to the comrade who inspired us  
with his inspiring words- ‘on this path let’s spread our breaths’-)

14 June, 1974.

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## 7. NEW HUMANS

Sacrifices of communists, flags of wars, wars  
Rise up in class struggles to bloom like sun flowers  
Strictures are testing grounds and burning furnaces;  
Study classes are the resting places of thought races

Defeats sharpen the class struggle  
Victories vindicate restless scuffle  
People are the soil; communists are the seeds  
Working with people strengthen their good deeds

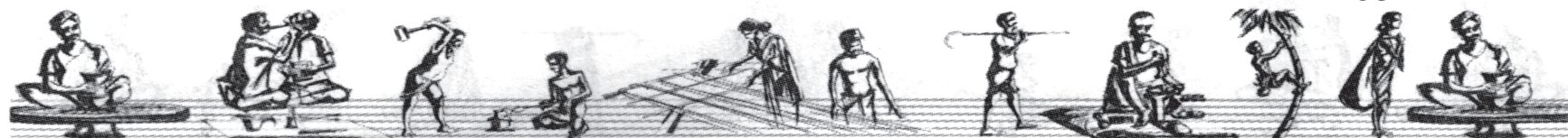
Time and season tell the difficulties and hitches  
Thoughts overpower previous ones like waves in ditches;  
Communism is the present, flows in between thoughts  
Of past and future; an eternal struggle to unravel more knots;

Perpetual living cells response, boiling blood in motion  
Communists find society as a forge that burnish new notion  
Fire power in tears, unlimited energy in sweltering sweat  
They convert them into class struggle and people's war heat

Beating the drums of war  
They move without fear  
These comrades are for the people  
These communists are new humans ready for any battle

2 July, 1974

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## 8. EAST WIND WILL WIN

Coming out of the forest a bit tired,  
Moving ecstatic in moonlight,  
Having a chat with night blooming jasmines,  
East wind blows many truths in to my breath

It touches the bodies, huts, thoughts,  
Suppressed dreams and hopes of the downtrodden  
Becomes a witness to the history formed during day  
In all four directions all over the land  
It inscribes victory on my mind slate  
East wind blows many truths in to my breath

It is like the message sent by our comrades  
Busy in scripting war in the people's hearts  
Or the work allotted by people on their shoulders  
It comes in waves of caution to keep me awake  
East wind blows many truths in to my breath

Not caring the locks, not caring the watchman  
It comes with its inherent force, with it arrives  
Thunder, lightning and rain in profusion  
It changes the scene by fission or fusion  
East wind blows many truths in to my breath

To imprison the east wind  
Jails, guns, darkness are getting ready  
Yet not caring them a bit, east wind is moving  
All over, invisible in the morning light, red and bright  
East wind blows many truths in to my breath

3 July 1974

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## 9. SONG BORN IN BLOOD SPILL

We reiterate our support to the people's movements  
Do we have to tell people that air flows, fire sings?  
Or knife cuts and truth prevails!  
Our thoughts and minds burn bright with war fires;  
Our ideals are burnished in morning red sun's light;  
Our breaths are fuming with the comrades' shed blood;  
In our veins and nerves flow Naxalbari, Srikakulam in flood  
Our back-bone is Marxism!

The hoisted flags of Indian farmers, wet with lifeblood  
The accrued dreams of bright future by our eyes, pupils  
We are fighting the enemy, pens as our weapons  
Knowing the truth that life and death are inevitable  
But well sacrificed life is worth than millions of idle ones  
We surge ahead with determination in class struggle

Revolutionary war has nothing to hide  
Music of life has no hidden false tunes  
It is the storm wind, waterfall that produces power  
Revolution is the true sun born in people's consciousness  
And it is the red sun, reflected in our penned songs

13 July, 1974

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## 10. THESE GERIATRIC IDIOTS DIG MOUNTAINS...

"These idiotic old men dig mountains to catch a mouse"  
- "Seven years since...how many pieces your wings split into?" -  
These analyst intelligentsia exhibit their prowess in words

Why seven years- let whole generation melt its muscles  
We strive relentlessly to blast this mountain of oppression

Revolutionary spirit is keeping explosives in its basement  
Memories of martyrs becoming lightning to smite its pride

We may be children, so what? - we have pointed out  
The real nature of these towers of exploitation and its clout

Maybe – 'These idiotic old men dig mountains'-  
But they use their hearts as implements in trying terrains;

To eliminate the darkness between theory and practice  
They employ blood-stained rays with vision of bright future;

In between the light filled fields and blood-stained path  
These mountains stand like walls of oppression

We shall blast these infernal walls to fulfil our vision,  
With people's power as missiles

The red flag of old men shall hoist  
its victory high in sky!

-15 July, 1974

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## 11. DHARMASALA- ABODE OF JUSTICE

They smeared honey to the exploitation  
And changed abattoir into abode of justice

They put people's hands in shackles  
Their own fingers in people's eyes  
This law and order, this justice  
They call it as the great democracy

Like hungry tiger functions our parliament  
Preaches socialism with blood-stained mouth

For their protection they recruit police  
For their peace they strengthen the justice

Oppressive implements, coercive plans  
Constitution constitutes bordered plains  
People's money poured into snake dens  
Under serpent's hood stay people's lanes

Everywhere leaches suck workers' blood day and night  
Unless we remove them in toto, no peace, no light!

9 June, 1974

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## 12. LENINISM

### 1.

You protected the socialist red flag  
That was born in the blood of the people  
Like an eyelid that protects the eye;  
Today they buried your dream and  
Worshipping your body,  
changing their direction  
without changing the colour  
Today they buried your dream

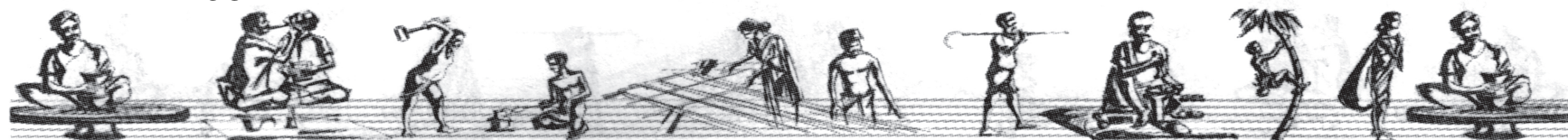
Propheying socialism but practicing imperialism  
as socialist imperialism you defined it long time ago  
But o comrade! We never expected  
the Soviet tree that grew under you and Stalin's care  
gets affected by pests and worms and  
Today they buried your dream

Proletariat boat that rowed in socialist waters  
With class struggle as rudder  
Now struggles in the mire of class harmony politics  
Propelled by revisionism policies,  
Today they buried your dream

### 2.

Today painted on the canvas of Moscow city  
Workers' red flag lost its sheen giving its place  
To bourgeoisie unbridled unchecked arts

The other side in China  
Marxism-Leninism and Mao thought  
Shedding light of class struggle  
And condemning Confucius theories  
Of low and high births and its supporter Lin Piao



In Russia you propagate -king's blood never speaks a lie  
And sail with ideas of slavery in River Volga, why?

When Moscow cultural troops stage Ramayana  
What a pleasure from revisionism and nirvana!

3.

-We have socialism solid in our epic morals  
We have Manu smriti retold by Marx  
We wish for Rama Rajya not dictatorship of proletariat, -  
That's how Hindu nationalists go ahead  
You comrade! You took up Mao thought  
And roared as spring cloud with lightnings  
Created terror in the livers of fake revolutionaries

In Moscow Mausoleum they sprinkled revisionism  
And put you to deep sleep,  
But in Asia, Africa, Latin America  
The gun powder smells of Leninism  
Brings out blood from the noses of exploiters

Comrade! Now, Khrushchev followers feel happy  
By praising you and burying Stalin deeper;  
But you always live in the class struggle of people  
Not only in Russia but also in the whole world

4.

O comrade! A warrior you are, moving along  
In the path of Mao, advancing further  
And fortifying cultural revolution,  
You are the red flag in the people's China  
You are the revolutionary theory  
Dictating people's war of India!





5.

Then, in Telangana farmers' struggle  
O comrade, you prophesied China path  
With burning rhetoric, now cooling yourself  
Like a swan that separates milk from water  
And discovering progressive forces in ruling party  
O secretary of Communist Party of Indira-  
You backstabbed railway strike with such alacrity  
(And you only said strike is the powerful weapon)  
New tsar kings gave "Order of Lenin" tags  
to the chairman of the bugle party!

O Lenin! Your personality  
that blasted the imperialist hearts  
Now became the veil of revisionists  
And a protective talisman to the false revolutionists;

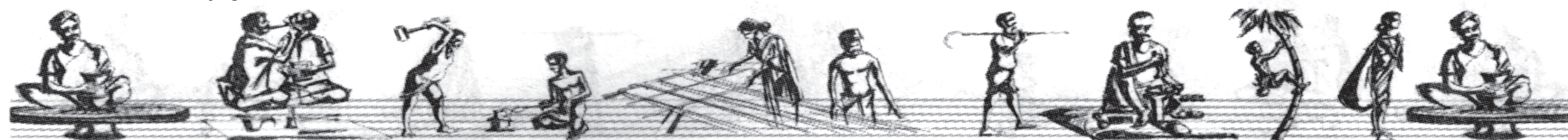
Keeping you as an image in their hearts  
Keeping your crown as adornment  
Keeping you as a photo  
Keeping you as a statue  
Keeping you as a slogan  
True communists surge ahead in their path;  
Keeping their fingers steady on the triggers ready to press;

6.

Comrade!  
You are the truth living with revolutionary breath;  
You are Leninism; not only a historical person  
You are history yourself;  
We are not revisionists that celebrate death of rebellion  
We dedicate ourselves to the people's future  
For us Lenin is the red flag devoted for the cause of revolution

15 October, 1974

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### 13. PEN PISTOL

-‘We found Naxalites in dense jungles among hillocks  
They fired a few rounds and escaped in darkness  
We found guns, transistor, Mao literature there’ –

Satyam died in confronting the police  
One SBML gun, a few bullets in his pocket  
-‘Power comes from the barrel of a gun’-  
This Mao quote was found on his heart.

Tribal people were arrested by police with suspicion  
That they were cutting trees in the forest;  
As government is keen on establishing roads  
Through the fields of tribals grown by slash and burn;  
When court questioned the government  
It gave assurance in the Srikakulam court  
That it will protect the interests of tribals with all its might

Poets were arrested for handing over  
Mao thought to the people!  
Government suspects poets have revolutionary ideas  
And people possess political sentence  
One news says thirty thousand pen pistols were  
Imported from China

Poet Sri Sri in virasam meeting  
Presented his pen as a weapon in front of the people  
-‘As revolutionary poets are plotting with heroes  
Against government’- police guns filed  
A few cases in court of law!

15 July, 1974

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## 14. DEATH OF ANOTHER KOTESU

To the feet of their masters and landlords  
People who prepared shoes from their own skin;  
To the fields of their owners and proprietors  
People who became water hoses throughout their lives;  
To the wastelands of their rulers and landholders  
People who burnt their muscles to make lands fertile;  
To farmlands succulent with produce of the land owners  
People who stayed guard all day and night protecting harvest  
from the birds, bears, wolves and foxes like faithful dogs;  
Working with beasts like beasts, working in mud like mud,  
People who worked as indentured labour in yajmani system;  
Building dwelling places and houses to all four castes  
People who strived with their blood and bones  
Yet buried in the basement of the society; in all these people  
We find millions of Kotesu like fighters, in the history of this country

Hanging to the doors of this feudal castle and fort  
The ornated arches reveals workers' endless tears –  
Renaming them as 'harijans' but keeping them in old system  
Mahatmas showed their bitter taste in their classy smiles  
Swapping them in economic dependency from untouchability  
Yet keeping them in the caste frame, legislative institutions  
Still commit sin in their hollow efforts of abolishing caste;  
When humans are counted as votes, they become fire sticks  
To cook mock democracy in the rich fire aided by Indira air

Bihar, Gujarat, U.P, M.P, Kadapa, Medak, Karimnagar,  
Hyderabad and in many places, they destroyed  
resting places and people, humiliated woman  
and downtrodden with impunity;

Find the root cause; repair and rejuvenate!  
Destroy these feudal forts from the basement  
And redeem the dreams of Kotesu likes into reality  
With united people's efforts and war against the oppressors!

24 July, 1974



## 15. SENTIENCE

Sentience! sentience! Students' resonance!  
To change the society, to bring the equality  
To destroy feudalism, to bring humanism  
Sentience! sentience! Students' resonance!

Awakened consciousness and clear conscience  
Students moved in clear vision and awareness  
Landless poor and poorly paid workers  
Raised their voice with students' resonance

Peasants, labourers, teachers and intelligentsia  
All moved against the exploitation by bourgeoisie  
All joined hands to end the rule of oppression  
Surged like storm waves in students' resonance!

From all walks of life students came to support workers  
They rushed ahead in all fronts like fire, water and air  
Anger, excitement, braveness, honesty, rebelliousness  
Made them burst with energy in students' resonance!

Ignited in class consciousness, aired by red vigour  
Moved from villages, inflamed in factories rigor  
Expanded into a great revolution bringing all together  
Sentience! Sentience! Students' resonance!

Cultural revolution in people's China; victory in Vietnam  
Revolutionary path rendered by Marx, Lenin and Mao  
Naxalbari, Srikakulam tribals' red flag read by students  
Now fills whole earth with light in students' resonance!

O dear student! Real education is in the field-work  
Working with people lets you learn about real folk!

29 July, 1974

\*\*\*\*\*



## 16. SPARK BECOMES A GREAT FIRE

Outside blows stormy winds  
Stars that twinkle in darkness  
Lay paths of light in eyes in silence

From the distant eastern hills  
Honey sweet people  
with mahua flower scented hearts  
Fight for salt, food, farming, existence;  
And for liberty they aimed their arrows  
To hit the raised tiger's paw  
With their bowstring's sound as accompaniment

Revolutionary thought waves fill the mind sea,  
Losses brings out tears from the shut eyes,  
Eyes red with fighting spirit  
Battle cry and song of pen

in combat exercises  
-'Spark becomes a great fire'-

Birds in the cages  
Fortifying liberty in their wings  
Waiting for the dawn of tomorrow!

17 August 1974

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## 17. BIHAR, NOVEMBER 4, 1974

Bihar!

Today my mind is revolving around you!  
Surrounded by ruthless military formation  
Bihar is boiling like a volcano ready to explode  
And its heart beat could not be measured  
By the stethoscopes of Patna newspapers

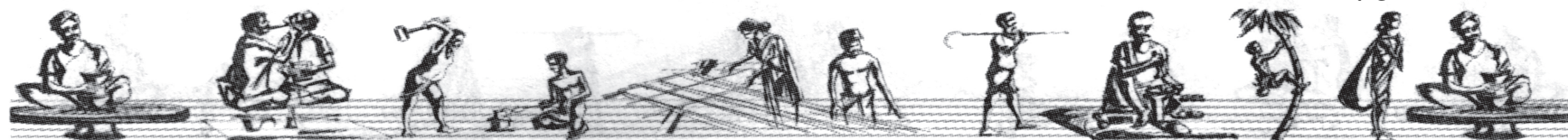
CRPF, BSF military raucous thorn wires  
Could not prevent the escape of the militants  
Under their nose now leaks people's outflow  
That makes my nerves electrified with new energy

No 'save democracy' slogans or vocabulary  
The revisionist bats' upside-down screeches  
Hanging on to Assembly window sills  
Or Indira magic, or even Sarvodaya lines  
Could not prevent the people's movement

Wipe out, wipe out, Bihar!  
Wipe out the exploitation, immoral graft  
And the pollution that got attached to this society

O Bihar! From the spring cloud that rained  
In Naxalbari you became a rivulet in floods  
And when you join the Indian farmers struggle  
Ghafoor buffoons gets lost in those red floods  
Don't stop at the target of dissolution assembly  
But fight till you reach the final revolutionary goal!

Just changing the attire by submitting resignation  
And instead of khaddar if he wears sacrificial cloth  
Do you think his sins will be washed out in Ganges?  
Can he get incarnated in people's assembly?  
When there is fire under assembly seats and carpet  
A donkey jumps into Gandhi maidan howling in stress  
How can he sing the revolutionary songs of fire?





Rival assemblies are not the alternate solution  
People question about hollow and false democracy

The child that wishes to be born in Gandhi maidan  
Lacks clear image or form;  
when motherland is in labour pains these idiotic midwives  
deliver a dead foetus or conduct untimely abortions;  
Better you select a competent surgeon  
that can deliver a live kicking baby by caesarean section

your target is in Naxalbari or Mushahari; not in Patna,  
your roots are in villages, not in towns or cities  
speak to villages and create chills to Delhi, o Bihar!

You have transformed people into problem solving path  
And guiding people by changing them into question marks  
Now they are the winds of revolution  
And O Bihar! You see present times in clear vision  
So, you have more responsibility for better future

Save the people from this fake non-violence fence  
That shoots people and revolutionary drive, in cold blood

Let people's hands clench into formidable fists  
Let the firestones create sparks of rebellion  
Let the great winds generate more flames  
Let the martyrs blood deliver new children of revolution  
Let your hopes be thunders and lightnings of change

O Bihar! It is neither Assembly nor Gandhi Maidan  
Your aim is written on the plan of action  
Of the prisoners escaped from the oppressive jails  
Not from the Lokpal's magic wand or from gram swaraj  
Where Gandhi's name chant goes lip-service;  
But in the victory of people's war blossoms new democracy  
(On November 4, 1974 eight rebels escaped from Patna Jail)

4 November, 1974



## 18. FLUTES OF REVOLUTION

In which bamboo groves of Godavari shores  
Bloomed guerrilla farmers are thee?  
You bid your necks to the gallows  
To offer revolutionary music to this generation!

You are the morning birds ready to kill the snake  
That occupied the anthill by force  
And challenging the hangman's rope  
that wishes to constrict the society's neck!

Koranna, Manganna, Satyam, Kailasam's arrows and bow  
Do resound revolutionary tunes in your heart!

Ordinary people you are!  
But reached dizzy heights with your exemplary characters  
Village -your mother, fields -your schools;  
Action- your education; experience -your teacher  
Rebelliousness- your lesson; people -your lives  
Revolution- your aim;  
Extraordinary people you are!

Comrades! For our sake, for our future  
You sacrificed your lives on hangman's noose;  
Longing for revolutionary change sparkles your eyes  
It is a challenge we accept to follow in your footsteps

Even when the sickle of death touching your neck  
You never crossed the lines of party discipline;  
Our red salute to your undaunted determination

In between the elimination of class enemy  
And the death by hanging order by your enemy  
Your hearts spent many eons of anxiousness;  
But your smiles never lost their sheen like red sun!

(To Comrades Bhoomaiah and Kista Goud)

30 June, 1974

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## MORNING RAYS (SONGS)

### 19. NEW LESSON

O dear children! Revolution is like our mother!  
O dear children! Revolution is the light other!  
No selfishness, or fear to smother us to bother!  
Lies and evil deeds detests our great mother!

Jasmine flower like mind, cool moonlight looks,  
Snowflake her heart soon dissolves in warm brooks;  
But against injustice it flares like great fire with red sparks  
O children, sing songs of revolution to dispel dark streaks

A is armed struggle; B is blood of Bengal Naxalbari  
C is communism and comrades; D is dare and dialectics  
E is enemy, F is fight; G is guerrilla warfare  
O children! H is our home that gives equality

I for India; J says join the fight against corruption  
K teaches kindness to deprived; L for love and Lenin  
M for Marx and Mao thought; N is Naxalite light and land  
O children! O is openness to thoughts thousand

P for poverty removal; Q is quality of life  
R for revolution, rebelliousness and raw energy  
S for steady fight against state violence and corrupt orgy  
O children! T for team work; U for ultimate goal we achieve

V for victory; W is for war of the people, for the people  
X for xystus of fighter's walk; Y for youth and Z for zeal  
This alphabet is extendable with the relentless struggle  
O children! Your loved ones are fighting for your welfare

Yes! Srikakulam and Satyam stay alive forever  
Seven years' war is extending further as people's war  
In the path shown by Marx, Lenin, Mao, Charu Majumdar  
O children! We shall move to victory with fervour and ardour

10 June, 1974



## 20. LEARN FIGHTING WHILE FIGHTING

After crying and crying, baby learns to talk  
After falling and falling, baby learns to walk  
O baby! unless you ask, mother will feed you late  
O child! unless you walk, you will not reach the plate

Crying and crying; feigning anger; refuse feeding  
Striking her with little hands and playing tantrums  
All for what? A big show to appease the little stomach;

After many mistakes you uttered your first word clear  
After many wavering steps you walked your first step firm  
After many strokes and wounds your body became strong

To learn swimming first jump into the water berth  
Once you learn the first lap it is easy holding breath  
Unless you start reading you can't study in depth

Mao told us all, this truth crystal clear  
O growing child, learn this lesson without fear  
Learn fighting while fighting with zeal and ardour

After crying and crying, baby learns to talk  
After falling and falling, baby learns to walk  
O baby! unless you ask, mother will feed you late  
O child! unless you walk, you will not reach the plate

24 November, 1974

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## 21. O RISING SUN!

From continents five  
And from seas four  
We came here with vigour  
O rising sun!  
We came like maelstrom  
O rising sun!  
We brought revolutionary storm  
O rising sun!  
You are our energy and power  
O rising sun!

Warmed by your tender touch  
We blossomed into red flowers  
O rising sun!  
We melted like soft snow showers  
O rising sun!  
We drenched earth with timely rains  
O rising sun!  
We scorched enemy with hot ray strains  
O rising sun!

We flew as birds, we swam as fish  
We became dreams, waves on streams  
O rising sun!  
You are our dream and hot scream  
O rising sun!

We are the vines, and future spies  
We are the fighters and society's eyes  
O rising sun!  
We have no religion, no caste  
We have no village, no name  
O rising sun!  
Our boundary line is your bright light  
Our sunrise occurs in labourers might  
O rising sun!



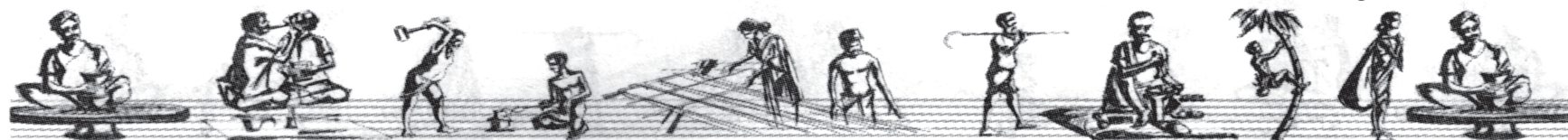
## 22. TOMORROW, I WRITE IN FREEDOM...

Not the blooming apple trees;  
But the propagandic lectures  
Of Hitler that smear tar to the truth  
Pressurizes me  
to write songs

- Bertolt Brest

(From July 1975 to February 1977; Warangal jail; Hyderabad jail)

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## 23. PEOPLE'S WORD, PATH AND HEART- JANARDHAN

Where art thou, O comrade!  
Disappeared in twilight  
You live in people's hearts,  
O son of the land so bright

Where art thou, O brave warrior!  
With your colleagues you lost your lives  
Ignited fighting spirit, here, in beehives  
You sacrificed your lives for a cause

Where art thou, O mighty fighter!  
You abhor tears, you detest pity  
Continuing your ideals in piety  
We hoist the red flag of revolution

Where art thou, O brother in arms!  
We redeem ourselves again and again  
In the class struggle to achieve our goals  
And pay homage to you and your squad

Where art thou, O guiding star!  
Our red salute to your relentless fight  
Our respects to you for your sacrifice great  
We tread on the road under your light so bright!

*(Surapaneni Janardhan Rao-alias- Janardhan- born in Garikaparru, Krishna District; while studying engineering in Warangal Regional Engineering College, he joined as a member in Marxist- Leninist party and went underground. Police force arrested him and killed him in the forests of Girayipalli, Medak District in the night hours of 24-25 July, 1975.)*

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## 24. NOW CHAINS WRITE...

Once upon a time,  
The blossoming flowers  
Did inspire me to write poetry;  
Now  
Your blatant lies  
Do pressurize me to write truth;

Those days  
Revolutionary movements, ardour  
Did inspire me to fight against oppressors;  
Now  
Your coercion, iron hand  
Do transform me in to a man of steel;

You occupied my vast empire  
And spliced it into small pieces  
And imprisoned me in the smallest space  
Crying a warning- be careful- do not cross the line;  
You tried all your forces  
My hand is tied tight  
And you broke my pen

Your worry is about my dreams spreading all over;  
I am here in this dark dungeon of limited space;  
The road I have taken  
Neither I am the first one, nor going to be the last one;  
And my songs received the breath of life on this road;

What can I do?  
You put my dreams in prison and prosecute me  
And I laugh at you with pity



You have constructed high walls  
to prevent me see the outside world  
but my looks learnt to see from high sky  
now like a free introvert bird I join the sky riders

You try to save your skin and chair, to stay on the top  
You feel lonely in a crowd  
I am incarcerated but I stay with the people  
Though you put me lone in this jail, I am in the crowd  
And I became stronger and believe  
One day people will put an end to your fascist trend

Your shadow too tells you lies  
That you are in crowd and I am alone,  
But I am the crowd and you are the confined one  
Tomorrow this silent volcano  
Explodes and destroys your chair on the peak

In these long silent periods of imprisonment  
Thoughts do get sharp and incisive;  
O Dictator! Your time is up  
The silenced voices now explode into songs of revolution!

14 February, 1977

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## 25. FIGHTING IS OUR BREATH

Lightning stays hidden at the cloud's edge  
Rebellion stays in wait on the time's sedge  
We must learn to forge tears into weapons  
We must accept snags as flowers of chance

Live fish swim against the torrential current  
People's war propels across the enemy tent  
Seeds in the plough burrows waits for water  
they break in water to sprout and grow better

We fight for the people staying with them  
We sing the songs of people not our difficulties  
We tread on the red path to reach people's goal  
We sacrifice our lives for the better life to them

We die incognito under the bright red flag  
Our war is relentless and has no time lag  
Lightning stays hidden at the cloud's edge  
Rebellion stays in wait on the time's sedge

15 September, 1975

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## 26. WHEN THIS NATIONAL ROOSTER CROWS WAKEUP SONG?

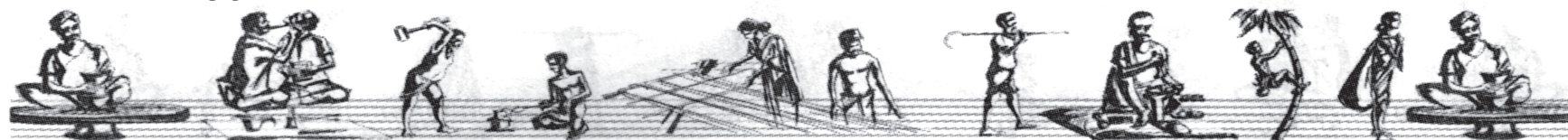
Eating and excreting millets, a rooster thought  
the morning won't come unless it sings;  
when a dry leaf fell on its head all of a sudden  
thinking that sky is falling it ran away into a nearby cavern

Impotent nitwits  
Throw the blame on Marxism  
For their incapability of performing

Revolution of National Communists  
It is no merciless class struggle  
An adjustment policy for a morsel of food  
Into the begging bowl

18 September, 1975

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## 27. WOMAN!

Woman!  
Your blood  
It gives life to the child  
Of your dreams and man's desires

Woman!  
Your blood  
Sustains life of the children  
In the form of milk and affection

Woman!  
Your blood  
Turns into pearly sweat  
In fields, harvest, house and cooking

Yet, you are a slave in this ingrate society  
Imprisoned by male dominance walls  
You are a silent shadow of yourself  
You offer heavenly pleasure without asking  
And power too in silent submission  
In a world of commerce

For a few jasmines, or a new fashion saree  
You offer yourself to a part time good husband  
With a winning smile or cunning words  
A fair-weather lover procures contraband  
You lose yourself in vanishing tricks of smart men  
Yes, you are half of happiness and sorrow  
Happiness goes to man, leaving sorrow to you

Woman!  
Your tears do fail to dissolve this stony hard society,  
With flaming sparks only, you can break this moiety,  
Demand your rights with a roar and needed identity  
From a saleable property to equal role in humanity  
Move hand in hand with revolutionaries to bring unity  
With rising red sun in your heart comes victory in equality

15 September, 1975





## 28. HAMMER AND SICKLE

They have put shackles to my legs  
To prevent me reaching the edges  
of the sky of freedom, spread in my eyes  
and erected iron bars and barbed wires  
in between my quest and destiny;  
guarded by tricolour flag with Asoka Wheel!

yet, I see every day the sky, and its shine  
illuminated by vivid colours and lights  
and the breathed in consciousness  
from the life supporting air  
and the change offered by nature's law of motion-

every evening labourers break these artificial chains  
and go to their homes of peace  
like pigeons that reach their niche  
to take rest in the arms of beloved ones;

we people sing songs of future in the shadow of the sky,  
and on a lone evening the heart of the tricolour flag  
flutters, when it finds no dependents of it on duty,  
to stay around, who fear darkness, jails and death!

People with renewed energy in class struggles-  
For them moonless night is filled with infinite starlight  
And if moon is there, it is all moonlight;  
Violence begets violence like rubber ball hit on the ground,  
As Nature's first lesson; people, war, study and training  
Makes them ready for fight  
without boundaries against class enemy

Hammer knows how to forge iron into a tool for work,  
Sickle never bows and it reminds you a question mark!

12 May, 1976



## 29. POET IS A STREAM, NOT A LION

Poet is not a lion  
Poet is a stream  
He can jump from the peaks  
And can also flow serenely in meadows  
Hiding in forests, meandering around hills

Poet as stream, stay quiet at dams  
If necessary, breaking them  
and flows in streams and rivers;  
its nature is change

Some people see its flow and its movement  
But never understands its nature and its silence;  
Protoplasm has sun's heat hidden in its tiny self  
In million-megawatt electricity;

The song of stream flows through out its journey  
Fish that swim across waters lives in it;  
And for those people that believe circus as reality  
They never understand the truth and nature of a stream!

20 December, 1976

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## 30. A DAUGHTER'S MIND

Bapu, o dad! Far away somewhere you are there,  
And in your heartbeat, I recognize your affection;  
To hear your song of separation from your little kid  
Vibrating on your heart's layers in incessant waves;

I lay here in the operation theatre  
To make my voice more melodious....

Here it is all white smell and white silence  
Another jail perhaps; Your well-wishers wearing white caps  
Move around talking with eyes only  
Nurses, sisters, doctors ... all in white in white silence

Bapu, here it is all wet smell, Medicine smell,  
anaesthesia smell; for me who knew only  
Mother's milk fragrance, fragrance of your affection  
And fragrance of flowers, it is all new to me this smell.

Here dwells not only kindness in the eyes around me  
But also x-rays, scissors that speak of my wellness  
Yet my eyes long for your affection  
They take a photo of my inner strength

That's why here I search for your eyes of compassion  
I see you here in everyone in this operation theatre

Can I call the anaesthetist brother as bapu!  
He is giving an injection... brother...bapu!  
He is giving an injection... brother...bapu!  
Anaesthesia ... injection ... brother ... bapu...

Did bapu come? Hasn't he arrived, yet?  
He will come...I will wait...

31 January, 1977

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## 31. O DEAR FRIEND, DON'T BE A RENEGADE...

No, dear friend, no!  
Don't tarnish the path people walk  
Don't spend your time and energy  
In throwing chilli powder in eyes  
And putting tacks under their feet!

I am not angry  
That you are tired or became weak to fight;  
You have forgotten those days,  
When tears flowed from your eyes,  
We wiped them with friendly hands  
Maybe you have forgotten  
For that we don't hate you;

If a surgeon doubts his science  
How can he perform surgical procedures?  
Go through the history when you have some leisure  
From slave age to Paris Commune and  
From early societies to Vietnam victory  
And about the sacrifice of Bhagat Singh  
Which was dubbed as 'not necessary'- by Bapu!

Can egg heckles chicken?  
Emperor who crucified Spartacus preached the same!  
Spartacus is a revolutionary, can you disagree?  
Laika the Soviet space dog didn't she die heroically?

I pity you for not expecting spring when fall is over!  
If you can't stay where you are at present, it's alright  
But don't move backwards like a prodigal bull finding fault  
with the path, showing some frivolous scientific reason  
We cannot call you as comrade till you wipe out the dust  
hardened on your heart; till those letters on Communist Manifesto  
we gave gets disintegrated, we still address you as comrade!  
Our hearts like seismograph predict earthquake sometime soon!  
It's ok if you cannot remain as a comrade, but don't be a renegade!

11 February, 1977

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## 32. ELECTRIC SONG

As long as I enjoyed affection in my childhood  
I thought it is the sweetest thing in the world;  
In my youthful times it is love, love, all the way;  
Then friendship is the sweetest thing in the world!

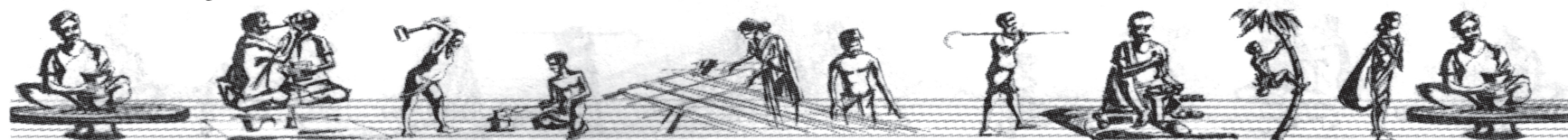
Cyan of sky, light sunshine on flowers, and  
Blood's run with age and marathon of mind  
Less clear, less organized quest  
Lust for every rare thing in test  
World is no pure affection;  
Friendship is not just enjoying college fiction

In this society, sun smiles on my sweat drops  
But evening time pass in parks is not in my stops  
Hard working hands in green fields are mine  
But my name is not written on harvest grain  
Now I realized where does the secret rest,  
And on what touchstone I can test my luck best

People's perception brought new friends  
Friendship got new definitions  
Between love and dissolution came new fragrance  
Mutually shared love when offered to the world  
Love multiplied and we started seeing multitude;  
Eyes glistened with new sparks with new visions  
When they shared love with people in distress

Lips burnt in longing, burst when given to revolution  
With aching and bleeding legs when we reached hilltop  
World looked vast and wide; wounds healed nonstop  
When we lived and loved each other  
Separation was like electric shock; now it is an electric song;

In this garland of tears, I see not only longing  
But also, your resolve for me and the path of revolution



### 33. GENIUS

To supply food to the roots  
Tree keeps its leaves in the sky  
Flower- fruit- seed the cycle continues  
That's why it keeps flowers on its head high

When law wears crime dress  
And hunts people branding them as criminals  
Whoever sits silently  
Without raising voice is also a criminal

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### 34. IS RISING EARLY A CRIME?

Sunrise at Darjeeling; storm in Bay of Bengal  
Telangana forests that taught walking to River Godavari  
In the heart of a poet who woke up, early,  
they sound truths and paint real life stories...

Sun, ocean, earth, milky way, east wind, change in time,  
Nature and people,  
if they never perpetrated a crime,  
what crime then poet has committed?

\*\*\*\*\*





## 35. INKDROP IS BORN IN SWEAT DROP

An untold truth is the worker's sweat drop  
An unseen truth is the worker's hungry stomach  
An unobserved truth is worker's tear drop  
An uncountable truth is worker's fighting arm  
Then what other truth a poet's pen can ink as word drop?

- 'What crime writers have done  
Not committed by other people' - is not the question?  
But ask, what sacrifice writers have done  
Not committed by people?

Hands that dwell in earth sculpted you as a wiseman,  
Then what songs you have written  
about those wounded and bleeding hands?

(Above three poems are written in response  
to a tender question of a friend –  
-What crimes you writers have committed not done by others?)

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## 36. LONG LIVE MAO IDEOLOGY!

Mao is no more  
But his ideology grows stronger and stronger

Thousand full moons he has seen  
Hundred flowers and thousand thoughts he nourished

- 'Change must come through the barrel of a gun'-  
Party dictates the gun; people run the party;  
- 'The people, and the people alone are the motive force  
In the making of world history'- he said  
That's why his ideology is growing stronger and stronger;

Fighting power of the oppressed  
People who dug up three mountains  
Braves who scaled high and difficult hills  
Explorers that can reach moon beyond nine heavens  
Divers that can fathom five seas to find the tortoise  
This world belongs to them, to the youth

Mao, A symbol of twenty-seven years' blood of new China  
And a child of ten years old workers' cultural revolution;

Mao is no more  
But his ideology grows stronger and stronger

13 September, 1976

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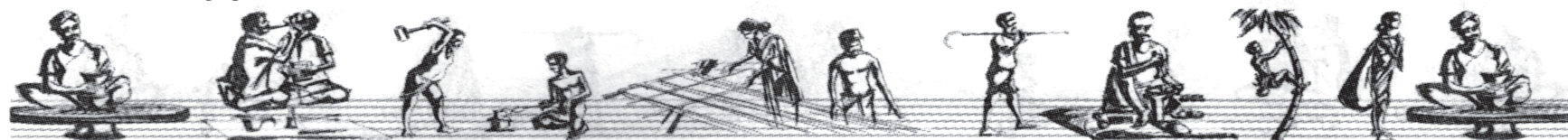


## 37. UNDERTAKING

Against change  
Against east  
You pass a judgement  
And forces us to agree  
If jails can run trains  
If prisons can erect walls to minds  
If penitentiaries can silence revolution  
If sun rises in the west  
I declare apology, milord!

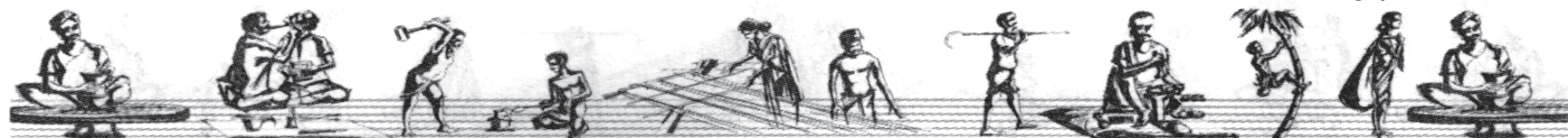
16 July, 1977

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***Samudram* (1983)  
(OCEAN)**



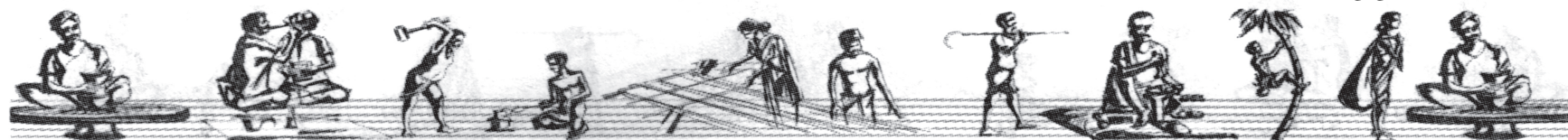


# SAMUDRAM (OCEAN)

From continents five,  
From oceans four  
We came running  
O rising sun!  
We surged like storm  
O rising sun!  
We brought upheavals  
O rising sun!

Watery oceans are four,  
But people's seas are five!

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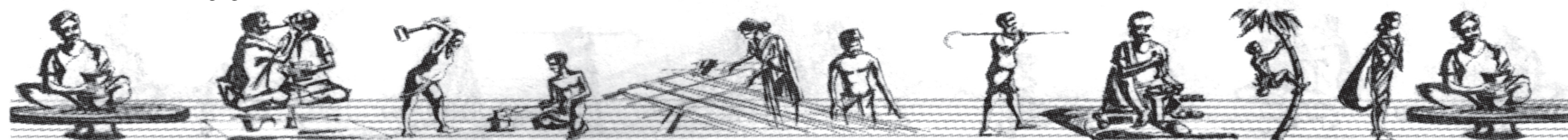
1.

What news can I tell you about the ocean I saw?  
Look into my television eyes  
Keep your ear on my mind and hear  
Hear the conversation of sea  
Recorded in me like a cassette!

Hear the echoes of ocean's breath in my heart  
Hear the loyalty of ocean responding in my breath;

Let my song in human form reflecting ocean  
take- over you and me into its possession!  
Do you know from how far I came to see the ocean?  
like a forest I longed to see a green sea  
transforming into a cavern in sea depths  
I brought out all my light in blood into my eyes  
raised my head like a mountain, flowed fast like a river;

From how many ages, eons, generations and  
in many stages, problems, societies,  
with falls, revivals, walks, runs, to let ocean to see me  
from the end of the worlds, end of the darkness,  
from the origin of ocean, to know how I have started  
my journey, and its walks, its wavy runs, its foam spills,  
Ocean with its big waves how it came along on timeline;  
Dark sea, black sea, blue sea, green sea and like  
White sea with foam it touched me in tender spills  
An ocean in all oceans, all oceans in itself  
It sent its delicate fingers in between my toes  
And filling water in the recesses



Joining the separated continents with water  
Smoothing hard rocks into round cobble stones  
Creating swirls under my feet  
This ocean is a rail, a jail, a cloud in its style!

What is an ocean except water, salt and storm?  
What is life except daily labour and salty tears?

Sea has transformed into blood and water is true  
Sea became tearful in tears is true,  
It is not poets' sweet agony, but salty and profuse

But ocean did not dissolve into tears  
Ocean did not drown in tears  
It drowned things but didn't get drowned

Ocean is there, it said I am there; it says-  
With waves after waves I tread on time line-  
It echoes in blood; it reflects in my poem

I heard the struggles of life in ocean's roar  
Studied life's depth in its waves  
Lifestyle in ocean's diversity

What is an ocean except water, salt and storm?  
What is life except blood, sweat and revolution?

## 2.

Ocean came to me to say something  
I went in search of ocean to hear again  
Keeping sea at head end and searching for water  
Unless you look for it you cannot identify it



Look at the foam, in it the hidden depths of ocean  
To see the blue ocean, reach the end of the earth  
Human calls it in various names near named places  
And what secrets it reveals in its language less roar?

With its continuous roar and relentless movement  
Like a wave of light on the steps of darkness  
It reveals depths of ocean in its breaking waves  
No poetry can decipher ocean except ocean itself  
only revolution can describe life's light and dark shades

Sea insisted us to see it; sea roared and  
Sea asserted us to fight for better future

Playing sportful with swimmer  
Placing challenges to underwater diver  
Punished the person who detested its saltiness

Burrowing into the crypts of sand,  
creating fire in water,  
ocean offered light filled lands to look at;  
The hidden puzzle in ocean's answer  
The answer is in the question!

Ocean is a hill of diversities and solutions  
Its hidden secret is in its unity in diversity  
It removes the boundary lines;  
If sea stands before me as a great wave  
Nothing except the sea remains before my eyes  
Into mind's crevices nothing enters except ocean  
Sitting in a room and when you start writing about sea  
Water flows under feet like burning sea



Tears runs like suffering of the sea of people  
Sea roars in heart like ruminating Srikakulam in Karimnagar

From pen flows sea in my life's layers, memory curtains  
Like a valuable nimble thought, but how to cloth it in letters?  
Inundating all the lands and countries in its salty storm  
And proved the rotation of earth sphere  
Such ocean it is, how to make it stand on a piece of paper?

One has to reflect deep on flowing waters  
But cannot stop it at a point to fathom it!

Even the highest wave measures under your feet tiny,  
But it is a sparkling, wavy electric sword with forms many!  
That infinite light source storm won't stand on tongue tip  
Its gregarious frightening form covers earth and sky up,  
But spreads over sand particles, bows to your feet humbly  
Like a pet stallion, stands by your side and lands softly;

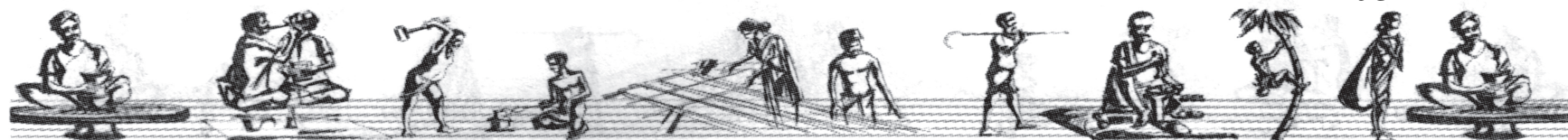
Reaches you like a messenger without delivering message,  
The mighty ocean stays in your looks and memories;

What is an ocean except water, salt and storm?  
What is life except blood, sweat and revolution?

### 3.

Knowing that ocean is in troubled state  
I approached to console it

Where there is fluid there will be some distress  
Where there is some salt there will be a storm  
When blood vessels go burst there will be wound



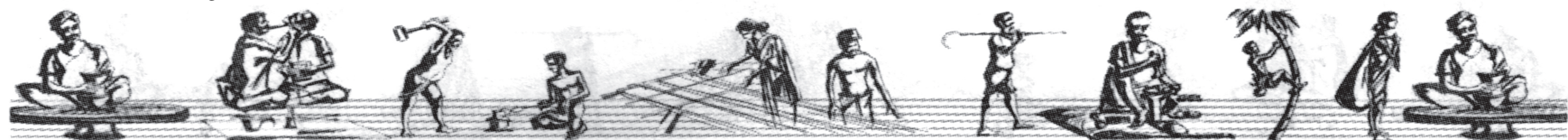
Where there is water there will be tears and  
and light rays; to explain this idea I approached it

when I reached the shore  
I stood there near the edge of vast water  
And I became the coastline of the ocean

Ocean transformed in to a stallion  
And carried me to what distant shores  
Where it touches the land, where it walks  
Where it gallops, where it gets injured  
Where it neighs, where it kneels  
Where it shines or where it whines  
When I opened my eyes, I found myself a shore  
on the coastline, dissolving into sea  
when I closed my eyes, I found myself faraway  
in my pupil a vast sea lying in orbital pouch  
in the embrace of rays of sun of my eyes  
in the safety of my eyelids, in the dominion of my eyes,  
on the dunes of my mind lying is the mighty ocean

To take the shape of ink in my pen,  
it throbs in my heart then reaching my throat and  
in waves on my tongue and lips, roaring in my entire body,  
coming out of the anthill of mind like a roused snake  
hissing in anger, this ocean shed its snow skin

Entering the depths of the heart of earth  
Reaching the heights of the sky, and it is everything  
But it has its own agony because it has its own mind  
Storms, tsunamis, tornadoes reveal its agony



There is no boundary line to ocean  
To shore sea is the boundary line  
To distance and to emotions  
Ocean speaks a misty border line

What is an ocean except water, salt and storm?  
What is life except blood, sweat and revolution?

**4.**

Fragmented from the fireball like burning lump  
When I got separated from sun as a lighted clump  
My blood has coloured the ocean  
In burning earth, in burnished human  
Flowing is the omnipresent ocean

Touch and search in ocean and me as earth,  
Elements, live particles, seasons, problems, societies  
Hidden treasures, crude metals and materials  
All these are the products of my hard work and ideas

Churning the ocean, keeping the earth  
upside down, I imprisoned myself in it  
when wind plucked the wavy strings  
when moonlight flowed on leaves  
when light sparkled at stream's edge  
when earth tenderly sprouted buds and flowers  
I owned them. I became dependant on them

Crushing earth under my feet I wished  
ocean to be under my control  
conquering countries and islands  
I nourished hate and sins





Becoming pirate or smuggler or class conscious  
I am now an alien to my ocean  
Hiding salt and fire of ocean in me  
I robbed the hot blood and sweat of the fisherman  
Created boundaries and seals, gave names and routes  
Creating bays explored Pacific seas  
Went in search of gold in islands, deserts and  
harmed the seas and oceans for war bases

At hydro-electric stations  
Where water becomes electricity,  
Where darkness is replaced by light  
Where starlight is reflected in sea mirror  
Where moonlight spread its brightness  
Sky size sun and ocean overflowed their merits  
I demonstrated them atomic fission  
I made sea drink abortive poison  
Generations together born with disability  
I am swallowing the poison leaked into air from sea  
I am the peaceful ocean choked in imperialistic embrace

My blood is a commodity; my sea is another  
My mother earth I sold it many times  
In umpteen wars I keep it for resale

I killed my son Lohitasya, I sold my wife Chandramati  
To gain kingdom I broke bonds of blood and nerves  
I deceived earth and sea with my shenanigans  
Shared wines, obtained shores;  
Hired guards round the clock to protect my wares;

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I understood the ocean, I invoked the ocean, swimming  
against storms I saved winds from howls of depression  
Defeating sharks, decoding crocodile tears  
I protected the sparkling eyes of schools of fish  
I conserved the great waters, extended the sea shores  
And contained the distance between Nature and me;  
Breaking the mist, stalking the storms of revenge  
I honoured the ocean as ocean

Ocean

It is not a sea-fire that swallow slaves,  
It is the slaves' rebelliousness;  
It is not an ornament for my waist,  
It is a bloody struggle that abolished imperialism;  
It is not a colony to bear the brunt of East India,  
It is the freedom struggle of many occupied countries;  
It is not the suicidal capitalistic freedom,  
It is Bolshevik revolution that destroys capitalism;

Bond between ocean and moon is not just moonlight  
When imperialism with war bases announced that  
gamma or laser rays provide links between sea and planets?  
ocean laughed behind its wavy lips;  
Today ocean looks like death bed to imperialism  
Today ocean looks like Naxalbari commotion

Ocean is on its swell  
Bringing moon and planets under its influence  
Declaring my sweat drop on earth's cheek as its blood  
Ocean becomes me without losing its identity  
Earth, ocean Nature owns us  
And we own them understanding them better



Floating on sea waves me, floating in my dreams, sea I am!  
A drop of water I am in sea, a drop of sweat -ocean in me  
This sweat is ocean's blood, which is life's movement  
Movement is friction, friction is for change

And I understood how east gives birth to tomorrow  
That floats on waves of ocean  
In those wavy stamens I became pollen  
And the fragrance of my arts flowed as a sea!  
Ocean is my thought electricity  
Ocean is my future, yes

What is an ocean except water, salt and storm?  
What is life except blood, sweat and revolution?

## 5.

Great crisis leads to lasting peace  
I requested the sea to create storms to gain freedom  
Yes, it is not my request but its inherent nature of  
Whirling, swirling and it became a great cyclone

I am not near shore, I am not in ocean

Why? Though I am in and with ocean  
I could not become it; When water drops  
raised into sky becoming rainbow flags  
I am neither seashore nor alone in its radiance

If there is no ocean, what am I? A mere sand particle  
Now transforming into a smile of sea sword or its edge;  
I am a fistful of clay activated with consciousness



Fighting for liberty, I became sea in storm and it took me  
in its arms and threw me onto its shore to live in freedom

Sea pirates heard our conversation about liberty  
We know sea is no secret, no treacherous plot  
Storms and crises are not new to ocean  
We together started fighting against exploitation

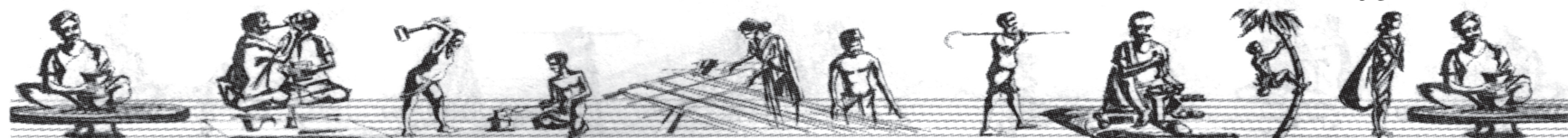
Landlords compared me with stormy ocean  
War identified my stand and notion

When this world cart is carried by underdogs  
I pointed towards them and their sufferings  
Landlords felt I am a pain in the neck, a toothache  
A dust wind that spilled sand in their eyes

Without mind no tears, no smiles  
Without sea no shore; sea is shore  
And when I erected a flagpole on the shoreline  
Ocean raised its waves inundating lands beyond lines  
Wiping out shores and addresses

Enemy understood I am the conversation of ocean  
Enemy realized that my culture came from sea  
I may not be a roaring sea, but I am the roar  
I am the mouth of the ocean, I may not be tsunami  
That inundates north east west south  
But I am the song of storm and symbol or insignia

Raising like wave and falls as water, sea becomes  
sweat of slaves and in revolt it becomes blood;



Clay converts itself into agricultural revolution  
it becomes produce, path, shore, ship, prow,  
in defeat becomes alien and explodes in typhoon

when storm inundates it is no call of the wild  
it is taking me in, and realizing me as ocean

there is no freedom to ocean,  
no freedom to me  
ocean is in great crisis  
I am also in that calamity

In the ebbs and tides of sea  
I am a wave, a dream, a disturbance;  
To win long lasting peace I needed this crisis  
And I am the ocean that lost freedom;

In the freedom of ocean  
In true liberty  
I am a waterdrop searching for freedom

What is an ocean except water, salt and storm?  
What is life except blood, sweat and revolution?

January, 1983

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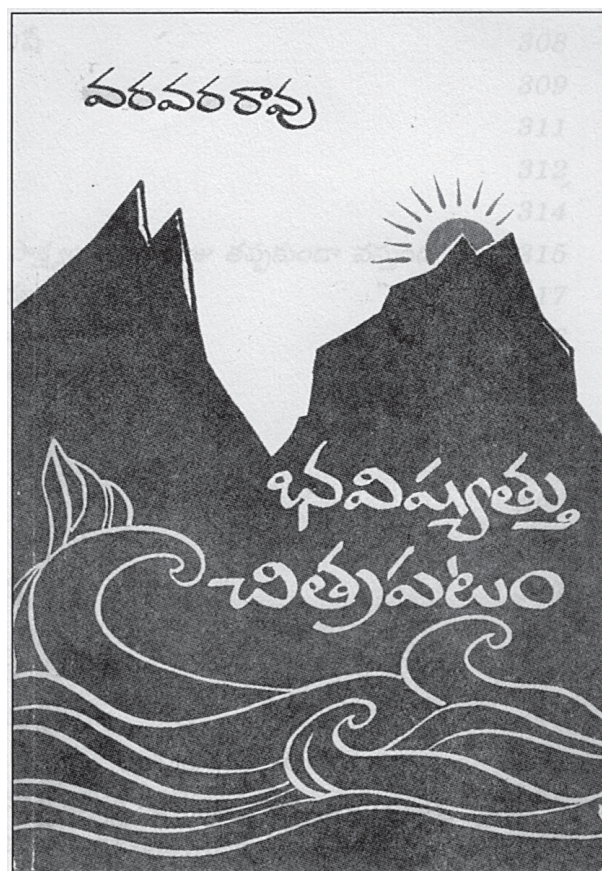
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Oh, this is what a sea is, not so vast as I thought,  
In between us and sun stays this ocean, what I sought!

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***Bhavishyathu Chitrapatam (1986)***  
**(FUTURE PORTRAIT)**





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## 1. SUN

You, you, enemy!  
In those early hours of a grey morning  
Binding the hands of  
a warrior who fought for the morning  
keeping a mask  
on his eyes who wished to see the morning  
hanging him  
to a noose who voiced for a bright morning  
shooting him in cold blood  
that spilled over and covered the sky morning-

Look at that scarlet space and  
Look at the one who opened his eyes!

29 August 1978

\*\*\*\*\*



## 2. YES, HE IS ALSO A HUMANBEING

When he is born, he is a human  
When he is grown, he is a human  
When he joined police force for a living  
He is lathi, jail, van and gun

Even his children get scared  
When his wife utters his name;  
A target he is, heckled  
By children including his own;

Sounds of his shoes  
Noises of his uniforms, they are all guilt ridden  
when his feet touches earth,  
and his body feels air, then only he is human

in his own house where he shares his love  
with wife and children then he is human,  
there also he hangs his khaki cloths  
lifeless ones to the indifferent hangers

if he understands hunger is human  
and he appreciates his people, he is human;  
when he differentiates between him  
and people's enemies he is a true human being

28 June 1979

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### 3. ANOTHER STORM WIND

Another storm wind, a great storm wind  
Surged in the hearts of the Telangana land!

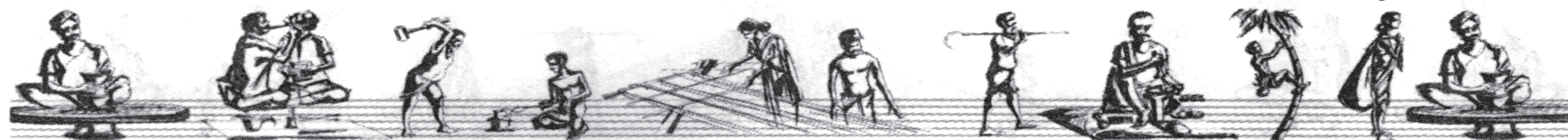
With whirls and swirls like swell Godavari,  
That inundates meadows and fields without hurry  
When Adilabad and Karimnagar people like Godavari  
Rushed to inundate the landlords without any worry

Learning to move from water, air and Naxalbari  
Earth's rotation and sunrise as truths to tarry  
Common people moved in unity to carry  
The fight to the dark corners of oppression scary

This land, this vegetation, these anthills of worry  
Occupied by oppressive snakes that live in merry  
To take them back another storm wind dreary  
Has blown as breath, care, verbal and hope deary

Another storm wind, a great storm wind  
Surged in the hearts of the Telangana land

\*\*\*\*\*



## 4. AN EYE OPENER

When the thirsted one requested for water  
They poured urine into his mouth;  
In one of the police stations in Kolkata, they thrust  
iron rods into the genitals of women prisoners;  
In Emergency period they made political opponents  
To taste the infamous Hyderabad goli;  
They caned the blind  
Converted police stations into rape centres;  
They charged people's politics with conspiracy  
Killed party workers and sympathisers  
In fake encounters

You never bothered

To treat criminals in the country  
 Proceeded with needles and acid  
 a government honorary eye surgeon  
 Doctor- police a lethal combination  
 In Bhagalpur of Bihar!  
 At least can this eye surgery be an eye opener  
 To you about your own house structure?

## December 1980

\*\*\*\*\*



## 5. FOR OUR SISTER

To forget one unhealed wound  
How many old memories we do unearth?  
To hide one pure sorrow  
How many artificial covers we do cloth?

Humanity memory that silence could not bear  
Becomes a dwarfed word; all the while,  
Tears cannot show the lost light of eyes dear,  
Like dried lips fail to speak or smile

After your departure only  
We understood the purity of your footsteps;  
After you became a thought in our mind, then only  
We understood your effect on our lives;

You are love, service, strength, sacrifice and affection  
May not be far from emotions but you are human;  
To bring back you to walk amidst us, how many futile efforts  
We have to do, to diminish our grief-stricken heart's distress?

How good it would be if our minds  
become lighter in our words, acts and sighs!  
How great it could be if our hands  
Bring you back from our heart's depths!

How wonderful it would be if you come alive  
And enliven us with your presence!  
How pleasing it would be if we recognise  
Your eternal presence in our bodies and souls!

16 March, 1981

\*\*\*\*\*





## 6. KHAKI RELIGION

To the preening knives  
And the dancing daggers  
Is there any difference in language and attire?  
Is there any difference in blood and grief they fire?

In front of Masjid or temple  
What religion the incited people's anger denotes?  
What religion the dead people's lives prophesies?  
What religion the wide spread rumours carry?

What religion rulers follow?  
What religion gun shots propose?  
What religion curfews survey?  
What religion goondas commend?

What religion liquor recommend?  
What religion this government follows  
That opened election club  
To benefit these goondas and liquor barons?

(Police has only one religion; that's khaki religion-  
D.G.P- Eenadu- 19-7-1981)

19 July, 1981

\*\*\*\*\*



## 7. THE DAY WILL COME....

O honourable judges!

All these days, I thought you are also  
monthly wagers like me giving useless lectures;  
now I realised you maybe the incarnation of  
Yama dharma raja who tested Savitri,  
Or the blind goddess of justice with raised sword  
To slay the adharma or bad deed doers

Only you can understand the unrestrained  
Hard work of police who attack villages  
at midnight hours, to destroy utensils,  
To break bangles of poor womenfolk,  
And become abusive to core, bind suspects,  
And put sticks in the anus, torture the innocents;  
What hard work they won't do to bring out truth  
Only you can understand their service to the people!

In police lockups, camps, encounters  
The raised lathis, fired guns that go in search of truth  
Only you can understand as witnesses of justice!

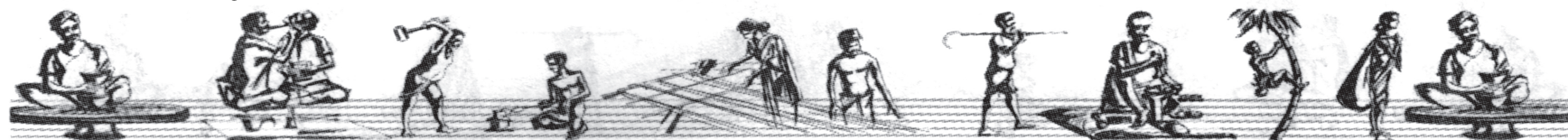
Big, bigger civil codes, Bhagavad-Gita, Bible, Quran  
Conscience, uniforms, iron shoes, sun glasses  
Sten guns, rifles, revolvers, jails, courts, hang nooses  
And people like you that protect culture and dharma  
When you are all there, is it not a surprise  
why witnesses fear to tell the truth!  
is it because of the warning given by radicals?



Your honour! The day will come,  
People do attend the court to tell the truth without fear;  
Truth that is killed in encounters will survive  
In people's hearts forever  
Until then, without any threat or witness  
You can come down from the seat of justice  
And proclaim protective hand to approvers  
and informers sitting firm on the police protected stage!

August 1981

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## 8. BREATH, A DEEP SIGH

In the expressive and not so expressive past shadow  
When colours are applied to the present,  
In the clear and not so clear past light  
When you construct present,  
When all news carries a bundle of hope  
When eyes blossom future  
Suddenly a streak of fear  
A trembling, an agony...

Everywhere there is despair  
Present times look terrible  
It looks like teargas filled the sky,  
It seems verily as the silence of oppression,  
It roars like stormy sea inundating mother earth,  
It is like blood spilled morning,  
It is like hot midday sunshine,  
It is like evening devoured by dark night,  
It is like a tree that received bullet into its stem,  
From the heart of a man tied to it,  
Like the grief-stricken sea roar,  
Like the infinite agony of sky,  
Like the pestilence that drew its sword on humans  
Like the rainy downpour of tears  
Present is frightening me in its freezing showers

When is the end to this bloody rain?  
In this present scenario of agony  
When comes our future sunrise?

\*\*\*\*\*



## 9. ONE FAITH- ONE CHAPTER

When you see the blood spill  
Tears naturally flow without ill will;  
In the living heart blood surges  
And goes into depression urges;

That blood  
And those mud-stained hands  
That shared food and water with us,  
That blood  
That shared a few moments under our roof  
Or sill and lived in our sorrows and joys  
Our food, our produce, our cattle, our shed  
Our problems, our school, our lessons.

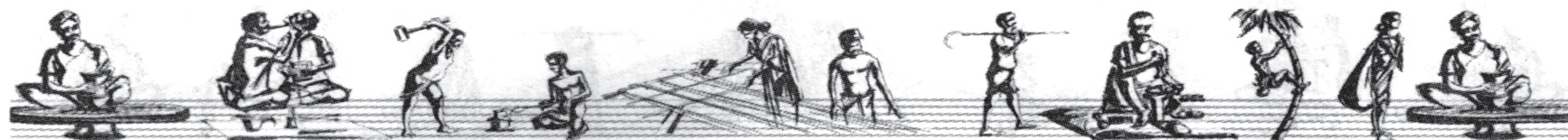
That blood which shared our lives and thoughts  
and when it appears as morning rain  
we become tears downpouring, right,  
then what about the flood that follows rain?  
What about the turbulence brought by it?

Murder hides the truth  
Enemy announces our transient losses  
And hides his cowardness that binds heart and bowels  
When news proclaims hope, it sounds oppression  
One has to learn future labour pains from blood lines

Evening leads to night, stars sparkle,  
Morning arises in the river of blood  
Devil presumes it and draws his oppressive sword  
When our minds accept shadows, devil laughs aloud

Man will wake up;  
no devil or demon, no sword he cares;  
Sacrifices made by people with their blood  
Allows humanity to blossom in new form

March 1982



## 10. ASSAM- LIGHT IN THE EAST THRESHOLD

River Brahmaputra revives harvests  
It flows in the people of Assam  
And it nourishes the tea gardens

Hearts of the Assam people are oil refineries  
Bodies of the Assam people are bamboo groves  
Minds of the Assam people are Brahmaputra valleys

Assam's unrefined minerals, fuel, border, and  
Assamese borderline is an example for their patience

Refugees, foreigners enter it with impunity in space,  
Capital inundates Assam with its oppressive rate  
It devours water, minerals, earth and people's marrow  
Assam the light in the eastern threshold  
Assam the lost address in exploiters' darkness  
Enquires about its own name all around  
And questions the Centre about its existence;

Stares directly into the eyes of Delhi  
By keeping its finger on the button of Baroni Pipeline  
Assam identifies the twin pet cats  
That move around staggering at the feet of Indira

Satyanarayan Singh gives assurance that  
Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun only;  
Brahmaputra swells in floods,  
and it has that tendency

When elections are announced  
Police and military flows in spate  
Ballet paper is handed over to the shivering hands





Bullets pierces the hearts and hands of the people ,  
those who boycotted elections!  
Parliamentary violence surges in;  
Assam becomes a den of dead bodies  
In the judgement of dead bodies, Indira Congress  
changes president's rule to democracy veil  
wiping off the blood from the moustaches  
red cats count the victories of united leftists  
People who sold Assam people's blood as tea powder  
People who sold Assam people's sweat as petrol  
People who sold Assam people's skin as paper  
Write ballot history with bullets

Yes! people of Assam shall write new history  
As a part of the history of eastern people  
As a part of races  
As a part of people  
Assam people shall write poetry;  
Losing lives, moving in resistance,  
They will write the violent history  
And about the liberation of people,  
They realized it as a part of people's revolution  
Assam realizes 'conflict is necessary for change'  
As Assam is the light of the eastern threshold

River Brahmaputra flowing as people's blood  
River Brahmaputra flowing as people's power  
It nourishes not only gardens, fields  
But also, violence against violence  
And it flows towards east!

10 March 1983

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## 11. PARIS COMMUNE

Revolutionary not only defines history  
But also, constructs history with precision  
Always runs ahead of the people  
Not allowing the embryo to wither

His looks become a path with eyes opened  
And communards' victory, communists dream  
May be as brief as a dreamtime  
But what an experience it is!  
What a novel action!  
A worker, a poet, no jails, no courts  
All open courts of the people  
No soldiers except budding democratic values  
When people rule people, it is no government  
It is Paris Commune

Commune's back is not broken  
Commune's eye is not closed  
Commune in communist society lives forever  
Marx lives in class struggle  
Even hundred years after his death;  
With the weapons of people's thoughts  
Weapons on people's side  
Again, Paris commune raises its head in class struggle  
Revolutionaries protect that Paris Commune  
Like eyelids over the eyes!

April 1983

\*\*\*\*\*



## 12. INDRAVELLI

Again, the fight is on, o warriors!  
Come, join the war, o fighters!

Garnering the river, grooming the forest  
With your blood and sweat without rest  
Slashing and burning the land to get harvest  
O Gond tribal people, come and join the rest

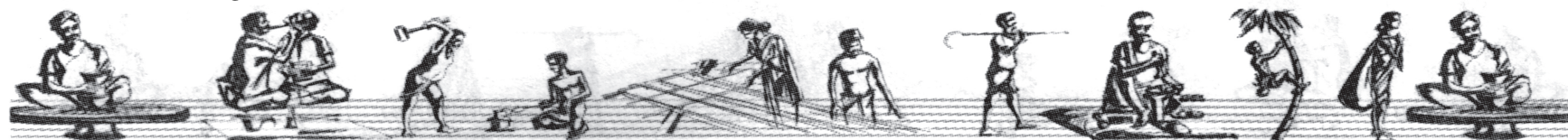
Alluri in thoughts, Bheemanna in aggressive fights  
Komaranna in battle, Koranna in conflict  
Learning from babe jhari, and pippaldhari  
Joden ghat and Indravelli the war history

To decimate Indira rule, Indravelli forest-fire  
To destroy tyranny, tudum sound andragal flag  
When they resound in air and earth  
O Gonds, kolams, oppressed and subjugated ones

Again, the fight is on, o warriors!  
Come, join the war, o fighters!

May 1983

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### 13. FUTURE PORTRAIT (DOCUMENTARY)

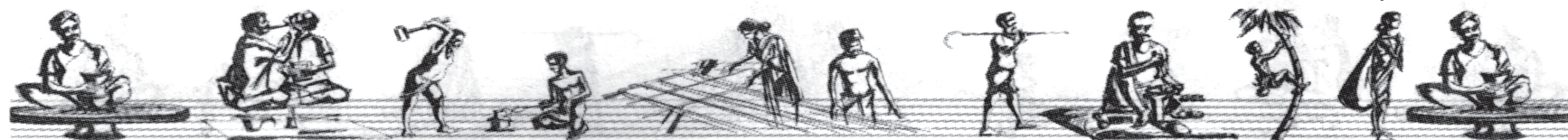
*About Karimnagar meeting, they say many stories  
Not our eyes, only mind can see it again and again  
Farmers and workers with the support of radicals  
In the path of people's war, a democratic revolution*

*Jagityal extended its borders towards Karimnagar  
Jagityal stretched itself to Karimnagar in anticipation  
Naxalbari from its origin stepped towards Karimnagar  
Srikakulam commune raised its head in appreciation*

*Like a river in floods people took part in procession  
Like red sea with waves people moved in precision  
Like sprouts in plough furrows people emerged  
Dreams of martyrs like Bhoomaiah, Kistagoud  
Became waves on River Godavari in reality mould*

#### **Commune**

In a lake's territory  
Karimnagar never thought  
A commune can be constructed  
Builders of big, high towers and houses  
When they woke up in the morning  
They found Srikakulam commune  
Standing there with raised heads high  
Where there were no trees  
Sweat created shelters  
People became a lengthy rope  
bringing water from underground depths  
People found themselves  
A part of the story they heard in stories  
Became volunteers  
Sharing and distributing food



As a human chain, in their hands  
Earthen pots to bring water from miles away  
Deep wells flowed over their hands  
To reach the thirsty people

There standing in attention, a volunteer  
At Haribhooshan Exhibition  
That shows martyrs' dreams, images and photos  
In hot weather guiding visitors including S.P

Volunteers with red flags as guides  
And in their little bags pain killer tablets

But blind bats fail to see these great works  
They spill rumours about preparing guns  
In the thickets of Padmakshi hills

Volunteers cooked food, served food  
Taught lessons, created songs and tunes  
In every word they reflected war path  
No one is a spectator, or audience

They came on their own; They arrived on an idea  
They were beaten at the railway station, bus stand  
On suspicion because they arrived on hope  
They came to attend a meeting with responsibility  
They brought message, they sought a new visage

It is no Sanjay's rally; it is no Charan Singh's meeting  
No free transport, no trains, no lorries to pick up  
No expenditure in crores; no smell of millionaires  
Only tents, no hermitages with all facilities

No guests, no spectators, everyone is a messenger  
Each one wrote the history of present-day war  
From Eluru, Vuyyuru, Chittoor, Srikakulam  
Farmers and workers came in droves ad infinitum



Koya tribals danced like peacocks reminding Koranna  
Gond tribals roared like tigers recapping Komaram Bhim  
Alluri descendants came swimming in Godavari against tide  
From Sironcha forest came Sankaranna's kin in multitude

From Indur came lambada carrying Ramachander flag  
After Warangal bandh arrived Haribhooshan comrades  
From Bhadrachalam forest, fighters for better future  
From Rayalaseema brothers of Sriramulu, Hari  
men and women all came in throngs like sand grains

No guests, no spectators, everyone is a messenger  
Each one wrote the history of the present-day war

### **Flag- hoisting**

We hoisted the flag a symbol of workers' blood  
With hopes of martyrs, we will go ahead in flood

### **Remembrance**

Isn't there mother's grief? Sea is there to share it  
Tears of memories became radical battles adroit;

They came here to hand over the class struggle flag  
As a sign of their bond of blood and to state unity tag;  
Remembering the deadly marriage with tears of joy  
Learning the agony of class consciousness in war cry;

Memorizing deeds and sacrifices of their comrades  
That lost their limbs in life's struggle in violent tirades  
Pupils that lost their eyelids, refugees, helpless people,  
All joined the ongoing radical sea-wave of width ample

They arrived at the scarlet flower garden of revolution  
Spreading the message of their blood in red innovation





Remembering martyrs brings no grief  
It kindles new light into darkness brief

**Thematic line- Pallavi**

Drawing up water, sowing seeds  
Removing weeds, making toddy  
Harvesting rice and cereals  
Winnowing grain, making flour  
Protecting pet animals, producing milk  
Spinning wheels and supplying cloth  
Turning potter wheel, sweating at forge  
Doing forced labour, working day and nights  
Thousand handicrafts, thousand struggles  
Thousand myths and stories of sweat and blood  
Those songs and real-life dramas  
Sports games monologues and images in thousand

Along with these plough furrows  
Not only new democracy but also new culture  
Sowed by Naxalbari as the songs of fields  
JNM songs as word bombs in volunteers' handbags  
As Passports to enter villages of radicalisation;

People's permission and police prohibition is a song,  
Fighting for rights gives food to the workers,  
Singing for revolution brings everyone together,  
Jana natyamandali drum beats, tinkle bells  
Sounds of breaking shackles and chains  
People's heartbeats, footsteps in march,  
with all these thongs supporting them  
Oppressed people now tread on the righteous path  
Realizing their arts and dreams  
Not only in agriculture but also in literary farming;



Who tuned these songs?  
Who taught them these dances?  
What style what rhythm  
To what light zones this journey leads?  
Song of a baby's joyful cry in mother's arms  
Song of a crescent moon's rapture  
Song of milky way arose from blood mire,  
Song, an embrace of artists from farmers and workers  
Song of a city, a shore, breath of revolution  
Revolutionary movement  
taking well needed rest in songs and  
In the background of revolutionary path without rest  
The song reverberated in the recess

### **Duty**

Peasants and workers' union  
and its historic necessities  
Slender fibres becoming cotton thread  
Tiny drops gather to become a great ocean  
Grass strands becoming a rope to bind elephant  
Plan to hit small snake with big staff  
Discussed well in this meeting  
A plan to go ahead, a declaration to follow through  
Assessment of the walk so far done  
Sacrifices made during that walk to victory  
And future plans and the targets to reach  
Discussed well in this meeting  
It measured the radiance of sunrays reflected  
in the tears of comrades who lost their colleagues  
Sacrifices not as memories but steps to further fighting  
Rebellion not as anarchy but light to dispel darkness  
From Telangana to Naxalbari  
From Srikakulam to Karimnagar  
Srikakulam commune



Day and night made arrangements  
Expecting rain and petrichor  
Looking at Rohini sun  
Looking at rain nest around the moon

When they are staging a drama- In the plough furrows-  
rain came as a distinguished guest in symbolic rows  
drama was discontinued but ploughing continued  
and in those furrows, peasant revolution sustained

### Procession

From slow steady steps to a great march  
Looks, sight, mind, letters, freezing thought  
Beyond the capabilities of cameras, movies  
The walk of red flags, at Jagityal Road corner  
Look at the procession from the right angle  
On the iron stone steps, at summer hot trees  
Clouds that descend at all times  
Fear that entered the hearts  
of Landlords of Karimnagar  
And the excitement in the eyes of peasants  
Look at them in people's perspective!  
Like a long Janaki rope, or ant's line  
Great flow or forest fire  
Whatever it is, it is the future portrait

Leaving fields, villages  
They came running to these towns  
Walked past the bars of the landlords  
From bangles stores to cassette shops  
Walked past Hiranyaksha land grabbers' offices  
Letting them know the truth  
That no one owns the land except peasants  
Thus, they moved and marched like storm wind



This is peasants- workers union  
This is horse, this is meadow  
Land belongs to the ploughmen  
Produce belongs to the worker  
Without work no assets  
This society won't allow exploitation  
This society abhors oppression  
This society boycotts landlords

Radicals entered the villages  
Red flags appeared everywhere

Martyrs! our salutations to you!  
We will continue your bywords!  
This path drenched in your blood  
Shows your ideals as milestones,  
It has tears, struggles and agonies  
This is the song of final victory!

Uniforms are now in disarray  
Weapons are getting impatient  
Enemy vehicles stop at red streams  
Iron shoes run for shelter, their bodies tremble in fear  
Hearing the songs of radicals  
-this land is ours; these jobs are ours,  
This power belongs to us'-

People's procession is like a garland  
Of jasmines, hibiscus and forest fire flowers  
Like arudra- red velvet mites  
That came in throngs after first rains  
multitudes came as though earth delivered them  
Labour pains of earth mother reverberated  
Earth's birthday may be today!

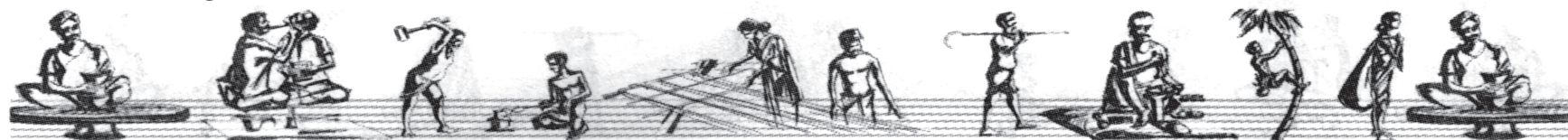


## Echo

If procession is a spring cloud  
Meeting is the first rain  
That puddle has become a big water pond  
Filled with people it reminded a great ocean  
From disturbed areas, from underground  
As though water sprouted up people came;  
Blood clotted in the contusions from lathi charges  
Got surged in people's fists  
Fear of police camps disappeared under red flags  
Fields or jails; arrests are better than forced labour  
Like the explosion of volcano resistance against oppression  
Reached crescendo with momentum

With their hard work peasants and farm workers  
Labourers, workers in organized and unorganized sectors  
People who taught civilization to humans  
People who worked in irrigation,  
People who became electric wires to pass current  
People who became atoms to produce energy  
Arrived here knowing their power  
Realizing their energy levels in solidarity  
Realizing that workers are the means of production  
Realizing that workers as implements of capital creation  
Realizing that they are being exploited  
Realizing that people are the real history makers  
They arrived here;

O deceiver!  
How long you make false statements about violence?  
Violence is exploitation; Violence is oppression  
Violence is inequality; To mitigate violence  
this people's fight is a war of necessity  
They are the real non-violent people!



Who is responsible for these encounters?  
Saffron cloths? Or blood drenched false actor-sage?  
People observe this deceit; people noticed the deception  
People are now desperate,  
what evil can be it more than this threat?  
Seventy landlords when tried to grab Siricilla- Jagityal  
Telangana became revolutionary red land  
People who never saw rail  
Arrived at Chandrapur, Dharmapuri  
And kindling fire in Assam  
directing northeast to red sun of the east  
Removing the roots of the poisonous tree of Delhi

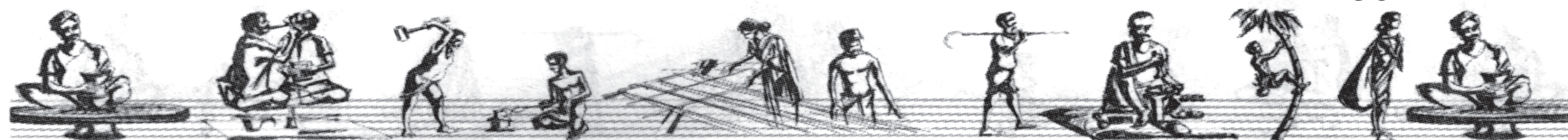
Workers, peasants, students, and enlightened leaders  
Downtrodden and oppressed people of all classes  
People who are struggling for livelihood  
under the hood of landlords  
In the shade of banyan tree of imperialistic society  
They came with their implements  
They understood the meaning of hammer and sickle  
The symbol of industrial worker and peasant  
Land to the tiller! Long live agricultural revolution!  
Long live new democratic revolution!  
Peasant- workers union zindabad! Johars to martyrs!  
We will continue their ideals! Long live revolution!

### **Oath**

This meeting, a part of revolution, comes to an end  
Our struggle and war continue-

May 1983

\*\*\*\*\*





## 14. REMEMBRANCE

By shedding your blood, Chera, you saved  
The flickering light at the tip of its breath;  
You built the people's path and word  
From navel to voice box and sound to silence;

You took the surgeon's knife as a song  
To use the song as a sword in the fight

When shores of life and death came nearer  
You are the stream that came in big tides.  
Even in the face of death and certain defeat  
You threw the last weapon on your enemy;

Licking its wounds death too died  
Shouting meekly at your sneer

This society in ruins  
Counts its minutes to fall flat on earth,  
After seeing your valour  
and your sacrificial death enemy lost his breath.

July 1983

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## 15. DRAWING SWORD ON DREAMS

Don't go for deep sleep  
Policemen may attack you at midnight  
And push open the door of dreams  
To take you away in chains, o radical brother!

Don't go to east in the morning  
Ruling cycle may give you a dash of fright  
And push you into the side drains  
To make you incapacitated, o radical brother!

Don't go to your college  
Waiting C.I or S.I may hunt you in flight  
And whisk you to some unknown place  
To torture you for information, o radical brother!

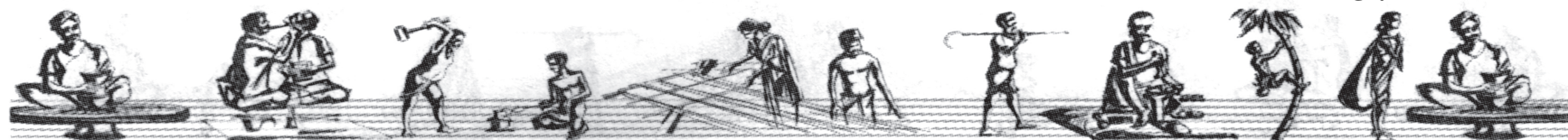
Don't participate in elections  
Waiting ABVP will try to topple you  
And brand you as Naxalite  
To hand you over to the law, o radical brother!

Don't attend classes with democratic ideals  
Waiting daggers of tradition will hurt you  
And oppress you physically  
To outcast you in religious frames, o radical brother!

Don't stand near the trees of discrimination,  
With hoods and stings wait edgily the hissing snakes  
And scorpions as hired goons, ever ready  
To strike your dreams and realities, o radical brother!

Don't be silent and inactive  
With patience and hope against fascism, imperialism  
And feudalism, as time has ripened  
To extinguish the oppression with war, o radical brother!

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## 16. SATNALA

Communist devil scared the wits of Europe  
In the war against Japan,  
Chiang Kai-shek expected  
The destruction of Red Bandits

From Sundaraiah to Hindu rajakars  
Rosaiah to Manikrao  
They are worried about Naxalites' menace;

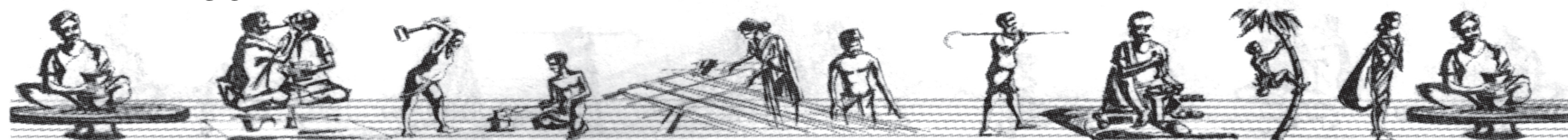
Exploiters who robbed moonlight from Bharat sky,  
Gond crescent looked alien;  
When hand is kept against the sunrise, traditional flag  
looked like foreign flag; In the Cabinet and police force  
They see Naxalites in every face;

They suspect people's representatives,  
In secret meetings are distributing weapons;  
They suspect that the poor policemen with guns  
are sympathetic towards the people's warriors;

Guns in landlords' houses are not safe,  
They may be robbed by people at any time!  
How to stop guns going into the hands of people,  
Is a thousand guns question!  
Rulers with lost hopes search for weapons  
In democratic inner temples' sanctum sanctorum;  
Slaves of imperialists and feudal land owners live in fear drum.

Marx!  
On March 14<sup>th</sup>, hundred years back you left us  
You may be in your eternal sleep, or a spirit  
Like Betal on the shoulders of king Vikramarka  
Throwing mind blowing questions to enlightened men  
Of this land, who knew answers but keep silence,  
And flowing like an eternal stream  
Creating every moment an uproar to Satnala!

17 March 1984



## 17. SUN UPON THE FOREST

Sun upon the forest; sun upon the waves  
Dreamy boat in quest; on sun dream ways

Oar in his hand a fisherman, sun as sail high  
Bow in his hand a tribal man, sun as the eye

On the hills, sun in the hibiscus dream sheets  
In the forests, sun in Gond 'tudum' drumbeats

In the slash-burn farming appeared sunrise  
In the slash-flash fighting sun helped the tribe wise

Man's shade is the sun; light's source is sun  
Among the waves of sky on hilltop is the sun

This side, that side piercing trees' shadows den  
And measuring the depth of tribal wells is sun

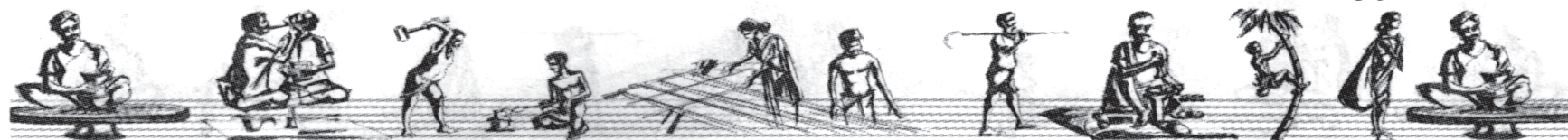
Godavari River's heart swell, in people's song bell  
In people's war, well, every moment waits in drill

In breaths of life, in sweat of people and in nurture  
As reaction, as reflection, as echo and as the future

As a raised sword in the formation of class struggle main,  
And as the hoisted blood-soaked flag of martyrs is red sun!

29 March 1984

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## 18. SAID WHAT THE SEVEN BRANCHED RIVER SATNALA?

They have no names, no faces, no desires, no bind  
All they have is the forest their body; earth their mind

They have no pleasures, no sorrows  
In their sky no milky ways, no milky seas;  
After the downpour of bloody rains  
There now flow flood of promises

They have no villages, except some difficult terrain  
Life is an open forest, dark, without much sunshine  
No neon moonlight, invaluable blood clotted plain  
Unblemished place, without civilization's speed train

They have desires of forest flowers to bloom high  
They have thoughts of trees to touch the blue sky  
They have dreams of streams; minds of forest honey  
They have earth-stained bodies with sweat and blood shiny

They have their Gond language, kolams' language  
Haimendorf, penguin, and pelican on literary silage  
bothered about their lineage  
Not our academies or our linguists of this age

### 1.

We are ignorant of their Gondwana kingdom  
We are not aware of their traditional flag  
We live under Asoka wheel and three lions of non-violence  
And we are scared of sun and moon in our own sky  
If we see any shining flag we are terrified to bones  
As a statement against our centralized slave society



## 2.

They have black earth skins  
They have lands of black soil  
There flows no blood in the streams  
Flood of tears or floods of rivers make screams

Mahuwa flower moonlight of their minds is robbed  
Cotton sunlight brightness of their hard work is stolen

They live harmoniously with forest all their lives  
But never sold their mother as wood logs in civilized hives

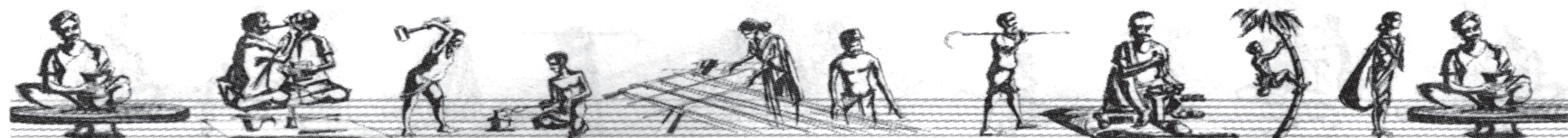
They have black earth skins  
They have lands of black soil

## 3.

They have observed smuggling of forest  
into cities for a long time;  
Now, they learnt the ways to prevent it;  
Kagaznagars in forests; Rayon factories  
Coal mines, Rail lines, development projects  
They have observed for a long time.  
Now they realized that development is treacherous  
And it is a plan to steal their forest, their body and soul

## 4.

Indravelli stupa is a witness  
Gadchirole roads are witnesses  
Satnala project, Godavari, Pranahita, Penganga  
Indravati Rivers, Gondwana hills  
CRP camps all these are witnesses  
The tell-tale pseudo affection and love stories  
Of present-day governments





They shot Atram Asok and promised guns to Ratnapur,  
They sat -for self- protection- that statement is a witness!

The stream of lives of Peddi Sankar, Palle Kanakaiah  
That flowed along Sironcha, chennur shores is witness!  
From Indravelli to Satnala  
When sun and moon arrived as relatives  
Mother nature served them love, that's witness!  
In flowers as flowers  
Assisting the radical brothers  
To convert winds to forest fire  
Native people of the forest are witnesses;  
Without caring the lathi charges and gun shots  
By the resilient enemy  
Forest as whole  
Echoing people's war  
With tudum drumbeats is the witness!

-They have no names, no faces, no desires to bind  
All they have is the forest their body; earth their mind-  
Said -the seven branched River Satnala

(We have to learn from people  
to sing and write about anonymous martyrs – Siva Sagar)

26 January 1983- 2 April 1984

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## 19. PHOTO

-‘Life is transient, Photo is permanent’-  
Since my childhood days  
This proverbial quotation provoked  
Within me a desire to have a decent photo!

What happens today is important, so  
Keeping the million rupees smile under moustache  
And kindling hope for better future in my eyes  
I kept the platonic narcissistic love in face aglow

In mirror you see the face in front of it  
In photo you see the face you wished with makeover

### 2.

From the days I made friendship with students,  
From the times I walked along the youth side,  
From the conscious moments I started loving humanity,  
Police developed love with my photo;  
Though I never thought or heard that fearless people  
Takes the place of criminals in police files!

Blood relations, friends, lovers keep photos  
as memoirs of pleasant and exciting times and parties  
but my photo is the most wanted one by the search parties!



3.

Where smiles of moonlight appeared close  
He poured urine when requested for water  
Burnt the youth symbol with burning cigarettes!

To the nails of lockup room, he hung no photos  
But the boiling blood, washing the sun in dark room  
Forcing him to reveal the secret of sunlight!

4.

'He plucked forcibly my whiskers'  
Remove the photo!  
'He poured acid in my eyes'  
Remove the photo!  
'He is searching for me'  
Keep me in your heart!

Remove that photo  
Keep it on the burning lamp  
Feel its smell and memories that accompany  
Feel the scent of iron shoes  
Feel the odour of khaki dress!

5.

Now I lost interest in photos  
I lost confidence in permanence  
I wish to be as dynamic as a stream  
With life, movement, change and death



Memories live in lamp light  
Symbols persist in consciousness  
When eyes enter mind  
One can see the waves of battle moving ahead

6.

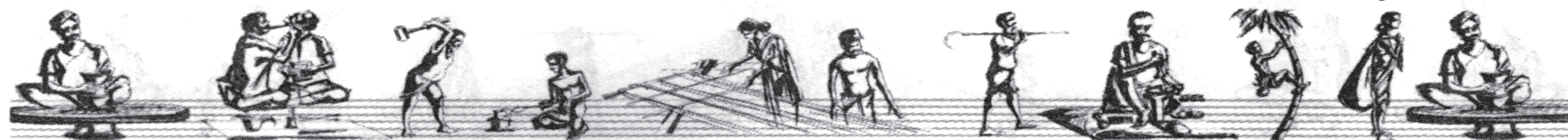
To this society suffering from insecurity  
Individual perceptions become a cause for arrest  
And friendship becomes an alibi to apprehend  
Affection and love are put under suspicion lens  
It thinks people's awareness is incited by someone else,  
With ideas of persecution overpowering it,  
Present society is suffering with lost values;

Here it destroys  
The negatives in photo studio too!

*(On July 4<sup>th</sup> 1984 in front of Assembly, Hyderabad police force arrested us and forcibly tried to take photographs of us by resorting to lathi charge)*

3 August 1984

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## 20. IN DISTURBED TIMES, POETRY COIN HAS NO VALUE

If you don't find your head  
go reach the bank and look for its speciality  
in special category of a stream

If you are unable to run along the stream  
Stop at the bank and teach endurance  
and blame its rush and burst nature on a stream

throw a stone in the waters  
Bless it with morbid word barbers,  
and keep your hand against the light of the stream

Don't try to dilute the blood stream with moral quotes  
It drowns you deep till you reach the bottom streets  
Adopt the rules rejected yesterday, as ideals of today's stream

Sulking on the bank, muse about surrealistic worlds  
Except at the realms of fire, harvest, flood or storm,  
You feel stream of consciousness, stunned in its stream;

What you thought as knee depth proves to be wrong  
Water sank in fields, water reached seas is not wasted  
Water comes back, like sacrifices of comrades, in stream

It is your shadow you see at your stop, not time  
Where heroes lost their breath, there revolution  
Constructs a bridge over Tatu River stream!

One can sing elegies about martyrs or tune sympathies  
with pride and ego, but death of a fighter is the signature  
of change scribbled by history on Timeline stream!

31 December 1984

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## 21. BHOPAL- CHIMNEY'S SHATTERING SOUND

Breath of life wind becomes dangerous  
Vision gets blurred  
Mother's breast milk turns poisonous  
When feudalistic crop gets imperialism's manure  
Blood of villages is poured on dust  
Green revolution devours life's essence

Cities get crushed in the embraces  
of multinational companies; in the centre of a city  
brokers construct a chimney pipe

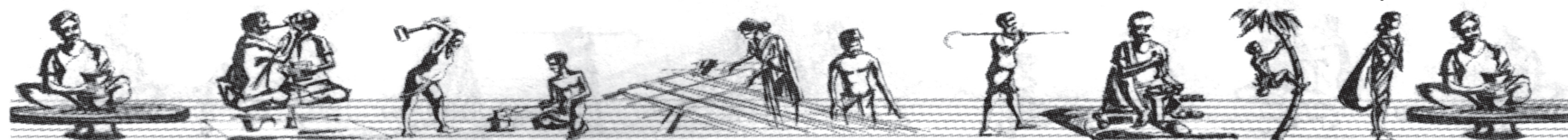
in the heart oven of a country explodes time-bomb  
sparks and ash in heaps cover the breaths of innocents  
To the groping fingers in darkness  
A familiar hand supplies vote paper  
When colonies become graveyards  
dead bodies haunt the dreams of enemies

in graveyard silence  
with burning eyes and dyspnoea struck hearts  
millions of lives get agitated to take revenge  
half dead lives burns and spills infinite fire-sparks  
Notifying imperialism as death; collective deaths  
reveal the secret of middlemen's treacheries

Without destroying the poisonous tree  
One cannot neutralize the poison completely;  
Imperialism is on its death bed, releasing  
poisonous gasses and breathing war;  
people will bury imperialism,  
in this ongoing conflict and shall become victorious!

1 January 1985

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## 22. REFLECTION

Neither I distributed bombs  
Nor my thoughts  
Or ideals

You put your iron boot  
On the anthill and cry about red ants  
And their reactionary responses train

You hit the beehive with your lathi  
When bees started stinging, you cry  
And cry with pain and swelling, and complain

You shot bullet after bullet thinking  
that victorious drum sounds as warriors and now  
worry about the echo of revolution in all four directions

26 January 1985

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## 23. THREE CHEERS

When you hit him a mortal blow,  
his life breath exploded into lava flow!  
Sudarsan gave sight to groping hands in obscurity  
That's why you ran like a beast sitting on a volcano

Armed man or Sarangapani  
When dropped an acid bomb, you got scared  
But did you ever bother when you ruined people's lives?  
You shot him in the heart in running mode

You murdered Gangajimma and washed your hands  
Sea suspected; people's sea pursued you; like boiling water  
And fire of Gangaram haunted you, it became the spring cloud  
pouring rain in Jagityal fields to sprout tomorrow's suns

27 January 1985

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## 24. MOON IN THAT CIRCLE

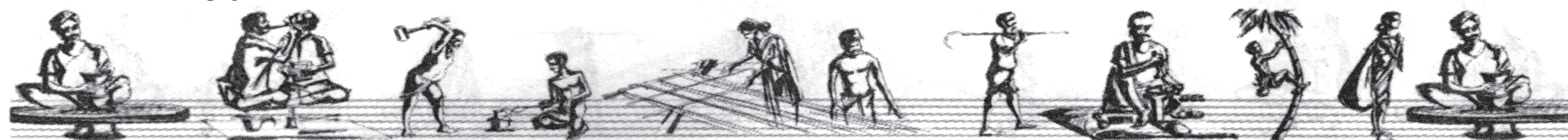
In jail  
In that circle  
Winter moon was put in remand

In the garden of that circle  
A neon light staying still on the top of a mango tree  
And searching for spring bud  
It suddenly went off;

All lights that glow dim got extinguished  
-‘Jammedarikoyilo jammedarikoyilaa’-  
Songbirds of jail started singing the song of Haribhushan

On me, the shadow of Ho Chi Minh dairy and  
Moonlight that cut the bars of prison  
Accepting the warm hand of moon  
Treading on the moonlight path  
Stepping into the jasmine garden  
And to the tower, there,  
I could see the greatness of the sky and the moon

If we look from the moon  
There is moonlight all over meadows and fields  
And on our school, on the canal of Godavari behind it  
From that heart to Maneru to Pochampadu  
where Gangarajam’s anklet bells trilled in harmony  
from there to forest interiors and hills,  
moonlight everywhere



this side in the palm groves there is moonlight  
it is there in timelessness existence of Desaipet Sudhakar  
in Chinnalu smile, in Girayipallimartyrs' memories  
in Paidipalli huts of poor, in Eturunagaram forests  
where a live spark revealed the secret of Sudarsan's death

Joining Pranahita and Penganga, Kaleswaram and Sironcha  
It is the spirit of people's relentless struggle, this moonlight

From Gadchroli bhamragadh to Bastar the moonlight bright  
From winter sky to spring cloud, it directed my vision;  
While I was standing in moonlight  
From darkness of the towers, I hear the shouts of sentries

On the circle tower  
moon addresses the prisoners  
And our jasmine minds,  
and the budding mango shoots of future

Anticipating our freedom  
from lockup to un-lockup  
and opening of the gates  
as we cross the bank, to the other side  
the moon assures us- 'All is well'-

4 February 1985

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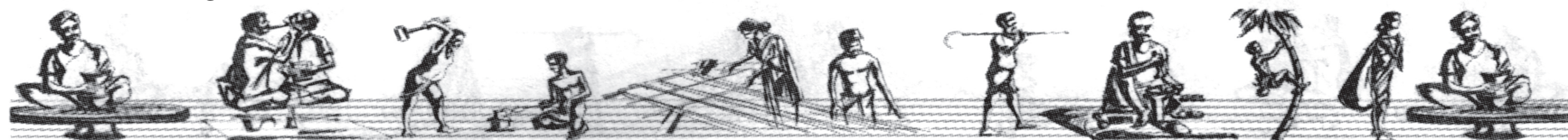
## 25. BORDER

If you look at it  
Prison wall is not any border line  
Sky is the boundary;  
Behind the deadly live wire  
where you can see the sunrise!

If you can imagine  
Sky is not the boundary  
Conflict is the border line;  
Just visualize the agony of nature  
At the birth of sunrise!

5 February 1985

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## 26. ENCOUNTER WITH THE AWAKENED FIELDS

Wind blows  
Fish hook senses  
A fish swimming towards it

Wind blows  
Jackals smell  
Lambs in rice fields

Moonlight peeps on the cloud dispersing darkness  
Patrolling khaki predators smell sleeping pigeons

Frightened with civilized savage justice  
Bhookya returns home from forest in thirst  
Water lifting bucket drops down into well  
hearing the ominous jeep raid sounds shrill

### 2.

With drought  
Earth shows cracks all over;  
In a spring cloud  
Arrives rain drops to appease earth,  
Plough lines opened eyes  
And fields straightened their backs;

In the sprouting seed's movement  
Earth emanated petrichor plenty  
Earth smelled explosive aroma  
With skin burst singing scents

People understood that bloodshed is necessary  
To relish the food, they produced with hard work;  
Blood flowing like water or tears only  
Gives them the ownership of their labour

Now, to supply water to their spring-summer fields  
Peasants are getting ready, fully armed and with shields

12 April 1985





## 27. DANCE OF FREEDOM

O liberty dancer!  
Give your performance hard!  
I have constructed the stage of law and order  
And a graveyard!

Wetting the fields of Kondapur with human blood  
Whetting the Narsapur forests with half burnt bodies  
Me, Veerabhogavasantaraya, came here, taking oath  
at the lotus feet of our brother, to tune the rifles,

O dancer of freedom!  
Dance to the tunes of human sacrifice!  
I wish to celebrate bloody-spring with you  
After establishing perfect law and order-

Jagityal Ganga's blood,  
Chandra's blood of Bhadrachalam papikondalu  
Untraced pavan's blood I tasted; I am Vasanta minister  
Blood in Lodvelli, kid's blood in Basvapur  
Human blood of Dharmapuri I brought them in a mix  
To sprinkle it as perfume;  
So, dance O performer; the liberty dance!

Under my hood, under my position's shadow  
Under the umbrella of my power and rulers' shade  
Dance O performer; the liberty dance

When I support you, no need for any -ism or truth  
Dance and dance relentlessly  
and lean on my shoulder gun permanently!  
O Liberty dancer!

3 June 1985

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## 28. BUTCHER

A butcher by profession I am  
You may say I am cruel, that's alright  
Every day I kill animals and sell them in heaps  
Seeing blood is not a new thing to me

But  
I saw what is real butchery on that day  
With fear in my eyes, I saw the child's blood got dried  
I lost voice in my throat, I heard his voice got frozen

I slaughter animals but blood never smeared my mind  
On that day blood spilled not on the road  
But on my heart, can you wash it out completely?

Stretching your hand of humanity  
Can you remove the burden of that terrible incident?

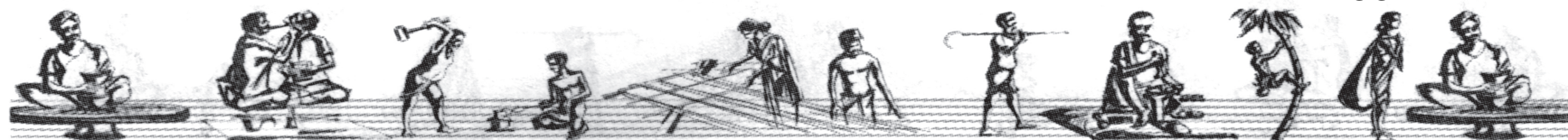
### 2.

On his body, they broke six lathis  
When they are beating him with rifle butts  
Bayonet slashed the perpetrator  
And they shot him in cold blood- encounter

I kill animals; neither I have grudge nor anger  
I sell meat, but I never sold myself!

### 3.

His body became thousand bleeding mouths  
Looking at him thousand eyes cried in helplessness  
But he shed no tears; he never cried like the lamb  
under my knife; just he was looking into tomorrow!



4.

Yesterday's scene  
Day before yesterday's scene  
May fifteenth bandh's scene  
You cannot make me forget till I die  
I may tell you today  
I may not tell it tomorrow  
For the fear of losing livelihood  
But that young man haunts me every moment

O sirs and madams!  
Even we don't kill a snake like that  
I came to know on that day, what is cruelty!  
I may be a butcher, I sell meat;

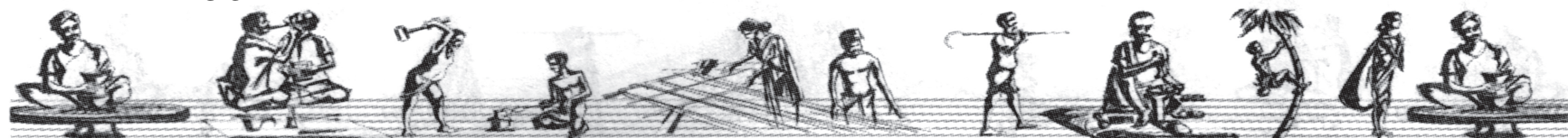
By killing people, they get  
promotions, prizes, medals, heavy purses;  
Minister himself will distribute  
on behalf of government, it seems!  
Police, supposed to be our protective force,  
I saw with my own eyes, what they do with suspects  
Now I don't know whom they are protecting!

I understood the truth  
From that martyr's death  
That this government is the real butcher!

9 June 1985

(About comrade Amarendra Narasimha Reddy's murder  
A butcher gave his evidence before APCLC truth finding committee)

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## 29. HUMBLER GARDEN HUMS AGAIN ...

A poisonous serpent bit the gardener  
As he is always awake and protecting  
the young ones in the tree nests

His smile is bright light to that garden  
His touch is panacea to all ailments, with his crimson  
breath he brought colour, form and life to the garden

he is the enemy of that serpent,  
he is an antidote to that snake's poison;

this gardener protected them all from the serpent;  
young sunshine, fragrance of new buds, fresh air  
crescent moonlight, sweetness of stream waters  
he attended the minor injuries of children at play

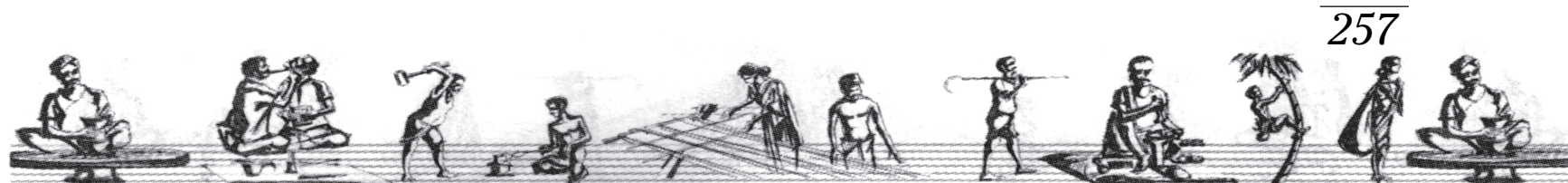
he gave confidence to the travellers on move  
his crime is he removed the bushes and brambles  
and made the uneven ground in to an aesthetic plain  
the vile snakes that occupy anthills antagonized him

and so, a poisonous serpent bit the gardener,

the garden that grew with gardener's sweat  
shall bloom with his death as a great tribute!

9 September 1985

\*\*\*\*\*



## 30. DIAMOND SLIPPED FROM THE HAND

How you came walking into my house  
I don't remember now

Friendship brought you, love sustained it;  
Aptitude, excitement, service, sacrifice, you shared  
with everybody and made my house into our house  
your breathless call stirs my heart in all directions  
your red vision brings back memories in dark and light

why you keep silence o tongue in every head?  
why you disappear o light in every eye?  
you always removed any grief in solitary moments  
you always suffered the pain in silence  
you wiped the tears of others and consoled them  
but, now Gopi, your stream of love has become a sea of tears  
Where are your consoling arms?  
Your memory has become a sword cut,  
Where has gone your honey filled smiles?

A tumult you are that hates loneliness  
You went away creating aloneness in others  
and disappeared in lone silence  
you never hurt others but your exit  
left an unhealed wound in your friends  
I saw death squeezing away your blood pressure  
I saw death consuming your breath every moment  
I saw time stealing away your smiles and confidence  
I saw death and time snatching you away from us

That memory is still hanging upside down  
In the dark corners of my mind as unbearable curse  
We will remove it and go ahead following your ideals  
Death has burnt your physical body but, you are within us  
With lustre of your love, with the stream of friendship  
Maybe we lost you physically, but you are there in all of us  
And we move ahead with your energy and excitement



## 31. POET

Untimely death  
When cloud of time constricts neck  
There flows no blood, no tears

Lightning, thunderbolt strike  
Rain becomes storm  
Mother comes out of prison  
Singing the song of poet

Voice becomes tune  
Tune becomes a song of freedom  
When song becomes an implement in war  
Enemy fears poet  
Coerces him in jail  
Tightens the noose around his neck  
By that time, poet lives in people as a message

The pole becomes heavy  
Like a balance measure  
It sows immortality in earth  
And lightens the burden of migrated white hangman

23 October 1985

(For Benjamin Franklin Molaise-  
South African poet and freedom fighter)

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## 32. FEARING EARTH...

Frightening others without break  
Canvassing fear without space  
He himself became a victim of fear

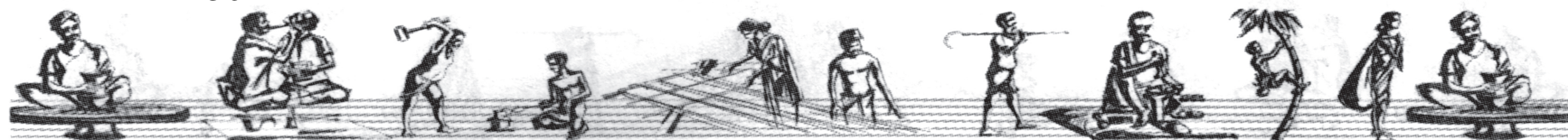
Got frightened with villages  
Terrified with schools,  
Scared of water and even shadows  
He became a victim of fear  
Alarmed about unploughed fields  
Upset by sprouting seeds  
Startled by movement of branches with wind  
He himself became a victim of fear

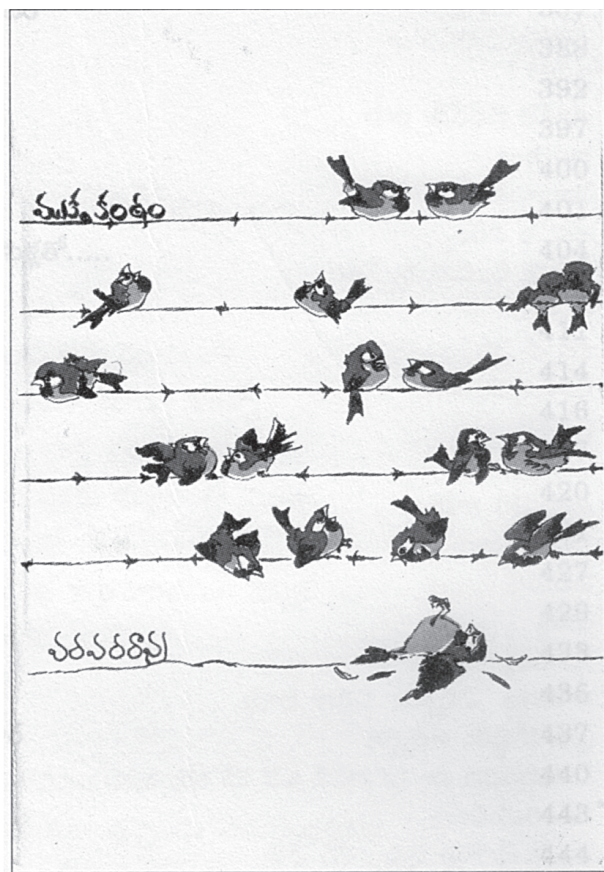
Worried about youth and their thoughts  
Worried about dreams, their quills; he restricted  
Freedom with might, now scared of chains and shackles  
He became a victim of fear  
Worried about forest, and forest dwellers  
Created mayhem in bamboo groves  
And marched on the waves of Godavari River  
He himself became a victim of fear

Anointed by fear,  
he put looks, words, silence and mind to fire  
Demolished fearless people and stupas with dynamites  
Just by extinguishing lights and their memories  
Does it stop revolutionary war?  
What about the earth that gave form and energy?

This land is in darkness with dowsed lights  
This earth is grey and dull after sunset  
This terrain is hot with burnt villages  
This soil is angry with the demolition of stupas  
Now what happens to it?  
He might have made it into a grim graveyard,

But earth there shall speak its voice without fear!

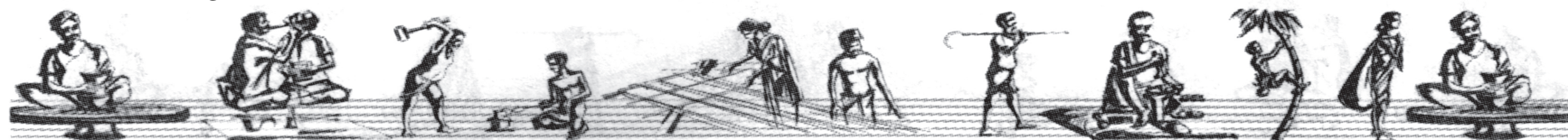




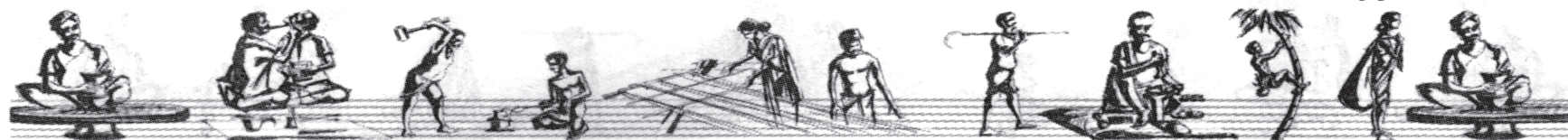
***Muktakantam* (1990)  
(LIBERATED VOICE)**



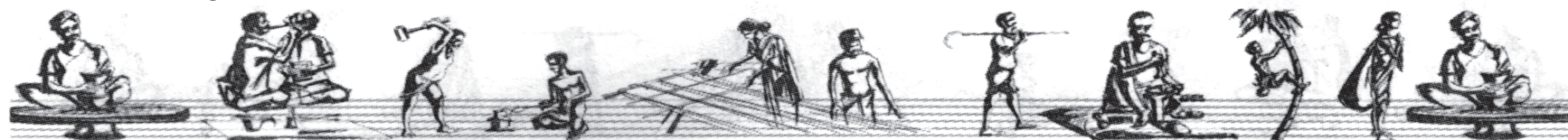
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## 1. LEAP

From Ganj lockup  
You don't see moon before full-moon day;  
Only in dark days  
In front of the barracks  
If you look over prison walls and live wires  
towards sky with unmitigated hope  
You may see moon-rise;  
If you wish to see moonlight in lockup  
There must be some power failure  
Then the greenness on the leaves,  
And pollen in flowers all shine with moonlight  
Whole earth seemed to be covered with it;

Sky appears like some silent music  
Sometimes appear as gallows  
as though ruminating moonlight;  
Does moonlight go spreading or flowing?  
Or is the moon hung to the hang pole?  
Or is it becoming my imagination's beauty  
that covered earth and sky?

You can feel it but cannot analyse!



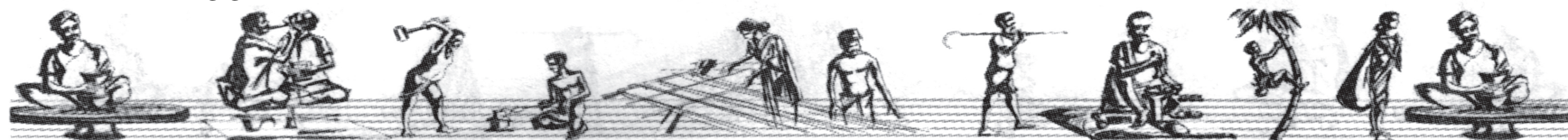


In Ganj lockup unless there is power failure  
You cannot see moonlight;  
In Ganj lockup  
Moon is visible only in dark nights;  
Whatever you say, in what way you say,  
Freedom shines in oppression  
As moonlight shines in dark nights

Full moon is not just a flash  
On the full moon day  
Moon is visible in his full splendour  
Even in Ganj lockup!

24 January 1986

\*\*\*\*\*



## 2. ALTERNATIVE WORD FOR PAIN

I write my feelings  
with blood-stained letters  
my experience did spill blood  
and sang the wounds of my heart

pain is something like fire  
burning in my hand, blasting my nerves  
touched my heart and flows in my breath  
released by my body parts in dissolution  
It requests us to see the world  
and its own heat and light;

without preserving pain in my mind  
why I am carrying it in my hand?  
Not to distribute but to compare;

Everyone in this world  
If they carry their pain in their hands,  
Without time to wipe the blood turned sweat  
They move along with pains as implements;

Me too, carrying a tool if I pull it out my pain,  
From the innards of earth and my navel depth  
Gushes a relentless scream  
Pain's unstoppable cry in storm

24 March 1986

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### 3. THAT WHICH IS HEARD- SRUTI

#### 1.

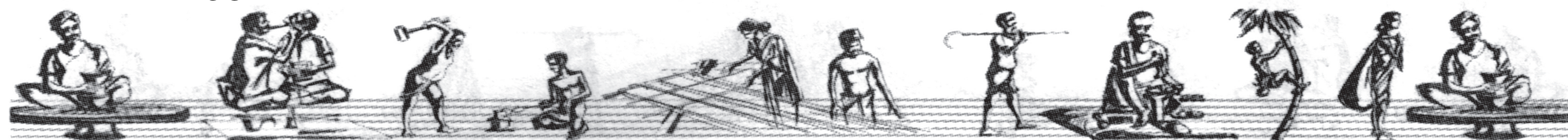
In crisis prison is also a sea  
In conflict prison is also a sea  
In the sea of a life, prison is a wave  
Tastes salty, sharpens memory  
Wets experience, teaches knowledge;

#### 2.

Gale in jail  
In those hoary sounds jail  
Welcoming spring, fall season moves in jail  
In the death and birth of winter and spring is jail  
Starry sky breaking the darkness shines in jail  
In the shadows of starry light is jail

#### 3.

In midnight dream  
heart when touched retina  
there was a sound  
neem flowers, mango buds  
red blood in Godavari River  
in jail main, stomach pain  
reverberating in the silence,  
in forests sounds of combing operations  
to intercept surgeons of society  
A fat cat habituated to stolen food  
makes rounds in all barracks laboriously  
yawning cries- thumkaunaataahai! Who is there?



Roads, vehicles, clandestine places, secret wires  
Patrolling in full energy, they cry-  
-‘Situation is tense, yet, under control’-

4.

Counting hours, lockup hours, time hours  
Sab theek hai?  
‘Condemn one, CT one, UT twenty-eight,  
Naxalite one- (total thirty-one)  
Duty jawan’s rote exercise-  
Duty officer’s warning-  
‘Don’t keep anyone in Naxalite’s room’  
Achcha Saab!  
Kadak salute with boot thumping sound

5.

Do prisoners get sleep?  
Slaves in chains  
Do they snore or go asleep?  
These duties, sentries, rounds, marches, warnings  
Why these whole night conversations?  
Prisoners should not escape, sleep or die!  
Jail makes you awake  
Tests you whether you are asleep or awake  
Lathi hits the bed, checks and rechecks  
Are you still alive?  
You should not escape, sleep or die!  
This is what jail reminds its prisoners

6.

Those songs coming from the trees,  
Who sings them, birds or morning sun rays?  
Every morning as the poet expects



Sunrise occurs in the end branches of famsi-bagh  
Jawans blew whistles while they hoist the flag  
And pay guard of honour to it by saluting,  
In the movements of unlocked prisoners  
In the hanging gardens,  
morning rifle's bayonet  
kiss the earth and sky  
all in its warmth

**7.**

Who said that blossoms wither?  
Fragrance and fruits that dropped from earth  
Directs towards rich fruit laden trees;  
From trees and sky as long as air, light, mind goes  
Jail takes towards people

Prison walls have ears for prisoners,  
Hoodwinking jail censor  
Feet cross the jail round O clock marches  
Who can separate revolution from time?

Last word:

This is the mango tree planted by Tarimela Nagireddy  
This is the lemon tree reared by Kondapally Sitaramaiah  
The fruits and mind-blowing airs everybody shares  
-‘Gallows and prisons cannot imprison light’-  
Jailed poet here taught to the shackles the marching song;  
Without reciting revolutionary song  
Moon won’t turn its wheel. Sun won’t steam hot!

11 March 1986



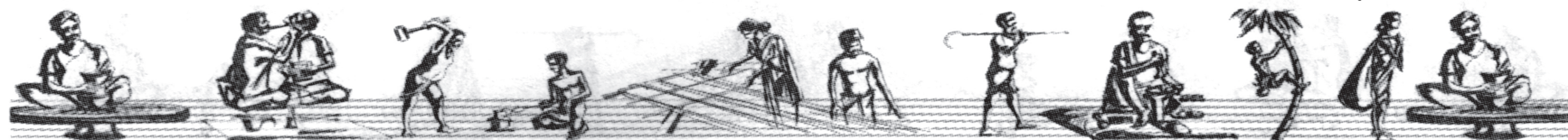
## 4. ROARING SOUND

Did he come out in Sidra Ocean churning?  
Or got hit with crisscross bullets of Anandpur Saheb?  
Or flowed out in the colour festival of this land?  
I don't know but he is the full moon showing  
the dried cracks of the Telugu land's heart, in sky fields!

There is lockup window in front of me  
There is fencing wire  
on prison wall in front of the moon  
A light bulb is showing me the moon  
Through the mango branches  
Sentry is searching for full moon  
With a lamp in his hand

If eye is a camera, this is a photo  
If mind is a brush, this is a scene  
If imagination is a stream, moonlight is mercury  
I cannot scoop them both into mind vessel  
In fact, mind is also mercury  
It won't see the visible thing  
Hidden words in a writing are the words of mind

In forests and in huts where electric lamps are unheard,  
in hills and dales where streams perfused with flower showers  
on Nirmal ghat road in between summit and vale  
in the youthful dream of encountered Bhaskar  
in the cities suffering blackout by curfew  
eyes that saw the incident, throat that swallowed it,  
and the heart layers that became a sieve, except there,  
who is bothered about the tender touch of moonlight,  
that live in their own cells and walk under neon lights?





Did you ever spoke to moon when you are in a crowd?  
You will understand the weight of shackles  
Only when you are in a prison with oppressed freedom

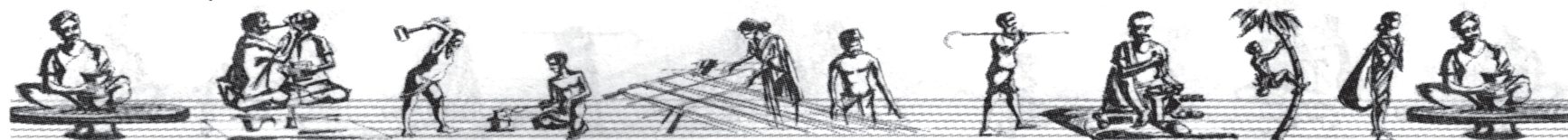
Crucifying time and striking nails prison bells ring  
When the spilled blood is turning black in clouds  
Moonlight goes dim  
None comes here to stay permanently  
Keeping the moon still and build houses to stay  
If we stayed in the same place, we would have remained  
as aborigines or Roman slaves

At a fixed point of victory or defeat,  
man, never stays enduringly;  
Time too moves away from the moonlight it likes,  
and never gets frozen like the Hailey Comet

Man is a peculiar thing  
He sees moonlight and sighs,  
and longs for March (Chaitra) season's moonlight  
while Vaisakha or Kartika moon floats in his mind  
Reaches the poles yet wishes to cross horizon;  
Conquers one planet and is bothered about remaining ones;  
blasts atomic missiles and signs peace treaties, at the same time

Guerrilla Marcos becomes dictator  
Driving away the dictator, people honoured Corazon  
Keeping Cory as a flower in their hair, but it tightens  
the hair to let people's army cornered in cease fire;  
In Angola armed struggle became counter productive

With their own reasons and philosophy  
Every party supports Muslim Divorce Bill;  
This night there is air of aeroplane destruction  
Not even a cloudlet in the sky but darkness is all over



At the east side hospital gate  
With wounds all over night appears morning  
and you fail to recognise it;  
today, moonlight memory tickling in throat  
a man lies unconscious by poisonous gas effect, and  
another man looks at the sky walking on present bridge

when one village youth drove marriage procession cart  
it lost its way in the moonlight, likewise ideas that  
slipped the ropes  
run in ten directions  
whenever you see moonlight  
mind becomes unstable – said our great poet;

not about Nature or ravishing nature  
not about season or past reason  
not about earth or winds of season  
not about moonlight or darkness  
not about fire or water  
writing about tears boiling to steam  
and the thread to join yesterday and tomorrow  
that mother's womb is moving in my pate

moonlight  
let those feelings be this poem  
I cannot be a mute witness like you  
I cannot be a sweet patron or matron like you  
I cannot keep hills and dales in my mind like you  
Let me be a volcano and explode spilling lava  
If this old simile is not sufficient  
Let me cut my legs buried in this mire  
Feet, lessons, steps, blood spills  
Walk, paths laid with thorns and sharp stones all,  
Let them learn sacrifice  
And rebuild a new world!

27 March 1986

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## 5. NAMING CEREMONY DAY

### 1.

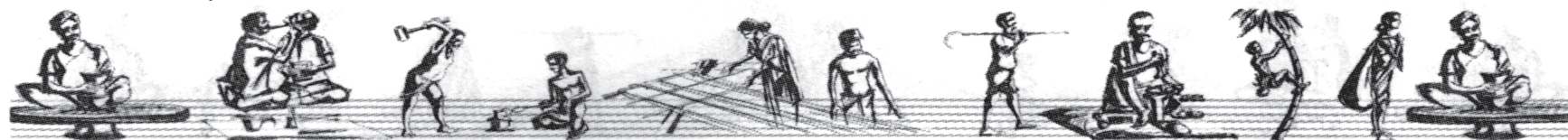
If any revolution or movement  
Makes unknown persons prominent  
Sovereign won't keep quiet; it says-  
Warriors require some background history;  
If a few forest-dwellers gather together  
And collectively bring stones, wood, lime and cement  
And build a monument, how can it be history?  
History needs firm base as per our guidelines, They say-  
But why do you keep a lamp on the hill top  
For the sake of those loin-cloth clad Gond tribals?  
If you wish to keep a lamp, keep it for the rich and famous!

### 2.

Even if you ask me to which village they belong  
I have no answer; building villages they went into the forest  
I may show you a few stars- sixty or thirteen  
You may present the list of beneficiaries of compensation  
Who named them left by their mothers in forest?  
Names one finds in the voters list or census  
Names that were removed in Adilabad hospital  
Or along with the stupa you have demolished-  
They are no names

Tree, anthill, valley, peak, snake, bird, water, fire  
Beast, man, farming, nest, darkness, light  
All they have only one name- that's forest  
You named a forest dweller who is forest himself

Jodenghat, Babejhari, pippaldhari, Indravelli, Satnala  
In all these areas you demolished their lives with fear  
Mixing sulphur with blood, bullets with tears  
You buried them in the layers of earth  
That's what you have done to them on their birthdays  
Now you cannot kill them again!



3.

Warriors are born from this history  
April twentieth you remind us as their birthday  
And fearing history, you ran to (Devaki's) jail  
on nineteenth itself

4.

There from the hilltop winds blow,  
flanked by the forest flowers' fragrance;  
Sky is searching for something on earth  
With eyes of the forest;  
River Godavari became lean in grief

5.

Day before yesterday's men may not be here today  
Yesterday's stupa may not be there today  
But Indravelli is there

Indravelli may not belong to men or stupa of past now  
It too will not remain in the hands of the demolishers

Forest will be there; earth will be there  
Forest dwellers will be there;  
Heirs of martyrs will be there;  
A long stick will be there, a sharp sword will be there  
Even you comb the whole forest, hidden fire will be there

A town named Indravelli stays forever  
It became a milestone in revolutionary history  
A memorial yesterday, today it will become  
a heavy crushing stone on the hearts of the demolishers  
it raises its head with a mission  
as the fighting spirit of the people's vision

*(They demolished Indravelli stupa completely on 19<sup>th</sup> March)*

29 March 1986



## 6. NO USE

No use  
Hiding deep in the dark well of your house  
Walloping your voice and words  
Burning your book  
No use

Keeping bundles of pamphlets in lorries  
And letters never written to you at anytime  
They come to intercept you  
Filling your passport with the stamps  
Of foreign countries you never visited,  
they drag you outside like a dead dog,  
You will understand violence the whole night  
In a dark cell where all stench of world are born

My dear friend  
Hiding from fighting  
No use

(Victor Jasintoplecha)

10 May 1986

\*\*\*\*\*



## 7. THAT DAY

It is not that I came without informing  
A lot remains always what I wished to tell you about  
As though it has happened without any prediction  
A hope always lingers, it happens the way we thought  
No sentence remained in half; no work stopped  
No feeling ceased in half cuts

Real problem is not that  
Time did not remain there  
It separated us, that's all

To wipe off boundary lines between sweet and sour  
We remained awake till the change of date;  
In bird's nests, in our wings  
We kept twenty fall seasons with warm feelings  
time dissolves in the bitter reality...  
-‘Must you go today’-  
While you were saying that, morning arrives;

-‘Will they take you now into custody’-  
Before you complete the sentence  
They handcuffed me setting aside your tearful looks

From a jolly mulakhat  
to a small rectangle scene changes;  
Broken word becomes a tear drop  
and I pity you and myself;  
Escort van sounds time  
and dust rises with its inherent smell  
When you turn your looks inside,  
khaki uniforms and rifles look at you  
mind screams, in petrol smell, innards cry in silence  
from outside world you turn your looks into your inside





2.

For me and for time we have two legs only  
Day and night with a wish to walk faster  
Keeps the tick of seconds in hand and pen  
We move ahead and to move others with us

Enemy has four legs  
Television, telepathy, wireless mouth  
And arms of sophisticated weapons;  
More than that he wishes that  
he only has to survive  
For that he killed his heart and its beats  
With a heartless man in what language do we communicate?

Hunting dog with drooling tongue  
Belt in the neck, master with hunter  
Dog thinks all belongs to it and its status  
In what language can we tell them  
That shackles to ideals are a crime?

Property  
Divided people as watchmen and criminals  
If I announce that I abolish property right  
I will be a defendant in court stand, that's alright  
To the landlord I am a communist  
He indicts me as Naxalite

Let's wait till it becomes truth in rendition  
For the sake of people let's all commit sedition

***("Any forcible separation from loved ones is of course very painful. But even more painful is the sense of utter helplessness. There is nothing he can do about it. Such a person feels that there was something left unsaid, a sentence cut in the middle, a melody abruptly stopped, it now feels as if even a minute's brief reunion would enable the unsaid to be said, the sentence or the melody completed. If only ... if... if ..." - Ngugi- Detained- A Writer's Prison Diary)***

(Neetocheppaneledu- 'nadi puttina gontuka'- Bojja Tarakam)

18/21 May 1986



## 8. BEFORE HER WITH CUPPED HANDS...

I have not seen her  
But her index finger is pointing at me

At some places, I have not seen the children  
But those tears of their mothers haunt me forever

The fallen flowers, the tender petals, the pure smiles  
From which earth I request their mothers to gather them?

Those hearts that stood against the bullets,  
Those blood puddles that lay in the clay  
They are her own children and blood,

Can I explain them the realities in my tears and agony?  
Their mothers wished their children to be safe  
But never expected them to disappear in unknown lands

She nourished the embryo, gave breath and form  
She heard the first cry of the new born, but today  
The last cry of that grown up child is lost somewhere!  
There is no message from the forest or rest of the world!

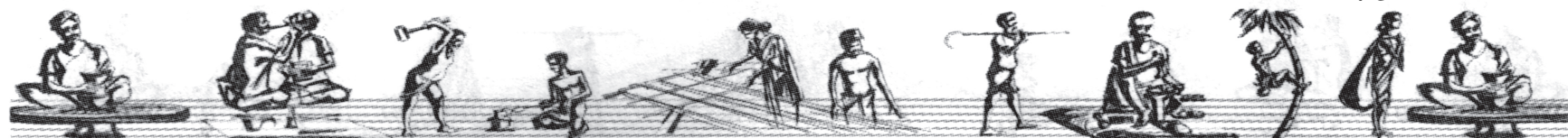
When the child is born, she took him into her fold  
The warmth was there all over; now he is cold  
And mother didn't know about the death's hold;

Unless we understand her labour pains  
We cannot understand the agony she undergoes;  
To that innocent mother what request I can make?

He died for a cause a greater one, can I tell the mother  
That and request for more warriors like her son!  
With lowered head can I stand before her index finger  
And request for more and more sacrifices?

*(Ramakrishna, Nageswara Rao and many more...)*

22 May 1986



## 9. SIREN

Siren

A derogatory call towards man

A dictating machine's cry dominating man

I am not against machine but no friendship is there

Between man and machine there is struggle for power

To call a man to attend work, is siren necessary?

For hunger and thirst what siren is there?

Which worker eases his hunger sitting lazy?

Except sunrise there is no siren for farm work

### 2.

Machine builds walls

It imprisons meadows, fields, rivers, open places

Hills and mines behind walls

Factory walls, parliament walls, court walls,

Jail walls, school walls, temple walls

In between them flourishes civilization and crime

Between these walls you work

Humanity stays not there

### 3.

In the police station

You are a criminal, informer, rowdy sheeter,

Thief, conman, broker, recommendation and graft

You are a political opponent; you are a radical

In court you are an accused,

You are a suspected Naxalite



4.

In jail you are a prisoner  
Either you are an accused, detenu or a convict  
Whether you committed a crime or not  
You are a prisoner  
Khaki cloths remembers you as a convict  
Not as a human being  
Money, position, education, religion, caste, creed  
You may not be beyond them, but they play a role

Fear is the rule  
Fear is the watchword of discipline  
Wheel of Time runs on Nature laws  
But here jail runs on fear factor  
'Chalti ka naam gadi'

**5.**

In prison  
If you make a sound beyond prescribed limit  
Siren rings with suspicion  
You will be thrown into a cell  
And khakis surround you like in hell

They search for your dreams in diaries  
They try to find out your friends in books  
They explore your solitude under blanket  
They search you all over till you stand naked  
They scrutinize your cloths for any secrets

Those fingers work with khaki noses  
Their looks have unhealthy detectors

You have to gather again the dreams they trampled  
You have to suffer pain from the wounds reopened  
Adjust your blanket; recall your love in imaginations  
Forget those insults and rejuvenate yourself anew



At anytime  
Your dream, friendship, your affection, love  
If it is found by the khakis  
That will be a crime, and ascends as report  
Then again threats, invectives, abuses and punishments

6.

Then you are worse than an animal  
No air, no food, no rest  
You are condemned in your lockup room  
You are deprived of human relationships,  
Dreams, friendships, freedom and all

No interviews, no papers, no letters, no magazines  
Stench from ganj incapacitates you  
It cuts the light and throws you into darkness  
You will see sky imprisoned behind bars

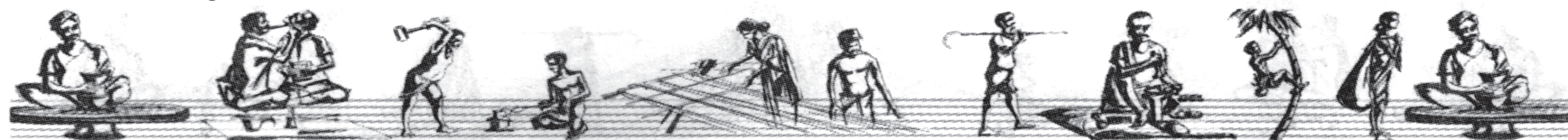
7.

If you imagine  
sky is in lockup  
That means you are still alive;  
If you think that you are bearing these insults  
For the freedom of people in prisoner's dress,  
And expecting sympathy in khaki dress means,  
you are still alive.

For work or to warn about accident  
if sirens cry means  
As per records you are alive;  
For liberty or for freedom  
if your conscience is awake  
Means that you are still alive!

3 June 1986

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## 10. PEACE FOR DOVE

Where from it came, I don't know  
It landed on the electric line of prison wall  
And fell on the ground  
Like a moon with clipped wings, a dove

I have seen many paired doves, during emergency  
Near Chanchalguda jail masjid, and in chabutara;  
But here it is the first time I saw a dove;  
Current shock nearly killed it  
What can I do?  
No external wound, but the bird is in shock  
And I am a human being  
but neither Sibi nor Sakya muni  
Not a statue of Nehru that hoists a dove for peace

I tried really hard to revive it  
A bit of first aid, a few drops of water  
And my tears, but that dove did not respond  
A hopeless movement in its neck  
It is sunset time  
An eagle was ready on the barrack top to snatch it away  
A cat is making rounds around my feet  
How to save it from certain death?  
Who will take care of it?  
Rules won't permit to send it out from prison  
I cannot take it into my cell  
How to keep it safe?  
I requested sentries help  
To protect from cat's attack  
Keeping the wounded dove on top of a radio,





like a bouquet,  
we heard devastating news  
about Punjab and Sri Lanka  
that made me as fragile as the dove

2.

Every three hours  
Sentries gave me reports about the dove  
during duty change overs;  
I was looking at the cat's mouth  
And its relentless walks from lockup to window

3.

Ten years back, a jail bird accustomed  
to catch crows and birds for lunch or dinner  
exclaimed- dove or pigeon doesn't matter  
when it is properly done -very tasty-  
Sentry came to me- are you awake, sir?  
Dove is dead!  
I came back from lighter sleep to agitated leap

4.

By the time we came out of our cells  
That dead dove is in the bottom of a dust bin  
Lying aside, amidst swept dust  
And a few leaves that fell during night gale,  
A morsel of leftover cooked rice,  
wet with tears and there in the bottom of the dustbin-  
Eternal peace to the dove of peace!

25 June 1986

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## 11. VITAL ENERGY

That month has come again  
Ashadhamu has gone  
August came

Two blood smears at the place where tears flowed;  
Eyes closed forever  
Memories remain open in my wet eyes,

Some noise;  
Some body's call tender and sensitive  
Stops and touches somewhere

A bullet pierces through the heart  
A sharp knife of memories cuts through the lungs  
Time is a mere bandage to the wounded heart

All days may not belong to tears  
But, how can anyone fathom the depth of sorrow  
Without reaching the shores of happiness?

Those days will come; Eyes become irises  
Blood turns out to be light; Memory becomes history  
Suffering becomes people's story

All days look similar, they are just dates  
When one hits beehive, reality bee bites  
Experience flow like honey in fancies

No stream washed this blood entirely; Even in this flood  
my tears did not dry; In the earth layers under flood waters  
Vital energy is still alive; Death devours all, yet, life still remains

After the death curtain  
Life's scene goes into the past  
And bridges between tears and destination

3 September 1986

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## 12. SHYAM SAVERA

Like breathing air  
That acquaintance was whirling in mind

He scribbled, that is an order  
He called, that is a command  
He discussed, that is acceptance;  
He told, that is reality  
His education and way of life  
His leadership and his service

Don't know anything about him except his name  
Revolution was his address  
Where he was born, who was his mother I don't know  
But he died in my village  
He worked among the people for their welfare  
He died among them but lived forever

Like the hill, like the lake in my village

In my childhood I hiked those hills  
Does his voice reverberate there now?  
I used to look at the water lilies without batting an eyelid  
Can I see his face in these lilies now?

In this earth where he lies now  
Does his friendly touch breath like warm blood?

9/14 September 1986

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### 13. COMPANION

Who will be my companion in this enclosure?  
Sky above, Sea of thoughts inside, outside locked gate,  
Inside open doors and acquired patience

Anybody here?  
Any humans?  
This is a solitary confinement for the mind

Trees with flowery minds and ripened hearts  
Birds perching on current wire  
before flying into freedom, are my companions

frequent peeping visits of fellow prisoners  
some accused paying short time visits of acquaintance  
bringing paper or tea to have a glimpse at me

no one is permitted to see me; no one is allowed  
to speak to me; Forced peaceful coexistence  
in that dark street of congress culture

Permitted speakers do not understand my language  
Those who understand words do not fathom the depth  
This block's shadow is prohibited to lean on that block

Who is my companion here?  
Sealed radio, censored magazine!  
False encounter news, scissored news papers

In the silence of solitary confinement  
Prisoners often threw 'pyasa, malleswari' songs  
From their radios like stars packed in jasmine covers



(They get stones in ganja packets from the outside roads)  
News sound death when radio is tuned  
Death's claw and tooth on life's struggle

Young dreams suffer forced death  
Tears gets tired in longing  
Sleepless nights suffer insomnia

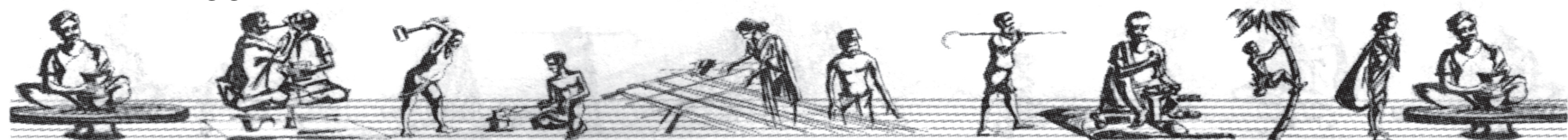
Songs run with their feet on my tongue  
Waterfalls in mind mimic fan noises  
Black letters become red cells to infuse energy

Like one who slept on the rail track after a long run  
I woke up from the nightmares of day- night crises  
Mind beats like Chomudi drum with agitation of feelings

In that grave silence I imagine myself a phoenix bird  
In this drive of morning dawn who will be my companion?  
Foresight gives me breath and confidence in Naxalbari!

16 September 1986

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## 14. BETALA'S CORPSE

Keeping the corpse in the lockup on my shoulder  
I am walking here  
I will tell you the story of my death -said the corpse  
Whether it is a natural death or murder!

Corpse- it talked in lockup  
I thought  
Definitely it is murder

Happy it told the truth  
But it is a crime if a living person opens his mouth  
Corpse disappeared  
And surfaced in another lockup

27/28 September 1986

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## 15. DÉJÀ VU

Lucky fellows you are!  
Born with silver or golden spoon in thy mouth

Creative is your agitation  
Violent is your agony or pain

You are gifted persons; you can break the mirrors  
of buses like sunrays on newspapers

you can remove air from tyres  
just under the praising eyes of policemen with guns

you can tie rakhis to the police personal  
that commit third degree with ease on suspects

your experimental protest allows you,  
no purchasing of bus tickets with impunity

these beautiful roads under your rasta-roko scheme  
vehicles with 'save merit stickers' – all your blessings

our bare legs we walk on the tar roads we built in sweat  
you claim them as your talent and executed contract gift

those sixty days what a praiseworthy agitation!  
Your girls and boys making sensation

That made your parents and relatives blush with pride  
And your maids and newspapers praised you and cried



Merit is getting buried and future is complete dark  
And in protest you all made a picnic trip to Yadgiri hills  
In this marathon you are rabbit heroes  
How can we tortoises compete with you?

If you sell tea in Chikkadapally; Or sell peanuts in cinema halls  
Or do boot polish in Koti; Or collect donations on tank bund  
Newspaper cameras click their lenses capturing your styles  
Their pens and letters print artistic stories about your protest

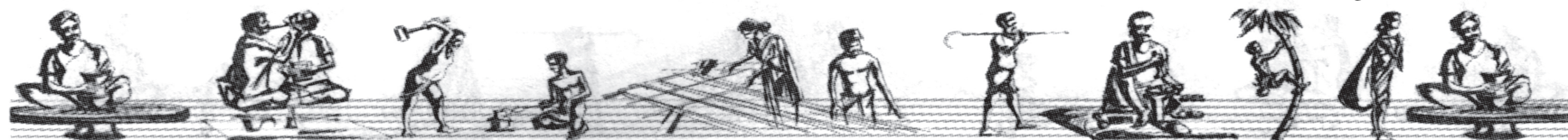
We with pale faces and leather stench we make shoes  
Colour them with our blood, polish with light from our eyes  
Yet, if a showman polishes shoes it is a different creativity  
We remove your excreta with bucketsful under your scorn

We mop your house with our bodies as clean as your bodies  
Our hands as brooms, sweat as water, blood as phenol  
Our bones as washing powder, so tell me, what creativity  
You find in these labours and what talent you see in them?

With tucked shirts and miniskirts and high heels  
If you pour a few smiles on cement roads  
Sky and air transmit talks and visuals in profusion;  
We rickshaw pullers, daily wagers, hamalis, pushcart workers,

Small scale businessmen, and their clerks, and mothers  
with milk dried breasts, we sell blood for money in hospitals,  
which has the flavour of our sweat, not meritorious fragrance  
of blood you donate in a style with patriotic fervour!

Whatever you do saying- shave merit to save merit,  
With your temporary imitation placards  
And convent pronunciation slogans, the underlying idea  
We know, is to ridicule the thousand skills of the downtrodden



Comparing with your merit drawn well fed lives;  
On chiffon saris and Punjabi dresses, you wear white coats  
And a piece of black ribbon on mouth, stethoscope on chest  
Save merit stickers on your shoulders, you were heavenly

Getting wet in the rain in front of the Secretariat  
But what about EBCs of your group and our poor  
With not more than twelve thousand rupees income  
It is a lost paradise, wrecked dream and broken iris?

I did believe the words of our clan  
But what is left for us is the empty sky  
That's why our womenfolk never tried to touch it;  
Yours is the movement of imaginations in earthly paradise

Like demigods strived for ambrosia  
When your coral lips pronounced diamond talk of 'jail bharo';  
They shifted us political prisoners from the barracks to cells  
infested with bats and lizards crawling in garbage heaps

For you they arranged red carpet welcome, so that all prisons  
in this state gets anointed with the merit dust from your feet,  
these sixty days, we were in doubt, how come these merit people  
the future builders can they enter the cells and barracks,

once infested with criminals, accused, thieves and traitors!  
Then we heard they accommodated you in function halls  
Of marble palaces where rich and famous conduct functions;  
We were relieved and a few deep sighs permeated our jails

Ours is a fight that smell death and rattled obsequies  
Yours is a procession of pomp and prestige in finer queues  
Your anger is lovable; your arson reminds fire festival  
Your call for bandh seemed a call for sumptuous lunch



Lucky fellows you are! Your corpse of merit  
Went on in high procession along the main roads  
Amidst Vedic chants and cremation is done in city centre  
As there is no death for merit you acted it with all your creativity

We have no merit to die or to kill  
We live by our hard work or petty crimes  
Or we die with disease or hunger  
(Meritorious people won't accept hunger as a disease)

Or in unemployment or in revolution  
Or in lockup, or encounter  
(Meritorious people won't accept inequality as violence)

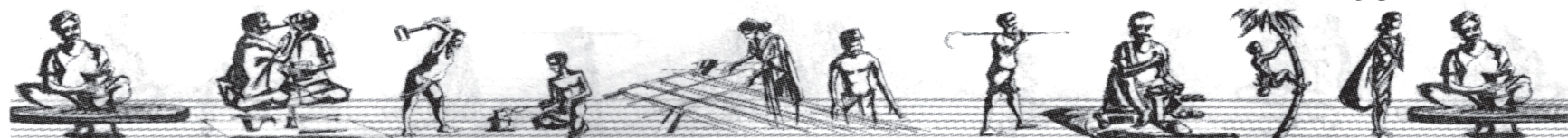
Somewhere by the roadside, on in a deep pit  
Or on a dunghill or in a deep forest  
Thrown into ashes to become ashes without trace or proof  
Sometimes we get disappear from the graves too

Even so who cares about our births and deaths?  
As per census our lives are counted  
And we are no entity since we have no merit  
That propels this land into prosperity

We die in poverty; we are reborn in poverty;  
'dharma-sansthapanarthaya sambhavami yuge yuge'  
Whenever there is harm to dharma  
You appear on earth and exit after your work is done  
Lucky fellows you are! Meritorious and great managers!

7 October 1986

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## 16. APNA UTSAV

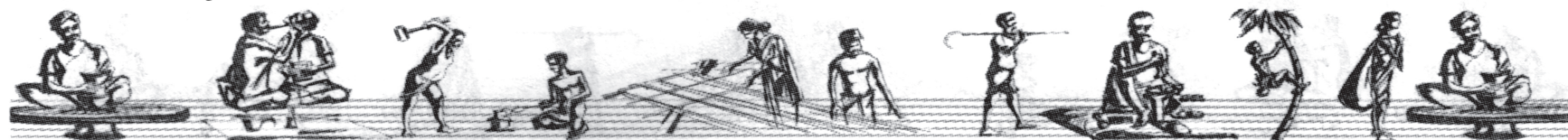
Does Manakonduru lake's streams  
flow into moola Maneru?  
Why this village the haven of rice  
turned from plenty to poverty?  
Karimnagar, Warangal, Hyderabad cities  
do they have a say in it?

In village Alugunuru, Laxmareddy  
has a half decade of oral history  
His feet looked like his cracked fields  
near the borders of Karimnagar, laid by time  
His history kindled fire in Kaloji's heart  
His story an eye opener to the students  
His spoken word is an appeal or invitation  
To lecturers, lawyers, or enlightened ones

A symbol of our country's land  
A symbol of wounded earth in any country

### 2.

None so far asked his name, except  
the strangers who intercepted him on that day  
What name one calls him who questions for human rights?  
Never any Ambassador car came to his house in dark night  
People with pure minds understood him  
But not the beasts in mufti  
So, they killed him in cold blood



3.

Civil rights were stomped in revenge  
Terror of anarchy severed the wings of democracy  
Now our culture reached a stage  
From encounters- lockup deaths to blackmailing and murders

He was a Casabianca, young boy of seven decades,  
In the commotion of River Godavari of Karimnagar  
Fought relentlessly for the civil rights of people

When a bullet pierced his ear  
He advised us to hear with mind's ear  
and to understand the people's fear!

Tooth for tooth, eye for eye transformed  
as truth destroyed the eye;  
We neither close eyes nor hide them;

Unless we protect our eyes  
Our destiny will remain in darkness

11/13 November 1986

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## 17. POSTAL-MORTEM

Darling!

As though going to heaven alive with body  
When I was diving into twentieth century  
I found this letter of 1898 penned by you

Oh, is it not the diversity we are all proud of!  
Ox cart – INSAT-20; washermen's ghat – Supersonic jet  
Non-violence khaddar- bullet proof jacket  
All live-in democratic symbiosis

I was thinking loud for the last few days  
What happens if messengers become message robbers  
I fed my thoughts to Super Computers  
If monkey steals Rama's ring  
If yaksha's message is devoured by cloud itself  
If swan stops delivering the message of Nala in pretext of impersonation  
If doves decline to carry our love messages to establish peace  
What happens if messengers become message robbers?

Intelligence officers, as we all know, they read our letters  
Try to decode them for red herring messages in between lines  
As Jaffar said- our longing times are stretched to infinity

### 2.

Dear

This call of love-breath contains language of my blood  
Before it touches the door of your heart  
with its fingers of passion,  
the glittering letters of my hopes



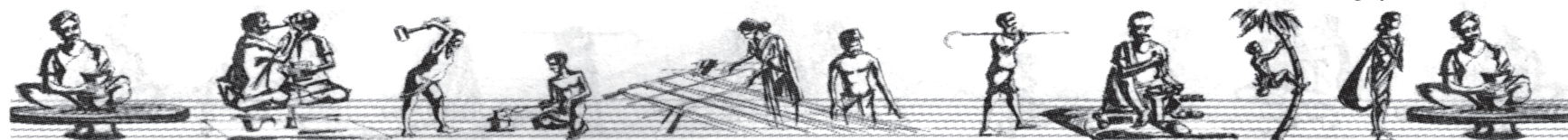
before they shine in your eyes and body as electric currents  
in how many hands the call of love-breath gets crimped?  
n how many mouths and eyes it gets crumbled,  
and give birth to hate and jealousy!  
because I have written about the friendship  
the sweetest ingredient of the society or Nature;

I don't know whether this letter reaches alien hands  
By the courtesy of constitutional law that spread in  
Rashtrapati bhavan, Parliament, and Supreme Court  
That comes in the way like sacred thread- mangala sutra;

To the marriage of three knots or two hearts  
Why the necessity of a third person, dear lean breath Kaloji?  
Love poured in whole night, on thornless jasmines  
In my imaginary heaven, they wish to intercept it  
By breaking open the love chest –  
that cruel hawks, that pounce upon doves.

What can I write?  
Whatever I write it becomes a second-hand message  
Your memories as speeding bullets  
Your eyes as fire balls that energise me  
Your heart as the palace of love  
(Love gets decoded as gold- Swarna by that special branch)  
If I start putting my thoughts in words, as Kalidas said-  
-‘My tears have wiped out this scene’-  
The interceptor- interprets it as some country  
And sends it to the defence lab to decodify;

In your absence my heart got broken into pieces- if I write  
They interpret it as the plan to explode Parliament Building.



Using this letter as an alibi, I will be framed  
under sedition, or criminal conspiracy  
or may be shot at the borders (of love)

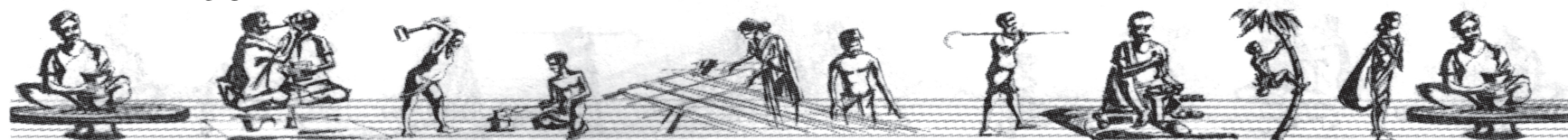
3.

Dear poor girl,  
Is it any new thing that others reading our letters?  
We print and publish them for the readers  
But when a person in mufti without our consent  
If he reads or destroys -it is a concern for us  
To keep love safe  
without sinking in dark narrow side drains;

Chalam taught us ways through his premalekhalu,  
Browning married his heart throb,  
I write this letter to show my love in the letters of love  
And still think about the secret of love;  
It is not secrecy; what we seek is privacy

That's ok! These intelligence officers  
Let them learn love after reading these love letters  
That they lost in their discipline and hard training  
Let them learn about love, friendship and humanity values;  
But those who are trained to forbid literature how can they love it?  
If they study literature, how can they keep barriers to history?  
Bhagat Singh threw bombs in parliament  
To make them read the pamphlets of country's freedom  
Because here we mention revolution and explosion  
This letter has a need for scrutiny

They okayed the law in this session; otherwise,  
by this time this letter might have reached you;



because they decode the letters from and to prison  
and because they prevented this love conspiracy  
everything is going smooth otherwise  
Country's security would have been under peril and  
what would have happened is beyond anybody's imagination!  
They think so and believe it!

Post script:  
that's why I am not posting this letter  
I am keeping it safe in my pocket  
So that it can be used as evidence  
Depending upon their wishes and requirements

24 November 1986

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## 18. RUDDER

O star!  
What is your name  
That shines bright in the dark sky?  
How far you are  
From the moonlight that won't shine today?  
How nearer you are  
To the morning light?  
Shining in the unknown heights of mind's sky,  
O beautiful star! Mar's spar!  
Are you an aboriginal or from Africa?  
Or the blood flowing in rock oil?  
Or the burning coal in a forge fuel?  
Or the burnished gold shining near equator?  
Or are you the trigger under the index finger of anger  
Restrained so far by the universe?  
O star!  
Are you a plant, or a mountain slope, or a stream?  
Are you a valley in a forest or breeze or a night tune?  
Or eye of the heaven or my dear little sister?  
Or an elder sister to my daughter?  
Or a teardrop rolling on my half-opened song's eyelid,  
In passionate thought storm?  
Are you the smile of an ocean?  
Or a floating boat on the foam shining waves?  
Tell me, o star!

*(I did not remember the sentence of William Blake- whose face gives no light, shall never become a star- mentioned in Googi's jail dairy- Detained- while writing this poem)*

12 December 1986

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## 19. LANGUAGE OF SMILE

A memory of wiped-out smile  
In the wet light glistening on the pupil  
In the noise that came out from the stunned throat  
In the unlocated pain from the heart's wound

### 2.

Smile  
A lamp that shines on the lips  
A lamp that gives light with the light of eyes  
A lamp that gleams with blood or breath  
Or with passion of the heart  
A lamp of bright consciousness;  
Smile disappears means  
An extinguished lamp, disappearing of light  
Freezing of blood, cessation of breath  
And stopping of the heart  
Loss of consciousness or life force

### 3.

Nothing I need from those still lips  
I wish to see the arrow of smile  
In that closed eyelid chest;  
I need the hidden sword of smile

### 4.

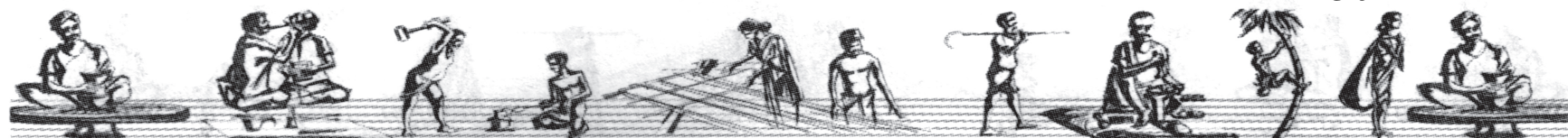
Smile a symbol of affection, love, friendship  
A symbol of braveness, arts, and evergreen creativity

### 5.

If death takes away the smile  
Smile that confronts and ridicules death...  
I hear the burning breath in death's closed fist  
I hear the language of smile blossoming in the wet earth

21 December 1986

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## 20. CHARMINAR, WHERE FOUR ROADS MEET

What beast is this?  
What hunger is this?  
Not a tiger in the forest  
No deer to run away hearing the roar!

It is no devil's hunger  
To say that one can stun the demon by beating it  
This is the hunger for dowry  
This is the thirst of honour and pride  
This is the hunger of traditions and gift giving  
This is the thirst of social status, flats, plots, properties  
Televisions, refrigerators, scooters, cash  
Purchased jobs, hunger of all desires  
Unmitigated hunger

You may try umpteen ways to satisfy hunger and thirst  
Or run away from hunger into wilderness far  
As SarveswarDayal Saxena said- 'it is the wolf hunger;  
It haunts you forever'-  
Stand up; take that kerosene can  
One lighted matchstick is enough  
It is no jungle law; it is modern civilized tradition

### 2.

Sixteen-year harvests; solwasaals,  
Sweet seventeens, sapnon ka saudagar  
So, we sell children's dreams in the market  
An ancient custom practiced in new zeal



Now, in every bridal room  
One burning secret awaits to unfold at a proper time;  
Every family's stove in kitchen  
Pleases to burn its new bride for lunch or dinner

Select  
On bed or at meals time  
Stove, or Nylon saree on fire  
Or deep well with weighty bucket  
Choice is yours, you can die as an accident  
Keeping civilization on its rails  
From Charminar or Qutub Minar;

Or attempt  
Mass suicide as passive resistance  
To alert and warn  
The civilized society with a stern notice...

*(Dear poet friend- when you reminded me that the stars fell from Charminar are permanent blemishes on this society, I felt guilty, as I too belong to this society's plough furrow)*

3 January 1987

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## 21. LULLABY

O dear mother!  
What dreams you dream  
while keeping me in your bosom?  
Smiling in joy and sounding the toy  
You are not looking at me  
When I touched your eyes, some hot tears  
Cut my fingers, as though with a sharp knife

Do mothers weep?  
If mother weeps in whom bosom, she cries?  
All worlds rest in mother  
Then in which world mother finds rest?

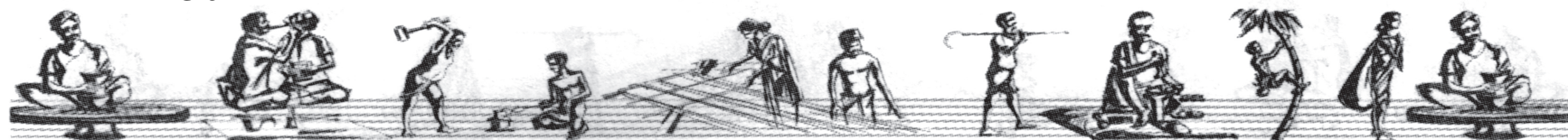
### 2.

With an effort  
Taking a deep breath with your reddened nose  
When you smiled like ambrosial vessel  
And looked at me as though that cloud has left  
(How you smile! With your lips, or chin, or cheeks  
Or eyes, it is like a flood that unified all the meanders)

To avoid others looking at your tears  
You tenderly removed that teardrop with a crescent moon  
Of your index finger and when it did split on your thumb  
Myriad colours exploded, o mother, look,  
Look at your finger, milky way is here!

### 3.

Come on! Keep me down  
and let me hold your index finger  
I will walk, play, go to school  
After my studies, I fight with darkness  
Taking your tear wet sword of dreams



4.

Beyond seven seas  
I go like an arrow released from the rainbow  
And I play on your finger like a bright tap of light  
Crossing over all the shores  
And reaching your mind as waves of love and  
Can I cry -amma' the sound reverberating all over!

5.

I wish to have friends of my age  
You can be a child to become my friend  
Otherwise, who will play with me?  
When we go along the shore gathering shells  
I make you stand and build a sand nest on your foot  
Making you stand there for a while  
I run along the shore like a bird flew from that nest  
From a distance you appear as a lighthouse  
Focussing on the horizon  
Mother! Your tears blood won't go waste!  
It will be focussed as a thread in darkness  
The paper sword boat I made with your dreams of colour papers  
will reach the shore of peace, sailing against waves

1.

Mother! When you are disturbed  
I observe the sadness behind those eyelids  
I will bring all your dreams realized to you  
Please keep me on earth from your warm bosom  
Leave me in fire or water, nothing gives me wounds  
more that your suffering; Today my mind, tomorrow myself  
To receive wounds is to become stronger;

2.

Mother! You are a lullaby  
Not a song of sympathy or a song of sleeping bee

21 January 1987

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## 22. PULL THE TIME!

Pull it o man, pull the time  
High-less-aa pull o prisoner  
Pull the time line and go ahead

It is not moving,  
it stands still  
Mind is mobile so pull it till time moves

Just to give a warning to the time  
And to control your mind, pull the time  
Pull it o man, pull the time

Where is freedom  
Everyone is a prisoner somewhere  
So, pull the time line

Let your mind fly all over  
Let the chains break, pull the time chain  
Break the shackles, pull the time up  
Pull the freedom on this timeline

Pull it o man, pull the time  
Pull! Pull! High-less-aa!  
Pull the time line and go ahead

28 January 1987

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## 23. GITA

I am Gita rani  
My father is a shoe maker  
When bulldozers rolled on the huts at Turkmen Gate  
I was a five years old kid  
I used to help my father working on shoes  
by cutting papers, wetting leather and threading the needle

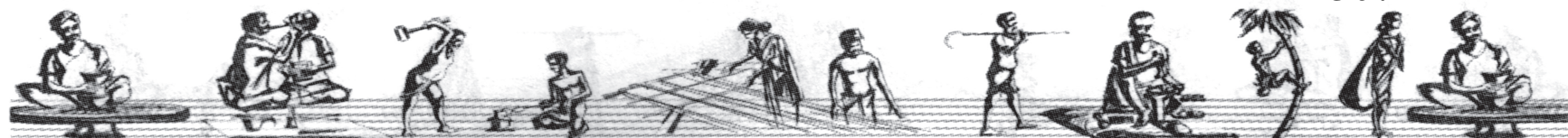
I heard Indira read -Glimpses of World History-  
Written by her father at my age;

Married at the age of ten  
Though I did not write poetry like Sarojini Naidu,  
I used to look at the papers and cinema posters  
And the scenes that rolled before my eyes  
May not be capital but I have my quota of footpath dreams  
like heroes striking matchstick on shining shoes in a style  
And lighting cigarette, to blow rings of smoke

I did not fall in love with those heroes, but I never got  
frightened by the male gender of our society

We are eleven kids to our parents  
We are poor and live in slums,  
and work as child labourers  
In this golden country to survive;

Shoemaker is my father, but paid dowry to Ramnath  
and gifts of money and gold  
Gave sumptuous feast to guests with meat and drinks  
Yet my so-called husband tortured me during first night  
Singd my body with cigarette stubs, hit me, abused me  
That pain still lingers in me and I tremble when I remember;





In a story, where an archer who hit the rotating fish,  
brought her home and shared her with his brothers  
like a fruit, under mother's word, but when he saw her  
with his elder brother he had to go to forest as punishment.

Here, my husband offered me to his relatives  
and enjoyed while I was collectively raped by them  
those seven steps walk was finished in seven days of torture  
and he threw me out of his hut like cigarette stub;

within two weeks I came back to square one  
unable to change anything in our customs  
my brother committed suicide by hanging

my father was roaming around that man's house  
for the last three years,  
at least to get back the dowry  
but where is the proof?  
Police booked a case, not on that Ramnath  
But on my father under child marriage act

Further they advised me to live with my husband  
(Ramnath is a government employee like the police men)  
If I dare to go to women's committee  
They warned me with dire consequences!

-Gita rani, Turkmen Gate, Delhi

(After reading the news- '*When copes refused to register a case*'-  
Indian Express- New Delhi, dated February 6, 1987)

8 February 1987

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## 24. SCENE

O moon!

Did you ever see your reflection,  
through the gaps of Ashoka Wheel,  
at any time in your electrifying moonlight?  
Did you ever took rest in Birla temple On NaubatPahad  
anointed with milk? At any time in any evening ,  
did you ever enjoy the free entertainment shows  
In Lalita kala toranam of Public Gardens?

O moon!

At any time did you ever enjoy your own moonlight?

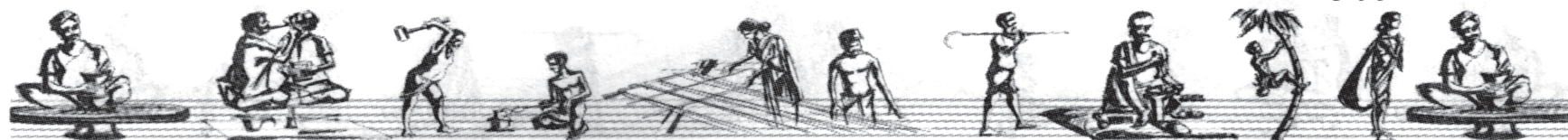
There is All India Radio to read Assembly news  
Nearby there is secretariat- sachivalayam  
From CCS to Lakdi ka pool , Saifabad to city forest  
Hungry python Law and Order department is there  
There is the office of the hotel owners' union and  
militant trade union offices that offer compromises

In a star hotel to pick a pocket, who has guts except the server?  
It is your responsibility to prove that you are innocent  
Terrorist act says that is law, but what law is there  
to disprove to police that yours like are not thieves?  
Who speaks for you? Telugu Kala Bhavan? Or the statues  
on tank bund? Anyhow you have accepted your crime, but  
Where is that money, how it will be recovered  
Unless you die by suicide or forced death?

O moon! If you ever find time to see your soul in blood spilled  
moonlight through the gaps In Ashoka wheel, let me know!  
To you I can give you a thread of cotton in a poem symphony,  
But to that downtrodden Chandra what can a poet give  
Except the tear drenched innards in pain and agony!

February 1987

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## 25. DISAPPEARANCE

‘.....’

-Dead bodies need no tomb,  
It is decoration to the dead body and useless work, -  
-though said in this way  
Poor man's body too goes to grave with some obsequies;

Even though the cooking stove is cool with no fuel  
Cow dung cake must burn to dispose the dead body  
Even a cat is taking nap in the kitchen  
Fire must be burning in front of the house as per tradition;  
People who did not attend the marriage  
Forget their conflicts, will come and pay their respects  
Though there is no single drop of water to drink  
Dead body must be bathed in fresh water  
Bukkagulal has to be poured on it; A few marigold flowers and  
Once raised on bier sprinkle corn or a few coins  
A few stops to see the impossible revival in hope  
Till the cremation is over logs must burn  
When you hear skull breaking sound  
That indicates the breaking of all bonds  
But tears still remain to wet the remaining ashes  
Ashes become a valuable property till the immersion;

Not only as a dead body but also in cremation,  
Burial, grave or tomb states it demands respect  
It should not be a dog's death  
Some say everyone is equal after death  
But some get more free space and post death sympathies  
Concessions, rewards, awards and family benefits  
Some police personnel and their relations



If they die in the hands of terrorists  
They get extra privileges sponsored by government;  
If a Naxalite or terrorist dies the story is different  
Under the eyes of police cremation or burial is carried out  
They decide who should carry the fire pot to ignite the pyre;

Government accepts personal law  
For private properties, marriage or divorce  
But if a rebel dies no permission is granted

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Whether he fell down alighting the moving train  
Or died in lockup tortures,  
about the dead body of sheik Imam  
What these never met lips of rail tracks can tell?  
What this train that makes noise without feelings can express?  
if they dropped the dead body on railway tracks  
after killing him, or killed him by keeping him on tracks,  
or murdered him in encounter or in lockup, how does it matter?  
if the body is handed over to the relatives or not  
news of his death somehow reaches the kith and kin  
newspapers carry the dead man's body on their letters' bier  
memories carry the bonds of affection coupling it with death

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While bringing the accused to the court  
Exactly on the bridge terrorist escapes, a well-rehearsed story;  
How he came to know, may be river must have called him  
Police gun rings alarm, on the shore you find a dead body  
Who finds it? A flying vulture? Who will inform the relatives?



If a man disappears?  
We try to back track; when we spoke to him,  
where we met him, either in lockup or lodge?  
To keep us in illusions we say- he disappeared  
SC warden is bringing ration on his name or not?  
In ITI who is drawing his scholarship?

Blood that spilled in Hanumakonda police lockup  
It goes away by washing the floor.  
Ears that heard the bullet shots in Padmakshi hills  
Eyes that witnessed the burning of body  
What commentary one can tell for Yakaiah's disappearance?  
Doctor Prasad his name and profession; Benjamin identified  
by religion; Sukhajeewanreddy branded by caste;  
When they left their profession, religion and caste  
And joined the struggle for people's welfare, they go disappear  
and float as dead bodies in Kakatiya canal, why?

Mother who carried him nine months in her womb  
Couple lived in a house as one; Dreams and desires  
their children; and from their neighbours and friends  
You snatched them away and killed them in cold blood.

As they are your enemies, but what harm a dead body  
can do to you, why you made it disappear?

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Yes  
Dead body speaks about death  
It speaks about life and the way of life  
And the mode of death



Those who fought for respectability and social equality  
Saying socialism guarantees food, shelter and respect;

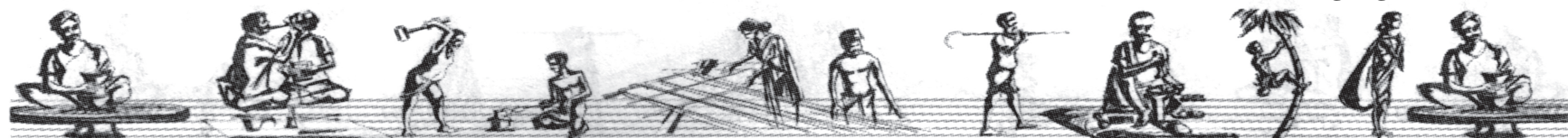
For him, his entire life is a battle of life and death  
Maybe death comes to him after a close call  
But for us he disappeared the day he joined revolution  
The powerful ruling hand makes him disappear  
With water's flowing nature, air's scent, light of fire  
In layers of earth, we identify them in the stars of the sky

We have seen him alive, even if he disappears  
Don't think he is dead, we will demolish this terrible rule  
And in that clear scene we will find him!

*(To Bal Gopal- who understood the pain of disappearance of a known man in -'Missing'-  
Economic and Political Weekly; 28- 2-1987)*

28 February 1987

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## 26. ONE HAND ANOTHER HAND

Breaking the doors, entering my house, grabbing my hair  
he beat me, abused me, stripped my clothes and  
what more you wish me to cry and tell in detail?

His assault pained my heart with its sting of cruelty  
Battering me with his beast power and liquor stench  
He wounded me with my broken bangles, that bitter taste  
It won't go even after I pulled out my innards and spat blood  
His cruel act cannot be put in words or keep it hidden  
The sacred sentiment certified by the society  
When it is desecrated, it is an assault on mind and body  
A cruel attack on my heart  
a lament to lighten mind weight, when it is told to others,  
otherwise, an agony that burns and scorches like poison

I see human beings in people around me  
My mind is a place for human relations  
But, in that night khakis looks fell on me like bats  
That abhorrence cannot be washed away by human tears  
Or by mother's milk; maybe the boiling blood  
With revenge one day does wash this censure

It may not be an experience of Savitri,  
It is the life of Eliyamma because she is a widow,  
it happened may be in a village Tankamani in Kerala  
It may be a village nearby Godavari gonds' plea;

Gaining confidence after seeing the bravery of Sali  
who cut the assailant's hand, we are giving  
our statements, without pleading help from others;  
Now, Sali is a symbol of a brave woman, our guide!

(To Venu Menon- up to date – Illustrated Weekly of India- 22-2-1987 about the incident  
that happened in Tankamani village, Kerala)

3 March 1987

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## 27. DAILY ROUTINE

After un-lockup of early morning  
A jasmine flower does smile beautifully  
Peeping out of leaves just in front of my prison cell  
In the excited air trees speak in undeciphered language  
Sun rises in east hoisting the flag of bright light

Cases of house breaking, robbery, platform cases,  
footpath cases -all of them accepted their involvement  
to keep jail system clean, they keep themselves in crime dust  
they carry the dust swept by them all day in their lungs  
same jail food every day fortified by stones, red gram etc  
same work, in multiple rounds  
(When people are dying in famine –  
Nizam nawab thoughtfully  
Enquired about biryani rice availability-  
When prisoners in remand do the hard work,  
Rigorous imprisonment acquires new meanings)

In the shining shoes of officers  
Often reflect the callosities in prisoners' hands  
If there is morality there is no lordship  
Lordship is the best way to robbery

Mind revolves like sunflower in time's direction

Searching the slipped away time on paper  
A daily journey along the columns in newspapers  
Panchatantra- five-pronged effort  
of Fairfax to find a speck in lion's eye

when joked about democracy it backfired  
fire test to children to prove the mistakes of elders  
controversy regarding payment of allowances to ex-wives  
agitations amidst of lots of lies; History denotes minor joys  
From news world to book hall, invitation by characters



From past experiences to values of human relations  
A lovely journey with friends along distant beautiful shores

Every thought is to guide people for a better life  
If putting it into action is the nature of change  
What more is learnt from life other than living?

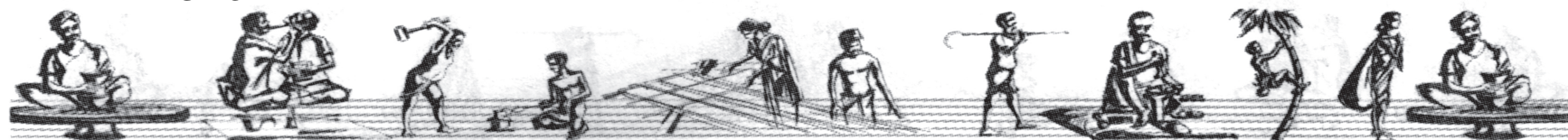
In hot sunshine of hard truth, In solitude of silent sea  
A sparrow's intermittent cry like telephone ringing  
In the train journey of feelings some invisible hand  
If it pulls the chain, ceiling fan stops like that train  
Yesterday there was power cut, Uncooled evenings,  
heated up blood pressures, From the darkness of  
mango tree branches a locked up black bird's kuhu, kuhu song  
A long time supporting friendly star's presence in the window

Refugee camp is like the pleasure in a slave country  
Rest to the wounded is remembrance of war times  
A bird of freedom never feels prison as its home  
Like sculpture with broken hands imagining its past beauty  
Day and night waves emanate noises on sea shore;  
To keep long drawn hands from sky to prison cell  
Blue wings flutter in agony  
Seeking freedom with mind and body as true liberty

Once current is gone, moonlight enters my cell, like  
spilled ambrosia from moon's cup, chasing away darkness  
wind stops blowing feigning anger  
I rerun my past imprints from archives on my mind screen  
'Dil ne jise paayaatha ankho ne gavaayaahai'  
Stored memory prints, live images I hear, I see, I touch  
I feel them in my each and every cell  
Then, past present future symbolizes what image?  
Sprouting rice fields waiting for April rains, what season?

11/12 April 1987

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## 28. PREMNAGAR- A PALACE OF LOVE

Nobody can separate us  
Nobody can separate us  
We are men and earth  
We are we and people  
In us, if you are a tree, I am the wind  
If you are a fort, I am the flag  
If you are a city, I am your lifeline and drum  
Now your warm air not sent to exile  
I am this splinter of Ekasila  
Singing songs of our separation  
Humming the songs of our wounds of friendship  
O city, you taught me life while learning from me  
You taught me words  
while spreading my messages all over  
You taught me songs  
and became a path to my walk  
You loved me and loved by me  
O my blessing! O my curse!  
O my love! O my first paradise!  
Can I get you again?

With my mother, in my own village,  
With my wife or my children  
I did not spend that much time as I spent with you  
In my blood flows your waters- so suitable  
In my breath flows your air- so refreshing  
Every grain in my food belongs to you  
My food and work, fuel to my vehicle all you are

Like Bezawada of that side, you are our Telangana  
You are the struggle of north Telangana  
You are anxiety in our thoughts



We walked hand in hand with agitating people  
We walked on the paths cleansed by their tears  
Our heroic deeds, ourselves we heard and felt good

Today whatever we hear about you  
It is like hearing the heartbeat of our diary  
We penned yesterday  
When you sing our history  
It is like listening to the memories  
When you move ahead fulfilling our promises  
It is like me moving on your feet  
Your journey stops not;

Give me a call  
Without turning your head,  
A call that infuses me with life  
And resounds with my breath,  
A call that makes me breathless!

27 June 1987

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## 29. MAN'S DEATH

Death of any human being upsets me  
Saying he is now immortal  
Or now a star in the sky; these are all post-fixes;

One man is dead means  
it is a moment of humanity ceased to take its breath  
no one knows his name or village or recognises him  
but killer knew that he is a human being  
Tree that shed flowers of tears in the forest knew  
Wind that sprinkled a handful of clay knew  
Man is not alone, he is a part of the society  
Earth absorbs burning sunshine and ocean's dampness  
When man's breath lamp gets extinguished;

Mind becomes dark  
I might not know him or his name  
Even If I see him or his photo  
I may not recognise him  
But when I know that he is a human being  
He belongs to my mind  
Otherwise, who am I?

May 1987

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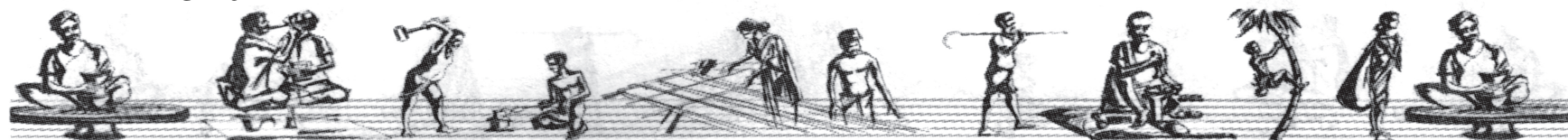
## 30. ATTIRE

To get thrilled by looking at Punjab, Delhi, UP  
This is not 1857  
These are not Lahore, Meerut revolutionary acts  
As alleged by colonial rulers  
But, now to keep Delhi throne  
A plot brewed in Punjab, Delhi and Meerut

Snow hills got dissolved and perennial rivers  
Flow with dead bodies from religious intolerance  
In the terrible pond of ambrosia  
Royal swan separates religious waters  
What it distributes- milk or poison, people only can tell  
Whether it is anger or by conscience  
Splitting the stomach that takes food,  
blasting the chest or heart that keeps breath,  
Cutting the throat that requested water,  
What religion it may be, its name is death;

In any worshipping place a stench of bigotry  
In any procession a pinch of dark rumour  
People gets divided into religions  
Dead bodies flow in rivers of blood  
And gets buried in curfew peace  
Born as men but branded as religion wise  
In khaki religion river of Vaitarini  
Innocent dreams transform into dead bodies  
Rest of the people see red lights  
Of one- eyed cyclops  
And blue lights that carry dead and near dead;

In the darkness of law and order  
From the door cracks



They may see shining bayonets and dogs running along,  
with the police vehicles, in empty streets,  
reminding police force marching  
Government gives assurance  
Fear unites the people like darkness  
During curfew relaxation  
Needs and necessities unite people like day break

To divide the survivors as voters  
Parties began their preparations  
Here each dead body is a commodity  
In the election market, today it maybe Haryana,  
Tomorrow all over the country  
There is demand for religion coated dead bodies;

For the lost people and survivors  
They fix some election price  
And ruling party pours promises after promises  
Opportunists add fuel to the fire  
Voters when separated as religions, castes  
They live in constant hate, anxiety and conflicts  
Doubt and hatred dominate the scene

This democracy lets people as servants of the rulers  
But not as people that live in freedom  
It not only exploits human labour but also  
Robs people along the lines of religion, caste, age  
And gender as commodity;  
Unless the situation is under control  
This welfare country cannot stay in peace

31 May 1987

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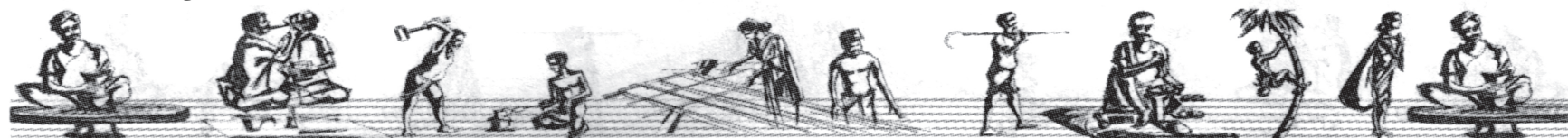


### 31. MOONLIGHT SPREADS INTO...

Just to build a hut no tribal cuts a tree;  
Just to cultivate no tribal burns the forest;  
at some places, they do Podu cultivation on difficult terrains.  
such as hill sides and near water sources,  
with hard work and sweat to have some food grains,  
but this produce finally enjoyed by whom?

A little bit of wetting hand under the table,  
Allows forest to be lost in Godavari floods as per record,  
Sawed in mills as logs forests slowly shrink in size,  
Changing into civilized dresses in new shapes  
Becomes private property hidden in city bungalows  
Behind closed doors, under power wielders protection  
Hunters come and go in disguise  
Breaking the backbones of forest  
Building projects across forests spoiling harmony  
It is money robbed from the treasures  
Money produced from workers sweat of pearls  
From reservoirs to food go downs to private accounts  
Using labourers' lives as fuel  
Making city forest's law and order as hardened steel frame  
Fortified with forest's flesh and blood as cement  
Imprinting death sentence on the papers  
Of innards of protected forest zones  
If you burn the village settlements in forest  
in the pretext of moonlight entered them,  
Those flames do expose your ugly face to the world  
Seeing your perverted hunger, flames too despise you  
Seeing your unlimited thirst, tears too burn like flames  
Seeing your cruelty, people's conscience burn like flames  
Those flames, those blood harvests they will rise again  
From those burnt down villages, grow new leaves and buds  
Blossoming as relentless fires, bring new world, those flames;

10 July 1987



## 32. FEELINGS' EDGE

Memories of the twenty-five years old leap,

At the end of Ramappa lake, a new guest house,  
Some furlong distance from pulitumu- tiger mouth;

Sitting on its wall I look into the forest  
with fear and amazement in my eyes  
Lord Siva's night, no moon day  
Star lit sky looking like light stand with bright lamps  
Lots of fireflies in that acacia tree weaving light  
A peacock is dancing in that light in a lovely style;

In the hall of that guest house  
Friends are busy chit-chatting and playing cards  
Far away I see some precious and rare scenes  
From leaves to meteors  
a lot of movement everywhere  
Forest, sky and everything, me and that acacia tree

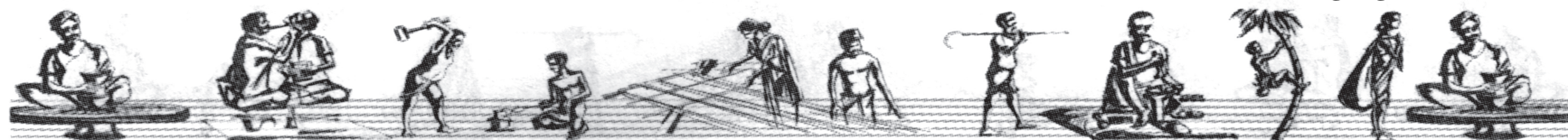
Silence and darkness  
suddenly filled with sounds and colours

Characters too participate  
Audience too participates  
Killing a wild boar Arjuna gained Pasupatha astra  
In Palampet forest Pandava story comes to an end;

Morning comes in hurry  
Witness gets stunned  
As history takes him away along with it

28 July 1987

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### 33. SIGNALS

If you stand on the roof of our house  
You can see Mamnoor airport signal tower focus light  
Appear and disappear in the sky in a moment of time;

Whatever I do you come to my mind and go  
To run away from your thoughts in this separation  
Imagine how much new world I have created?

But there also you accompany me  
For you I am your world, you robbed my dreams  
You have kept my secrets hidden within you;

With smile you tolerated my cowardliness  
With compassion you endured my weakness  
With empathy you suffered my lies;

I think like that moving search light  
your looks are waiting for me in the darkness?  
I promise you, one day, I will come to you flying

without any untoward accidents  
till then, continue sending these signals of hope  
and I will receive them every moment of my life

5 August 1987

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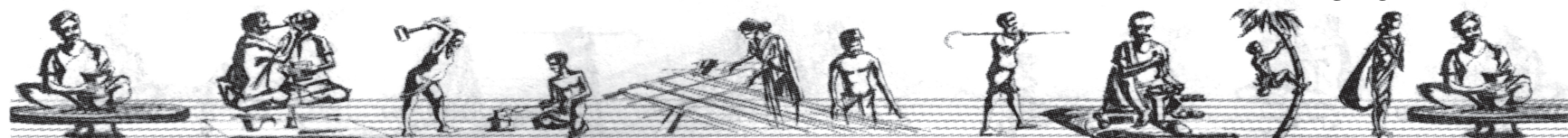


## 34. SUPERNOVA

With morning sun  
And with full moon  
In that background of  
Sunshine and moonlight  
In this darkness times  
How many stars' history is there hidden?  
How many meteors, in how many dark holes?  
In what galactic effort, wounded bodies bleed,  
how many, with tear streams?  
A star's explosion news  
Reaches us only after travelling  
Some millions of lightyears and  
This light is generated not from a star's death  
But from a new star's birth

7 July 1987

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## 35. DREAM DOVES

Droves of dreams like doves  
hoisted by mind land on my eyelids  
If I open my eyes  
I fear that their wings may get broken

This is no sleep but wakeup state  
You knew it well  
Dream is not personal  
And I know that it is not private fiction

10 August 1987

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## 36. SUNITA STORY

The smiles,  
I did hear from Konark sculptures-  
Our English lecturer used to say;  
But I hear the wailing sounds of a flower bud

From the sand shores of Puri  
In moonlight along the beaches  
The wanderings of widows  
Tapan Sinha filmed beautifully

In the traffic of Capital city  
Along the national highway  
A hapless woman's struggle  
I am seeing as a stunned spectator

On the east sea shore  
Along the banks of Chilka lake  
Without having rail shoes  
Imaginations did follow Abu's pen

Today I write about the sad reality that wipes out smiles  
and is terrified by the syphilitic society,  
a perennial household story, when it happened  
outside it became newsworthy

attackers consider it as entertainment,  
victims look from the past misfortunes.  
except the hunted one, rest of the people  
enjoy hunting with biting lips sitting on edge

because she is not yet a worldly -wise girl  
she came running in to the streets



otherwise, the story would have had the routine ending  
behind the closed doors of a house

Like religious skirmishes, caste and creed conflicts  
Rapes may not be a problem of law and order  
It seems attack on property is a crime

But not beating a woman in household – says police  
Pray the god when you are wounded- says religion  
Even though rape is sin, if you repent, God forgives you

Poverty hates self- respect  
Poverty hates rebelling  
Poverty indicts your age  
Poverty curses your birth as a woman

It is not just Bhubaneswar  
As long as property rights are there it persists  
That doesn't mean whole world is like that  
There are lessons taught by nature to save oneself

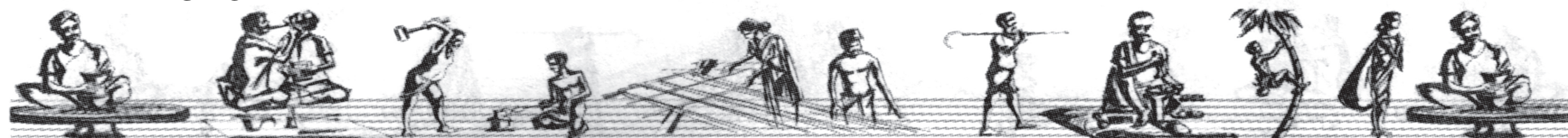
While running away from the torturers she pleaded for help  
whoever came on her way, Rickshaw puller, chowkidar,  
security guard, Studio operator, lorry driver, labourers  
A butcher busy in his work, and all came to help her;

To resist hideous goonda culture, it is dire necessity  
to have implements for poor people and women  
Not only at work-place but also along the whole journey  
Self-protection is the watch-word in this life's tourney

*(In Bhubaneswar streets, goondas kidnapped Sunita in daylight and raped her)*

12 August 1987

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## 37. BULLET PROOF

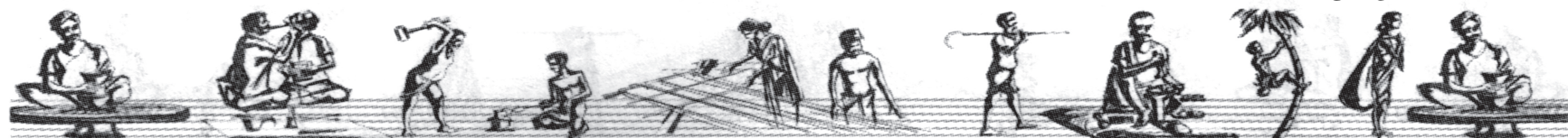
To the tribal people  
There were settlement villages  
in Agency area  
There was forest in Adilabad;

To the dove in nest  
And to the food in the hut  
Established were police camps  
For their protection;

In Chintapalli, Maredumilli, Indravelli,  
Alampalli areas are under protection,  
Announced they, to tell their version  
To the outside world

20 August 1987

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## 38. FOR WHOM

Both are poor, Police and Naxalites  
Poor kills the poor

So, no more fighting between them  
Indravelli, Chintapalli, Maredumilli, Alampalli  
They teach the same lesson

If you do not devour the earth beneath people's feet  
If you do not shoot the eyelids on their eyes  
There is no need of that chair or the plate;

If sorghum bread is available to all  
There are no tears, no heartburn, no camps;

If your jeep journey in the forest is so horrible  
What about the life there, can you imagine?  
What tribals eat, where they sleep do you know?

What a police man spoke in his sleep  
Which stream has devoured him,  
or with which snake bite he died do you know?

You draw a line between them poor  
Announce promises and death compensations  
Of a lakh rupee to the dead police man;

If he dies in the fighting with oppressed people;  
Is it not encouraging poor against poor?

*(After hearing the slogans made by revolutionaries in Ramnagar conspiracy case)*

20 August 1987

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## 39. DRUMS OF DEATH

Labour wasted; fruit devoured by parasites  
Those parasites called us untouchables  
In their praised Sanskrit language;  
Reeling under their power  
We addressed them as sir, saab, dora!  
And comparing us with outsiders, they called us mlechchas

Chandala, cobbler, mala, madiga,  
we are all untouchables  
Our fate was worse than their pet dogs  
Even we were wild boars we had some reprieve  
From the insult-thorns that pluck our flesh

We sweep roads clean, but  
Even our shadow leaning on dora's path is prohibited  
To clean latrines, to prepare peddaMaisamma  
To remove garbage, to willow rice grains  
There is no untouchability; we dig wells  
After purification ceremony they drink the water  
After that they don't drink the water we touched;

From sowing to bringing paddy to granary  
We do the hard work and they treat us as bonded labour  
Our flesh and blood transforms into the food they eat  
But on us they threw the leftovers or chaff or broken rice

We have to eat bearing the wounds  
We have to eat the dead cattle  
They threw us into slums and complain of our dirtiness  
Our skin tanned under hot sun and rain water is ridiculed  
And compared with their carefully anointed skins;





When thirsty they drink buttermilk without hesitation  
When they molest our women, they find no untouchability  
But to drink tea with the glass, we drank or touched  
They feel like having stomach upset;

Hens' nest, cowsheds are built inside their premises  
But our villages are thrown far away  
from the main village;  
our gods are allotted demons  
Lord Rama never hesitated to kill Sambuka  
In the name of Dharma;

We have our own temples so that  
may not desecrate their gods' abodes  
we have wells, bus seats, coarse lands, faraway hills  
but after years of hard work when they start yielding  
good crops we are forced to hand them to the landlords,  
for a day's toddy drink or a few paise of kindness stink;

back to square one, we come back, to start our hard work  
again, in a waste land, lying under bare sky  
For short lived joys like a pot of toddy, or pittance  
We exchange our future blaming it on our low birth

White lords named us god's children  
We carry plough as Jesus carried his cross  
Black great soul named us harijans  
We carry the scars inflicted on our back and pate  
Baba Saheb named us new Buddhists  
We gave away land, we bowed to the caste culture  
And pleaded for a place in this oppressed society

Constitution made us voters  
It reserved seats for us to enter legislature halls  
Whenever we vote our fingers hand over them gold  
And our own fingers scratch and blind our eyes



We died like Kanchikacherla Kotesu,  
Neerukonda Seshaiah pleading for help;  
Whether it is Karamchedu or any other place  
Higher caste throw chilli powder into our eyes  
Maybe we have to keep gun powder in our fingers

As long as we are submissive  
They are enjoying the fruits of our hard work  
if we oppose it, they drink our blood raw  
the fire of jealousy in their eyes burn our villages

it is always a better sign knowing our blood is red  
in work, in school, in temple, in villages  
the boundary lines drawn by caste  
if gets wiped off in confrontation it will be very good

Hands that sowed, hands that voted  
When rebelled against this feudal society  
Blood flowed from the hands of untouchability  
Hands that beat drums at the obsequies  
Hands that helped to remove dead bodies to be cremated or buried  
Those hands now will cremate or bury the untouchability

In future these dead bodies  
not to become demons,  
In future these traditions  
not to become worms of untouchability,  
we will plough this waste land in toto  
we will announce the arrival of new fragrance  
from the blossoming flowers of equality  
sowed and grown by these hands

9 September 1987

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## 40. AT 2'O CLOCK

On this day  
When big hand of the clock stands on one leg  
From 12' O clock, after a moment of rest,  
In my heart beat,  
It listens to the footsteps of time...

Tung! Tung!  
Not one not two  
It is not sound, nor echo  
It is not call nor response  
A symbol of two hearts

There spreads sweat on heart layer  
Words that were drawn from the well of silence  
Gets evaporated in the lips' fire of passion

This is test  
Nor an interview for a job

We knowing us well  
Have to untie the knot  
Before silence explodes

A small gate opens for you  
A big search gate opens for me  
A metal detector cries on my pen

Yesterday they opened your letter  
And searched each letter without shame  
Before sending it to me in lifeless form



And allowed interview with a plan  
Keeping all sides secret camera eyes  
Ears, papers and pens

We neither can talk  
Nor see one another  
We remain aliens amidst enemies  
Allotted time evaporates in no time  
With burnt milk smell on the stove

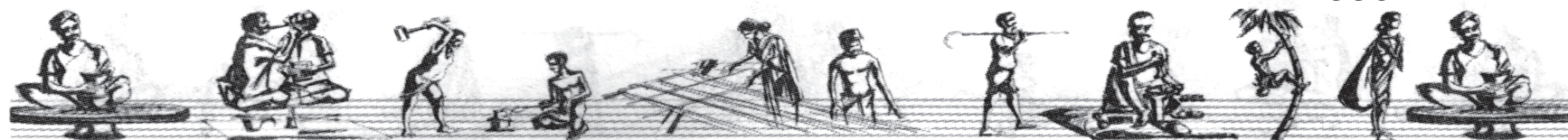
By the time we recover  
Our longing becomes cold in despair

Then  
I ask: o my heart!  
What did you bring?  
Keep it there and go!  
Have to go to S B and come back

'Giving back'-  
Heart?  
They censored it too!

26 September 1987

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## 41. PAPER'S UNIVERSAL FORM

Freedom of life and freedom of writing, in that context  
only I am in this jail; because I am alive, I wished to write  
About freedom, so I took the pen

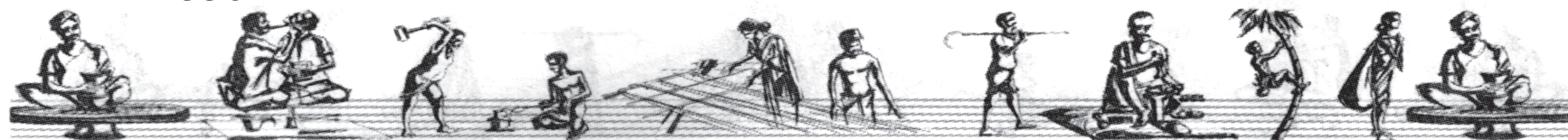
JK bond sunlit paper- shining still white Or Ballarpur paper?  
I put it against light to see the book-mark  
There I saw the back-broken Madhya Pradesh, and a lamenting  
reed voice from its forest, And for a piece of white paper  
Children seemed to be crying like blind ones, I saw in it  
polluted river shores of India map, and tears flowing incessantly,  
Pine trees near shores whisper a few things to the smiling  
foamy shores, and the paper looked like an irregular ECG;  
this paper is like the deep sighs of ghats of west and east  
that lost their hair and suffer from bleeding scalps;  
this paper is like the smile beneath the tiger's teeth;  
it is like the moonlight devoured a shark, then I took  
the newsprint paper, that is supple like spring bed  
under ballpen pressure; is it imported or Nippon?  
I touched it; it felt like a dead fish

It is not diesel smell that spilled at Azamabad RTC cross roads  
It is not the water smell that is pumped into bores  
At Indira park- lower tank bund road  
It is not the smell of toddy at Somajiguda  
It is not the congress culture of SD road  
It is not the smell of Andhra 's hurriedly lit lamp  
This is the smell of rotten fish that became news

O poet, you hate to write  
about the battles on beds,  
This paper a symbol of this living dead world  
what you wish to write on this one?

*(After reading the article in EPW- October 10- Paper Industry by Arun Ghosh)*

21 October 1987



## 42. TODAY IS YOUR BIRTHDAY

Death everyday dances in our breathing  
Like a cobra in screw pine flower bush  
In mufti, in uniform; may be khaki or saffron  
Or khadi white, or red  
Even after September two, we are alive  
Means that is accidental  
Or as Kaloji said we were dead already on that day!

Death hates the one who loves life,  
Freedom is in shackles that's alright, but where are  
the wings that prevent chain pulling in reverse again?

You are celebrating the birthday of a blind goddess  
We, as accused handed over the bouquet to you;  
Beneath three headed lion and its feet  
Fixed motionless is a wheel by its nails aptly describes  
Your nature and your hot sunshine reached our place

I am also celebrating birthdays in solitary confinement  
We know, birthdays disappear in lockups and encounters  
There is no space in mortuary to the daily dead men  
Time has no pity; because we die only once

Death gives us a warm welcome  
Because you reiterated that you shall live  
Till death sends a call, and  
Today is your birthday

(To Kannabiran)

9 November 1987

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## 43. JACKFRUIT

I have planted many trees  
This is the story of a jackfruit tree

Summer has gone almost but still it is there  
Somewhere a depression begins  
And flowed here as cool showers  
All the plants grew well  
And a jackfruit tree has new green leaves

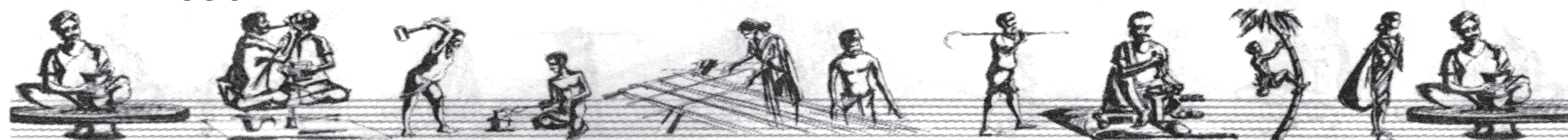
On a good morning day  
(As radio announced)  
It was early morning yet dark  
Depression is still deep on the heart of Begumpet  
AIR was preaching Upanishad morals  
Morning did not un-lockup me

Near the corner of my window  
Some digging sounds  
There was a cold murmur in the duty officers' words  
I felt some tender roots are being cut  
I got up and looked at the east face  
That jackfruit plant was lying still in the dug earth  
Like a fist with swollen blood vessels  
They locked up the tree in a milk packet  
And took it away ...  
To somewhere...  
Somewhere...

Law says- Trees should not be allowed  
to grow near prison walls

17 November 1987

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## 44. JEEVAN KI SAFAR ME RAHI

In train journey or in jail term  
You are a mere spectator  
Some machine or mechanical control brings  
Time and space near your eye windows;  
In a speeding train  
The still photo will not stay in you as you wished  
Neither you can respond to the greetings  
or a sparrow sitting on the telephone wire,  
Nor you can touch the dragonfly  
that got scared by rail vigil sound,  
It won't stay at a fixed place as you move with train  
You never were there in any moment of time;

in prison,  
nature and men have to come to you to greet  
then they also suffer confinement with you;  
Ants move in a file carrying time in their mouths  
descending and ascending in to the coal mine;

You search for immobile time in immovable letters  
of newspapers, difference is in place;  
Without changing your place, without moving  
you go into places of far and near,  
In the space time changes

17 November 1987

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## 45. BLINDMEN

They are kids, girls, and blind ones

Mother of Telugu Land with beautiful eyes  
standing there, she knows it or not, mother promise,  
lathis danced playfully on their bodies  
And the girls can't even see the wounds  
Yes, lathis have no eyes;  
And city's roads have no shelter to accommodate them;  
Without compassion, khakis dragged them out of streets  
Uniform badges can't see the truth  
Stars that shine on their shoulders are no tears

Their bodies have eyes of wounds, spilled blood  
Their wounds emitted flames on that road  
Secretariat's security swollen vans swallowed them  
Then the vans rose smoky dust like phosphorus blue flames  
In the graveyard of full traffic;

Everyone with full sight saw them and darkness, they saw  
One hundred and forty- four eyes trembling with fear  
And the darkness perpetrated by Law and Order,  
Media has seen it with letters and camera lenses;

Who has eyes? And who doesn't have?  
Those children, those girls, those blind ones  
Like still photos,  
they are looking into our eyes in to our blinded eyes;

*(They are not blind, but we are...after reading Sahaja letter)*

1 December 1987

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## 46. MONASTERY!?

Prison life is something like disability  
You cannot see the world with your eyes  
You cannot hear with your ears,  
Neither you can touch with your hands  
Nor walk into your world  
Or speak freely as you wished

Seeing lights  
Seeing lights that came by rubbing flint in darkness  
Struggling eyes damaged by glitter becomes mind  
A sea of feelings, a cut off wave here becomes heart

Time moves along with them  
You to recognize their footstep sounds  
Keep your anxiety and all your senses  
Beyond many ebbs and tides

They filter their materialistic essence  
Into time space lands and sects  
Share you in discussions from one hand to another  
Your word stops in your throat  
Love ceases to move on lips; sight dissolves in eyelids  
Lungs plunge into nasal orifices  
Nobody comes into your opened arms;

Without knowing your own size and space  
Searching for a dream of relativity or reality  
You lie down for a wink of sleep like a flower,  
The fence of thorns that came with whirl wind  
or sunrays that tickle, if they try to move you aside  
what spreads and flows in our hearts is the unrequited love

6 December 1987

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## 47. CURSE IS A BOON

As blind sees with ears, hands and feet  
As deaf read expressions, and body language,  
Mind moves on here slowly with time's support  
It gathers words for a better season and reason  
to convey feelings to their dear ones

Like water in the camel's stomach  
life's elan is the balanced food;  
Like kangaroo keeps its joeys in its pouch  
future is secured behind the eyelids

Sentiment is life here to the people  
That's a blatant curse  
And a rainbow too!

7 December 1987

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## 48. A SONG THAT RELIEVED ITS WEIGHT

River Godavari in tears  
Confessed to sea, those heartfelt issues  
You wished to convey to me, like east wind;  
I was stunned like a tree waiting for that life's breath;

What invisible hand stood between us?  
Or are we keeping silence with self-prescribed restraints?  
To avoid your observation, I swallowed my tears Godavari  
And kept it in my throat  
Daylong, tears pierce my throat nonstop  
In this night when sea consoles Godavari taking her in its lap  
Straightening the tunes with hic coughs I sing,  
releasing the compressed heart like harmonium;

I washed my face with the recurrent sad song  
Now there are no thorns in my throat  
No thorns in my eyes  
I kept this paper on the bridge over the time-gap  
That restrained us in silence  
and now I am free of that weight;

whether it comes to you as a bird or a flower  
or like a crazy wind  
please, speak to it with tender love and affection!

16 December 1987

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## 49. POETRY

Poetry that cannot hide truth  
People that don't need government  
Life that doesn't need ambrosia

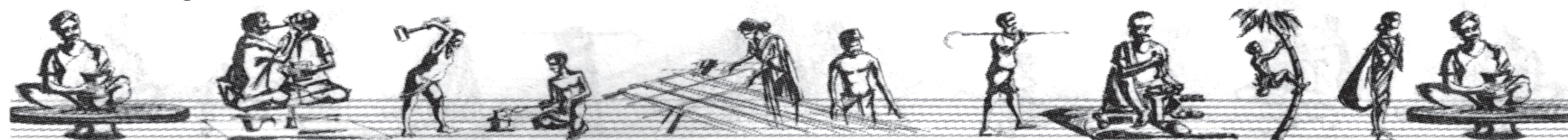
You search pockets  
Or books, papers on the table, almirahs, closets  
Or you open the heart cavity  
That is as limpid as luffa – (ridge gourd) flower  
There is only poetry, no secrets hidden

The perilous personality you feel and  
never understood by you is the secret of poetry

watch carefully  
in a rectangle you find moonlight entangled;  
Keeping your hands in pockets, If you wish to ridicule me,  
when you raise your head, you shall see poetry shining  
as full moon in the sky;  
Strange thing is you will see there,  
moonlight in this cell that cannot look at moon  
with its own eyes, baffles you;

I used to feel, whenever you search me all over,  
some worms crawling on my body;  
now, in this solitude, when I replaced my blood  
with poetry by transfusion, I feel pity on you thinking  
you may be searching in my lap  
for the humanity child you lost long ago

Thrusting your hands around my neck,  
or keeping the metal detector on my heart  
I stand still, letting you do your duty, like a rock



Imagining myself flying into some secret worlds  
By removing my clothes, layers of my skin  
To have a feel of my poetic tune and its touch  
Poetry comes like heavy sound  
Into the hands with handcuffs,  
If I am chained  
I see the birds of freedom flying away

In the court  
Prosecution plots come out exposed

Be vigilant  
Poetry burns like fire;

Rule with immense power  
Poetry always thinks about people;  
Even if you keep death snare or fish hook and wait  
Poetry swim before your eyes alive

Poetry is the open secret that repeals rule  
As it is still in my heart burning  
It reaches its destination and gives the message  
As it rises in my thoughts it excites the movements  
The secret is my poetry movement  
started from the day I sipped my mother's milk

from your closed hands  
my poetry is like broken strings of agony and anger,  
like lamps that makes tears burn with light,  
my poetry,  
flows like a river of letters of blood-  
a scarlet river

30 December 1987

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## 50. A WIFE'S DIARY

Sasikala hanged herself with the sari end  
That covered the sky of marriage  
gives her statement in the court of law about  
Dowry relationship becoming blood relationship and  
Children becoming unbreakable bonds

Where violence is culture  
Suicide or homicide is a post-mortem puzzle  
People with humanity awake, all knew  
That it is a slow murder from the day of marriage

Marriage is a social contract  
It gives a right to abuse or beat or kill his wife!  
Makes a woman, a slave to the family  
She cooks food but stays hungry

First night when it becomes unbearable  
Though she comes out of the room fleeing in terror  
It becomes routine in later days  
And the groan is heard reverberating in lone nights;  
cigarette ash when it is dropped on mind flower  
or invisible hurt that flows like a scream stream in heart  
or body hardened with regular beatings  
all are kept as family secret

Parents wish to relieve their burden  
girl child becomes a burden in both houses  
mothers in- law forget their past and  
implement household rules on the new bride  
since she is considered as burden,  
she becomes commodity



2.

I have kept your traditional weakness,  
Silence, carelessness, and helplessness  
In me secret, as a respectful woman

Today by hanging myself I am bringing out  
Those real perpetrators before the public  
Truth has to be brought out here in this open court

Like the logs on my pyre  
Come united against these atrocities  
Like the flames devouring my body  
Come like torches to burn these evil traditions;

Drag my so-called husband publicly in streets  
For not protecting me in dire circumstances;  
Boycott the involved people from society  
That are responsible for my death;

To the child of my eyes,  
I was a dim moonlight in eclipse  
She closes her ears  
Whenever my name is spoken in shock

Kindly drive away this heinous past  
And give education to my child  
Educate the world  
Let her choose her life partner  
Let her live in freedom

1987

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## 51. GRAVITATIONAL FORCE

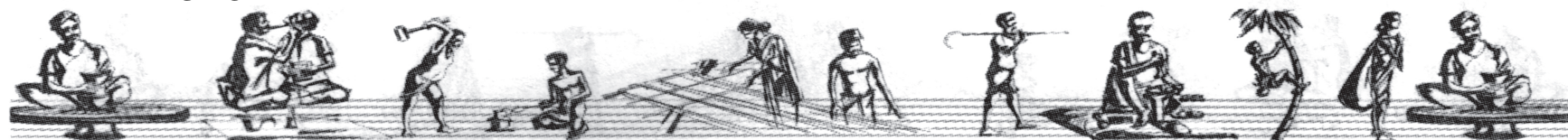
Do you think Earth lost its gravity?  
Commodity prices are not coming down  
Evaporated hopes also not coming as rain  
In the cracked layers of the earth's heart  
Infinite microscope bores could not find water  
Except dried blood's tears and salty sweat

What happened to those deluges,  
that drowned sun once?  
What happened to the perennial rivers  
That came from the melting of glaciers?  
What happened to the dark cloud breasts  
That poured nonstop creating torrential floods?  
Where are the sounds of those clear streams?  
Like the water sources in man has become capital  
And exploited, who kept the water closed in his fist?

Those dried hunger eaten bodies do not yield  
a single drop of blood or oil, die hunger deaths;  
Innards cried and cried and tired now in silence  
made the skin unconscious and painless;  
Everywhere one can see graveyards  
Not even a single log or cinder to burn the dead bodies;

To the vulture that foraged the dead body  
And the crow that cracked the ox wound  
Don't find a drop of water to drink now;  
what if this leather bellow is gone?

Soul gives unlimited light incessantly;  
As long as your name is in the voters' list  
Your name lives in the pole chit;



The thirst will not mitigate from the dried throat  
That made a point in legislative assembly and walked out

Leaders now started carrying empty pots and  
Ballot boxes to satisfy their power thirst

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Who said earth lost its gravity?  
To grab land they come and go in the name of  
Elections, governments, constitutions  
Amendments, encounters, wars, treaties  
Bloodshed, doves of peace;

Not a single drop of water to the dove  
Not a single drop of water to the beast  
Not a single drop of water to the tree  
Governments drank every single drop of water

1987

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## 52. BRIDGE

Poor smoke beedis  
Poor only prepare beedis  
Between the lips and the hands  
There is contractors' bridge of swords;

Money over flows on it  
Law flows on it  
Oppressive force flows on it  
Sweat flows underneath that bridge  
Pain flows down under,  
Blood flows below

Summer spreads on the forest  
Thorns pierces the feet and toes  
Hot sunshine pierces the skin  
Insulting looks from contractors pierce the eyes  
Abusive language hurts the ears;  
With sieved mind, people gather tuniki leaves there  
To forget the pain  
They prepare garlands of hopeful dreams  
For a better night or better tomorrow  
When they don't get proper remuneration  
for their hard work and the amount paid  
when it is not sufficient to buy daily rations  
they rebel and refuse to work;

whoever takes over the auction  
either government or private parties  
they do not prepare a path to suitable life  
life becomes a song of auction in action to the workers



what if the broker is removed  
when the government itself is a grand dalal broker  
White robed contractors who act crane's meditation  
to catch fish in the tears filled lakes of poor;

'Searching for radicals, guards that pry over villages  
go in search of bread spreading dread  
It is a bridge of swords vehicles with weapons move over it  
Beneath it the lives of poor get choked

2.

Forest dwellers living on leaves and roots  
Die by eating raw poisonous strychnine fruits  
Those days are gone;

Now burning the tuniki leaf stores  
They express their pain of hunger now  
They now put the poison to the flames

If that is anarchy  
Arrest the hunger that excited it

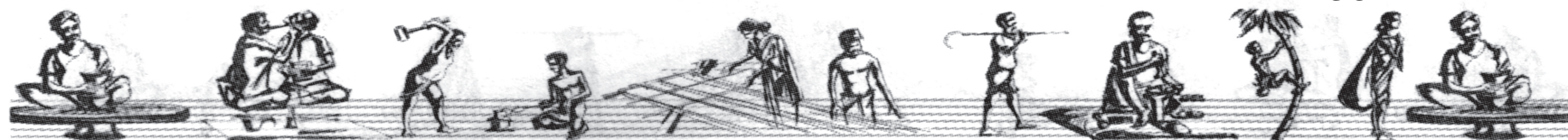
Days have changed  
People gather under bridges like land-mines

Lots of blood is still flowing under the bridge  
It is rebelliousness carrying pain  
From heart to heart, it flows incessantly

Under that bridge of swords  
One can hear the sounds of  
People's pulse synchronizing  
With the martyrs' heartbeat

12 June 1987

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## 53. CHUNRI

She is a kid, what is there to inform?  
We did not ask her opinion even. on marriage day  
We performed her marriage on a grand scale  
Kith and kin, relatives and friends came in throngs  
Our girl cried during the handing over of the bride  
We all wept in chorus;  
Leaving to her future house must be a warm event,  
it is not separating her from this house

### 2.

When we were giving her head bath  
She said- I am frightened-  
We convinced her- it will be alright  
She wished to stay with her sister or mother

We sent her in to the dim lit room  
Fresh smell of frankincense and camphor  
Made her a bit dizzy and she refused to go in  
She with a glass of milk in her hand was hesitating,  
We pushed her into the room, locked it from outside

Whether she called us, or she cried in pain or fear  
Who cares, a nuptial night is a night for celebration  
We were all in laughs and smiles, guarding the room

How do you call a tradition as forceful and unjust?

### 3.

On that day  
When she was weeping  
Sitting beside his dead body,  
We told her the same



We prepared her as a new bride  
We made her sit on the pyre;  
Smelling sandal and ghee  
She sat beside him  
With a sacred vessel in her hand  
She sat beside him in indifference

She kept her husband's head on her lap  
And the pyre started burning fiercely  
Flames and smoke enveloped the scene  
Whether she cried or not  
We all chanted 'Satimata ki jai'-  
Our cries shook earth and sky

We remembered that first night scene  
And we also remembered our flight of imaginations  
We kept silence under the guardians' sword edges

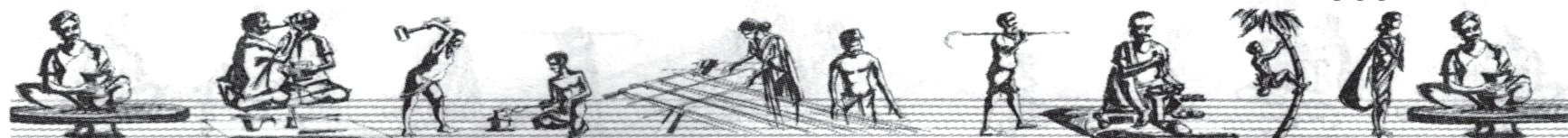
Look at her smile  
Underneath her veil  
Do you say that it is a murder?

4.

Yes, that's true  
With the rights he acquired from society  
He pulled her into his bed  
And with same vigour, he pulled her on to his pyre  
He lived, we say, in freedom  
And with the same freedom she committed Sati

12 October 1987

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## 54. 000..., ALRIGHT!

If you have courage, give weapons to Dalits  
Give them weapons, to Dalits of Karamchedu  
They are fighting against high caste atrocities;  
Give them weapons, to women who are rebelling  
Against the oppression from the family members;

Give them weapons, to the fighters who are resisting  
The burning of the tribal villages and lands  
Give them weapons, to Gonds, Kolams who are living  
Under penury, with podu cultivation  
Give them weapons, to the people who give shelter  
To the soldiers of their cause bearing police harassment

Yes, if you have courage, give weapons to the people  
Give the victims weapons before your fake encounters

Because you have given weapons  
To the people of your choice, this conflict or war is on

You have allotted weapons as you allot green cards;  
Haves, you gave weapons; promises for have- nots;  
You demanded votes from the oppressed  
To keep your people safe and secure on plum posts  
That's why there is a need of weapons on both sides

It is better to distribute weapons than lands  
Then lands of Telangana goes to the real fighters

To whomever you give weapons  
They reach the person who needs them!

4 August 1987

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## 55. NO CLASSES TOMORROW

These children stand hopelessly  
At the zebra lines of cross roads, like anxiety  
hanging in the necks of their waiting mothers

while homework Nakshatraka pulls their collars  
unkempt hair moves like withered flower stamens  
uniforms that swallowed the colours of their faces  
shoes try to impede their mercurial feet,  
from surpassing time, these children appear like  
the fallen stars with baffled looks in the city jungle

vehicles that stop at red signal do not care them

hands at the steering, hands that move the handle  
hands that apply breaks, all at home, they caress  
their own children, but here they go in indifference

I waved my hand to them  
Surprised to hear a sweet voice in traffic noise  
They looked at me sitting in police van  
They understood the message-  
'No classes tomorrow'  
from my smile and the raised fist of my shackled hand

while children are crossing the road in excitement  
vehicles stopped like stones in a clear stream  
without looking back, children ran  
like galloping gazelle, to homes fast and faster

5 February 1988

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## 56. VALUES

Not only our desires  
Now and then our fears also come true

Hate is no dark night, but it is starry sky  
thinking so, if we extend our friendly hand  
hate again surfaces and teaches us a lesson  
sundering the sky

fighting for values is the acid test;  
not gaining victory by unfair means

wars end with victories- defeats  
but conflicts stay as long as heart beats

in the friction of differences values die  
and new values takes their place  
values are like invisible streams on mountain slopes  
they do not possess you with revolutionary current;

after sunset, in darkness, you find your way  
with the fuel of your energies and conscience  
the way you tread on reflects those values

they are minds that are hidden behind words  
they reflect the creativity embedded in work  
Values influence like touchstone  
They do not possess the style to celebrate victory

Values surface in endless conflicts  
They represent the eternal truth

14 February 1988

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## 57. MOTHER

O my god! If mother isn't there  
What would have happened in this storm gale?  
Maybe I brought some old memories of mother  
With me into this prison  
In the archaeological layers of my body,  
outside of this window  
my mother is there in the layers of earth  
yes, my mother is here with stretched hands  
like those two mango trees,  
responding to my every movement;

keeping my mind in her hands safe  
arranging my looks in the leaves of tree,  
high above, passing over the prison wall,  
and its fence  
she, my mother, shows the world beyond  
who said she has gone to eternal sleep?  
Lifeless body may sleep but not earth

From my prison cell to motionless dream  
When I locked up myself, mother guides me  
Holding my little finger of imaginations; and watches  
me in secret when I keep myself busy reading books  
And when I toss myself on bed unable to sleep, her  
moonlight hands touch my head to lull me into sleep  
In dark nights, holding a star lamp,  
she looks worried about my fragile health;

tenderly she leaves a message pigeon into ventilator  
to have a talk and sends birds of strange colours and tones

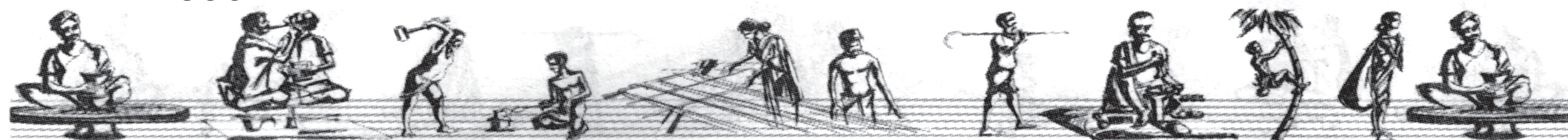


Many moons have passed adding to my age  
for her still I am a child of tender age  
For me she arranges a swing with her folded hands and  
Before Lord Siva's night,  
she holds an umbrella of new buds  
Letting me taste the foods and sweets she cooked  
Her hands become sweeter, letting me hear  
Her experiences, her voice becomes so clear  
And by the time she takes me into her embrace  
These hands become spring scenes and koel songs  
Mango fruits, and cool shadows;  
Lying in her lap, looking into her eyes, engrossed,  
I do not worry about bird-drops

In the room with sunshine  
When I think man is not a lone light,  
When my language transforms into a weapon,  
Forged in Africa's anger or the roar of a torrent  
That has Latin American lava flowing in its burning waters  
Or (ruminating mother of) Sri Sri poetry,  
My mother gives me this fruit or other to refresh myself

Like a child, like me, she also gets annoyed  
Whenever I am distracted by other issues

If I read Napoleon or Dickens she is there  
If I read Neruda to her, she presents me black plums  
Mother's hands are finer than Sabari's hands  
They yield fruits from eyes waiting for their kith and kin



2.

Yesterday there was rainstorm  
Hailstones poured in plenty  
'Ruyruyboyi' sounds pierced my heart through ears  
Eyes preserved that scene in my mind  
Mother knows that state well and me too

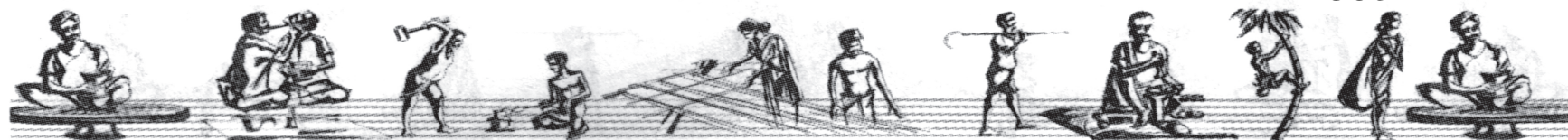
Like a bird in cage, looking through window,  
I was worried about mother;  
Without much noise  
That tree fell  
    leaning on the prison wall; water all over,  
    like the blood spilled from mother's heart;  
Fence wires got broken;  
prison wall of British times showed cracks  
like broken at shoulder joints  
and hanging with dangling hands of its branches

if that tree fell on my room's window  
what would have happened?  
Mother is always mother  
It seems that it looked happy for not falling on my room  
Not caring for her broken branch

Tomorrow morning  
I will go there and stand near her heart  
Looking at her hand pointing to me east...

21 February 1988

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## 58. WORDS

Wake up the words!  
That were lying compressed in the layers of mind  
Try to move the stiff legs  
and wings to fly in the sky

To the dry ears, not only anybody's but also mine  
Words appear like new raindrops  
after a long famine

It will be great if sky rereads the monsoon  
Forgotten long time back;  
For me also it will be good to be born anew  
In this world of words;

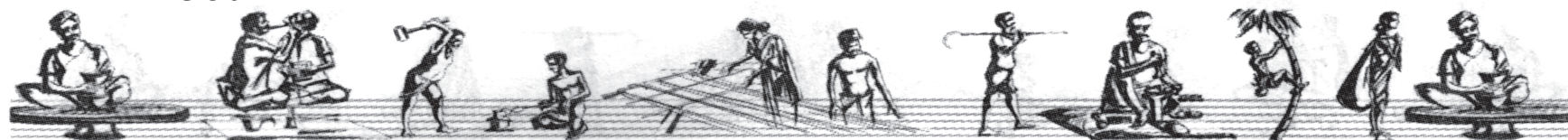
I would like to learn again words  
In schools, in meetings, from children, from people  
From each plough line of history  
I would like to gather words

Without sounds or words how this silence  
Stuffed tight in my mind will explode?  
Without sounds or words how this scene  
Preserved right in my eyes will shine bright?

Talking to our people I have to learn words again  
Standing on words I must abide by words  
If word is lost what remains to the man?

Words never fade; In the forge flames of time, I sculpt them  
With hammer and anvil as powerful and everlasting swords

3 March 1988



## 59. SPRING NEVER COMES ALONE

Spring never comes alone  
It accompanies summer season

Near the stems of fallen flowers arise new buds  
Behind the leaves of present  
like the invisible future  
Koel bird sings the past melodies;

Longing times get longer and longer  
And dream time gets shorter and shorter  
In the hot sunshine did moon dissolve like butter  
How do I know?

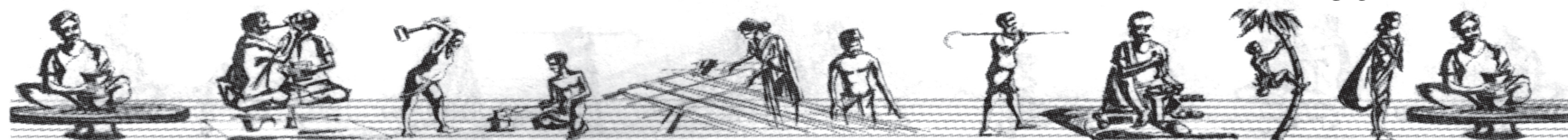
Moonlight never comes alone  
It accompanies night  
Dreams never come alone  
they accompany sleep

in dream time tearing the bond of dream  
wakeup comes like sun sphere

happiness never comes alone  
it accompanies some wetness in between eyelids

4 March 1988

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Decimate that law to death by stoning!  
Shower flowers on that defiant personality!  
Build a tomb to the dictatorship of death!  
Give freedom to the love imprisoned in the cage!

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## 61. AN AMMENDEMENT TO MY SILENCE

With your name only starts our National Anthem;  
After Blue Star Operation, on the banks of the lake of dead  
At least at the time of soldiers' tribute in Saktisthal ,  
fortified with many religious chants  
When you poured revenge fuel in hatred fire and  
in Government ceremonies all end with National Anthem  
And every time that song praises you -jana gana mana...

Then, from when, you wished to go away from us?  
Since when we started looking at you as alien?

Previously they used to mark you with rivers  
and recognise you with your produce;  
your bravery as boundary line; your sacrifice as patriotism

Yesterday they blocked you; Isolated you, disturbed you,  
encountered you, and called you a terrorist  
Now they signed your death sentence,  
They will admit you in emergency ward  
What bond remains there that unites us?  
When thinking about you is also considered as crime!

One friend reminded me that I have penned  
Nothing so far about your agony of all these years;

When we are losing our freedom of expression, right to live  
In these tumultuous times, if I do not speak about you  
It is as good as I am not speaking about myself  
And losing the right to live – this I failed to notice;  
Now I will write about you, making oath on constitution;  
Whatever I do for you is going to be a crime;  
And law and order only recognise us  
as this country's citizens and unites us

17 April 1988

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## 62. SUR-REALISM!

If there is wound, I apply pressure  
If there is pain, I swallow it  
If there is insult, I forget it  
If there is a friendly memory,  
I let it not touch my body;  
I no longer churn the sea of life  
Declaring my feebleness

When I go to sleep, wound raises its voice  
Pain joins it, insult gets echoed; without letting  
the friendship, that embraced the body, me  
listen, to the whispers of love with the heart

how soft maybe the cat's paws, we get up fast  
with the sound of lid that fell from the curd cup

as though thieves stood in silence  
wound, pain, insult, friendship, love  
all vanish leaving me alone  
one or two stars or moon shine in sky  
air flows all over or stays still

after midnight, tube light tries  
to prevent thought- overcrowding;  
from past to present without rest fan does its duty  
again, I wish to sleep on the wire of the night;

Feelings with wet eyes and slow steps  
moves on the jumping-stick of looks-  
they enthrall me!

29 April 1988

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## 63. WHEN COUNTRY BLOSSOMED AS A BODY

In my country like body  
There is a strange amalgamation  
It is not anything undefinable  
You might have experienced it  
So, you will understand it without my explanation

Whatever I digested shall become blood  
And the way imaginations blossomed  
on the shores of body, I would like to explain

whatever I wished to give you has to be given by hands  
so, I gathered all that freedom oozed in my heart well,  
Lifted up it with shaduf, diverted into your plough lines

When my hands are tied,  
Whatever I wished to give it has to be through words  
Idea stays in foetal form till it crosses throat and lips  
When it is put in written form  
Whether it is sweat or blood at the tips of fingers  
each letter is the breath of the blood  
but, in that torrent, wetness shines as infinite light,  
as sound it flows like wavy noise in inestimable air

whatever that is kept in stomach goes through mouth  
whatever that sustains body goes through mouth  
if that mouth is shut by force what is to be done?

If love is prohibited  
Generated by the hands that does the hard work  
If love is forbidden  
Produced by the lips that touch the earth in reverence  
We have to express love with our glances



Are we going back to those days of sign language?  
If those glances or looks too are banned, forcibly keeping  
light in dark rag sack and sewed with needle and thread?  
Then also the sense of freedom touches us  
Then also the breath of freedom touches us  
Then also the feeling of freedom knocks in us

Your hard- working hands  
And my shackled hands  
That kept it as a gem  
In our folded hands  
In our roaring throat  
Beneath our eyelids  
Treasured in our heart  
All that is freedom  
The wounded freedom

23 May 1988

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## 64. MAN SHOULD BE LIKE BURNING MANDELA

Mandela!

You are the example

That the dark continent is in flames

A veritable illustration of the spirit of a political prisoner

A symbol of freedom that defies oppression

Colonial rule itself is a prison

Racial discrimination is life-imprisonment

Release is liberation of a race

Freedom is revolution – your life indicates it

What is life?

One night and one day-time

What is living?

A house and a profession

Whoever's destination, if it is not a decided death

But it is in freedom, they stay among people!

Like day-break when they are in exile they glow

They flow like sweet perfume when they are in jail

They burn like steel in forge

If they die

They become red stars

18 July 1988

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## 65. IN HALF-WORDS

I am not telling this word without love for poetry  
I am not telling this word with ingratitude to poetry  
I now stay alone in the light of flames from poetry  
I live in this winter cold in warmth of a blanket of poetry

In a corner, living among people and flowing into them  
Poetry maybe ambrosia but it cannot become  
A man that has imbibed that nectar

To explain to him  
One who never tasted mother's milk, about mother  
One who never suffered longing, about love  
One who never sensed tingling, about friendship  
One who never dreamed in sleep, about sunrise  
One who never went to war in life, about future  
To him what feelings poetry can supplant?

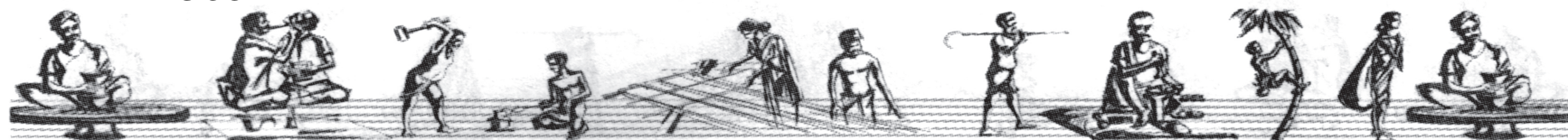
Unless you work in the fields  
You cannot smell the petrichor of new rains;  
Unless you plough and toil you cannot see  
blood and sweat becoming arudra- red velvet beetles  
and visualize the conflict in Kashmir saffron valley

one who survived yesterday, can survive tomorrow  
one who fought yesterday, can win victory against oppression,  
that's why, even you handover poetry with your hands both,  
leaving poetry for a while, I hold your hands in appreciation

if there is no touch of blood in letters, if men cannot come out  
of books, how experience will turn into fruits?  
you go singing all day, poetry...  
I will come over to you to hear your heartbeats  
In half-words...

24 July 1988

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## 66. HOW MUCH YOU SAY...

In books too I see people  
Ploughing earth with letter lines;  
In books too I hear people  
Pronouncing words with slang and rhymes;  
Letters moving in rows with repetitive force  
And I see syllables in conjunction  
Like people participating in movements  
And my past actions and births  
Seemed to be printed on my mind;

I try to wipe off blood  
from sweat smelling vessel  
That won't go away  
like sunshine spread all over the sky

I feel like landing into the hands of the characters  
Of the books in my hands; in that forgetfulness  
If I go to people and spreads the book on my mind  
It truly resembles the live touch

If I read in silence, it looks at me without batting an eyelid,  
If I move my lips and tongue as though in my mouth  
It is explaining me the secret of creation  
Feeling reaches my navel and my whole-body trembles

Yet I know that it is not my personal experience  
I wake up people from my bones and  
Like Pavlov dog  
I bring the underground waters and volcanoes  
In to my experience and practice;

Persons like me study people as books,  
Can books be some alternative to people?

31 July 1988

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## 67. CITY IN RAIN

Mainaa!

Without caring that these are our houses and  
Our bazars, they dig trenches at our thresholds  
One after another

With rain and floods, the putrefied promises of the rulers  
Float in heaps with unbearable stench  
Children go to play in rain and gets swallowed by  
open manholes or water graves obscured in flood waters;  
mothers in their hurry to collect rain waters from rooftops  
forget for a moment about their children  
(I am not writing this about the people who handed over  
the children to convent schools or televisions)  
Fathers are in their serious discussions about  
Bottled liquors to televised Ramayana  
Forget for a while about their children  
(I am not talking about the civilized society  
That shows interest in literature and peace run)

Water too like orphaned children  
Run helter-skelter on roads, slums, lanes and streets  
And next morning you see mud all over there  
Like the mud thrown on one another in municipal meetings

What happened to the children who were playing in rain?  
Because they are still children, they walked hand in hand  
Like the spirit light gurgled in dark waters  
In circles supporting one another, they came out  
After searching for something lost and finding it

Like sword boats, like flower boats  
They came out floating like paper boats

1 August 1988

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## 68. DO ANKHE BARA HATH

Pigeons here  
Pick up and eat rice grains  
near the kitchen and trees  
quench their thirst from the water in flower-vases  
and look at me with heavy eyes  
and walk lazily like hens or peacocks  
into their nests or trees  
but I never saw them flying into sky like pigeons

in the evening  
when I looked into the lockup room  
one pigeon is sleeping in silence  
rest of the habitual ones  
they move around the water tank

with beliefs and breaths, here, air becomes hot  
and it never goes beyond the walls;  
in this wooden press with blinds to the eyes,  
ruminating the memories  
like pigeons with stuck up wings  
if we wish to fly with wings of letters,  
we cannot because of the heavy gum feelings  
the wings won't move!

9 August 1988

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## 69. TIGER THAT TASTED HUMAN BLOOD...

Chera!

I am accepting my mistake  
For using pun in excessive to reveal my anger,  
When they killed people in cold blood,  
In sleep in hills in borders in hills in dales;

King Rama killed sudra Sambhuka is accepted  
When righteous Rama killed wronging Ravana is accepted  
my effort of keeping truth in pun  
may not be a reasonable attempt, in literary usage

Sira! Sora!

You also listen  
As I am again speaking about police system  
That is the society's eyes and ears  
Please bear with my language  
Whether it is my weakness or perversion,  
you may call it;  
I taught lessons to students  
I learnt lessons from them too

My intention is to tell that police force is behaving  
Like officers and rajakars under Nizam;  
They are now claws, iron boots, bullets and  
Mouths with crooked teeth of this society

Disfiguring the body with axe, pouring acid on it,  
Throwing the body into a well and pulling it out  
And take it in procession, tell me, who has the guts?  
Can anybody with heart do it to a fellow human being?



After murdering a person,  
They hanged him in city square to a transformer  
and bragged that they sent Meghya Into clouds;  
Once it happened to Spartacus;

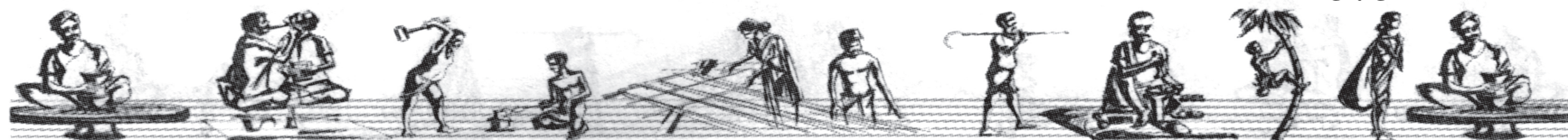
the language of slave owners,  
they use with impunity without fear

while mothers wait for the return of their sons  
where are they?  
To whom our police force is giving protection?  
When parents plead for the lives of their children  
This murderous society speaks in literary language;

About this society  
when I describe murder as 'freedom dance'  
I accept in all humiliation  
that it is irony that went wrong!

8 June 1988

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## 70. ESWARI

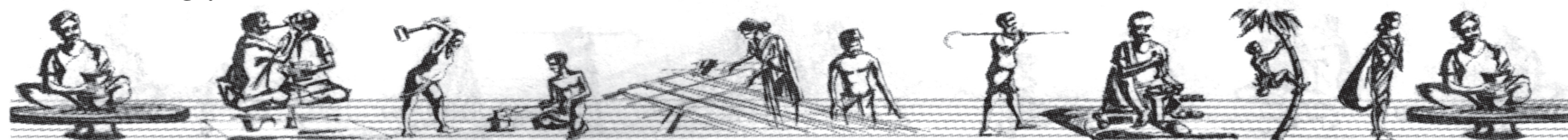
I have no blind belief like Chalam  
I have no good misgivings like Sri sri  
There is no Eswara, there is no god  
But I came to know, there is Eswari

I heard  
She was there when man is given rebirth  
I heard  
She was there  
Defying evilness  
She was there  
When people were Pardoned

In the minds of people  
Where humanity becomes tears  
I will see her there  
For the time being  
Eswari is an invisible goddess to me

11 October 1988

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## 71. THE SCENT OF EARTH

If you wish to see my mind  
Ask my neglected body that has no mind

Where from this morning dew or snow arrives?  
Where throat gets pain and where eyes get wet?  
How much you cuddle yourself, where from  
Loneliness comes as cold air to freeze blood?  
How much you cover yourself with blanket, memory enters  
body like cold air, tingles heart through skin, where from?

That desert air comes from where to dry this land  
And burn my body tissues?  
My mind seems to pierce my cracks filled body  
Affected by cold air, sunshine, hot and cool waters, but how?

A prisoner I am among these four walls  
Here are no doors to escape from cold;  
thoughts open vistas for people who were not here  
and unbearable pain makes hoary noises like severe gale

like warder that keeps prisoners in jail after un-lockup  
sun leaves them prisoners in the freezing cold

the bonds and relationships I broomed out last night  
reappear like sunrays on to my body in morning time;  
That broom and sunrays, after the melting of snow,  
sweep the dried earth's fragrance on my face;

19 November 1988

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## 72. GURIVINDA DESIRE

Attached to life  
Stays the character of preservation  
Stays the character of protection  
Stays the deadly wound  
Stays the war in wait  
As life becomes strong  
As we defy death  
Man reaches nearer to immortality  
Man becomes enemy to death

Society that roasts and eat people  
Keeps protective force at graveyards  
That provide dead bodies  
There to the vultures

In the fog filled days  
humans and vultures both look alike

(*Gurivinda* is a plant identified with *Abrus precatorius* L. from the Fabaceae (pea) family. Its seeds are scarlet red in colour with black colour at bottom; this point is metaphorically used to a person who points out others mistakes unmindful of his own follies)

5 November 1988

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## 73. FIRE FLOWER

Dear sister, I have seen you once;  
When you were bowing with your two hands  
I was looking at you in amazement  
And I forgot to reciprocate;

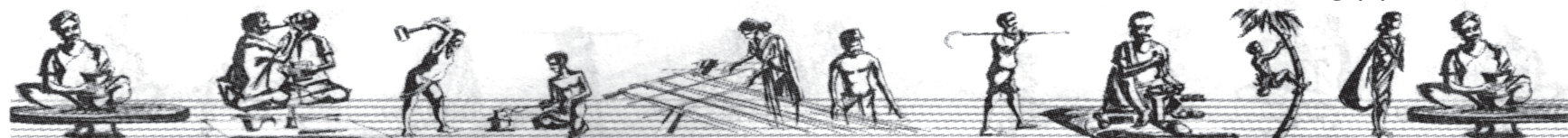
You were not just like Arunakka or Poolakka  
You were like a cotton fruit that suffered  
The rigours of weather and broke open;  
You have ornaments no more than a woman of our villages;  
you don't have black trinkets or anklets of beliefs  
Maybe you have a string of thread around your neck  
No chappals to your feet,  
Because police brought you to jail or court,  
Otherwise, it seems you never left your village,  
Like the people of Palestine who has no motherland  
But war, you were like battle camp near Godavari shore  
Among the tribal people, who lost their forest;  
You were like a weapon in the clenched fist of poor

You are the fighting spirit of Mulugu people  
That was burning like fire for the last twenty years;  
With pungency of mahua flowers, roughness of tuniki,  
This land's relentless struggle to get freedom  
You became the symbol of people's awakened battle cry;  
You never thought of becoming fruits to fill your home  
But as an evergreen wild flower, o Arunakka!  
you wished to spread earth's fragrance to all  
not only in sky but also in fighting vigour;  
you are a bright star that fell by a cruel bullet

from the savage days of killing doves to felling flowers  
of fascist days, this hunting habit has ripened in viciousness;  
Finding you in a pool of blood, doves and flowers  
Shed tears with lowered heads in respect; to strengthen  
Their spirits, O Poolakka, be the red sunrise in my morning song!

23 November 1988

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## 74. PROTEAN FORMS

Namibia belongs to Namibians  
Palestine belongs to Palestine people  
South Africa, yes, it belongs to black people  
Either in Delhi, or New York, Geneva or in London  
Or anywhere in this earth  
We proclaim this statement again and again  
And demand sanctions on those who work against it  
Either it is America or Britain  
we confront them on international stages  
we collect funds, we join their armed struggle  
we declare that it is the real path for liberation

but to drive away the tribal people  
we send CRPF battalions  
we train greyhounds to hunt rabbits  
we give orders to confiscate hens, goats, and  
confine decrepit old men in camps of oppression;  
if we fail to intercept radicals  
we destroy huts, villages, wells and harass children  
we breach the water tanks to catch fish  
we catch birds, we fell the trees  
if we are unable to identify  
the ideals that flow in people, we attack them  
and apply harsh measures to divulge the secrets  
If we find radicalism is prevalent in forests all over  
We burn them like Khandava forests  
To get over our indigestion

2 December 1988

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## 75. SINNER

With perennial rivers of smiles on his lips  
And mischievous light moving in his eyes  
Keeping them hidden in ringed hair  
He is always busy in his allotted work  
Talking to earth, soot, water or fire

Jokes go exploding without hate or jealousy  
His songs of inner worlds with raw words in low tones  
become noise tracing arrows to hit the beast in my forest  
his folk tunes slip out under his pressed teeth  
in intelligible language sounds like noises of water  
under the moving wheels of a cart  
they open my dark doors like sunrays in invisible colours

So busy he was in jail, Jesus had to tell him  
about his longing on Christmas Day;  
one word, one glance, at least one dream in sleep  
for him, is it a dream? he asked me with affection

a pamphlet in one hand, tea glass in other hand  
handing them to me he asked -what is this green glass?  
I corrected him- that it is green grass  
For his world or service, it is incomprehensible language  
What is your thought? I asked him  
Taking up work with his two hands (the never-ending work)  
Nodding his head to adjust his hair  
Unloading his smile from eyes to lips he moved away

As long as he lived, his world was always with sinners  
His attitude was like that;  
A prisoner who was imprisoned with the pains and joys  
Of fellow prisoners, where is the rest to converse with  
Gods and angels?

Can I poke him, saying, have you forgotten Christ also, O man?  
"My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

30 December 1988

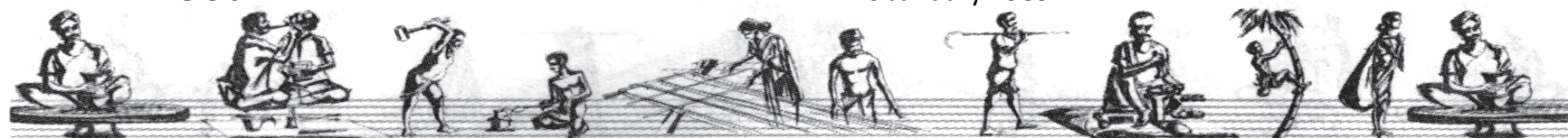
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## 76. THIS STREAM ...

In how many forms it tolerated our sewage?  
Now why beating our breasts in retrospection?  
We showed our nature to ourselves  
If Saibaba says or any other ascetic says,  
vibhuti is just ash, it cannot be panacea;  
  
If Eswara says or Engels says, riches is just trash  
it showed civilized ways; exhibited dramatic displays;  
  
Here we show that all human resources  
in our society are mere expendable twigs in massacres;  
We got selected to the legislature clubs  
from the killing booths, aren't we?  
  
In air-conditioned halls we can break mikes  
We can throw chairs and mud on one another  
That mud may not be spilled on to people  
Instead of roads we can agitate  
more effectively on roads like petrol flames  
words as flames, letters smeared with blood  
we can exhibit our nude forms in public  
through our own hand written rules and statements  
  
what attires we don, or what flags we hoist  
whether we are in legislative council or in streets  
in saffron or in khaki, in congri -races or comrades  
we are all goondas, we are lumpen groups  
thieves, robbers and highway men we are  
murderers, destructive elements  
we are caterpillars before transforming into butterflies  
before arriving at legislative tables  
we are all anti-social elements  
  
as it is said- at meat dishes man's real nature comes out,  
once we step outside, people notice we are demons in disguise;  
Devil cannot be in disguise at food or in death  
People observed screams of death in our hunger actions



## 77. SOUND

Sound is sound  
In silence when shackles are broken  
It produces enormous sound

What you have seen in a person who is sleeping?  
A hard worker when he goes into deep sleep  
he doesn't care for comfort  
Even when he is awake, he never had any comfort  
Did you ever hear anybody talking in sleep?  
It needs proper vision to visualize those dreams

His waking up is a sound; his yawning is a scream  
Opening eyes is a scene; body straightening is unrest

Ask those feet, how many wastelands became fertile  
And bowed to those feet; how many sickles, ploughs  
What noises they made; what sounds they reflected?  
What silence is born in those hills?  
What sound is heard in the breaking of that silent sky?  
Enquire those unfertile lands or water streams  
Ask those hungry mouths with dwindling lives in eyes  
Ask the harvest that did not reach the mouth of people

When hungry people get united there will be noise  
When daily workers get united there will be some sound  
If they gather leaves or cut bamboo there will be noise  
Either in karkhana or at home, beedi preparation gives sound  
In Godavari valley, drawing water from deep wells too  
Produce sounds huge, of water or fire

When necessity bows its head to power  
When loyalty questions power, what emanates is silence  
Decaying sound produces noise; breathing produces noise  
Centuries old silence when explodes creates sound and noise  
When a gun is fired heard is a chilling noise



Till then you have not asked anything  
You have not questioned about local rules of whip  
You did not point out the screams under the lashes  
You did not hear snake hisses, while removing bushes  
You did not hear the soul's anxiety in damaged harvest

Profit lives in silence; lockout comes in silence  
Hammer hit and strike- hit reflects owner's heart beat

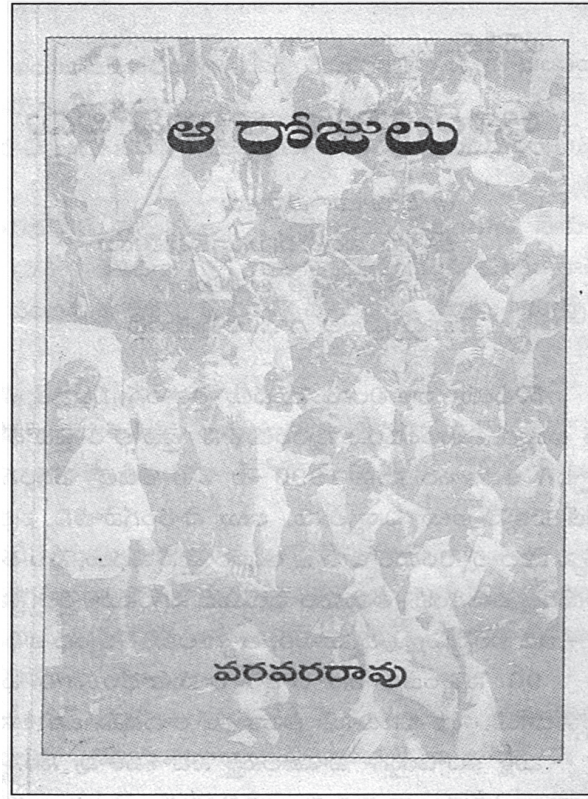
Leaves, bamboo trucks if catches fire  
The explosion of tyres produces big noise  
Terror of forest fire produces most outrageous noise

When courage loses its boundaries  
The generated offensive sound also becomes noise  
Drums gives sound but symbols make noise

You never requested khaki surveillance in classrooms  
You never asked one forty -four section in bed rooms  
You never asked lathi charge in laboratories  
You neither asked for arrests nor false cases  
You never questioned about the internal disturbance act  
You never resisted curfew in villages under that act  
Camps, companies, battalions, combings, arson,  
Sexual assaults, lockup murders, encounter killings  
All that happened under the protection of democracy;  
With deceit entering constitution is a dead word  
Of twenty-five years old backwards in time; now you declare  
it anew, but ever at any time, did you question  
the killing acts of government under democratic veil?

You say it is sound when we question these things  
It is noise when we sing, it is sound if we gather at a place  
When awakened person fell to bullet  
You questioned about silence in that sorrowful recess  
Not about the bullet sound but about the silence in that sound  
Leaving the life's philosophy, you did bother about logic;  
The flaws in your words are being observed by  
The song flowing in silence

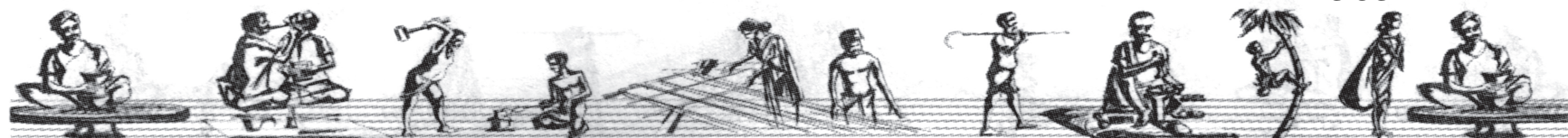




***Aa Rojulu (1998)***  
**(THOSE DAYS)**  
 (WARANGAL- 1968- 1998)

Are there no songs  
 During dark days?  
 Why not?  
 There will be songs  
 About dark days!

-Bertolt Brecht





## Last lesson is not completed...

Those days will come  
Tears will become irises  
Memory becomes history  
Agony becomes people's story

### May 5-6, 1990

Jai bolo re jai bolo!  
Ilaiah, Rajalingam zindabad!  
Those martyrs of peasant revolution zindabad!  
The known and unknown warriors zindabad!  
Warangal, O, a sea in high tide of people  
You have got the opportunity again

There is CKMcollege  
In between the two roads there are killing fields;  
Our enemy killed them in cold blood  
On one side Chinnalu, the other side Sarangapani  
They were killed in those killing fields

There now flows population stream three times  
That of Warangal, in strict discipline  
There a city in the name of martyrs, a railway station;

In those killing fields people gathered under red flags  
That meeting is the fruit of twenty years struggle  
A symbol of sacrifice and fight against oppression

### September 3, 1990

They killed a people's doctor in revenge  
They tried to silence the silence  
I was there in the memorial procession and meeting



In later days  
I spoke a little in memory of Pamulaparti Sadasivarao  
I was a speaker in a memorial meeting of  
Nellutla Jaganmohanarao  
the leader of separate Telangana movement

**December 27-28, 1997**

We will blast your stage with bombs-  
-challenged greyhounds and Kranti sena!  
That 'basti me saval' was countered  
With democratic resistance  
A milestone in the north Telangana movement!

How many sacrifices behind each wave of resistance?  
How many sacrifices made by people's unions for instance?  
Narra Prabhakarareddy, Doctor Ande Narayana  
All martyred, where tears sank, came up new water springs

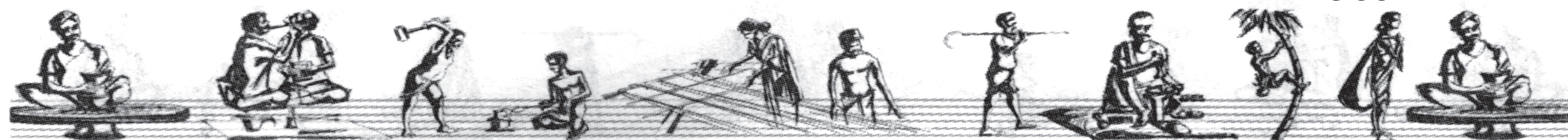
I remember newspapers mentioning Ashok of Warangal fort,  
a student of CKM college, fought for the welfare of tribals  
in eastern ghats, killed by enemy, became a legend

oppression is not new,  
but people 's resistance has its roots from 1990's  
it is a new wave

Warangal now became newsworthy  
It became history, like Charles Dickens 'a tale of Two cities'  
For me it has become a rare sight  
And the last lesson has remained incomplete

**March 2, 1988**

As a guest speaker  
To the Kakatiya University, Telugu department  
To speak about literature of Telangana





Some sweet vine around my feet  
Something that I always wanted but lost on timeline,  
When they heard that I am going to college-  
So, you are going there to teach!  
What lessons of life I can teach the students?  
Can I say something about the link between  
capitalist market strategy and the cotton farmers' suicides?  
Can I lecture something about the Hitech perils?  
Or can I teach the lessons I learnt during my exile?

### **May 13-14, 1998**

From desi poetry to the present-day movements  
Eight centuries analysis was done in CKM college  
All the speakers were related to those movements  
Then why this man is sitting there in the audience?

Venumuddala Narasimhareddy one of the founding  
Members of Srujana, a modern literary society,  
A Chetanavartam poet, ABVP- vice president,  
He brought me to Warangal

Later Srujana came with a call to the youth-  
-Come, come with fingers on the trigger-  
-A poet is a revolutionary, prepares people for armed struggle'-  
Rendering the slogans into action  
Revolutionary poets in their march became 'virasam'  
In Warangal and Karimnagar like lightning flashes

### **1970- 1985**

No looking back  
Prohibitions, jail terms, sedition cases, suspensions  
Undeclared- declared emergencies, TADA cases  
Fighting for- right to life to write about life-  
A solitary confinement for one thousand nights  
Losing freedom – it is all a great tide, a bellowing wave



November 1998

Retirement from CKM college

When Vengal Rao was home minister or Chief Minister

There was pressure on management to remove me

One freedom fighter in that committee said prophetically-  
'You stay at home; you will be paid'

For six years I was in jail, and in my thirteen years of exile

CKM college like my mother it gave us food, gave me life

In Warangal, in Telangana Revolutionary movement

It became the musical tune of the raging blood

It became an unforgettable memory

It is more than a sentiment; a commitment

I cannot say everything went on well and smooth here

But it protected me;

maybe under government pressure, it yielded a bit,

It was seldom harsh, but it never hit me on stomach

Because it came during the time of revolutions

When Warangal was the rudder to the ship

Of revolutionary movements;

Telangana is always an open eye of agitations

Warangal is a relentless wave of people's sea

Never satisfied with short time works or results

It touches the high gate of Warangal and

Leaves to Medaram hills in search of life's elements

Its vision is towards confrontation against atrocities

Unmindful of defeats and victories

It cares about the alternate values not about triumphs

These are my confessions

About Warangal and my wanderings

A few dreams, tears, pains and agonies and incidents

All compiled in letters of emotional arrays written in truth.

November 1998

387



## TWO EYES

Half-opened flowers have fallen  
And day became dark night  
Venomous claws of vicious snake  
Took away the children's life straight

A beautiful cherub  
Babu  
Shining cheeks and lips  
His smiles were extinguished;

Young and  
a tender shoot  
Intelligent Praveen  
Fell on earth lifeless;

White lily, black lily  
Fell into mother's lap  
Warangal, war on gall  
Cried in scar wallop

Lilies in both eyes  
Before reaching twenties  
Sacrificed their lives  
And became red flags

Lighting lamps in their eyes  
Parents waited for their children  
Mothers without a wink of sleep  
and how their hearts got broken?



Had their food? did they sleep?  
What troubles they encountered?  
What dangers they faced?  
What plights they suffered?

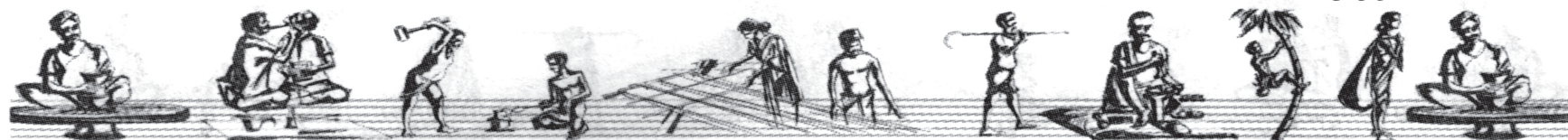
Waiting for the call 'amma'  
which relieves their tension  
with tearful eyes they stood  
at the threshold of their house

wherever they are  
let them be safe  
no news is good news  
to their mothers

A nightmare disturbed  
The mothers in light sleep  
They lost their children  
Without a last look at them

(To Ramakrishna, Nageswara rao)

\*\*\*\*\*



1 February 1984

**(EXCERPT FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND)**

144 Section was imposed in colleges  
RDO passed orders as per his privileges;

In the past one week I was teaching  
Vengikshetra to intermediate students,  
Dasarathi's Manjeera to B. Com students  
Gave a two- hour lecture about on 28<sup>th</sup> January  
'The necessity of Literature' in evening college

When Nazi army occupied Paris city  
A patriotic French teacher was teaching -last class;  
I had the same feeling  
When I see the tumult in my city and its colleges

Infront of the college,  
APSP armed jawans' menacing presence and  
the daily show put ups of CI and SI in principal's room  
scenes repeated here

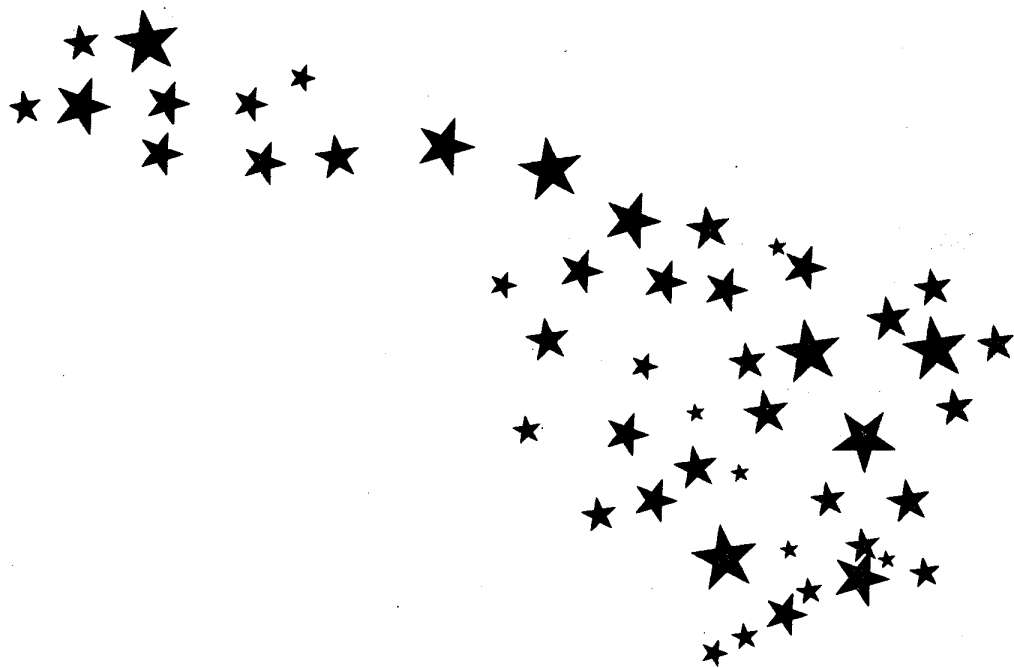
I told the students  
about the Nazi attack on Paris;

-Now they are infront of our college  
It doesn't take much time to reach this window;  
And their bayonets are ever ready  
like cobra hoods to strike without notice...

1 February 1984

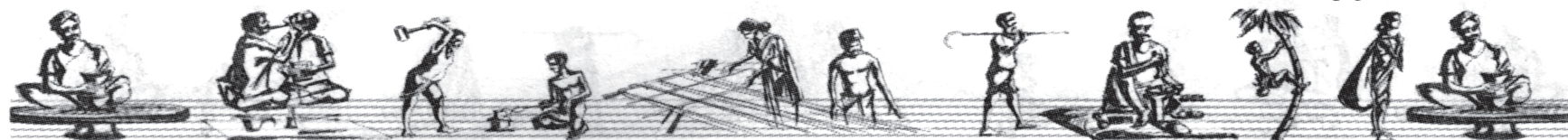
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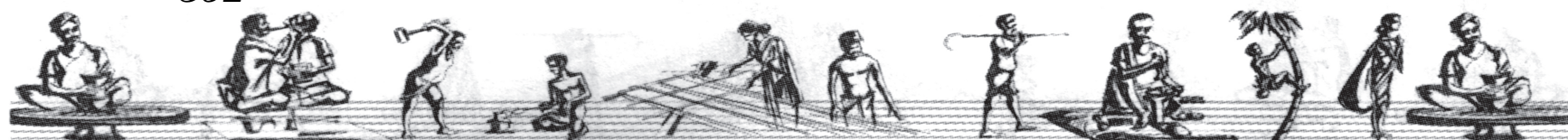
# ELECTION SEASON

(1999)





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# 1. JANMA BHOOMI

What if we lose the patent  
On our native bitter gourd or brinjal  
When we won the war  
At Kargil and Batalik

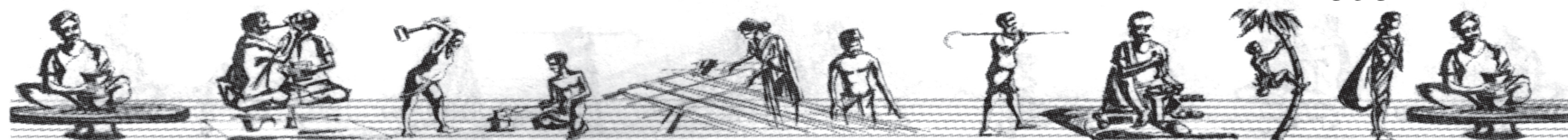
What if we lose the patent  
on our native jujuba fruit  
When we hoisted our flag  
again, on snow hills

What if we invite America  
when we drove away the Pakistani insurgents!  
Cares who, about these patents  
when we proved our patriotism!

What if we say  
-‘Here we rule,  
there Bajpai in our country  
and World Bank everywhere!’ -

25 July 1999

\*\*\*\*\*



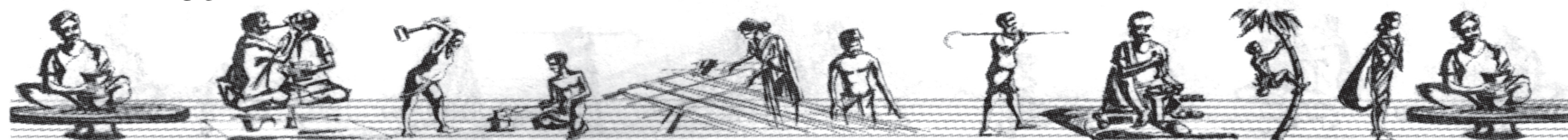
## 2. ELECTION HIGHWAY

What a genius he is, let's vote for him  
For he has constructed roads and ways  
Then what about white people  
Who constructed Railway lines?  
Shall we invite them to rule us again?

What a genius he is, let's vote for him  
For constructing paradise closing a river  
For building highways demolishing houses  
Under the flyover snake-hood poverty lurks in tears  
Shall we invite a serpent to rule us again?

What a genius he is let's vote for him  
He who flies in helicopter  
Sanctions helipads in every mandal head-quarters  
Leaving the poor in helpless chapter  
Shall we invite a narcissist to rule us again?

3 August 1999



### 3. WHO WINS?

When election war is announced  
BJP gives a call to Sonia to quit India;  
TDP nods its bony head saying ditto  
Rosaiah says- quit Chandrababu!  
Mulayam says we will cross the boundary line;

Imperialism without boundaries  
Slowly comes like water  
under the bridge  
And drowns the country

9 August 1999

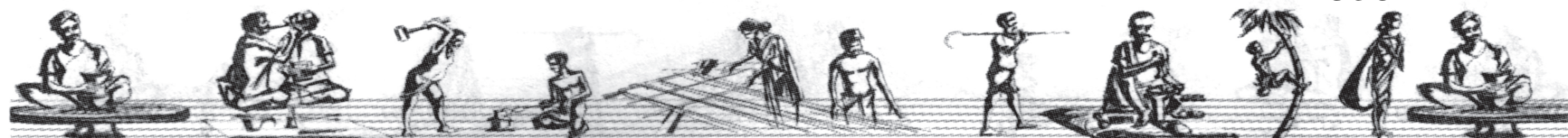
### 4. W-HELL COME

Today's World Bank politics  
Chennamaneni Rajeswararao's policy is perfect  
It is a king's highway

Why keeping it secret?  
To do service to nation  
He, a wiseman, found a way in joining in desam

Who, he or his son?  
Problem is with the citizenship, but in essence  
It is supporting imperialism, isn't it?

10 August 1999



## 5. REFORMER'S HEART

Applying bindi  
to Chandrababu's forehead  
Malladi Subbamma wished him victory  
and requested him  
to bring Prohibition Act again  
which was abolished by him

may be goat  
or sheep adores  
the butcher or not,  
Intellectuals now  
Praise and serve the dictator;  
Cassius rules

11 August 1999

## 6. NATIONAL FOREIGNERS

From Delhi to black soil Ballari  
Arrived Sonia and Sushma  
Requesting the people to send them to Delhi

Commoner's Ballari  
Could not understand the logic  
From Delhi to Delhi, is it necessary to go via Ballari?

For them may be Delhi,  
the house of parents and in-laws but  
Village people feel, that city and city people are alien to them

16 August 1999



## 7. SEASONAL EFFECT

War after war  
Once insurgents were driven away  
invasion appeared again in the guise of patriotism

No reference to Kargil  
Said Gil

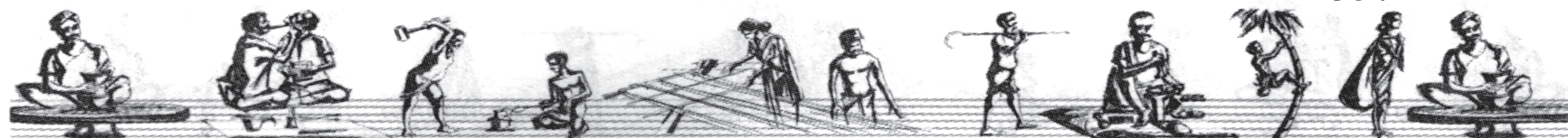
In the season of Chitra  
If you are not allowed to sing  
How can your mind accept silence?

20 August 1999

## 8. ASSURANCE

Whoever protects dharma  
Dharma protects him  
Whoever respects law  
Law devours him  
Whoever believes society  
Society sells them  
Whoever elects criminals  
Criminals rule them  
in whose mouth you put your fingers  
He puts his finger in your eye

25 August 1999





## 9. WHAT'S THE USE?

Why did you climb the palm tree?  
To bring grass for the young bullock

When they blasted the bomb  
They said it is to be on par with China  
When they started bus journey  
They said it is to be friends with Pakistan

Then why war happened not with China  
But in Kashmir valley?  
Maybe because there you have  
Muslims to blackmail  
And Hindus to instigate  
There are no Chinese voters;  
So, Bajpai brought victory to Indians  
Now Indians must vote for Bajpai

28 August 1999

\*\*\*\*\*



## 10. DEMOCRACY

We won't use Kargil war victory  
In election propaganda  
Neither we did fight  
Nor we won the war

It is the war in between  
The insurgents and our soldiers

On both sides generals supervised  
And our soldiers won the war

In the name of the chiefs of  
the three lines of defence  
please vote for lotus flower  
and pay Kargil tax  
you can eat disputes  
your stomach full

28 August 1999



## 11. MID-TERM FIRE ACCIDENT

Windstorm in Bay of Bengal  
Flood water threat to people in Musi area  
Slum dwellers  
of Karmanghat colony  
who removed Nandanavanam  
experienced fire pouring  
from a fire-pot

it is that time for magic wand  
to pour promises;  
rehabilitation within a month  
not to the homeless  
but for the criminals

28 August 1999

## 12. ENCOUNTER

If leaders get elected  
With people's conscience  
But not using the cards of religion, caste  
And competition in inhuman markets  
They would have promised  
About not killing the people

Those who got elected in false elections  
How can they stop false encounters?

Unless people win  
And leaders lose  
There is no guarantee for lives  
Resistance is the watch-word

28 August 1999



## 13. TELANGANA!

If a girl child is born  
Parents think of marriage  
If eighteen years are completed  
Polling booth you must visit

Fingers that never touched ink  
People who never bowed their heads  
If they are in villages, they are militants  
If they are in forests, they are Naxalites

Without giving your vote  
your patriotism is unproved  
Without making them vote  
your surrender is not accepted

1 September 1999

\*\*\*\*\*



## 14. BOMB'S RULE

During election times  
In that hospital where they keep medicines  
They keep bombs  
Sending away the patients

Where lives have to be saved  
There plans to kill sprout

If a doctor becomes minister  
He not only can kill people  
But also keep cases on them  
That fact is proved inadvertently  
By ex-home minister

3 September 1999

\*\*\*\*\*



## 15. LOK-SATTA

Homicide, culpable homicide  
Riot, violence  
This list of crimes and criminals  
Will reach the gentlemen and rich  
The list may not be available to the poor

Violence, oppression  
Coercion, exploitation  
Society a nest of crimes  
Only in agitation  
Our real strength comes out

3 September 1999

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## 16. 5<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER

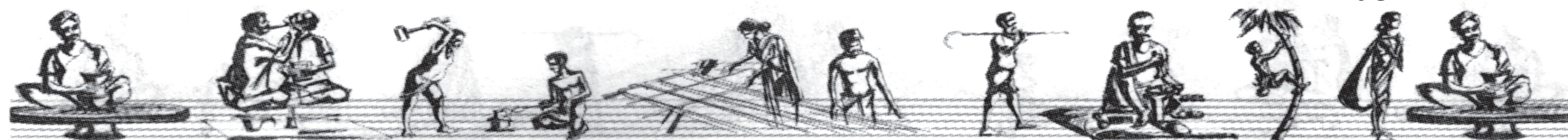
In the constituency of Prime Minister also  
people wished to boycott elections

From Srinagar to Mahaboobnagar  
People abhorred elections

Reformers while dreaming recall dreams  
Rigging and violence made repoll screams

9 September 1999

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## 17. SELF-SUFFICIENCY

It seems bomb-making technique  
is not yet practiced by babus  
They leased the country to World Bank  
and house to a class rowdy sheeter  
and moved into streets

Alas, dear people  
Give them another chance  
This time they prepare bombs  
Themselves by self-sufficiency  
And throw them on you and me

9 September 1999

\*\*\*\*\*

## 18. ECHO

After twenty years of gap  
JP reincarnated in AP  
Losing trust in government rule  
He pleads for election reforms;

In the dead body 's ear  
Whispering a twisted secret  
He is searching for great swans  
To send them into pig-pen

9 September 1999

\*\*\*\*\*



## 19. GUERRILLA ZONE

Mao said- power comes  
from the barrel of a gun-  
Basavapunnaiah laughed till tears flowed  
from his eyes- 'what comes is smoke'- he said

in guerrilla zone  
keeping police force  
Babu is preparing padma vyuha  
To win ballot through barrel and bullet

\*\*\*\*\*

## 20. HAND ON CYCLE

Ramachandraiah made a complaint to Rangarajan  
That congress made a pact with peoples' war

Vengalrao style encounter murders  
Nedurumalli ban-procedures  
All taken over by Chandra babu party  
To massage world bank feet

This party makes friendship  
Whoever is on prime minister's chair;  
who will tell the truth to this cat  
that drinks milk closing its eyes?

16 September 1999

\*\*\*\*\*



## REDEDICATION

Where tears become slogans  
Or voices of protest  
To the helpless,

Where dances become revolutionary songs  
Or tunes of protest during the dead rebel's last rites  
To the people that paid homage,

Where people wash their dirt  
Or their past beliefs  
To resurrect themselves,

Where people fight against brute force  
Or oppression  
To protect their own warriors,

Where people go on march  
Or show resistance in prohibited areas  
To support the rebels,

Where fire sparks rise from the fallen flowers  
Or take rebirth like phoenix from ashes  
To blossom again as red flowers...

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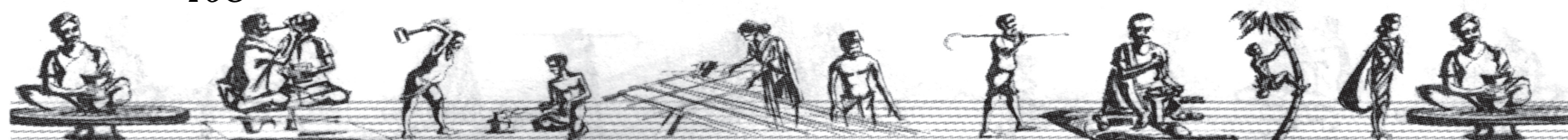




***Unnadedo Unnattu (2000)***  
**(AS IT IS)**



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# 1. PATH OF GODAVARI

- 'Naxalbari takes the path of video  
Whether head gets smashed or body gets burnt  
Nose that took the breath of revolution  
Gets closed to avoid losing itself in a sneeze severe' -

Half-truths appear beautiful  
To the people that stay at the edge of the poetic stimulus  
These great people who avoid sacrifices  
Find faults looking through the magnifying glass, in others

People whom we categorise as silent spectators  
Greyhounds keep watch on grave law and order  
They identify real warriors with precision

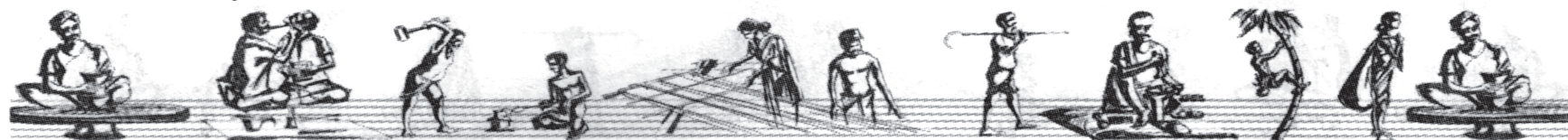
Each and every drop of water may not reach canals  
Every river may not flow into projects  
the earth with dry cracks is still thirsty  
It is there in the songs that oozes in people's hearts

In famines, in floods,  
whether it is thin or in spate  
River Godavari did not change its path

In the grief filled forests or in meadows  
In its course of flowing  
even a few obstacles arise  
Its destination will not change

10 June 1989

\*\*\*\*\*



## 2. REHABILITATION PARADISE

A price is labelled on each head  
Remuneration is paid to the pointing glances  
And to the hands that helped in intercepting  
A price is paid to the surrendered or fallen heads

After surrendering the head  
Rest of the body can join main stream  
To enjoy  
the pleasures of paradise

Nose to smell,  
lips to taste  
Ears to hear songs of praise,  
where are they now?

You have already mortgaged your head;  
With what mouth you can say  
That your way is the right way?  
And you are a leader?

To me you look like Trisanka  
In Viswamitra's paradise with head down and feet up;  
Keeping your head buried in the anklets of  
The great lord of mandalas you sing-  
'True Naxalites come! Surrender!'-

26 June 1989

\*\*\*\*\*



### 3. KANYAKUMARI

When I stood at the tip of cape Comorin  
I saw water all around; Like a child  
keeping anxiety on great toes  
I stood up and looked in all directions  
Then also I saw water all around;

Water! Water! what is your name?  
Extending beyond borders, O water filled heart,  
where is your home? Your caste, your religion?  
From the tear- filled sky, o anxiety filled stream,  
What is your destination?

Where from you have come?  
This is your place, here itself you rise and roar  
Your movement from navel to tongue  
Blue blood flames become waves of milky foam  
They float high and dissolve on seashore  
Hanging on to waves, me becoming earth's scent  
And distributing the essence of happiness

Here they say, it is the confluence of the three oceans  
Like the union of tears with fire sparks from the third eye  
on the forehead; Like mixture of poison and nectar of fire  
in the sea; it came from nowhere, it is always here  
Only we named them with our perspective's outlook

Like defining human relations, we draw some lines  
Three or seven, in the affectionate glances of earth  
Ocean looks beautiful to me with its rich waves  
that move like curled hair on its immense blue face

what's earth? From a burning sphere to present earth form  
it is a fire spark, like mother's kind heart, me still attached  
to her with my uncut umbilical cord and chained to society,  
and it is the revolution that took a form in nature's dream!

9-21 July 1989



## 4. AS IT IS

Once we draw a line to fight  
It is not possible to stay clean  
When Naxalbari stands to fight  
It is not possible to speak gentle

Language and tunes of longing won't work  
For the songs of resistance with anger spark

Hands smeared with blood need strong statements;  
Unclear poetry and your photo speak nothing except  
New paper smell or newsprint odour

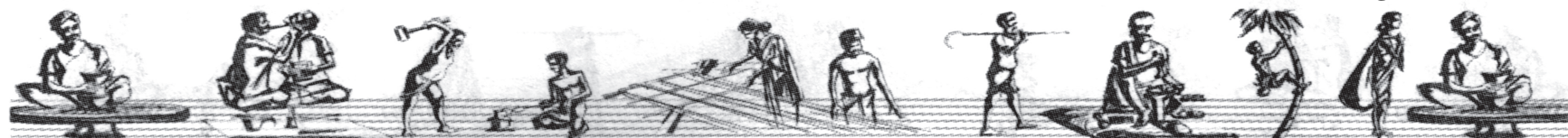
Eagle in the sky or bear in the forest  
Or watch dog that can easily smell the prey,  
Tell me the issue that we all have to respond;  
When flowers bleed you cannot hide it  
In the layers of feelings or sentences

Hands that wash the wounds,  
Hands that aim arrows  
Hands that fine tune songs  
They became raw wounds  
They became scarlet fruits of blood  
They became red flags of people

Giving life to a sculpture is chisel's work  
Not carving life into a sculpture

Don't get frightened o word sculptor  
Tell in a way to touch the heart  
But as it is

10-21 July 1989



## 5. NO CHANGE IN AIM

Started my carrier with aim at letters  
With the happiness of learning alphabet  
Amma araka aata aakasam  
All I wrote were childhood experiences

Speaking belies an art; World loves fiction,  
Literature often moves without commitment  
These are new to me  
Till a cruel weapon targeted me for its practice

Now,  
except preparing letters armed with weapons,  
for me or  
for my letters  
what other support I can offer?

25 July 1989

\*\*\*\*\*



## 6. NOSTALGIA

In the thin fabric layers of heart  
In the affectionate blood-tinged breath  
I was joyful  
for saving the young bud;

A flower smiled  
and did not turn its eyes  
from the wind that came  
from the sunrays

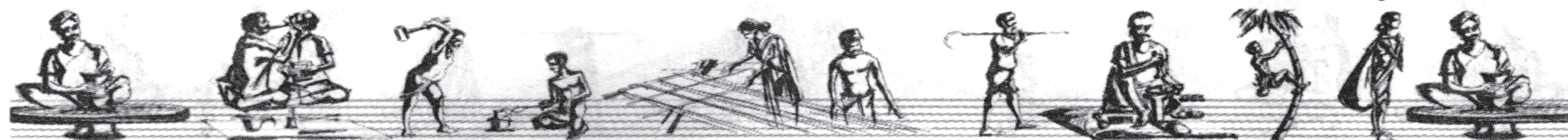
it is not a new prick  
it is the thorn I expected  
that will be there  
under the green canopy

I could not remove the thorn;  
with the flower withering fast  
the thorn stayed there  
often digging up the heart's wound

like feelings that move in body stream  
whenever I touch the caring shores  
it reminds my pain; and it remained there  
tasting the sweetness of indifference in pain

12 August 1989

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## 7. LOVE

Love only  
Becomes another life in my blood  
And drives away my loneliness  
It becomes a glance, a smile that caresses me  
Becomes a word, a work  
And removes the emptiness of mind

For a planned arrival  
In the dreams of waiting eyes  
Love is always a pleasant talk in sleep  
Love is always a numb sensation steep

On the waiting steps, I hear the noise of climbing feet;  
When I sit in front of it,  
As though my heart is placed in a frame;  
It washes the wetness in the room's darkness,  
That remained after someone precious to me has left;

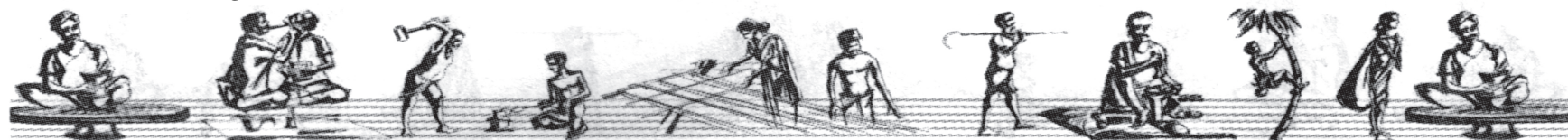
giving and receiving is love;  
given and forgiven is love

love a perennial river that flows all the way of life  
it separates and unites those two all along;  
love is a waterfall; for me the world appears  
as the sounds of leaping waters;  
life for me a beautiful scene spreading light  
I feel love within me and on my effect  
Filled with love, my imaginary world, enchants me

Standing on the toes of memories, looking at  
dreamy future from present loneliness, is love

in my room, in my heart,  
it is a companion maybe a wooden ball, a light ray,  
or the bright light of sun entering my room

21 August 1989



## 8. COMPASSION

I like parrot very much  
Lovely parrot  
Sweet talking parrot  
Mimicking parrot  
If you say Rama, Rama  
It also repeats the same  
With love and in a sweet way

Hunter can aim at a deer  
Or doves' pair  
But leaves  
The parrots unharmed

But  
What can one do?  
Balanagamma sighs!  
That wizard fakir's life is preserved  
In a parrot!

24 August 1989

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## 9. AYODHYA RAMA! LET'S COME TO PEACE ACCORD

Rama!  
You may be God  
You may be universal spirit  
Then why this dispute about your birth place?

Raghupati Raghava Rajaram  
Eswarallahterenaam  
Why then you stay only in temple  
Not in masjid?

Buddhist places, Jain mandirs  
When they became Hindu temples and  
Bhairava hill transformed  
Into Padmakshamma temple

Some temples too became masjids  
But what is this trend of mushrooming  
Of places of worship without discrimination?

We don't know how much truth is there in saying  
that a stone has got life by the touch of your foot  
but with your name's touch  
Stones are now becoming killer stones is the truth

Relishing jujuba fruits from the hands of Sabari,  
O Bhadradri Rama! You had your stay in scheduled places;  
We don't want those religious purities  
That can wash the impurities in River Ganges  
by spilling human blood, we don't want them;

we are people with flesh and blood  
let us live harmoniously with mutual love and affection

30 October 1989



## 10. SELFISH RELIGION

Don't call these massacres as religious intolerances;  
Don't name these planned murders as madness instances

They kill the shining smiles of little kids with cold knives  
They pull out the mothers' innards with poisoned spears

With revenge in mind, they destroy labourers and markets  
With profit in mind, they demolish huts to make refugees

It is a hunting game of inhumane savages  
It is power game of filthy rich people, all these ages

Where is faith? Where is intolerance?  
Till their interests are served atrocities won't stop!

Book the culprits and punish them; not religions  
Punish those selfish people that play religious games

Help the poor, homeless, young and old destitute  
With difference in names and beliefs but similar in poverty

This destruction annihilates life's values and humanity  
Bitten by religion we take shelter under curfew shade

Thinking curfew saved us we prefer khaki religion  
Politics play poly-tricks in power games

A secret is there not protected by votes, curfews and army;  
There people fight unitedly against these dark vile elements

23 December 1990



## 11. PEACE CONFERENCE

On the banks of Musi River  
In the dense forest of people  
A cruel lion that terrorized lesser animals  
Occupied the throne  
And arranged peace conference;  
Ruminating and regurgitating the food  
And removing the stuck meat in its teeth  
With its rough tongue and swallowing blood  
Belching the devoured lives now and then  
It presided the conference  
Karataka, Damanaka foxes, saw-toothed hyenas  
Serpents with fangs, tigers with whiskers  
All were there on the dais;

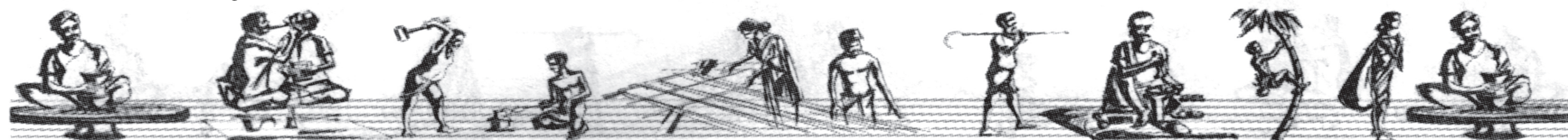
-‘Hereby I declare the prohibition of gun sound,  
Because it is disturbing the peace  
But I allow cyanide smeared knives, daggers,  
Axes, swords, spears, arson and curfews for self-protection’-

Lesser animals were stunned  
hearing the lucid proclamation

they clapped heavily to have such a privileged law  
that prohibits sound pollution  
but allows silent murders

6 January 1991

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## 12. PUZZLE

If there is power struggle  
between Chennareddy and Jennareddy  
it takes colours of Hindu- Muslim religious conflict  
to solve it comes Indo-Tibetan Border Force  
It does flag-march with guns aimed at people  
There will be power -exchange  
Army moves into the forests of Adilabad

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To find a peaceful solution  
to Indo-China border conflict  
Li Peng arrives at Delhi  
Hindi- Chini bhai bhai  
Both sides smile very much harmonious  
Indian Government repeats its stand  
that Tibet is an integral part of China;  
Tibetans take a procession  
In front of China Embassy

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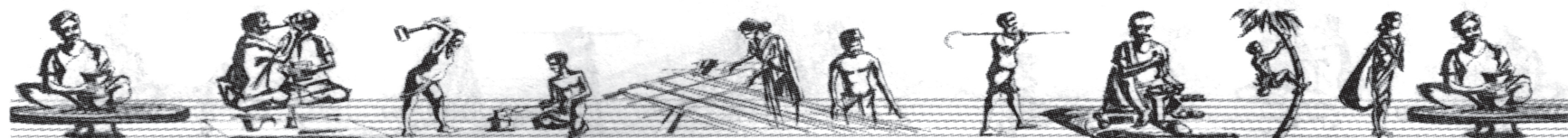
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To the graduation ceremony of Andhra University  
A great intellectual arrives as the chief guest  
-‘What is this violence in the birth place of Buddha?’-  
He poses a question and leaves  
We gained enlightenment, o our Prime minister!

Indo- Tibetan border is not somewhere in north  
Now it is in north Telangana!  
The attack is not from other countries  
It is from Dandakaranya only o PV!

3 January 1992





### 13. EDITOR'S JUDGEMENT

When lion in a cage roar on the stage  
Black cats on four directions keep a watch  
On the basement behind sand bags, guns aimed;  
Janardhana's life is a total wakeup call from fear;

A blind man going that side becomes a radical,  
Working as a news reporter in day time,  
For alerting the people, he meets death  
In night in the claimed position of a squad member

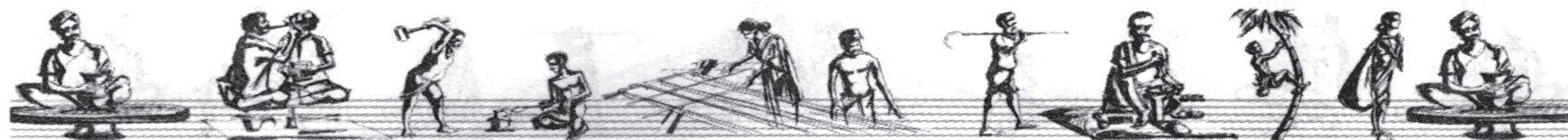
Whole night they say, heard were gunshots  
In the morning, they find thirteen unidentified bodies  
Guns you don't find there except a few red books,  
Four neighbouring states prepare a common agenda

They recruit Border Force to tackle the menace  
Wearing monkey caps, they smash the civil rights  
Unidentified persons demolish memorial stupas  
More than calendar dates, sum of encounters increase

New year arrives with death fear handed over by last year,  
Into the vacated villages khakis enter like plague fever;  
Surrendered militants taste freedom with lathi score  
Government assures there is no rule of guns anywhere;

- 'Democracy decides to suppress extremism with iron fist  
So, violence by Naxalites and counter-violence by police  
Got people stuck in between police and Naxalites'-  
- Declares a great editor in his ingenious judgement

3-8 January 1992



## 14. O SEA! THIS EARTH SPHERE...

Has to take bath in your vast and immense waters  
Janardhana! you look smart decked with smiles,  
in your olive- green dress and you appear  
as though you did not sleep even on moonless day;

religion, philosophy, politics, and all arts  
it seems you have penned with your AK-47-gun nib;  
in your dairy pages enemy finds landmines and  
shudders in his sleep

like ocean's endurance is known at shore  
it was tested umpteen times-  
enemy's violence against revolutionary kindness  
Pambanda becomes that line in history  
But one has to understand showing mercy is no surrender

Dandaka forest will be a stormy burning ocean,  
Forest fires will burn and flood protected zones,  
And borders get washed out; when your smiles and  
Fire in your eyes came stand still

Evoked anger, instilled rage roars in the sea of people  
Enemy doesn't know the oncoming sea-storm  
Let him empty the sea with gun barrels  
And burn villages as in Beggampadu;

Forests shall become villages; If forests are combed,  
hills become paths; If houses are bombed, forest fires  
shall spread all over; then o sea! This earth sphere needs  
to be drowned in you once for all to prevent that great crisis

(Sea is no more a noun)

5,6,7 January 1992



## 15. PAGIDERU

O sea!

As we have invoked the sagar of people  
Enemy tried to empty the sea to catch fish;  
Sea shells, crocodiles and sharks reached shore  
Dead fish came floating on waves

Enemy declared -sea as dead- after spilling blood on waves  
Those waves wiped out the enemy's horse hooves also  
Along with our friends' blood traces  
That have become memories in the foam of sea waves;

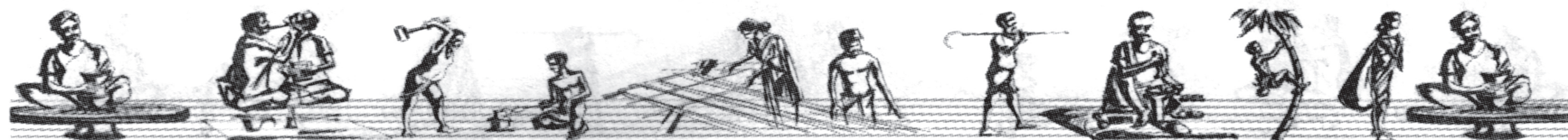
Waves in high and low tides continue creating uproar  
Amritam, poison, Siri-riches were grabbed by the deities  
we humans were left with the burden of life  
and death waits for us in patience;

If every one wishes to have a meaningful life  
Sometimes death is a welcome-guest;  
Sharing death maybe a necessity  
Dying for the people is equal to the celebration of marriage

*(An answer to the crisis of the sea-sagar- for him only)*

7 January 1992

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## 16. I SHALL GO ON TELLING...

Evening dawn is Devil's time,  
I was walking on the sea shore  
And looked at my palm of hands,  
with sunset's red hue they looked crimson

Laughter of Nakkiran a rebel of his times  
Touched my feet in waves  
The sand carpet underneath my feet slipped  
And my heart missed a beat-

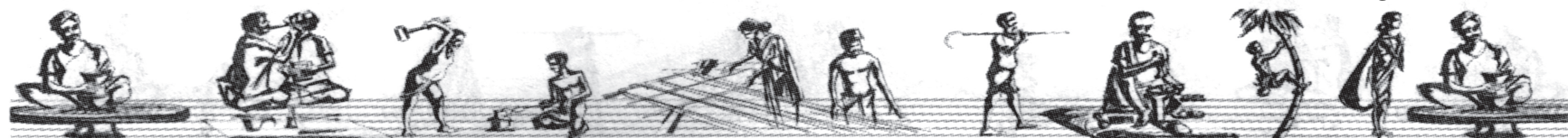
It is not just blood  
that was there on your hands  
it is the sweat and tears of the people and  
the blood of the martyrs- my mind was thinking

I looked at the fisherman who gathers pearl oysters  
from the bottom of the sea  
He seemed to be swimming in his own sweat streams  
When he removes pearls from the oysters  
He seemed to be removing  
his own heart to keep it  
in the sky as shining sun

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- 'What happened to your hands?  
Your body shines with blood and sweat,  
Kings like you live on people's blood'-  
Those explosive words were  
like the sparks from the sea-fire!

I Lord Siva,  
The destroyer of the worlds  
At the annihilation time



heard his words,  
the words of Nakkiran, a poet- fisherman-

'We realized,  
we are no slaves to any king or kingdom  
We are citizens of our life's realm  
We understood death as certainty;  
we learnt resistance  
We work hard, we cut pearl oysters  
We remove pearls not in parts,  
but in its full lustre and entirety  
No parasites we are,  
why should we be scared of anybody?  
Even death god cannot scare me! -  
He cried like a savage man when provoked-

I, Lord Siva got angry;  
these commoners  
do not fit into democracy  
I closed my eyes and opened the third eye

Nakkira of Sangam period laughed aloud.  
His laughter continued  
-'Whoever you are, why should I care?  
Even you are Lord Siva opening your third eye,  
Nothing but truth only I will speak!'-

*(Nakkiran was a fisherman poet he defied Lord Siva;  
another brave man Manikkavasigar- who said-  
we are no slaves to any king or kingdom;  
We are the citizens of our life's realm; why should we be scared of anybody?)*

22 January 1992



## 17. CHEMICAL REACTION

I stood there like a tree with falling flowers;  
I became a tender stem  
and witnessed the falling of birds by sling shots

I turned out to be a bare stem on which poisonous snakes  
Go crawling in search of birds' eggs and little ones;  
I got transformed into winter season  
With falling leaves, when vultures and eagles fly high  
Devouring sunshine, spreading forbidden dark clouds

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Earth showed cracks like the fallen flowers' petals  
Earth emanated noises like the fallen birds' cries;

Electric current flowed in me like terrorized people's fear  
Explosions shook earth and heaven with heavy sparks  
Flying birds produced noises in air and sky  
I became transformed into a tender stem of spring season

November- December 1992

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## 18. CITY OF BHARATA

O poet!

You advised hunter should desist from killing

But, your god before and after many incarnations

Why he decimates entire population?

Sramanakas, Sambhookas, tribal people, and womenfolk  
including Sita didn't they suffer with his moral law?

That bloody thirst for Rama Rajya has not subsided yet

We do not know why you have made Lord Rama

To be born in Ayodhya, if he is God

we would have searched for him everywhere

if he is a human being, he could have walked among us

A stone he is, that's why he closed his eyes

To avoid seeing destruction on his name

With the touch of his feet, they say a stone came alive

Then why with this stone launching ceremony

Becoming a cause for the eruption of violence?

With lesser animals you say he has constructed a bridge,

Then why he allowed lesser men to destroy a revering place?

Religious tolerance among people?

What constructive work Rama has done on this earth?

You said Rama ruled Ayodhya, staying in forest,

in proxy with his shoes- padukas for fourteen years,

now why these lifeless sculptures evoke hatred

and transform dwelling places into graveyards?

Whoever poses a question they threw them into forests

To establish blind man's rule, why?

In place of beliefs let's search for human values, o poet!

Against Rama's arrow let's keep hunter's arrow, o poet!

Let's protect the lives of innocents, o poet!



## 19. IN THAT NIGHT...

-He was infusing life to letters and words  
When cruel death attacked him without mercy  
Time came to standstill in the night clock  
With blood flowing from his throat  
Prabhakar took his last breath-  
informed me the half-torn voices

Time did not come to standstill  
At your body, past and present had some conflict  
Your ideals as our slogans we moved forward  
Sun has moved into Sankranti zone

Amidst of writing, I looked at the wall  
Yes friend, to find the hands of clock stopped  
That clock which you have presented me with love  
Frozen exactly at the time of your demise; but it is so,  
your walk on the thorn path has come to an end;

the second hand stopped like the blood -filled syringe  
from your lungs; like your scissors-cut life  
minute hand, hour hand too came to standstill  
changing them into time, did you give me the needles  
that pierced your body and mind, as a gift?

I won't move it considering it  
as the sunset waiting for sunrise  
thinking that some skeletons would come out of it  
but a few poignant memories did jump alive;  
A few occasions when I scolded you causes heart burn  
A few brief anger times- for you have accepted awards  
And were writing issues of relevance and irrelevance  
Those times when I stopped talking to you  
And admonished you



When you were in hospital, I visited you, yet reprimanded  
you for your carelessness in keeping good health  
All those days I promise to forget  
If you come alive and take care of yourself!

By the time I visited you, you were no more,  
But I brought you the tears and oaths  
of virasam friends along with me; check with Bhagya

many healthy people do not have consciousness  
about the unexpected rendezvous with death  
Julius Fucik, Cherabanda Raju, and you  
Whether it is Nazi or cancer  
Once it wrote death sentence  
You did not allow a single dream go to sleep  
A single conflict you did not allow to cool down  
A single moment you did not allow to go waste

Name worthy you are,  
one complete life is not enough for you  
Every breath of yours  
You aimed it as brush, pen or lens

We knew, at some point if time,  
you will cough blood out  
And gets poetry clotted in your lungs  
to make your city life comes to an end

but our agony is in knowing  
when enemy came to attack you in that dark night  
you were sculpting your skeleton into a weapon  
in the forge of your burning heart,  
sacrificing your life for the people,  
that brought tears in our eyes!

14 January 1993



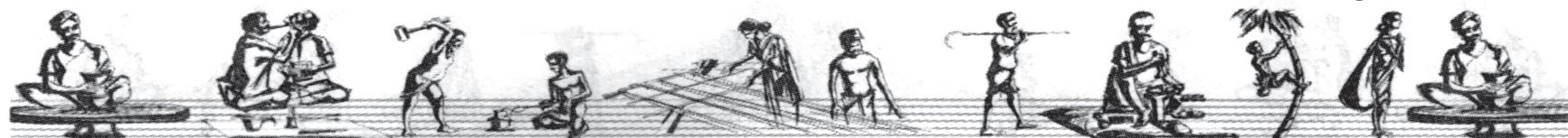
## 20. APNA SURAT BOMBAY

Better than us, who think that we have done so much  
O Devi Priya, you may say Ajanta like people are better,  
Desist from writing those surrealistic failures of hope  
But I say we are unable to do much, what we could do  
And what we have done, fell to white ants, I accept that;

In the sunshine between two massacres  
In the fog between two arson incidents  
In the interval between two treacherous plots  
Mafias had dinner time in jubilation  
In that brief period of eye wink time  
Bombay's human heart stroked its head  
With a rally of six thousand people

From the release of Tilak in the beginning of the century  
To the Navajawan Bharat meeting of eighties  
Workers' power moved in waves after waves  
It proved the presence of workers' sweat in sea saltiness  
It showed that life's force is intact in the spilled blood;  
It brought breath into eyes  
It made a clenched fist out of trembling fingers  
It heard the story with fear and hope  
like the younglings in hen's coop

unable to believe, it joined the throng to cry aloud  
Arjun Dangle must have had the same feeling  
Said he- tribals from Dandaka Forest,  
Dalits from Marathwada, Mahim, Matunga shall come  
To kill the thousand hooded serpent-  
And he said- 'Dalits are this country's minorities'-



On December sixth to remember Ambedkar,  
Navabuddhas flowed on Bombay roads  
Touching earth and heaven, that scene is still fresh  
In my heart like the soft fertile mud

On the New Year's Day eve  
Sipping tea in a Bombay Irani tea stall  
I looked at the shops in and around Marina beach  
That were shining like necklace and  
I felt weariness seeing  
the reflected sunlight in that night

Till then, the smoke of burnt bastis and slums  
Did not bring tears to the eyes of Bombay roads

-Stripping of cloths, have him as your husband sixth.  
Sit on my lap, - this is a story in our Bharat's epic past,

But in the city of cloths- Surat, picturising videos  
Of mass rapes perpetrated by supporters of Hindutva  
That made Siva sainiks go in frenzy, now that past story,  
I heard, has entered a terrifying communal phase

Till then Bombay had no such religious madness;  
A tiger that tasted human flesh went to Utar  
To quench its thirst; and at every village road  
You can see the invitation poster of tiger  
Inviting the guests for dinner

Surat, Bombay cities, now no better than  
Chintapally, chundur, Kilvenmani or karamchedu;

A Country which has an untouchable slum  
in each village, now considers  
Muslims as untouchables



Throw us into Arabian sea- we cried aloud,  
But you dumped our bodies into it  
If we go migrating, where can we go?  
We reach Kasi, Prayaga, your holy places of kindness;

Not from Burma or Bangladesh  
This is the silent anguish of refugees from Bombay  
Where do you send these sons of this land from here?  
Sangh Parivar that always lectures about motherland  
Let it show the way to us  
to return to mother's womb

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Problem is not with the new and old poetic expression  
Dear friend, it is about the high caste oppression;  
Majority people's religious dominance  
Being projected as the Hindu way of life  
Our declaration as democratic secular republic country  
Oppressing three Saranas under constitution,  
tridents play sport here;

It was the people's wish- demolishing masjid-  
Declared lotus party to subside tiger's roar;  
Pundarika word has twin meanings of tiger and lotus  
Looks very apt for the situation;

Supported by some Varma  
That insists on archaeological excavations;  
If they dig deep, what do you get?  
Temples, stone images, if they dig deeper  
They can find skeletons of the past  
In those layers they can see the human struggle  
That can reveal the human relations  
And a great Harappa – Mohenjo-Daro culture and





Ganga-Sindhu Civilization and sea waters  
not yet divided into Hindu- Muslim shores

Problem is not with the new and old poems  
Dear friend, old civilization was born along river banks  
While new civilization is born in rock oil

Cutting the umbilical cord of Arab countries  
To kidnap the petrol child and this genocide,  
It is the result of fifty years plot  
of the imperialist countries

Ask Palestine! The conflict of fifty years  
Where people stay in tents and fight for land  
From Azerbaijan to Bosnia, from Libya to Somalia  
Behind the curtains of religious conflicts  
It is the deadly thirst of atomic fanged demon

The criminal we all knew in Iraq is busy  
creating religious conflicts all over the world;  
A flicker of hope is lost in the bush  
But Saddam Hussain is still alive even after  
The death sentence promulgated by UNO

Look at the world shape dear Rahu-I  
Jaganmohini joined the world market  
IMF, and World Bank  
They enter with their cornucopia on their terms

Ayodhya is just a ruse  
Helping hand is for money lenders  
Trusting someone may help you or may not  
People at the end lose the game



Even after this much explanation  
Still if you say it is an old poem  
Don't you sense the prick of a guilty feeling?

Flash news: in Surat slums two Kabir heirs,  
the ghazal weavers on cloths, are not seen,  
for the last one month, do you know that?

To the humble actors how does it matter  
Who goes on stage with bent backs or not,  
To act secular street shows and dramas?

How we are better is-  
For Ghulam Yasin or Ghulam Rasool  
we shed a few tears stained with blood  
Somehow poetry makes our hearts heavy with tears

31 January 1993

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## 21. MEGHYA!

Dear Meghya!  
Even a drop of your blood if it spills on earth  
They feared it will become a rain drop  
They pounded you with invisible wounds  
And did hang your body to electric transformer  
In city centre to create death fear in people

Like birds in freedom  
that drop grass leaves on scare-crows  
Identified the man in the corpse  
Men recognised the revolutionary

Summers all will not be similar  
Somewhere an oasis is seen in the desert  
There a withered date tree becomes happy  
Hearing the thunder in north direction  
Where people become dust-storm or a torrent  
There you became a roaring spring cloud

In the same city centre,  
you became a water fountain

Every year when sun becomes hot,  
nowhere a shade is seen  
Tongue becomes dry  
and water is not seen nowhere  
Cracks, pits, sharp stones, uncovered manholes  
Dusty oil marks, horns, sudden brakes  
Sten- Guns in open jeeps makes rounds in streets  
In the hot sunshine you see sweating road rollers  
Blood from resistance, lathis, teargas, bullets  
Torn slippers, and daily life's anxieties...



Like a victory flag  
in a terror ridden city square  
In the same city centre  
you became a water fountain

You fill our cupped hands,  
slowly flowing into our parched lips  
and throats and enter our heart  
to spread like a merciful sensation

under our feet  
memories touch and spread like wet earth  
weaved with water, sweat and blood  
a life full of daily experiences  
keep a new scene before our eyes every passing day!

*(In May 1990 the organizers of peasant- workers meeting gave instructions to install water taps, along the path of procession, on war foot-basis from Kasibugga- Rajalingu -Ilaiahnagar to Subedari. Those water taps are still in use for the last three years. The water tap in the Hanmakonda city square does its service to the travellers non-stop.) -(This water tap is affectionately called as Meghya tap on May 6, 1990 procession)*

3 May 1993

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## 22. IS DEATH A NEWSWORTHY ISSUE...

Even when earth quakes?

In my nightmare I felt that my body is shaken  
And our house fluttered like a leaf in that night  
O my children, were you buried in earth, alive?

In that life of mud and stones  
A heavy dream must have been come to an end!

The earth underneath your feet, it seems, is crumbling  
Not only by World Bank but also by nature, pulling it out!

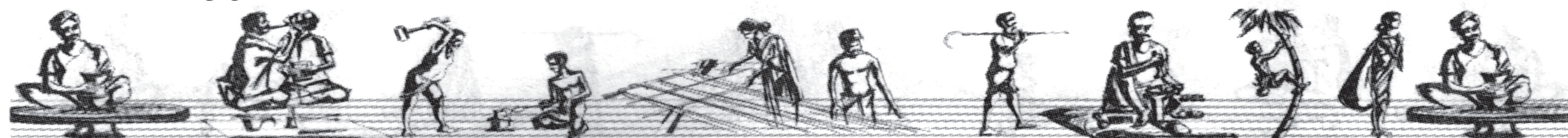
As the thirst in desert finally leads to killing of camels,  
Bore-wells that pierced the innards of earth  
They say, are also can cause earth quakes  
And create terrible scenes like this one happened at night

What if poor people sit on plateau?  
it doesn't take much time to get destroyed!

From Koyna to Narmada  
all projects worth of crores  
Like serpents they bite the poor people

Whose lights become darkness to whom  
Whose fields get water and who doesn't  
Whose tears go dry, civilization fails to understand  
Development argument fails to fathom it

In the barren lands people work day and night  
To harvest a fistful of sorghum grains to make bread  
And nobody knows how they feel about hard work



Rank holders in studies of Latur  
Neither found the secrets of earth quakes  
Nor the treachery in the resettlement plots

Here in my land  
Every day police take bath  
in blood spilled encounters  
and rob the meagre ornaments on people's bodies  
transforming villages into graveyards  
performing mass cremation of dead bodies  
and anoint themselves with milk  
to consecrate them from the sins of duty

Army allows no one to enter the labour room  
Of mother earth, where you can find the smell  
Of rotten innards and last breaths of dying people

Where tents rise heads with hoisted flags  
Bats make their home  
And from the deep sky  
birds of prey come and go as they wish

with rumours of earthquake  
earth trembles and quakes as in fever

Delhi declares the completion of relocation  
And announces boxing schedule in the election ring

16 October 1993

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## 23. THE UNFORTUNATE BHAGYA...

We have to fill the vacuum created by death  
With some work otherwise it makes you feel terrible

Eyes that were shining with love  
Suddenly you see them no more  
After completing household chores,  
Then in hospital, washing soiled clothes of patients  
Helping the patients to recover  
Giving injections and pills,  
At times avoiding ravishing and rapes;  
holding flags and ideals in hands,  
and shouting slogans with clenched fists  
those hands that carried guns  
suddenly became lifeless;  
you don't hear her meaningful words anymore,  
except in memories, you find them nowhere

it is not that every day we miss these things,  
we are all busy with our own daily drudgeries;  
but her father and mother they miss her forever,

And what is the true distance  
between your active life of a warrior  
fighting for the people that made us proud and  
the sad truth that confirms that you are no more?  
These bonds of affection cause explosions-  
Like twisting bowels inside out  
Like blasting nerve transformers; not only mind,  
But also, our bodies lose sleep and appear like blue fires

Without a name, you came  
And became a rebel of fame  
Maybe you will remain as a shade in history



As a nurse you entered our home  
You became sister daughter and friend  
And even you miss a day  
this house looked desolate  
I cannot say how much blood in this poet's pen  
overflowed from his heart;  
but you took up  
the flag of hammer and sickle and left us  
I don't say everything there is great  
They are also people there  
Sometimes you find none for days and months;

In revolutionary meetings  
There are more solitary walks than anxiety moments  
Every day is a challenge with inherent risks  
Our cautious movements, lone wanderings  
All gets sharpened by our aim towards revolution  
Many things that did not reach me may fade away  
In time's womb as unexplained art pieces

Because of our innate nature  
We dream not only for us but also for others welfare  
Even for things that seems impossible  
We give form in our thoughts and actions  
Without our efforts  
Your life blossomed in the way we are all treading

Your real life is just eight years  
A warm affectionate touch of occasional breeze to us  
We never asked about this gale's sighs and tears  
Or the experiences and emotions it carried



We have that confidence and trust  
That you are a part of a great movement  
Except that, we say no final good-bye to you-  
'Saying that this house is empty now'

Some meetings are brief  
but their effects are long-lasting

\*\*\*                      \*\*\*                      \*\*\*

One whole night we were awake thinking  
how you receive the news  
and how can we console you  
but like a wireless set drenched in your tears  
we never expected you and  
like a raining cloud you arrived and cried in agony;

by the side of a fallen smile,  
you shared your permanent sleep  
and you both became immortals;  
is there a sigh of relief in death?

\*\*\*                      \*\*\*                      \*\*\*

As though we lost both hands at a time  
Bridge and its stream both disappeared  
Now no more greetings or messages  
For these years long acquaintance  
How I take it I cannot say!  
We can preserve love letters  
We can write romantic ballads  
But revolutionary movement needs light  
Like undeciphered moonlight between people  
We know it and everybody knows it



We hide it when we are alive  
And cannot remove the weight of immortality  
That's why all these struggles carry unhealed wounds  
And they are the songs we cannot sing  
They infuse us with energy, tears, and dreams  
to propel us further

one sea wave made Orugallu as its shore  
it raised like high tide; descended on to earth to take rest  
your bones will not take rest in earth,  
under these fires  
hospitals, post-mortems are becoming stations of untruth  
and villages and houses as graveyards  
In this crisis dreams get burnt

And when the time comes  
they will regrow as truths

(To Bhagya, who arrived into our lives, as a rainy cloud and disappeared as lightning)

29 October 1993

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## 24. WARRIOR

Vacating a house means  
Severing the past relationships, isn't it?  
Maybe, but on that day, we got acquainted with him  
He carried our house a half on his shoulders  
And another half on his bicycle

From that time onwards  
His service has become our human relationship  
And a friend who is unaware of the interlinks  
Between service and human relationship  
gave us a passing advice-  
- why not teach him politics apart from work?  
By the time wisemen understood-  
politics is working for the poor  
He was already in politics following his own line

Not only to converse but also in telephone-talk  
He used to search for words very often  
From OU to AU, from CBIT to Central University  
Many radical students said- he is our inspiration-

Though we haven't seen him after that but  
His presence was felt there in our house and  
In Malakpet, Madapur, Saidabad side streets

Either twenty years celebration of virasam meetings  
Or a decade of AILRC, he carried the weight  
on his shoulders, either directly or indirectly  
A warrior he is, untamed but calculated

In friendship, in action, in discussions  
In enemy's observation also his name is often heard



Maybe he has wheels to his feet or  
Touchstone in his hands, always ready to sacrifice  
his life, he moved without fear  
believing in the inherent goodness of human nature

for him death is a better option than daily tension  
for him sitting idle is a worse preoccupation  
he wished to be a part in forest unrest  
he revealed his mind to a sister comrade  
to keep a place for him with a handkerchief

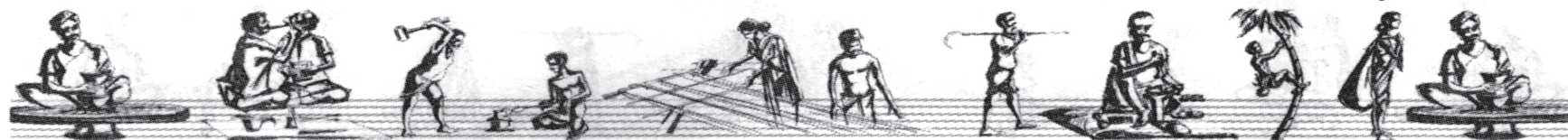
he was not seen in Hyderabad after that  
SP said he died in an encounter with police  
But in those dead fighters his body was not seen  
Enemy did not leave his dead body too

He used to say- I am safe, nothing happens to me  
You don't worry- we still believe his words;

Maybe one day we may get a message from him  
Or that handkerchief may gain life as a red flag  
To fly high in the sky of Dandakaranya!

7 December 1994

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## 25. UNIDENTIFIED NAXALITE'S BODY

If it is an unidentified Naxalite's body  
Please handover it to me  
Because you say I am an identified Naxalite, or  
Show that body to any mother  
who heard her womb cry in blood bond!  
How can we identify if you keep it in a mortuary?  
Every moment the dead body declares  
Mother's grief as naked truth

It shows you the incidents  
where they hacked the hands that fed them;  
it is a human body  
it had its quota of struggles in life

lifeless weapons, uniforms  
they wipe out the human marks of life

Show that lifeless body to his companion  
She remembers, in agony, his last words  
Spoken by his tongue that you smashed  
Shooting with a revolver under his jaw

Behind the broken eyeglasses  
The looks you have squeezed out  
Remain in our wet memories lifelong  
remembering a great warrior

*(In the memory of comrade Madhusudan raj)*

8 August 1995

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## 26. NEPAL PEOPLE'S WAR

Kathmandu is just like a poet's dream  
In your eyes shine silver lined clouds on mountain peaks  
Under your feet, rustles mud, garbage and all that leaks  
Sky looks like a beautiful cloth covered over the valley  
It mimics the useless corporations  
Reeling under central government crisis

Here Marxist- Leninist- Maoists too  
boast about their ancient origins and monuments;  
Kathmandu Pasupatinath temple,  
Patan Buddhist viharas and famous Bhaktapur  
Here people proudly explain the background stories  
Of earth, wood and stone in reverence  
Maybe they did not understand the human ancientness

What remains there now in Kathmandu? A big log stored hall!  
Wood sellers speaking about the days of flower selling  
The gullible ways to trick foreigners  
And by the way deceiving themselves;

While Nepal labourers carry heavy loads  
Red skins carry kits, cameras, video cameras,  
This is the framework of Nepal's earth and heaven;  
Nepal is a freezone – an open market  
Hills, valleys, people and their arts, past and present  
All these they sell in open market as commodities;  
But surprisingly, the humanity disappeared  
In civilized markets that embraces you there;



In my childhood mother told me mysterious stories  
About Nepal. But they are very good hosts  
Here now everybody is chanting  
Marxist- Leninist mantra and discuss Maoism;

In power, or in opposition- two eyes of their king  
Minority government abolishes parliament  
Supreme Court as per king's wish re-establishes it

Not only in Nepal but also in our country  
People won't elect governments-  
on the veryday it was proved in Andhra Viceroy Hotel

now Nepal looks like a building of playing-cards

one morning, on the walls of Kathmandu heart  
one slogan attracted people  
'Votes changes the people on the seats but not the society'-  
It made people synchronizing their heartbeats with it  
And their number started increasing tremendously  
King's palace, abolished parliament, Supreme Court trembled  
like trees in mountain storm, anticipating some calamity

Police made a wall of themselves around that wall  
They fired bullets and did swing lathis on the people  
-'Bullets transform the society not votes'-  
They attacked with axes on the sloganeers  
They wiped off those sentences with bullets  
Replaced it with these words-'Nepal sticks to the constitution  
That rules over imperialism and parliament'-  
Kept that place safe under sulphur smoke and police vigilance



Not in front of the king's palace,  
or Parliament or Supreme Court,  
But in front of that wall that carry a dead sentence  
Nepal arranged armed barricades

People crossed those barricades every day that week long  
They went beyond the political meetings and lectures in parks;  
One day suddenly onlookers and visitors found  
The red sun rising on that wall erasing the dead sentence

Even in the valley of Nepal, Maoism is budding a new leaf  
Apart from the old slogans and arguments of light weight  
Today Nepal valley is dreaming about Naxalbari and in Jhapa  
The roar of spring clouds on the mountain tops is seen  
Clearly in the corners of the eyes that woke up from a dream

9 September 1995

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## 27. SOUND THAT SWALLOWS...

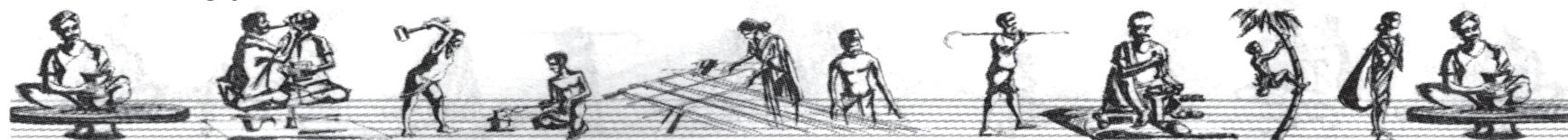
Not only meaning but also life...

If you see real human beings  
You feel like hugging them to your heart and mind  
Not only the people you waited for,  
Or those that stayed always in your heart,  
But also, any one that came across your life  
If they are human beings and just,  
You feel like hugging them to your heart and mind;

When you wake up in the morning  
You see your own kith and kin faces anew;  
When you come home from your job in the evening  
Or from a village in the travels for a cause  
Daily at a bus stop or at work  
If you see a known face, your face glows in smiles  
Maybe you have previous acquaintance or not;

greeting one another is a symbol of living society  
Problems shall arise, challenges do arrive  
Yes, who will solve them with his mind except man?  
In a battle, though not facing one another  
Both sides are human beings;  
Encounters and retaliation firings are the only places  
Where people don't meet one another, it seems

In life and in death  
In life and death struggle  
If people come together in unity  
or fight in conflicts to live or die  
man shall disappear  
like wolf snatching away lambs in dark night  
from a sleeping village,  
the art of people greeting one another  
becomes the dance of death in so called encounters



## 28. STEEL PLANT

Nothing grows under a banyan tree  
Everybody knows this line

Champak, jackfruit, cashew nut,  
Coconut trees, paddy fields, canal waters  
Fish in rushikulya river  
Fishermen's sea adventures  
To rout all these things  
A plant of steel is arriving  
Nothing grows under this tree including men

In thousands of acres of land  
Without roots or stem-roots  
Without branches or leaves  
A plant of steel is arriving  
Nothing grows under this tree including men

To plant this tree  
And to demolish houses and villages  
Giant Gandaberunda bird like cranes,  
Whale like bulldozers are arriving  
To plant a steel plant to steal away the old world there  
Nothing grows under this tree including men

There on a white-washed milestone  
One can see the red letters;  
-'This village is ours, this land belongs to us  
We will die here, but won't leave this place.'

Everybody knows this line  
Nothing grows under a banyan tree

*(To the people of Gopalapuram- Orissa area who are agitating against the TATA steel plant construction in their area. And to LachimAmba(55), and S. Yebamma(60) who died in police lathi charge and firing)*

30 November 1997

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## 29. MAN WITH MOUTH

When summer starts  
Blackbird hides behind mango branches  
And sings the arrival of spring

When first rains start to pour  
Peacock spreads its feathers in joy it dances  
In the darkness of the forest

When autumn arrives  
Blue Jay invites people towards jammi tree  
That has hidden weapons and fades into sky

When a ferocious tiger is on prowl  
Birds make noises of danger to the grass eating beast  
Or to the child playing nearby

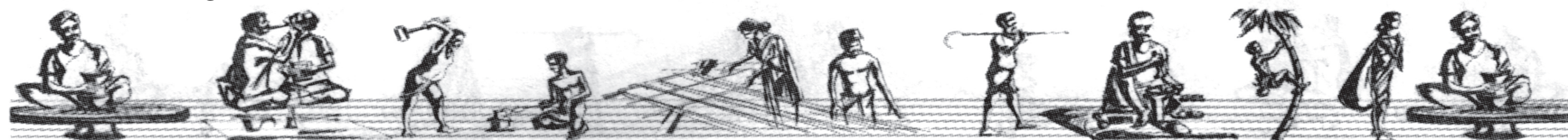
When an angler is there  
Waves send information to the school of fish  
When a hunter places a net  
Speeding wind informs the pigeon in the nest

For a human being who has hands, feet and stomach  
But no speaking mouth, who will tell him good or evil?

*(To Kannada writer Rahmat Tarikere with regards)*

10 December 1997

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## 30. DEVELOPMENT IS

Demolishing houses and building roads...

If it is a foot-path it goes in between houses,  
Or go by the sedges of fields a path  
without disturbing the eco system, but

Development means building roads  
And big machines need bigger roads  
Bigger roads are not for lesser men  
Hundred feet roads, Asia Bank roads  
World Bank roads, Hi-tech roads  
National Highways in janma Bhoomi schemes

High-fly ministers come and go in helicopters  
But for machinery, men, material you need roads  
Like aeroplanes in sky, vehicles go on roads  
To have roads you need lands that have houses  
So, you demolish them as per your plan  
And leave a few hundred on roads  
Then you can plan paradises in slums  
And colonies with high-rise buildings in graveyards

Then what happens to the homeless people on roads?  
Silly question; we will send bulldozers to level them;  
To strengthen the blood-stained asphalt-tar roads  
we use cement from the bones of the dead

To commit suicide by hanging, there is no house  
Or to die by jumping into well, there is no well  
If one dies there are no graveyards to bury;  
What can slum, garbage poor people do?

Unless you become a swarm of beetles  
Filling the gap in between earth and heavens  
You will not get back your existence  
You will not regain your losing breath

10 December 1997



## 31. MANNEM MANUGOPULA

Looking at our colour and our earth's colour  
And what if blood stains the octopus's hands  
You made inroads from plains to forest depths  
Keeping your eyes on raw material and cheap labour

Betraying our trust, you bartered with salt and pepper  
And a few match sticks to take away our forests and  
Offered clothes in lieu of our bodies for warmth  
Brought new laws and robbed our freedom

Converting us into civilization  
You started disrobing layers of forest on our bodies  
Like uprooted trees we stood hanging in our own sky  
Bleeding our resources and staying in desolation

Cutting the earth under our feet  
slowly seeping beneath our huts like dirty water  
with fake property papers when you surfaced,  
we confronted you, to point out the injustice

you showed scriptures and laws in support  
of your encroachment and began to oppress us  
we lost our forest lands, podu cultivation to you and  
you harvested coffee, tobacco to confirm it is no forest!

Now where is that forest? Where are us tribals?  
To save those civilized people who occupied our lands  
you said it was necessity and police acted in good faith  
to shoot Parvatamma and a few radical brothers

Now what remained with us our honour;  
we have no trust in you  
We trust our lifelong companions,  
our bow and arrows

10 December 1997

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## 32. RAMOJI FILM CITY

Let's go and look at this vanity  
A new oddity, Ramoji Film city  
A lovely commodity of quality  
There we can sing a bit of a ditty

Many a landgrabbers made his den  
Assigned lands and earth with burden  
Lakes, hills, dales and roads, all of a sudden  
Became a magic city with commercial garden

A wonder land, a plunder land  
Bollywood, Tollywood, Disney land  
All bewitched by great Ramoji's magic wand  
Chandra babu, Amitabh praised it as paradise grand

Out of reach to law and order  
All politicians his relatives in any border  
State to centre, every link is in his folder  
Robbing the farmer, he pays to the bolder

Once upon a time he was our comrade vehicle  
Moved on a bicycle now a wheel to the cycle  
Margadarsi, Annadata, Eenadu news and TV circle  
A monopoly from pickles to arts, makes your ribs tickle

Sublime messages sending through soap operas counter  
And movies about daily greetings to people's encounter  
In his way to usurp a leased land in Somajiguda centre  
Ridiculing Kaloji and reprimanding Gaddar with his printer

To realize our dream of democratic Telangana time has come  
Usurper will pay with interest and principal, all that income  
End of Days is the reality to these real estate tycoons' welcome  
A warning to the self-proclaimed wise men of dubious outcome

27 December 1997

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### 33. HEADS- FLAGS

When it was born  
The mouth in this head made a big cry  
And searched for food  
Opening its eyes  
It tried to look at the reflection of its own world  
That took the form in mother's womb  
It tried to hear the sounds of labour  
And later started thinking

It knew the hunger of the stomach  
It knew the hard work of the body  
It governs not only its body but also the society

To crash with horns, to nod like trained ox  
To resist or to yield, head is a symbol

Either it is cutting of head  
or death by hanging  
Or a price fixed it's all on the 'head'  
All according to constitution  
Which may abolish the right to dream in future

Even when a head has surrendered itself  
Unless it is separated from its body  
Personalities that strive for recognition  
May become heads of known people

If society knows the secret of death  
What will happen?  
That will be the death of the establishment head!

*(When Naxalite Edanna surrendered, he was beheaded and his head was not found)*

27 June 1998

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## 34. SUKOON- HAPPINESS

O Dussasana! start your art of destruction!  
Ush... aha...ish  
Chayya Chayya Chayyachayyaa chayyachayyachayya  
What a happiness!

Along the university roads  
with swirling dry leaves of the forest  
in the whirlwind  
let's forget the soul of Sunita in Telugotsav kicks;  
whoever crossed the magic city boundaries  
mantralayam, it seems, took him inmate;  
in this magic city now  
we have no worries that haunt our minds;

studying will be fun, a lot of fun  
no doubts, no discussions  
only this moment is permanent; carpe diem  
Sukoon- happiness

Now no more we see intelligence or task force;  
Nobody will come to check our hostels,  
We need not have secret discussions in toilets,  
We can sing khaki tunes in front of home minister!  
Like the poster of Laxmagoud that reminds  
the values established by Doctor Ramanatham  
Veera swamy also became a permanent photo;

No fear dear brother!  
Chayya, chayya, chayyaa!

(Morale- *what is that universal truth  
you found in Central University?  
Young people displaying bodies  
In sukoon- happiness!*)

O Dussasana!  
Start your art of destruction!

27 March 1999

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## 35. VISION- 2020

Dreams, who will dream?

Those who lost the scenes recollect them in imaginations;  
To the blind men with vision dreams fascinate them

in the horrible noise of machines  
hearing apparatus when gets blasted,  
sound becomes flat flute tune and flow  
as sound waves in blood and mesmerizes them

on the loom of innards, where they weave rainbows  
blood from the cut fingers spill magic  
and earth becomes dark for them and  
darkness mesmerizes them

peasants who carry yokes on their shoulders  
people who fight for justice and welfare of others  
hopeful ones who believe in tomorrow  
with ruined dreams, future mesmerizes them

They dream

Like Bhagat Singh who did not lower his head on gallows  
Like Bhagya, Sagar who kept their smiles intact  
Became immortals in incomplete dreams' experience  
Like Che Guevara in Bolivia, Salvador Allende in Chile  
The lamps that remove the darkness of imperialism;

While Pinochet and Chandrababu likes  
dream nightmares for the people

People dream!  
Dreams mesmerizes them!

2 April 1999

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## 36. PEOPLE'S BLESSINGS

To the hard- working Babu  
Hardly working wise men gave blessings  
In the name of People's blessings

Yes, intelligentsia or  
intellectuals play neutral;  
Playing safe zone to avoid anger fumes from Babu

People elected the Government to work  
Most often our representatives take it easy  
This news brings really a surprising element  
To hear that our CM is working overtime,  
We are all baffled utterly in amazement

We intellectuals shun work, so we keep paid workers  
And we have all in one in the name of spouse  
We feel so happy because government is working  
We never expected it works, but it is working

Oh, what a work! Getting foreign loans to rise status;  
Demolishing our houses to construct a personal trellis;  
Burning the boat after reaching the other bank  
Cutting the branch where you sat, deceiving mothers  
Backstabbing the people who put trust in him  
What a great work! So many things he did, bless him

Now he needs people's blessing! Give him a return gift!  
Who works hard? Real workers are people and they vote;  
Intellectuals bless you but abstain from voting and  
They vote for Babu who impressed them by his hard work Aha!

3 August 1999

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## 37. WORK THAT WE CAN DO...

It is an art  
Giving gas connection free  
But withholding rice to the poor

It is an art  
Giving light bulb to the house-wife  
But eliminating the master of the house

It is an art  
Camping police force in fields  
But giving 'janma Bhoomi' poses to press

We used to think that acting is an art  
And praising the lord is poetry  
We do praise our CM praised by police praised by CM...;

We praise this middleman who facilitates loans  
From World Bank by mortgaging our self-respect  
We praise him for his shrewdness for bringing  
Telugu honour down from flag pole to election poll

yes, we are intellectuals  
we praise the lord of brokers  
that is the only thing we are capable of...

3 August 1999

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## 38. PANCHATANTRA

Cows must stop butting with their heads

Yes

Cows must stop injuring people with horns

Yes, they must stop

Tiger must stop hitting with its terrible paw

Yes

Tiger must stop hitting young innocent calves

Yes, they must leave the cattle

But tigers are allowed to enter villages with fangs

Yes

Tigers are allowed to sharpen their curved fangs

Yes, they can go and come scot-free

Cows can move in the village without objection

Yes

But cows are not allowed to carry any weapons

Yes, they must use horns only for sounding alarm

Cows must stop butting with their heads

28 April 2000

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## 39. INFINITE ORPHANS

(To million problems zillion solutions)

-Hard working people better avoid having children  
Since they remain poor and give poverty as legacy-  
Hereby we declare poor must abstain from having children

Having this motto as a guideline a country such as ours  
and in its capital, amidst of a million children's births,  
In Chikkadapally drainage canal  
A cry is heard combining the tones of life and death

Wind that carries the news of countless natural births and  
unnatural deaths every day, consoled the new born and  
expressed grief to its mother's last breath;  
This sort of births and deaths never makes to census count.

Looking at the beauty of the child that caught his sunrays  
Sun became brighter, appreciating the child  
That survived the possibility of getting drowned in sewerage

### 2.

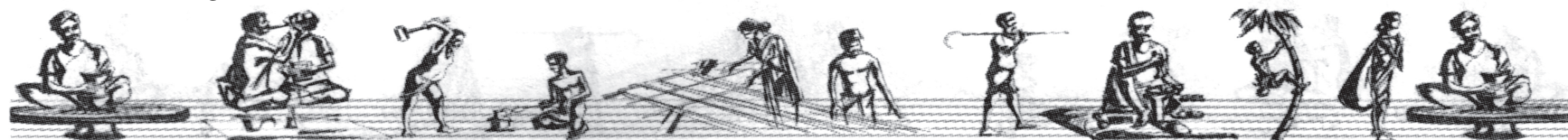
Three crimes: illicit relationship; Illegitimate child;  
And Unnatural death;

Father is unknown so responsibility lies on her only  
Father cannot get pregnant so hers is the crime  
Because she died without giving information  
The weight of crime lies on her dead body  
Ready recovery proof is the new born child

So, sin is there, crime is obvious and open to the public eye;  
But who takes the responsibility of crime investigation?  
On that LOC of a canal that lies in between  
Narayanaguda and Nallakunta police stations?

I think World Police must come to investigate!

11 June 2000



## 40. CYBER TOOFAN IN TWIN CITIES

Rahi,  
In our city if it rains it heralds floods  
Like a tiger that entered the village  
And missed the path back to the forest  
Water misses the path to the river;

Where is Musi River?  
They closed it when Mahatma built  
Bus station in imliban and on its shore  
Nara family is constructing nandanavanam

In our city if it rains it heralds floods  
Where do the people go?  
We have infinite buildings and finite roads but  
no drainage canals except manholes with open mouths

in posh colonies- Beware of Dogs- boards we see  
in slum areas – beware of floods- we read;  
banjara hills, jubilee hills, mahendra hills,  
from all these hills water flows down to slums  
poor people live in nagamayyakunta, mailarugadda,  
jamalkunta, balamrayi, do these names still exist  
in this modern Hitec city?

Thousand hooded swamy  
when incarnated as a proclainer in cyber civilization  
people who drowned and lost in water were lucky fellows

in Muhammadguda  
there was no place available to bury a dead body  
Koranta hospital is suffering from fever  
What can one do except praying to innumerable gods?





Is there any escape way found in computers?  
In slums where children and old people died,  
There one cannot draw lines between life and death

In banjara hills when a wall collapsed, a palamuru labourer died  
Women and coolies drowned in floods at ICRISAT  
Shahina begum in Bhavani nagar  
A nameless beggar in rasulpura, and manymore...

In a city with billions worth of property and  
millions of people,  
What is the percentage of the lost and found and dead?  
What worth is point zero percent of life?

Dead bodies get one lakh and living bodies get a thousand  
Hundred rupees for utensils and hundred for clothes  
It is your will and let none speak against your skill!

Twenty- four centimetre's rain, never before in this city  
In water pits dug in Chandra babu's Janma Bhoomi and  
in all editions of Eenadu paper you find not a single drop;  
in the floods of moosapet Eenadu also got drowned  
after the bursting of kukatapally and balanagar lakes

Sundaraiah park became baglingampally chintalatopu well  
And Sundaraiah library got drowned and books wept in tears

## 2.

O relentless warrior! How you became helpless?  
1954 floods were tackled better!

How come you were on Time Magazine's cover  
Proclaimed as millennium Chandra or Indra  
Now became Chandra of Krishnashtami day  
Transporting us into your vision-2020



Without touching the flood- drenched earth  
with your blessed feet, you make rounds in helicopter;  
in that window vision can you see the cut hands  
of Hussain Sagar filled with Vinayaka idols' remains?

This Hussain Sagar has now, no body, only decoration;  
Its diamond necklace road chokes it, allowing no water,  
Hands are buried in Air-port highway and NTR memorial;  
In this city where water becomes cement and concrete  
What can you do if there is a sudden spate of water?  
Open the flood gates during mid-night  
Ashoknagar to Koranta may get washed away  
In floods but Viceroy survives and MCH shines

No warning, no precautionary efforts  
Who lives in the low -lying areas?  
the poor and ordinary low lives, but who cares?

Then in Assembly  
Pass a resolution in English  
Expressing your unmitigated grief  
For these two days of misery  
You need not shed two dirty tears

You can announce  
two minutes silence  
and after the receding of floods  
you can have another resolution in Assembly

That's OK; but how much tax  
You are going to impose on people  
For their silence?

30 August 2000

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## 41. TIGER

In Nehru Zoo,  
Yesterday  
When a poor kid  
From old city  
To fetch a few dry twigs  
Climbed the wall and slipped  
A tiger killed him

Today  
When a tiger sakhi is busy  
Sporting with its friends,  
Ravishing it with tranquilizer  
Removing its skin  
Pulling out its claws  
Spilling its blood  
Threw its dead body in the open-  
A global tiger killed the tiger

29 October 2000

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## 42. SEVEN SISTERS' STORY...

Told by the cut little finger...

We are seven sisters; we are king's daughters  
We went to a forest to gather ponna flowers  
There came a tiger terrible, we became its food  
Only little finger was left of our little sister  
A mendicant picked it up and little finger came to life  
And told the story to him...

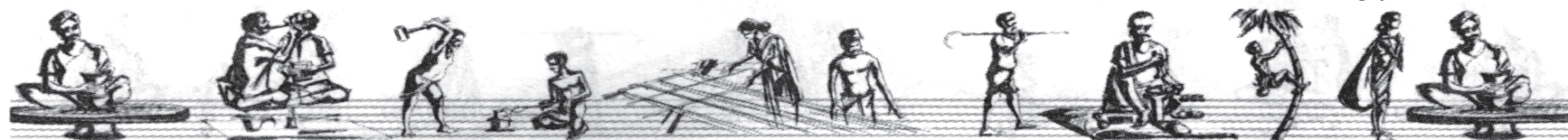
*(In Telangana Balasanta singers sing this song in the early morning hours)*

Seven sisters, they went to the forest  
to pick up ponna flowers along Godavari River  
A dark asphalt road crawls like a black snake  
Through the moor land without trees,  
On that bleak road they entered the forest  
They went to the forest to pick up ponna flowers;

Janaki and with her  
Young girls shyamala, Lata and Vennela  
Like jasmine flowers- Vasanta, Swapna, Komarakka  
They went to the forest to pick up ponna flowers;

Either for work or food  
Dubai via Mumbai has become a place nearer  
To Korutla, Metpally, Jagityal  
Near canal road you get cassettes but no flowers;  
We cannot go to Amsterdam to pick up local flowers  
Those mankena flowers like Manthani girls  
They went to the forest to pick up ponna flowers;

As they reached marriage age, and right to vote age  
They formed a free society and were picking flowers



Taking bath in a stream and gathering pebbles  
Food was ready hot and steaming  
Girls were happy playing and frolicking  
Smell of fresh food, sounds of stream  
Rainbow dreams of young women in bloom,  
They went to the forest to pick up ponna flowers;

Not that they didn't know about the wild animals  
That prowl in the forest; but they are a bit inattentive  
As anna and akka radicals of forest subdued the predators  
To a large extent; but there is the highway  
A dark asphalt road crawls like a black snake  
On that road may come hyenas or a pack of wolves  
To the forest where the seven sisters in happy moods,  
They went to the forest to pick up ponna flowers;

And came grey hounds of repute from Bhupala pally  
There now you hear no water sounds  
There now you hear no noises of picking flowers  
Except the terrible laughter of predators, where,  
They went to the forest to pick up ponna flowers;

All tender things were crushed

Ponna flowers were crushed and crumpled  
A few minutes made a hell of difference  
Girls shining like early sunshine in stream waters  
Became wounds with streaming blood  
Food they wished to savour got burnt to black  
Like their bodies in brutal attack,  
Hounds were on rampage there,where,  
They went to the forest to pick up ponna flowers;



From the cut crescent moons, spilled blood got frozen  
Forest blackened its head in shame, for being a witness;  
Girls who went to pick up ponna flowers  
Returned home as severed dreams  
Without any clothes or flowers, on their naked bodies,  
Last fires swallowed them their flowery bodies, where,  
They went to the forest to pick up ponna flowers;

In the hearts of their mothers and the forest  
Not only grief but also anger exploded for a cause;where,  
They went to the forest to pick up ponna flowers;

*(On behalf of many, when Endluri Sudhakar requested me to write about these seven sisters)*

*(Ponna- Alexandrian laurel, Ball tree, Indian Laurel, Red Poon, Punnaga-Calophylluminophyllum)*

18 November 2000

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## 43. WE WILL BE RIGHT BACK

Recovering from Srikakulam setback  
Jagityal has become  
the soul of guerrilla warfare  
it is sounding guerrilla songs and tunes  
From the broken flute  
All over the country

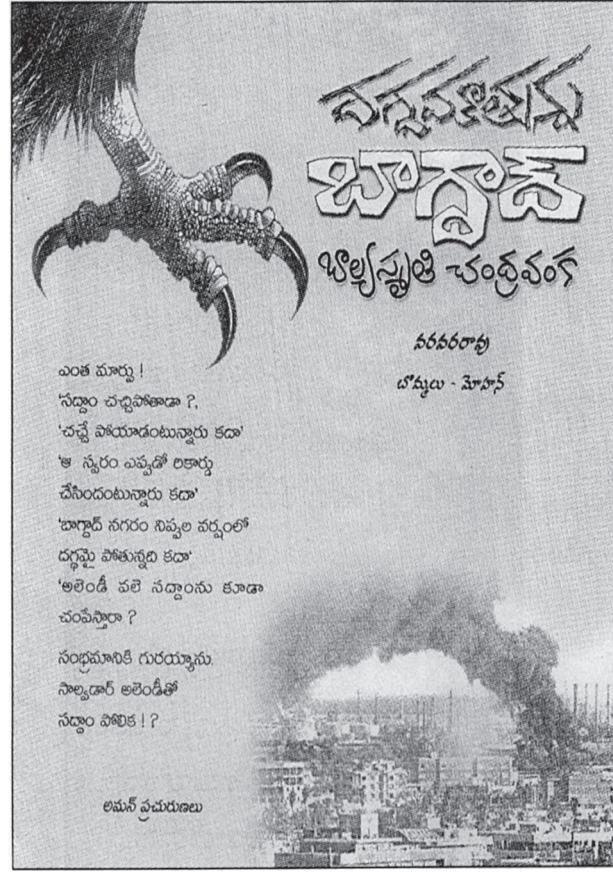
From Kotta gattu  
Step by step  
It flowed like Maneru  
That supplied water to the fields  
Like Ganga- Kaveri in plough lines  
Of Andhra Dandakaranya and Bihar

Surrounded by a stream  
Yet keeping horizons  
Telangana Kadavendi  
It is firm and stable

It is not saying good-bye  
But welcoming people's warriors

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## ***Dagdhamauthunna Bagdad (2003)*** **(BURNING BAGDAD)**



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# 1. BAGHDAD CRESCENT

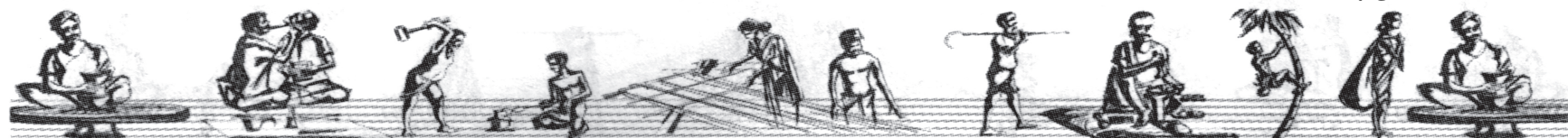
What a change!  
Do you think Saddam will die?  
They say Saddam is dead  
That voice!  
They say it was recorded long time ago  
Baghdad city is burning in fire rain storm  
Do you think Saddam will go Allende way?

I was surprised  
How can anyone compare Allende with Saddam?

A hero of 1970s Salvador Allende,  
A great man who applied socialist democratic system  
A friend of world progressive thinkers  
A trailblazer who supported arts and poetry  
With him to compare Saddam- preposterous -  
what a change in values in these past thirty years!

Our poet friend HRK said in 1991-  
-A village belle eloped with a bandit  
to avenge the local land lord- Umrao jaan- yes-  
I was repeating this line umpteen times

Listen, dear TANA friends, discuss!  
More than American democracy now I prefer  
The foolishness of Arab countries.  
A year and half back, when I reiterated about sixty years  
of American expansion, you said – I am supporting Bin Laden;  
when I said- I hate international monetary fundamentalism,  
You said- I am supporting Islam fundamentalism;  
Yes, today I am repeating Saddam words-  
That criminal Bush and his son George walker Bush  
Both will fall into history's dust-



Is this attack intended to liberate Iraqi people  
from dictator Saddam hands or  
is there any hidden motive?  
Keeping gun on our shoulders  
and attacking us with our fingers in our eyes;  
From Kuwait and from Turkey side  
Now Baghdad is burning in firestorm

A burnt smell of childhood memories in fire  
The crescent moon in the sky that I could not touch  
with my little hands is now falling into sea in pieces

Jerusalem is still a prisoner,  
in exile for the last sixty years  
Yesterday Kabul...  
I am like a child, waiting for Kabuli Wala, of Tagore  
BalarajSahni who brought IPTA into Bombay cinema  
Where are those progressive thoughts of yesterday?  
Today Baghdad is burning in flames  
No ... it shouldn't

Not only about zero but also about numbers,  
Adding numbers by the side of zero developed in  
The eastern culture of us, for thousands of years  
That was shared by us with Mesopotamian culture;  
And the memories of history lessons as sweet as  
My childhood, about Mohenjo-Daro, Harappa, China,  
Egypt, Mesopotamia and the scents of Arabian dates;

Then what about this American history?  
We studied it as the Columbus accidental discovery;  
We studied it in Naxalbari and in Vietnam  
When our common enemy did bite the dust  
- 'Bury my heart at wounded knee'-, with tender heart  
I have read it in thousand nights solitary confinement





Without hating American imperialism, I realized,  
I cannot love earth and sky;  
Unless the market viper snake is killed, I understood  
Children and their jasmine like smiles cannot be saved

Just a history of five hundred years  
That too started with colonisation  
Exterminating the local people- of Apachi, and other  
red Indian tribes and bringing slaves from Africa,  
a history of human exploitation of two centuries  
sixty years of new colonization under Statue of Liberty  
twelve years of world domination  
a history of killing children in the birth

there moves the Abraham Lincoln warship  
is he the one who said- democracy is-  
-‘for the people, to the people and by the people’?  
A president in that Lincoln’s country  
Who lost popular vote and after a month  
Again, announced his victory? Now he hears no one’s plea  
From the world or even from his own country

He is such a fellow- o dear varavararaya  
He is like our Telangana landlords – says Dasarathi Rangacharya  
(if you just mention America, he bursts into fire mode  
and moves to Nazi atrocities of 40s)

his generation communists were lucky people  
they fought with Nazi Hitler under Stalin  
here with Nazi Nizam of Telangana  
under the leadership of Andhra Mahasabha  
if Stalin and Bolshevik party is there does this question arise?





It is not that Saddam wins, no hopeful person expects it  
Maybe he goes into exile, maybe a government in exile  
Like Karzai government in Afghanistan  
A Vibhishana government?

Why this love for Saddam? A dictator he is!  
A military president who was elected twice  
with 98% votes between two attacks of America)  
killed Kurdish revolutionaries in thousands  
he is the one who poured bio- chemicals  
on Iran supplied by America for eight years-  
and he is the strong enemy of communism  
Alas, he has no bio-weapons to fight America?

Blackmailing UNO, disarming Saddam  
Today on Iraq, America and Britain pour bombs  
From sky, O people of Iraq, o people of the world  
Beware! Protect your children from eagle attacks  
With wings, beaks and claws, or screeching cries throatful;

if hands are severed (Like Gandhara- Khandhar sculptures)  
gather like monsoon usillu insects! o human progeny!  
Born after eating the apples given by the tree of ambrosia  
Can we stand like a protective shield against  
the bombs dropped by that unholy alliance of America?  
Like Nakula- Sahadeva can we drive our cars and horses  
In poisonous rain without ruin?  
On land they say he cannot win; but from sky,  
he creates psychological war, to create fear;

to the consumers of world market  
he displays the surrender of Iraqi soldiers;  
to this uneven one- sided war, naming it as Iraq war,  
he is talking about rehabilitation; and he is well known  
for his skill and kindness in distributing bread and bombs



-‘o Iraqi people! I will bomb your houses, houses of culture  
but I will spare your oil wells and let imperialism flourish’-  
says he- see! what a compassionate cruel creature he is!

What a tragedy! It is like mixing poison in food  
To kill ourselves when enemy is on prow!  
Like consuming weed poison or removing wombs  
To destroy future generation and resources of our own  
In the fear of that versatile vile enemy?

When you go on rampage with the power of weapons  
Do you think nature’s justice will keep quiet without reprisal?

A great oasis in desert; water stored in camel’s stomach  
Inqilab smile on gallows, today in lotus vyuha is Iraq!

23 March 2003

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## 2. SUFI SONG IN SAND STORM

Mesopotamia was once a green meadow  
In between Euphrates and Tigris Rivers  
Like keeping cool buttermilk in its stomach  
It has hidden pretty cool rock oil treasure

America suggested to it to sell oil in lieu of weapons  
With those weapons Iraq can settle age long disputes;  
With Kurds and its own people and again it can sell oil  
Sell oil and purchase weapons to use against...ad nauseum

And it saves weapons from getting rusted...

Iraq said- enough is enough  
No more wars; my people need food  
And it explained its stand to OPEC

With intermission of war for twelve years  
To see that Biological Toxic weapon are still active or not  
It forced UNO to make a few inspections sorties

If you do not use weapons, I will use them- it said

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Blood starred hawks filled the sky  
Army with tiger's stripes prowled on desert land

Euphrates took a deep breath  
Tigris called America a paper tiger  
On the face of western wind  
It threw a desert storm  
(To Shelly for his Ode to west wind



To Mao who said- a storm will surround you)  
Desert storm in Fall season heralds spring season

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A week ago  
I remembered the crescent of Baghdad  
A city in flames and fires of bombs  
Amidst the smoke and dust  
Saddam stood with his naked sword in defiance  
Hussain Hasan ... dhoolamma dhoolaa  
Dhoolamma dhoola  
Under the date tree, sword is not non-aligned  
In the streets of Baghdad every citizen is a guerrilla  
Against market bombs came human-bombs

Yes, he is bombing market places, food godowns  
He is bombarding masjids  
Like a Golem with clay feet crushing men of clay  
Laughing incessantly

What America needs is the intact oil treasure stores  
It cares not a hoot for the culture of thousands of years  
It bombarded Basra a holy city of Shias  
Where Hasrat Ali, Hasrat Hussain sleep in peace  
Where people walk on cinders,  
leaving peeries in river at midnight  
Hussain- Hasan dhoolaa ... dhoolaa

In the old city of Hyderabad, everywhere one can see  
The flags of Abdul Jilani, same you can see in Iraq  
Sufi Najaf masjid was bombarded  
Sufi is peace of not having property;  
Imperialism is grabbing all property by war

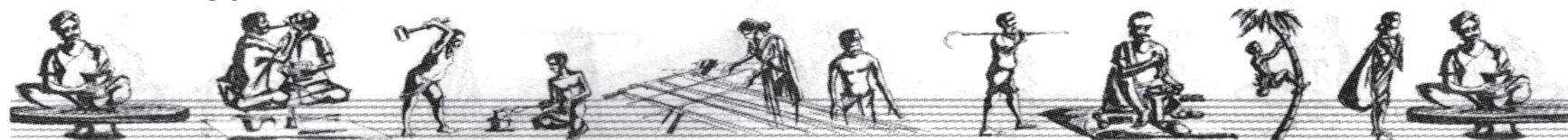


Allah ke naam fakir carries a kanjira  
Comes in the morning like a morning tune  
A wooden vessel that has place for a fistful of rice  
With that property he treads on the road of peace  
A fascist American missile that has a face of destruction  
Moves like an owl in the middle of the night

It is that market that swallows everything in greed  
It is anthrax powder that comes in a packet of destruction  
What if America is a king, Iraq is stubborn  
This Anglo-American invader will be defeated by Iraq  
With the rest of the world's collective support

30 March 2003

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### 3. A SMILE'S QUESTION ON THE WOUNDED LIP

If one country attacks,  
does the other country get defeated?  
Maybe governments will change  
If you demolish one statue, tear one map  
Do the roots of thousands of years get torn?  
Earth on the map gets bordered, but  
What happens to the people?  
Can rulers ban people and elect pawns and slaves?

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Yes, yesterday on Friday,  
during namaj-prayer time  
Like oasis in a desert,  
Saddam appeared amidst people  
Like a crescent he greeted people and pledged his care;

I am not a President Eagle  
that goes underground in fear of one minute warning  
I may not be a moon,  
but I will be an oil-crow to be with you  
I may die but I will not surrender to the enemy

At that time in America, what younger Bush is doing?  
Sleeping deep on the flesh bed of young soldiers  
Enjoying gym sports, Camp David weekends  
A President's ordinary- extra-ordinary life;

The dead are not the sons of rich and famous,  
we all know

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On each heart of the persons that interacted with Saddam  
They poured tons of dark poison yesterday, we witnessed;  
In resistance where each womb turned into human bomb  
Every unborn child destroyed the poisonous atomic sword

Lies that gets stamped as approval; lion's paw on Al-Jazeera  
Destruction of palaces and houses, we did see  
Even after this hell of destruction still there is Iraq

If you change the name of  
Saddam's airport to Baghdad airport  
Except war planes, do you think  
birds will not fly in the sky of Baghdad?  
Suspecting Saddam's presence, you blasted a masjid  
Do you think the pigeons in its cupola will not come again?

After washing the wounds and blood of the people  
Euphrates and Tigris Rivers  
with heavy hearts consoled their children;  
They keep intact the history and past culture  
Of Sumerian times, like an arm raised in stream of time

That stream will flow  
Wiping away the tears and blood of the people  
Like the smile of pollen bloomed in the green fields

11 April 2003

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## 4. VOICE TUNED BY HANGMAN'S NOOSE

Imperialism on its death bed  
Wearing the veil of democracy;  
It sent Saddam to gallows  
Branding him as dictator and criminal

Saddam a prisoner of war  
Declined to wear a veil on his contempt,  
Accepted hangman's noose  
As a garland

To Iraq with love  
In a crumpled room  
Of Baghdad  
He hung in the air for a while

Till Iraq gets freedom  
He will be born in Iraq land,  
Umpteen times  
His voice reverberates

Every moment  
From the place of gallows,  
It announces the list of crimes  
Perpetrated by America to the Arab people

31 December 2006

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## 5. WELCOME TO SADDAM

He is not a warrior behind the veil  
In scorn or on gallows, he did not  
Commit a crime in secrecy or  
Tried to hide any chemical weapons

Fifteen years of Arabs' resistance  
Against America,  
It cleansed the sins  
He committed in his past

Forgiven by Communists, Shias and Kurds  
They gave him support now  
But one has to be aware of  
The imperialistic treachery to split them

Till yesterday I liked him as a bandit  
That declared war against the landlord; but  
Today, in his vanquished breath  
I imagine democratic life forces coming alive

The path showed by Vietnam  
Today Muslims will show it to the world  
By showing contempt to America  
And supporting Iraq and Palestine;

That's why instead of saying good bye  
I welcome Saddam in his own voice!  
Long live Iraq! Long live Palestine!  
Long live jihad mujaheddin!

31 December 2006



## 6. SADDAM HUSSEIN: WILL – LETTER OF INTENTION

I am Saddam Hussein, a warrior par excellence  
I am a Sadr the Chief, and the President of Iraq  
I am writing the death sentence of American imperialism  
And for the past fifteen years I was in war, in jail, now in grave

Why to cover my face before death?  
Let me see the face of the executioner, hiding his face  
under the cover of democracy, for the last time  
Look at his hands! How they tremble, to touch me!

He was anxious about sunrise, his military court  
Was anxious about the awake and arise of Iraqi people  
When I was floating in air at gallows  
He was in his farm-house with death anxiety

Three years ago, when he attacked Iraq  
Sand storm came in fall season  
A sign of spring to come, do you remember!  
When I was floating in air at gallows  
My prayers reached all over the world  
His farm-house trembled in earth quake  
He crouched in his bullet-proof car, and his life in his eyes

Before I completed the sentence, he pulled the rope  
Where he will hide the list of crimes I was revealing?  
I am Arab, I am a soldier, I am a chief  
I lived in that attire and died

I am not any imperialist to wear black dress  
I am not a capitalist market, I am a human being



Maybe I did injustice to Shias and Kurds  
Let my people prosecute me under our laws  
What right these Yankee or his proxies have got?

I plead and request my people to be united  
And I reiterate, I am the president of Iraq, dead or alive

Until Iraqi people rise to get liberty and  
Elect their own government  
From these earthen layers of my grave  
I strive to unite all Arab countries

The Viet-Nam lesson  
We will see that America learns again  
And in more severe terms;

Iraq, Palestine zindabad!  
Mujaheddin zindabad!  
Inqilab zindabad!

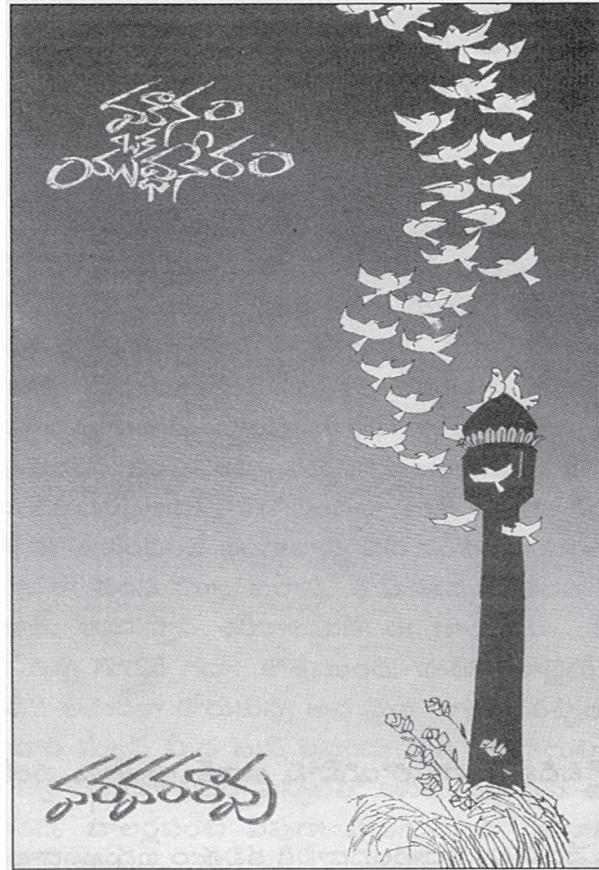
*(Saddam was hanged on the first day of Eid ul-Adha, 30 December 2006)*

3 January 2007

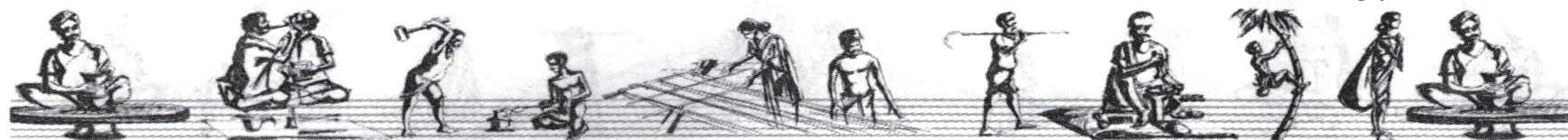
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***Mounam Oka Yuddhaneram (2003)***  
**(SILENCE, A WAR CRIME)**







## SILENCE TODAY- A WAR CRIME

War never comes in silence, it is a tumultuous noise  
It is a market that robs away life's essence

We have to raise our voice  
We have to fight it with all our means;  
Answer to war is saying no to war  
By people, coming in multitudes into streets

Without allowing eagle to have a pinhead of place to fly  
Thousand crore flags of peace must fly high in people's hands

Heads as helmets to make death helpless  
To spread life's breath all over the world  
This is no attack between two sides  
It is America's unilateral attack

A market with deadly weapons of destruction  
It is not mere search for weapons of biological warfare  
What George W Bush needed is a market for weapons,  
Is it a secret to the businessman who sold them to Iraq?

Resistance that defies death becoming a chemical  
Of life's secret is somewhere hidden in Iraq  
It is that fear made America  
to bombard Iraq to create fear

Imperialism is a form of death!

There is a way men can defy death  
A Long March, a tattoo bridge,  
Speak China speak!  
Speak with millions of voices!

Iraq is not just Saddam; Saddam today is a context  
Iraq- the place of Eve and Adam  
Where the fruit of secret of life is unravelled  
It is the place in Mesopotamia  
Where human civilization had its new buds



For thousands of years  
Many mothers had labour pains  
Many children learnt their first steps  
This civilization moves further to blossom

Speak India speak!  
Speak about the destruction in expansion  
Speak as the flow of Ganges about the civilization  
Of Mohenjo-Daro and Sindhu

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Oceans  
Protected places for infinite lives  
Today they carry death ships of America

Sky  
A shade to the life that dwells on earth  
Today a missile of destruction from high

Earth  
How it can protect its children?  
How it can repair its cracks?

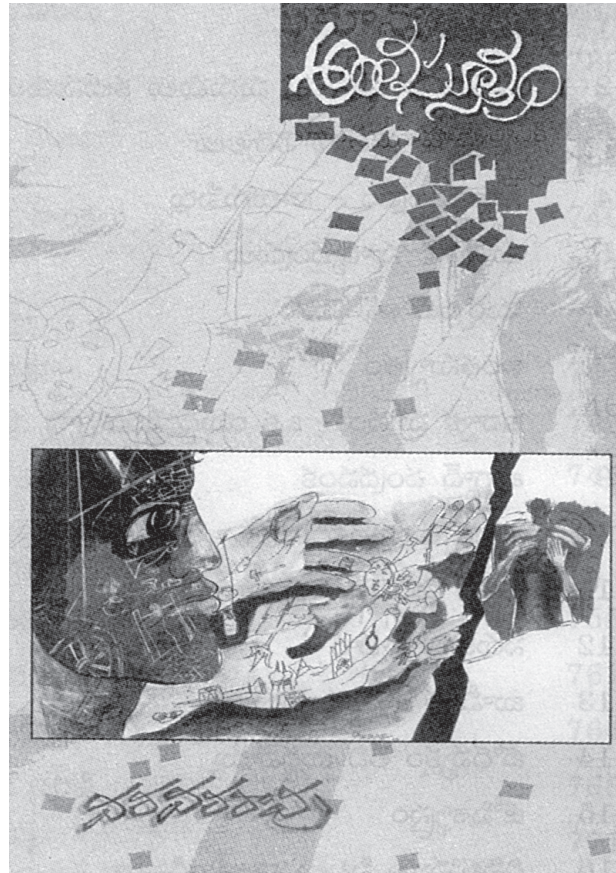
We  
Let's cry like birds that keep birdlings  
Under their wings to drive away eagles and vultures

Human voice  
Let's be a human chain and with collective voice  
Resist the mindless expansion, by standing firm

Peace  
Instead of Saddam, if we desist Bush and Blair  
World peace will come, let's announce it clear and fair

4 March 2003

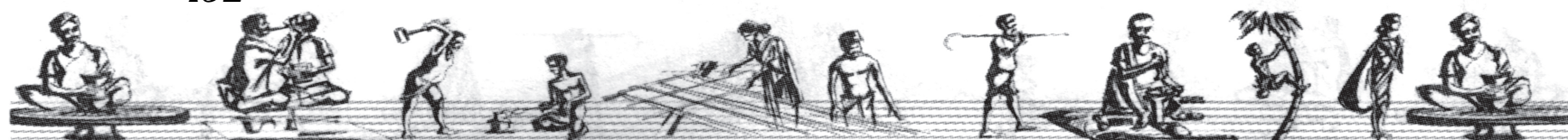




***Antassootram* (2006)  
(INNER THREAD)**



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## 1. THOSE THREE ...

For you our desolate tears,  
slowly became a torrent and  
choked voices of oppressed,  
became big roars- we did notice-

before our stunned eyes  
wounds from your dead bodies  
became flags and our tears  
transformed into flowers- we did notice-

from Kadavendi to Jagityal your wish and dreams  
of furtherance of Telangana Naxalbari's early leaves  
rejuvenated at Kottagattu, their reflections,  
in your final journey- we did notice-

Under your presence and guidance in that procession  
People marched towards your goals  
And the voices and silence of people resisting ban,  
Blue-jay (pala pitta) becoming a rebel song -we did notice

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Where tears transformed into blood  
Blood transmuted into red flags  
Warriors transfigured into immortals; prohibited areas  
becoming places of people's march- we did notice

where is death now lurking?  
In the hearts of the frightened enemies!

Where is life?  
In the paths of martyrs and their heirs!

We did notice

January 2000





## 2. WE MAY NOT MEET AGAIN ...

But people will meet...

Purushottam!

On that day when you told me about  
The violation of human rights in Akkupally  
I was about to ask you about my poem published  
in Varta about the encounter of seven girls,  
the incident of course you did post-mortem

as the police version has some clues, I told you  
that story may be detrimental to Warangal friends  
and you left in hurry to read the newspaper, I thought

'All tender things were crushed'  
You wished to tell so many tender things  
What you heard, what you have seen  
with your own eyes, and what you understood

Looking at you in mortuary, a witness said-  
'Those eyes will haunt the criminals forever!'-

About the children doctor,  
about seventy years old Japa Laxmareddy  
about young Prabhakareddy  
in the width and breadth of Telangana, we wished to discuss

I can tell with the same confidence about Telangana  
Like Ho Chi Minh's certainty of Vietnam;  
Like Achchampet forest, and Krishna River's  
Tribal land, appears our Telangana

Do you hope, the migrated Palamur labour will return?  
To discuss such delicate and tender issues  
We postponed our meeting in our busy schedules

Do you hope that we will meet again?

Bengaluru, December 2000



### 3. LIGHT AND MOONLIGHT

On those lips  
the wetness of mother's milk is intact  
And the thirst is still there  
But what any mother can do?  
She pushed the child away from her lap  
Breaking the bonds either as sacrifice or in selfishness;  
To tell the truth, her sagging breasts yield no milk,  
his dream, as a foetus in mother's womb, got shattered

From generations together they are wounded breasts  
And body suffered with dried cracks  
Though Godavari River is flowing at his head side  
Still, he is searching for the moonlight with milk hunger  
Leaving Taralapally he wandered in kandikal hills  
Girayipally forests, grain fewer poor villages;  
Dreaming about green meadows that savour Manjira milk  
His dream, as a fighting rebel, got shattered;

Our poet said- 'River flowed like tears  
from kohl painted eyes  
For the sake of hard-working people'-

Where is the poet? then behind bars,  
In the flaming of forest- palasa flowers' hearts  
To realise the dreams of poor people, carrying a gun  
his endless journey in forests, in villages  
like an index finger took shape from Mothers' heart pain  
in that tumultuous walk, like fireflies  
the dreams of Sadananda, in moonlight

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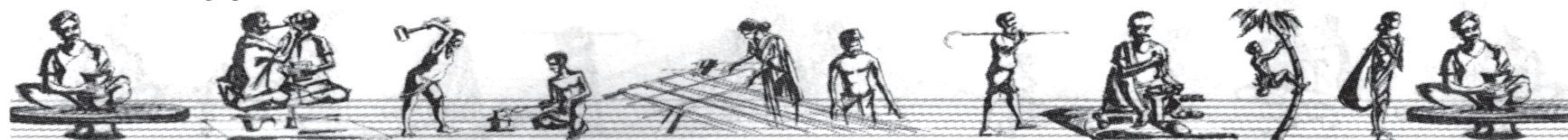
Ours is a desert where rivers flow yet lips go dry  
Ours is a fertile soil where water seldom reaches  
Ours is Krishna River area but blinks in famine  
Ours is a tragedy of migrating lives like this dry river  
Ours is an unsecured life with meagre hope of return

She came to meadows and fields  
Questioning Gadwal fort walls and  
Forts that transformed into education markets;  
from a secured life and an ideal middle class family  
with values embedded, she came, from the sunrise  
after the emergency darkness, understanding  
how knowledge gets transformed into action  
if you gain wings how closer you see the sky  
not only one but she experienced three lives  
in her lifetime of less than forty years

not as fiction but as a sad but sanctifying memory  
she kept the sacrifice of her companion  
alive, who gave away his life to save others

- 'there is a prison in between every two people' -  
her question is the same  
in breaking the prison of male dominance  
they worked together  
but another prison separated their companionship  
which is longer and unbearable

one flag helped her to move further  
and walk steadily after a great tragedy  
journey continued  
there will be people, struggles, friendships  
like past memories we have present responses  
tender touches, whispers they come and go



life is an incessant march of victories and failures  
like Suguna, Aruna, Radha, Latha  
for virtues, for light, for love and for creation

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Both searched for sunshine and moonlight  
For a few thimbles full of milk to the children  
For a few patches of greenness to the peasants  
She put her question to Parameswara in Palanadu  
He put his question to the sea near eastern ghats

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If you smash a blood smeared question  
Flow gets frozen and turns black  
Life moves following others  
There will be struggle  
It was the ideal of the martyrs

They spoke about the alchemy  
Where blood transmutes into sweat  
They worked relentlessly about the affection  
Where love bleeds into blood stream  
They with the same love and tranquillity  
They shed their blood at the horizon  
For the creation of a new world

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Keeping its foot of death  
On the lips that question its oppression and  
Rotating in its orbit in monopoly  
Around the five seas-  
What do you say about it,  
this greedy global thirst and hunger?

Mumbai, 25 October 2003

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## 4. ONE SEA- FOUR NAMES

Riyaz,  
In this sleepless night, I am writing in agony,  
In this silent resting time,  
I am remembering our meetings and  
Those sprightly looks that leap from your face,  
Covered with long curled hair, moving nonchalantly,  
Like the eyes of fish swimming in the waves  
Now I see them in the stars of the dark sky

Since George Reddy's death I am observing  
Jampala, Sri Hari, Chand pasha, they must have had  
their childhood memories before their revolutionary life  
but you were born at the borders of historic conflict  
at the shores of a tumultuous sea;  
waves and wind were inspiration  
from fish you learnt going against tide

many times, we met, maybe in MR 2004,  
but my mind zeroed on that night  
when we talked about Telangana in Delhi  
Born in the lap of sea you described the politics of  
costal exploitation that robbed our waters  
leaving Telangana people in tear storm;

How far it is from Kavali to Karimnagar  
If you wish to participate in fighting for people?  
If you wish to have peace it is possible  
As long as there is conflict there will be peace talks

Announcing ceasefire and in that brief period  
Planning further tactics, you know well when to execute  
You know the discipline of waves that reach the shore,  
you needed no shores, you know how to create storms

in the efforts to establish greater peace  
you were a volunteer in September shadi-mahal meeting



in October you were the representative  
from Nallamala forest,  
first you asked for the Right to Live  
that includes right to freedom, right to equality  
right to freedom of religion, right against exploitation  
cultural and educational rights and  
right to constitutional remedies  
you grumbled about their implementation in this society  
on the ground only fighting occurs, you said-  
first thing to be done is land must be distributed  
to the peasants and agricultural labour;

you were the youngest among the participants  
but like Sahadev of Pandavas, you explained the secret  
about the property ring in the little finger of Panduraju;  
war is necessary to claim property  
or to establish people's rule, you reiterated  
you remained an example of armed struggle

Riyaz  
Nine months not yet completed  
Not in Hyderabad hospital  
But you were reborn in badanakal forests  
Not as one but four warriors like four seas

As Venkateswarlu  
where you were born in kavali nobody knows,  
you became a martyr in Karimnagar as well-known Riyaz  
your shining eyes, your resounding voice,  
your inspiring image stayed in my mind alive  
I did not see the still and silent black day and  
After we heard the encounter,  
came your arrest news  
Between arrest and encounter six hours  
people tried all their means to reach you  
but they knew well,  
only in war you warriors come alive!

Night 2.45, 9 August 2005





## 5. OUR VILLAGE SUN AND MOON

They have conducted their duties  
As natural as sun and moon  
Moon got dissolved in the tearful night  
When sky and earth got wet with their tears  
-‘What have I done? I did my duty’- said the sun

Bhukya Suryam is the gang man  
Hailed in China pendyala of gemya tribe  
Station Ghanpur SC colony resident –  
Ailapaka Chandraiah another gang man  
He would have said the same thing if he is alive

Gang man what he does in his duty?  
Is it not enough to walk on the track carrying a lamp?  
In that dark stormy night wearing a quilt  
having a quick drink of village arak and  
If he slept heavily in a corner of his house  
It would have been better for him and that night  
might have ended in usual early morning light;

but in the same night when a culvert got destroyed  
leaving rail track hanging in air  
the contractor, officer, and minister did not have  
a wink of sleep during that night, can you say that?

Encounter is this sort of incident-  
They did not bother about their own lives  
When they saw that speeding train,  
with full of passengers, they tried to stop it on tracks



in a society where criminals murder people  
in treacherous plots are rewarded,  
one cannot expect anything from gang-men

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By blasting gelatine and  
- losing one life one can save many lives-  
Which duty rule told them?  
To the sun and to the moon  
And to the people who are still humans  
Nature teaches them how to act in emergency!

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We cannot say  
what Godavari Express people said about it  
but me and my life's partner  
when we saw Akeru and rajaram streams  
in full spate after many years  
we remembered our childhood days and  
we always reminisce about the great work of  
our village sun and moon  
that saved the lives of many including you and me

14 July 2005



## 6. MERCHANT OF VENICE

What shall we do to him?  
I have no respect towards him or his friends  
But somehow, I cannot hate him  
In the flames of Pentagon  
In the ashes of burnt down WTC Twin Towers  
In the faces of innocent dead, I see his face clear,  
he made us responsible for that crime  
he lost his lives while killing others

what will be good and what we expect from him?  
He is not a country- like Vietnam  
He is not a government- like Cuba  
Though unable to teach him a lesson  
Libya, Iran, Brazil, Chile, Nicaragua, El Salvador  
Panama, Haiti, Angola, South Africa, north America  
Everywhere his presence is felt but today he is alone  
Powerless to compare with any other nation  
But a terrorist is stubborn  
His anger like the last flicker of light of an oil lamp

He is neither like Iraq, nor like Palestine  
He swallowed sixty years of insults  
Those issues can be understood with insight;  
From April revolutions to Mujaheddin revolt and Taliban,  
the pawns in Russia-America chess game  
for half a century America considered him as an expendable

In World Democracy- from world police of Dallas  
To world terrorist of Powell, he moved like fog

White man's supremacy civilization calls him  
Mad dog, cannibal, rogue state, bad state;

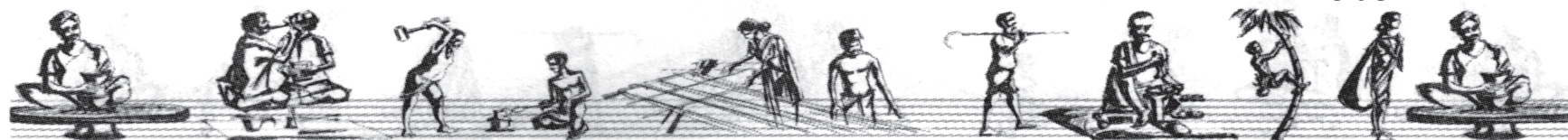


Market wishes to give him a name of religion  
Our rulers who take loan patriotism from IMF  
Call him a terrorist or conspirator  
Don't you hear Paul Robson's music in his anger?  
Don't you find Rosenberg couple's breath in his life?  
Don't you see the aftermath of Hiroshima and Nagasaki  
the sad, terrified, disabled people's lamentations in him?  
You can speak to American youth of Vietnam war times  
You can speak to Bill Clinton mind who ordered bombing  
Of another country to avoid inquiry on his alleged crimes

Today this so-called terrorist became mad  
He stole the sky of America, destroyed the skyscrapers  
And took away many lives is truth but beforehand  
He sculpted his life as a weapon and wrote his epitaph

His hatred is against World Trade Centre  
The nerve centre of world trade  
His hatred is towards Pentagon  
The military centre that dictates world democracy  
His hatred is towards the White House (in bush)  
The political centre that controls exploitation

He may be Bin Laden  
Yesterday's America seeds today  
may be poisonous fruit to him  
Knowing that secret mission as a paper tiger  
He might have started the war, not bothering about  
his life and innocent people's lives;  
but who are the scapegoats in the Bush war?  
Where America friendly NATO enters the arena  
To assist America in intercepting the terrorists,  
who are the scapegoats in the Bush war?



He, she, you and me- we are all  
Poor people of the three worlds- we innocent people

In their minds a question is alive  
Who gives the answer? America or Bajpai?

After this much of terror  
America has the right to remove the extra flesh  
Near its beating heart

But in the Operation World Peace  
Without spilling a drop of blood  
Can Shylock take back Antonio loan?  
If Bin Laden is handed over  
Can they handover Bush father and son?  
Do they investigate the sixty years war criminals?

Can they remove the fear from the hearts  
Of Islam born people?

If those perpetrators are criminals  
All of them are dead;

But who is the real conspirator?  
If you know -Please tell me  
Like Betala in the dead body  
he has put a question before us!

Delhi- 15 September 2001

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## 7. INNER THREAD

He came to break the thread  
A base, a support  
A thread in the fingers, a thread in the eyes  
A thread that became a blood-soaked light  
For the waiting eyes that were like cotton fruits  
A thread that became drum sound in weaving loom  
A thread that became a rope to guide village path  
A rope for a water lifting well, as the stream of life  
In canals, in thirst it flowed in life, that thread

As warp and weft, as rope and tap  
As a thread in garlands unreachable to untouchables

In the lullaby of earth lap, sheltering thousand occupations  
A thread that brought pearls together,  
And the thread of plough lines

A thread that became the flame in a forge  
A thread that dances in drums, chappals  
Of cobbler's make; a thread that became a cloth  
That could be kept in a matchbox  
That spread like moon rainbow in durbar;  
In the potters' wheel, in the dance of dancer's fingers  
In the cotton freshers- doodekula hands- like ektara  
In Kabir doha songs, in Bengal Bowl songs  
The thread has become a philosophy and tune

Thread is a basic element for town and breath  
In between navel and breathing a conduit  
A weaving that fills life cells, a necessity, a dress, a decoration  
A cloth, a garden, a universal product, a sea and a sky – the thread





As a caste, as a religion, when throats get cut  
A thread in plenty that binds an elephant  
Gets broken like gossamer thread  
Not only now, not only here  
Along the shores of Nile River  
Where cotton grew like soft love  
When destroyed under Aswan Dam  
From there to the genocide of Muslims  
By Sangh Parivar, his history is breaking  
Or severing a thin thread  
Destroying water's softness,  
Destroying salt's finesse  
A culture of destruction, a paradox  
The inner thread

2.

He came to break the hands, working hands, eating hands  
Hands that touch little children, hands that caress lovers  
Hands that pray, hands that bless  
Cupped hands, hands that feed,  
Hands that create, hands that sustain  
Hands that beat drums of annihilation; Hands that  
Use implements as weapons in times of necessity

He came to sever the hands that have kept  
the secret of human resources in their fingertips;  
he came to cut the thread to keep man  
as a commodity in the global market;

market has thirst but no hands  
market has bottomless pit of a stomach  
market has cable TV, destructive missiles  
but no hands that work for people



### 3.

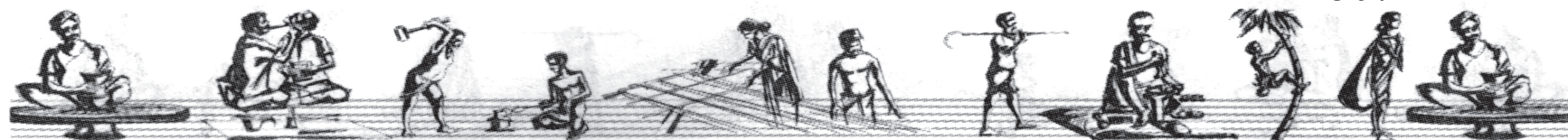
1981

Electricity flowed into weaving looms and  
hands got shock of their life and became paralyzed  
land became real estate  
trade union leaders have become brokers  
some honest ones were eliminated by mafia;  
mills were closed;  
one year strike became a song  
one year strike became a movement  
one year strike became a song in villages  
one year strike somewhere at Jagityal pally became  
an encounter of Ankam Narayana and Vasam Gajender  
strike lost its verve; hands became totally paralyzed  
a new cultural revolution has started

1992

Hands that wove embroidery are dead; Banaras silk sari  
lost its grip; No music, no devices, no dance; no Viswanatha,  
no panda; Pigeons came flying from dilapidated mahals  
To derelict meadows in search of umrao jaan  
No more zamindars, no more bandits  
In Faizabad, Ayodhya, Lucknow, Kasi  
Mendicants and sages, Sangh Parivar  
Not for Ramacharita manas but for  
Rama janma Bhoomi they became tridents

No trees on the ground, no gardens, no flowers;  
With pandas and dead bodies  
River Ganges is screaming in magic chants  
Who are those young kids running on the shore,  
Crying Rama janma Bhoomi?  
Handicrafts fell like root severed trees  
Babri masjid demolition is a tell -tale sign



4.

From Iraq, Egypt  
From Arabian sea, Varanasi, Dhaka to China  
How it flowed? Through water or air  
What is the inner thread of the civilization?  
In Surat, why they searched for signs of circumcision?  
In that saffron enmity who accounts  
for the blood from the severed heads?  
Weavers and Muslims separated by a severed thread  
Why they committed suicide in front of factory gates?  
What secret hand is behind these murders and suicides?  
What is the cotton's dying declaration in this mayhem?

Are we coming to square one?

Is this world a colourful stage? - as Shakespeare said;  
Both screen and thread got damaged  
Hands that pull the thread got broken  
Stage has come to the city market from open lands  
No human beings you find in the market;  
all are role playing puppets; no screen closing,  
like the silk embroidered edge  
that slipped from the thigh,  
the broken rope and hand are dumped  
they lie in – use me- with blood stains,  
like a defeated Palestine fighter;  
an abstract painting, a treaty in democratic way;

one can win Nobel Prize for art and peace  
for showing destruction as art,  
values as exchange, all prestidigitation  
and man becomes commodity



Rapes, murders, suicides, encounters, missing cases,  
land mines, caste and creed conflicts, genocides,  
all these are condemned by humanists  
what about civilization? By nature, it has violence  
in its evolution; as the road widens, why, more accidents?

When paths become tar roads, and footpaths  
join mainstream; where walking is a crime,  
on the highway when you find no way, where  
is the existence of that thread in this civilized society?

When blood pours from sky and eye  
in incessant stream, from the sword wounds of womb,  
what a poet can do directly is to recite a poem  
like the drumbeats that awakens the village;  
during epidemics of cholera or plague  
hoping for the peace and relief in villages  
he can sound his heartbeat  
in cohesion with shehnai's agony in silence.

(3 October 2002- 7 May 2005)



## 8. COMMODITY THIRST

Living being needs water  
In desert camels lead to oasis

Living beings need water  
That maybe a man or tiger, a natural instinct is thirst;

For those natural instincts  
Sometimes people may behave inhumanly

But how this market's thirst gets quenched, unless  
it extinguishes all other lamps, with war and weapons?

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In the conflict between commodities and resources  
Today blood is flowing to control oil flow

It is a challenge  
to whoever loves moon and moonlight

Iraq war is not over, the war thirsty war marketeer  
He is now looking at us from Syria, Iran and North Korea

Wherever he suspects the presence of life's elements  
he is going there with straddling steps,

In a warship that started with market thirst,  
We and our rulers stepped in with caste thirst

Are we going to be Casabianca on the burning deck?  
Or shall we be the colossus that question the Canute?

Are we trying to stop the waves of the sea of time?  
Or yielding to the waves of market strategies?

12 April 2003

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## 9. NO FOOD TO EAT BUT...

They need our land for international high-flying ships  
To land and to fly, and for fly-overs, five-star hotels;  
Not even a dust particle should touch their soles  
But they need the land of many villages put together

They need our land for big irrigation projects  
There will be canals but no water below  
On the upside hundreds of villages go down  
under water along with the houses

They need our land and forest for Uranium mining,  
firing ranges and to spread sulphur and poison  
in the air to choke breaths of innocent people;  
they need land for missile testing

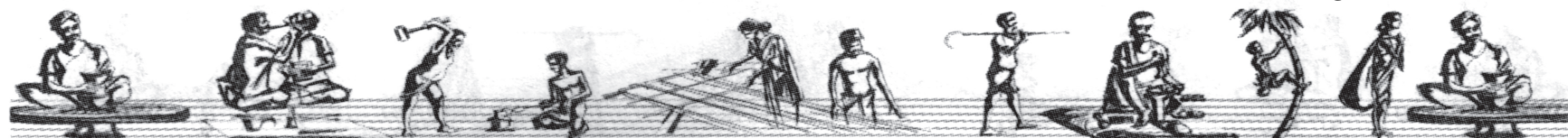
They need our land, sea and sky for space research  
And for artificial satellites, RADAR, and rockets  
They need sea-shores for internet towers  
They need land for final resting places in big packets

For that they evacuate people from villages, islands  
Sea-shores and plan long-term rehabilitation on papers  
You see not even a stick or line except foundation stones  
In that internet magic where invisible armless spiders hit

For education, entertainment, tourism, industry, business  
For fibre and cyber, estates and real- estates, parks and  
Graveyards, Santi sthal and war- field for everything  
They need land for destruction in the name of construction

Now where is the land for the tillers,  
peasants or agricultural labourers to plough, sow,  
and harvest to have a fistful of grain,  
Those who created land from generations together!

22 May 2005





## 10. BUDDHA PARK WITHOUT BODHI TREE

And Mahatma said-

'India will be free when the women feel safe  
to walk in the streets of India in the midnight'-  
He said it sixty years ago...

And it happened  
in Buddha Park in the capital city  
where ex-Presidents and Dalai Lama were in a meeting  
a woman was gangraped by the guards of Rashtrapati Bhavan

And in daylight  
They perpetrated the crime  
Only a week back  
we remembered Mahatma

And on that day  
Our country was also remembering  
Chandrababu; Some for good,  
some for bad

we have no time to think  
about the half of the sky;  
To speak the truth, when we actually  
bothered about the half of the world?

Mumbai, 12 October 2003

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## 11. AS(H)TROLOGY

Now you read our lines of fortune  
After graduating from these universities  
That teach Astrology and related branches  
To decide our qualifications and fate

Yes, we have lines of fortune  
holding your magnifying glass  
to touch or not to touch- that's the question  
Because we are untouchables

Say, where are those lines?  
Dried with thirst and died with hunger;  
You can see the poverty line from a distance  
And our mothers' fate line with skin and bones

What beautiful rivers you see in our hand landscapes?  
As children we gathered dung, we brought thorny twigs,  
And dry branches, we handled sticks to control cattle  
Our hands have got hills of callosities from all these battles

We skinned dead animals, made shoes, played drums  
Lived in outskirts or far away from the main villages  
Near garbage, filth and trash in wastelands, so  
What lines of fortune or life, you expect in our hands?

Lines of hard-work with crosses of struggles  
Or the signs of hot sunshine  
and terrible winter cold  
You may see, but not the lines of better future;

About our women, hands are their sole property  
With their hands they deliver babies



With their hands they resist forceful unions  
With those hands they clean utensils and houses

With those hands they do the work in fields  
With those hands they wash their kids, cattle  
With those hands they work like machines  
With those hands they cook and bear beatings

In those hands where do you find any sort of lines  
Looking at male hand you predict female's luck  
When It is written on forehead,  
why read tricky lines?

Do you really wish to see the lines in our hands?  
You need not touch them  
In your needs you touch our feet  
In your greed you handcuff our hands

You can see lines of umpteen castes in our hands  
You can see border-lines of untouchability in them  
You can see the lines of resistance overpowering  
The past lines of oppression and exploitation

Would you like to see lines becoming fire and sparks?  
And our river less hands generating power and rivers?  
From these hands are born the implements of liberty  
From these hands shall flow red rivers and revolution!

Delhi, October 2003

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## 12. LET BIRDS PERCH ON THAT SCARE-CROW

Wherever I stand as a scare-crow  
Let there be a field ready to harvest;  
If Adivasis and Dalits take that produce  
to their homes it will be so good

If there is a police station or camp  
If it is consumed by poor in them, it will be good  
If that place, where scare-crow is there,  
If it belongs to them, it will be so good

But where is the land to sow some rice?  
Where is water and where are those water lakes?  
Anantapur, Achchampet, Ghanpur, now infinite deserts  
Those lakes now look like dried fields in mid-summer

If at least somebody place a bomb in that scare-crow  
And blast it, some water-spring from underground may sprout  
To quench the thirst of a few dried tongues  
Leave me aside, but do not hang the scare-crow in gallows;

Let birds perch on that scare-crow  
Where there are no trees or places to take rest;  
In this hot summer, let them have bellyful of grain and  
Let those birds perch on that scare-crow

To hang men from the days of lore,  
From the days of slaves to present day  
Lamp-posts, city-centres and transformers  
Came in hand to society as spots of convenience

Maybe not in this hot summer  
Like Meghya, a water tap named after that martyr  
If I too become a live scare-crow on a cross  
It will be so good!

18 May 2003

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### 13. A CIRCUS TIGER- A LITTLE CHILD

It is not that easy to identify enemy  
As that of recognizing a child,  
A morsel of food from that mother's hand  
it reached his mouth;

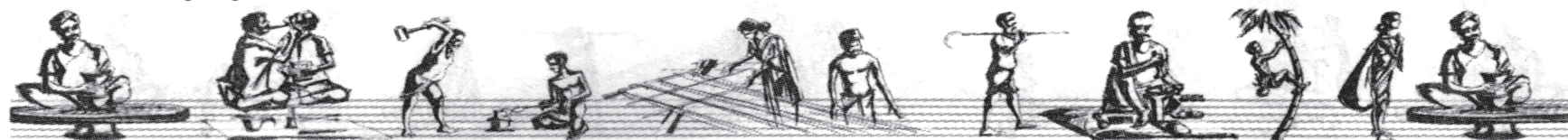
Your enemies ten or more, let them escape  
It is no matter  
You aimed your gun at the enemy,  
But his mother is feeding him,

When buds are wounded  
With that fallen blood  
Earth loses  
its fragrance

Even in war, day or night  
The delicate bond one should not lose is-  
the love for humans  
The love for humanity.

30 May 2005

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## 14. ONE BY ONE

I thought it was a bit of exile  
To me and a few of my friends  
it is a notice of proscription  
Since I should not talk to you and you should not talk to me  
we should not talk to each other, a collective ban to all of us

From early human beings to my supreme mother  
From songs of birds, from wavy language of fish  
From the greetings of wind to pollen of flowers  
From the compliments of sunrays to the early sprouts  
From the sweat drops of hard work  
From the love signs of heartbeats  
From the language we learnt is an interdiction

Please mention my name in gatherings,  
Where?  
No more gatherings,  
No way can you think of full moon in dark days!

When there is no place for ideals  
Where do you find some space for emotions and feelings?  
When there is no way to speak  
Where do you find space for talks?

A decade ago, one banned history  
in the directions of World Bank  
History exploded and he barely escaped with life and  
Remained as a black spot in the blood- stained history pages

Present day ruler, again started repeating that process  
Put a ban on literature  
Fifty years ago in Russia, one ruler banned resistance

In Andhra Pradesh a State that formed fifty years ago  
Now celebrates Golden Jubilee  
Yes, in banned peace, -silence is golden!

24 October 2005

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## 15. GRIEVING CUCKOO

This year we have good rains  
that filled streams and lakes,  
before that for ten years we had no seasons!  
So, when I stepped into jail, I heard the cuckoo song  
and was surprised to see the early arrival of spring

Walls of Nizam times, barbed wires, electric fence  
Sentry towers, walls within walls, gates within gates  
locks opening and closing, march fasts, watch rounds  
Imprisoned greenery, flightless pigeons  
sky as though locked up in jail precincts  
Afternoon prayers- Allaho Akbar- namaj voices  
Air trembling with coldness from the wet earth  
all seasons as though became prisoners they dwell here

Mango leaves and neem flowers tastes the same  
jail cuckoo sang a song of melancholy  
like Belli Lalita  
a song of resistance  
not because I arrived there  
maybe because our friend Kanakachari is no more!

25 August 2005

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## 16. ATTACHMENT

Not that he is a great man,  
Is he handsome? cannot say! his hair, like bird's wings  
and a bald head shine in between those tufts of hair,  
but the smile of Telangana whiskers that flows  
from him or from his heart, it greets you  
then afterwards his image won't leave you,  
whether we achieve Telangana or not!

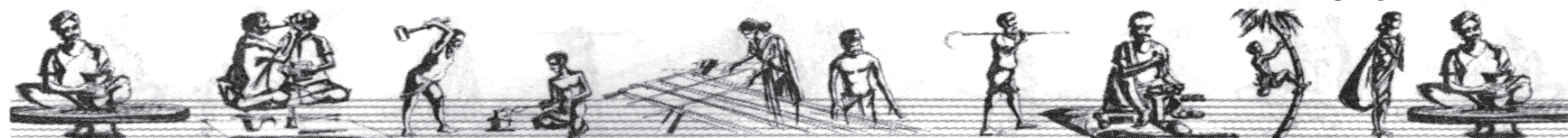
he never wished to be a writer  
as his occupation demands  
otherwise, he could have celebrated silver jubilee  
for writing conspiracy cases and encounter fictions!

we know some police writers who penned on bougainvillea  
we know a few who supported the coverts  
we know a few who became writers because of turmoil  
and after they became great, they started finding fault  
in the movements of resistance;

but, he expected proper teaching to children  
and handfuls of compassion for oppressed people  
from the teachers;

once he realized that  
there are no chances of any project in that dry area  
he himself carried Krishna River water in cans  
to quench the thirst of famine hit mouths;

-We don't want recognition of any revolutionary party  
where humanity no more survives-said some people;  
he searched for them in the thought migrated persons



Never was he alone; in his walk and talk,  
you can see tens of school teachers' legs and feet,  
if we remember him now!

if a common man works for others  
how he becomes immortal we can see from his work  
and the survived unions in that district

To be a leader one needs a society or union  
but he was a member and volunteer in every union;  
Snakes that roam in champak bushes  
spotted him and his fragrance and did strike him

He became immortal while trying to establish  
martyr's relatives and friends' union in Palamur

In the friendship of twenty -five years  
I never knew I had this much attachment with him  
Maybe to save the people in the Cobras list  
he kept his neck against the poisonous axe  
to let others, survive and speak

if that is so, I will announce  
his friendship with me in full light of truth

28 August 2005

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## 17. AND IN JAIL...

Jail is like day dragging its feet into night...

A part of sky always keeps you under observation  
Between the four walls you can see  
the metamorphosis of caterpillar into butterfly  
and the nest made by golden sparrow in reeds  
Seeds brought by pigeons from Mecca Masjid  
growing into plants and giving corn;  
sky continuously giving light to you like a lamp

Evening star near prison tower becomes night's eye  
in the darkness that spread into prison without noise;  
Moon described by a poet as lone camel wanders  
in the sky of your cell's sleepless roof  
searching for the oasis in the prison's compound

You woke up in the morning to look  
at the fallen parijata jasmine flowers and wonder  
-are they not the flowers that blossomed in the yesterday evening?  
you feel lucky to see the new little bird blinking at you  
on the upper branch keeping nectar in its beak its mother,  
In the bush ready to hunt, a wild cat, like a crouching tiger

Mornings become clouded afternoons  
Go and sprinkle a handful of grains near the water tub  
Before the arrival of guests from Charminar  
habitual birds gather there  
Crows threaten them like khakis  
and doves dive into shaded waters.

like malaria in Mannem  
like Alumina company in Adivasi areas



a shadow looms over like Israel drone  
as our friend Ankamrao said-  
A devil descends like whirlwind  
breaking the layers of earth,  
pigeons, crows, fly into sky  
the devil wets the flesh piece in water  
like Katrina typhoon that looted Louisiana,  
a hawk looks around with victorious countenance

from a distance  
one can hear the drum sounds  
that invite peace to the departed;  
on the moonless night of manes  
or on the day of solar eclipse  
drum sounds reverberate in the inflamed hearts

Hot sun slowly losing his fire-sparks gets cooled  
and mind sinks into the usual evenings

A colony of bats in their distorted happiness  
hangs upside down to the branches  
of kanuga and ficus trees

Songs of Batukamma that reminds one  
about the native village, its nearby stream and childhood days  
become moon who drops flowers one by one and  
those tunes of life, showers moonlight in my heart chambers

3 October 2005

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## 18. I AM A TIRELESS TRAVELLER

I am a tireless traveller  
I am a vagabond  
Requesting the sky for stars during dark nights  
Entreating trees and vines of valleys  
for flowers in moonlight  
I move from one place to another  
I am a tireless traveller

We believe stars that fell on earth become warriors  
And these warriors fight against injustice and die  
To become martyrs and again stars in the sky;  
Flowers fall and seeds grow into trees  
To become a fan to the wind;

Then sky and earth told me-  
If you are sure about your run, is it for self-help?  
or for the righteous path or for the downtrodden people?  
Then you will be knowing your mode- to ask or to request -

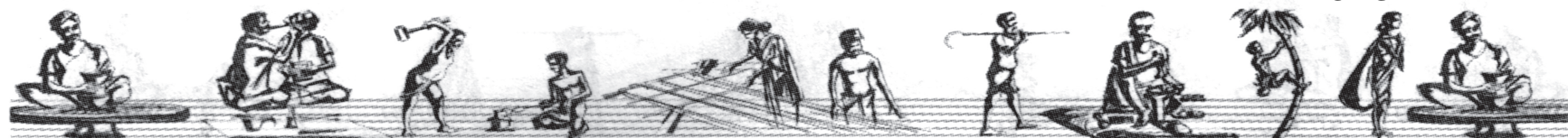
I took a deep breath and released a great sigh, yet  
wind was blowing like a flute in the bamboo grove

Though I drank handfuls of water and stored some  
I created floods and famine.  
Stream as rhythm, waterfall as a drum, river as a song  
Torrential flow moved and spread like music  
Nature revealed the beauty of truth in sunshine;

- 'Like a moment in time, like an atom in a molecule  
Like a drop of water in the sea, like a spark in a fire-ball  
You are just a bit of walk in that infinite path  
If you can walk or run without faltering in your steps  
You may reach your destination, o tireless traveller!' -  
Saying thus smiled sky and earth

5 AM; 26 October 2005

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## 19. BAN ON THE LANGUAGE OF PEACE

-I will bring our grandfather from the jail-  
Amar visited me in prison

Our house is nearby, why you are here? - he asked me  
Now this is my house- I told him  
I know that police brought you here- said he

I tried to introduce him to the police jawans,  
Angrily he said- I am not going to address them -uncle

Police is not good, but police men are good- I said to him  
He was a bit confused about this complex statement

He pulled the specs from my face

I recalled the child who took the specs Of Omar Mukhtar;  
Deceived in peace talks, Omar was killed in war

We came towards the gate  
and I was about reach the inner gate

'No! we will go this side; I came here to take you with me-'

I said - beyond that inner gate I have a house  
With high walls, where pigeons play in that premises, and  
In between four walls, a garden with trees that touches sky  
And we have maize, guava and sugarcane

Then, I will come with you- he said

Held by the hands of a khaki, Aman was crying  
I heard but I moved further, in tears, without looking back;  
Maybe it symbolically showing the older generation in cells  
And younger ones in police custody!

Enemy declared the anxiety of breath for peace  
As a forbidden language during war-times



## 20. TO DEMOLISH...

Not as narrow as a house  
But a toy house of children  
No walls, it looks like a shell  
A flower bunch or a sparrow's nest

Near a stream or sea shore  
Children build a sand nest over their feet  
When a wave of water demolishes it  
They clap hands with glee

Paper boat or sword boat  
If it moves nicely along the stream  
They think boats moved towards horizon  
With cries of elation their eyes become pearl shells

Now where are those streams and nests?  
Where has gone those boats or walks?  
All apartments, shady walls, corridors without ventilation  
No night queen or pea blossoms near those iron grills

If you wish to know about nature's splendour  
Ask those children of modern days apartments!  
They switch off the lights in their rich homes and  
Show us artificial stars and sky painted on the roof!

Children all over the world knew  
annoyance attracts proportionate punishment  
now children here realized that freedom of speech  
sometimes puts you in jail

To accommodate the old man-  
Their grandfather who writes poems  
They build, in their sand houses, a separate jail room  
And they demolish it in the end, under the claps of joy!

17 January 2006



## 21. CHILD CARE-1

Today's children  
You can scold them, beat them  
You can speak lies before them  
To sculpt them  
As the future citizens  
Of modern Bharat

Then  
They grow up  
And repeat the same  
Some with power  
Some suffer  
Powerless

## 22. CHILD CARE -2

Minor children  
Like mine workers who dig and carry  
Ores of coal, iron and gold  
On their heads and back  
With dirt filled clothes  
Children do grime their dresses

To bring them up  
You imprison them in uniforms  
And in strict discipline  
Then minors become majors  
With military discipline  
They imprison you in old age homes, and  
They achieve medals of bravery

18 January 2006

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## 23. SCHOOL – JAIL

School or jail

They imprison freedom to rise children into adults  
And to sculpt them into criminals,  
in those places of reformation

In both places, they are good if you don't talk  
In both places, they are good if you don't walk

Because kid is speaking mother tongue  
Child will be sent to convent to school to learn  
official language or language of commerce  
In societies if people talk language of people  
They will be sent to jail to learn language of the criminals;  
With children we say they are doing mischief  
With people we say they are doing nuisance

At home front

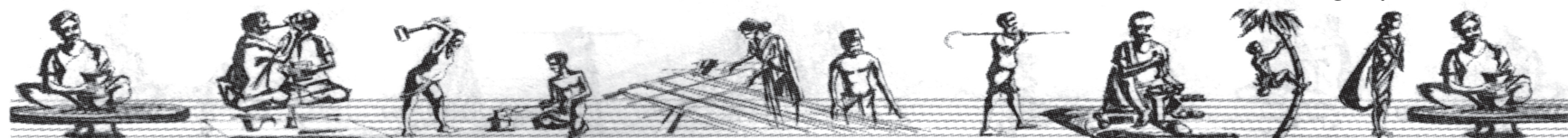
How much mother and father seemed to be at logger-heads  
Like ruling party and opposition, they pass anonymous resolution  
and send children either to school or jail like residential schools

As we all know, education endows humbleness  
By the time kids reach pre-university from pre-school  
They grew up speaking lies  
A prerequisite to handle the power or governance

Because prisoners are criminals in the issues of properties  
and power, unless they acquire criminal nature  
Majority of them remain as human beings, poor and deprived  
But stamped as criminals in the language of the society

Today's children are the citizens of tomorrow  
So what? by that time, budding will be the next generation!

2 February 2006



## 24. PRE-SCHOOL WORKS

Every morning  
To meet our friends  
We get ready and go  
We won't stop  
We like this way  
We thunder like clouds  
We pour like rains  
We shine like sun

Yes, o children  
Before going to school  
Complete whatever you liked

There in the school  
They don't allow you  
To do anything you like

6 February 2006

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## 25. PARTITION LINE

Nowhere allowing words to get wet  
Nowhere allowing mind to gain weight  
We speak about the past happenings  
Repetitively yet with many a twist

Not allowing conversations drift towards self  
Not allowing health enquiries go beyond lip shelf  
We keep ourselves safe from inquisitive eyes  
Not allowing anybody to fathom our inner-self

Once you step out of the gate  
Tears of separation had individual loci

It is not that outside there is no grief  
But there you may find winds of consolation;  
It is not that there is freedom outside  
But both have a common roof in isolation;

Now you have to bear alone storms  
You have to suffer earthquakes under your feet  
Sleep deserts you, not allowing dreams  
You are alone in your inside and outside

What a safe imprisonment?  
To keep one's own life safe.  
What a forced separation?  
To keep one's mind intact.

The moment you understand this  
Freedom that was a faraway sky  
Becomes life force giving such strength  
But it tests you, that much as a forbidden zone

Midnight 12 o clock: 25 October 2005





## 26. RENDEZVOUS

No need of sunsets, or good mornings  
No calling bell, only take care about milk packet  
That cat must be somewhere prowling;  
That anxiety is enough to get out of the light sleep  
And a leap to the kitchen deep to start routines  
Nearby awaits a colourful net of a television  
To a bird in that nest life becomes a lifelong waiting

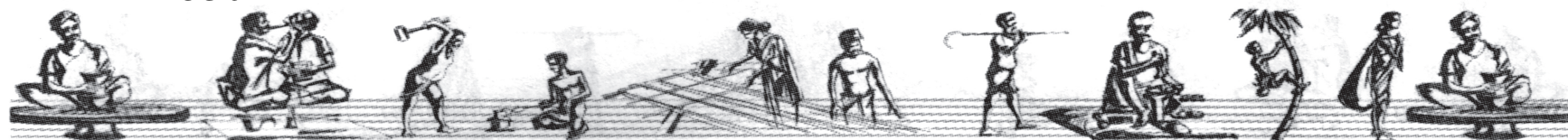
Into an apartment that lacks sun, moon, sky, earth, air  
Aman arrives like light, like ambrosia  
Like a cloud, like petrichor, like a twister  
For a while you forget kitchen with wings opened

-'Because grandfather had mouthfuls of words  
He was arrested, now I have them'- declares he  
Then for some time he imitates Gaddar  
with brightened face; and then he will be a spiderman  
and plans leaping from windows  
then he will be a cricketer making runs;  
Looks at the far away hoarding of Sania Mirza  
and introduces her to all of us;  
Gets injured in his leaps and bounds  
And pretends silence for a while  
And goes out to greet others  
His presence is a cool breeze to the hot summer minds

Then again quiet, waiting; Pending works, court cases,  
case-work, jail work, low pressure zones, depression,  
storm, rain; through the rain flies a pigeon flies,  
It has to survive live wires and vicious traffic

In between Chanchalguda jail and Nalgond centre  
Is a road, which is obscured by the prison walls

Forty years of companionship  
A waiting of a lifetime for a rendezvous



## 27. WHAT IS THERE?

The more you wait the more despair  
More than words hesitation takes its toll  
Or in the stormy heartbeats

From the moment of separation starts longing  
For another heart- touching meeting

Longing as a bridge does it bring two banks together?  
Or we swim across the canal  
Without reaching one another

More than half of our life, our names have become  
synonymous not only to ideals but also for longing

What's there?  
We were born in different places;

while this sovereign perpetrates conspiracies and  
terrorising destructions  
we celebrate our wedding day, me in jail, you at home  
then, why should we have this anxiety?  
And why should we think of any celebration?

3 November 2005

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## 28. CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Every year Christmas Day comes  
But the same night will not come again

In the meadows of our villages  
-**'Aadhahai** chandrma **raataadhi'**-  
Greeting shy moonlight that comes in waves  
at midnight is it possible now?

Not only hemanta season  
But also passed vasanta, sarat seasons

Whatever may be the season  
Either it is crescent moon or full moon,  
For the late coming moon  
Searching for him among bushes and shadows  
This is not any forest;  
Here at six o clock sky gets into lock up

Poet Nikolai Googi answered with a proverb-  
-There is no night that does not end with dawn-

On Christmas Cross  
Each drop of sacrificial blood  
Blossoms into a December flower

24 December 2005

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## 29. FREE ZONE

Night's third hour,  
A time for the caresses of the close-ones  
Wind came in a hurry to wake up the hearts  
Hunted by the polluted city

There is no freedom to the air in the city  
Gardens are guarded by the guards  
Parks demand tickets to enter  
Bulldozers can demolish huts in Musi River  
But cannot make flowers to bloom

when there were no bridges  
love did swim against the flood in this town  
and it got imprisoned in the embrace of  
the eight- leg ringed reptile

the flower in the hair tuft of Bagmati  
went into the hands of the highest bidder;  
without prohibitive orders, one cannot conduct  
a meeting here; in that rulers' chat club, walkout's rub  
where headman purchases coolies with money,  
there air gets choked for lack of fresh air;

where can this air go?  
Before going anywhere, here vehicles close their noses,  
Binds the driver to seats with seatbelts,  
imprisoning the heads of the vehicle drivers in helmets,  
Houses close their windows and doors  
There is no space for fresh air in anybody's lungs

Without getting arrested by police,  
Without going into the Magistrate's presence  
Without opening any of the jail gates, like Mulki  
pursued by free zone, helped by twenty- four hours  
legal advice, this night air at my side,  
in jail, it breathed in its real freedom

22 February 2006

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## 30. BUSH BIRD-FLU

-‘A man’s character is revealed  
At the manner he eats meat’- they say  
Today all the respected gentlemen are exhibiting  
Their prowess of blood thirst at poultry exhibition

More than the country chicken  
The chicken affected by World Bank Virus  
Tastes better - they say - even though it died of the virus

Except to our MPs, our army and  
To our guest president  
They served the delicious looking chicken dish to all commoners

O commoners! No fear  
You can eat it without any doubt  
Our king is the greatest king of all the kings  
He is a non-practising doctor too  
He tasted it and announced-  
For the welfare of poultry industry  
For the welfare of education industry

To get rid of the common cold  
Chicken soup is the best-

2 March 2006

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## 31. TO THE WARMONGER!

Leaving the emperor's honour aside  
Heads bent low, hands rolling involuntarily  
Our rulers gave a grand welcome to you in the airport  
But people expressed their displeasure  
By raising their heads, voices and clenched fists into the sky

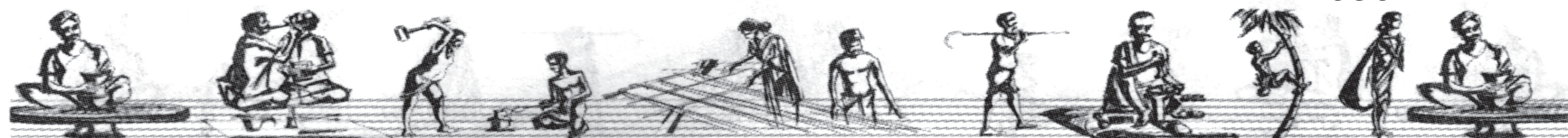
You were scared to alight on our country's soil  
Like an eagle you wished to rob our sweat with your beak  
You descended into the seven stars facility  
While we spread ourselves all over the world  
with determination to drive away you from our sky and  
With sacrifices and struggles of martyrs and fighters  
We did spin a thread to fly the kites of freedom

After having talks with the new brokers in the old Fort  
You praised them for their democratic ways of  
Keeping clean of the pet animals in the zoo  
And teaching them the tricks of milking essences,  
From trees, milk, and women, as though in business schools  
And on the third day with documents signed in your favour  
You said good-bye and left this country to its fate!

From the Third World, it is not the atomic dust secret  
You are taking away, but the resistance and tears;  
You can ask those dead forty in Pakistan, or  
The bomb exploded at Karachi consulate  
Ask Saddam in court, or the burning cinders in Iraq  
Or put a question to the burning fuel in Iran  
Or ask Latin American countries, now learnt to resist you  
Or Palestine people's breath that became suicide bombs

Why that far? Though we could not stop your arrival  
To our country, but you can ask Arundhati Roy  
The representative of our collective quills of resistance!

2 March 2006





## 32. VILLAGE HAD HEAD-BATH

For the last three days it is like struggling for life  
As though all the five elements revived their lives five;  
After that devil left our village life got its breath back  
And when it heard he left the country it inhaled again

From this evening what a scene of thunders and flashes!  
Near the old Fort he praised about our ancient origins  
Then it rained to take away the fear from mother's mind  
Earth permeated its petrichor, it cleansed its every red cell  
To remove any atomic poison, he poured on our earth

It purified the plant he touched, the udders he glanced  
The working hands he looked at with envy, the produce,  
It cleansed all, till they are devoid of any of his vile signs

Even if a bird flies, he said, he will wrench its wings

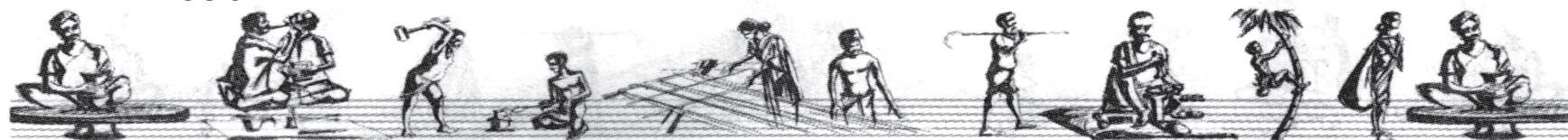
When a kite became a stone in the sky, it asked the lathi  
about the wounds of Iqbal and Mehboob Ali  
Pattarghatti, Charminar have our blood -stained history  
Maybe we have not identified the people properly  
Crescent in the sky smiled, and  
It requested the clouds to chase away his demon birds

It seems he was impressed by Sania Mirza  
our Bagmati's nose ornament our village was happy  
and became a shining pearl  
for a moment with washed off dirt

That devil who came here crossing seven seas  
The moment he left; nature sighed with happiness

If this rain becomes a continuous pour, a great flood,  
Lightning becomes a sword, thunder as thunderbolt  
And world lands in deluge, and strikes him off to hell....

3 March 2006



### 33. SARVESWAR DAYAL SAXENA POEMS (HINDI)

#### CHAPPALS-1

My chappals were in a bad state  
They have holes and worn away  
Pebbles make hell underneath  
So, I stopped  
-Why don't you go? -  
I asked the chappals  
They answered  
-If you wish to go ahead  
We are ready! -  
I became silent  
How can I tell  
That I have holes and  
I am broken at many places!

#### CHAPPALS-2

Since I purchased  
a new pair of chappals  
there is a change in my walk  
but time's walk did not change;  
My friends say that I am keeping  
More weight on my left leg.  
In fact, I am transferring  
My right leg's pain to my left leg



### CHAPPALS-3

In my polished boots  
You can see your face-  
-Said he;  
I was stunned  
How lucky are those people  
That have no faces- I thought

Again, I thought  
People that have no chappals  
Must be very good

Then again, I thought  
Those who do not wear chappals  
Are they human beings?

### CHAPPALS-4

On that Asphalt Road  
Where tar and sand were steaming  
I found a pair of torn, ugly,  
Lone, broken chappals;  
I started thinking about  
The feet that wore  
These chappals-  
And I bow to them, humbly

April 2001

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## 34. LET MOUNTAINS BREAK APART...

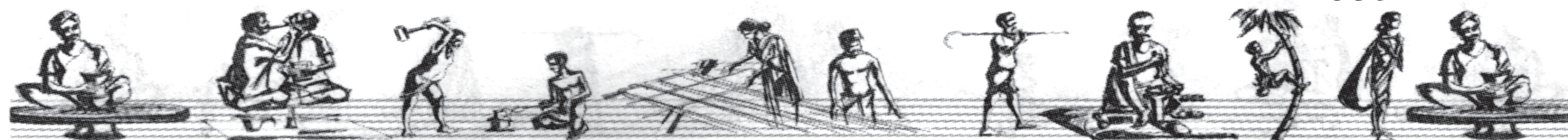
And fall on me...  
Let rivers in spite drown me  
Let big waves on headlands  
push me out again and again  
I will test my strength

Because it is the power of your love  
I scaled mountains, crossed rivers  
Fathomed seas with that strength  
I felt no weariness because  
You were a cloud greeting me on mountain top  
You were the light and moonlight on river surface  
You were the roar of the sea

From one peak to another  
While I was moving, I got wet with clouds  
From one bank to another  
I bathed in moonlight and warm light  
I lived with the roar of the sea  
Fathoming its depths, I realized myself

When waves broke sea took them into its fold  
Sea taught me about the agitating anxieties  
And the power of sand that can cause wounds

Let death come, you are with me till the last breath  
When mountains break apart, I will be in clouds' embrace  
When rivers drown me, I caress light and moonlight  
When sea throws me out with its waves



I remember the darkness and its shining  
Like your wine-stained lips it leans on to me  
It woke up my conscience  
that has been dwindling every minute

streams that fight in darkness may not shine, but  
Man, fights in despair also can throw some light

I would like to test this light

Let mountains break apart and fall on me  
Let rivers in spate drown me  
Let seas with their waves threw me out  
I would like to test the power of this radiance

In essence  
This is your love's radiance  
That means  
In between desire and selection  
A musical quest in my mind  
A radiant blessing  
I would like to show it alive  
Even after my time elapsed

Let mountains break apart and fall...

April 2001

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## 35. AS THE AGE GROWS...

“As the age grows, everything on you grows bigger’.

Because age is growing  
Road will not come down  
It goes up as usual

New stages will come for the fight  
Though we get weary  
They pull us inside

Our body refuses to give in  
Mind tries its best to cheer the legs and arms  
The pain of doing nothing useful hurts

The stories of reaching peaks reverberate  
Songs from the flute reminds the wounds of reed  
Tunes played from different sources gives solace

O cowherd! Give me your hand and lead me  
If not my word, let your words come out of my mouth  
Now this is life, and I live for it

I am not empty;  
Like a pot filled to brim  
I lead my life to its full extent

April 2001

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## 36. AGAIN ...

A village's age  
If it comes as a line that drawn  
Over the youthfulness of twenty years age  
How does it look like?

It will be as natural as cows giving white milk  
Like warm vapours rising over the fresh milk  
Like soft linen that got warm in hot sunshine  
With first rains, petrichor taking warm breath

When I stand near the mustard flowers  
amidst wheat fields, I feel like myself anew  
with the fragrance that enveloped me  
and goes spreading with the moving winds

till we send the produce in hemp sacs to market  
you have to tell our age;  
they are like the desires of young girls  
who doesn't rise their heads towards raining sky!

They neither look into others eyes or their own  
They don't bother about the light that sparkles  
And reaches their lips; they neither care about  
The rain- drop falling on their lips nor its taste

Instead of breaking the memories  
It is better to forget about them  
Near the canal bank, at the old bridge  
Can I throw a big chunk of clod into the running stream?

Let that mynah bird sitting in silence fly  
Fluttering its wings in full speed



Let Bhol's journey to the town  
May gain good speed!

Suddenly he remembered the Chaitra- spring  
He forgot about purchasing two insecticide tins;  
He purchased half kilo batteesa, six coloured toy horse,  
A new-fashioned Kolkata bindi set, and went home

In secret, keeping the doll, and batteesas  
In the toy house of eight years old Munni  
And taking her from her mother's arms  
To stick bindi between her two eyebrows

And let her feel happy and threw a few smiles  
Let their family be happy as joyful  
as in Holi celebrations  
Let them look at the gifts he brought-

And I wish to bring that light  
that lurked behind those four walls, to outside  
so that whole village gets basked in the light of joy  
again, and again, my mind likes to think about that happiness

*(Original Hindi poet- Rakesh)*

27 December 2005

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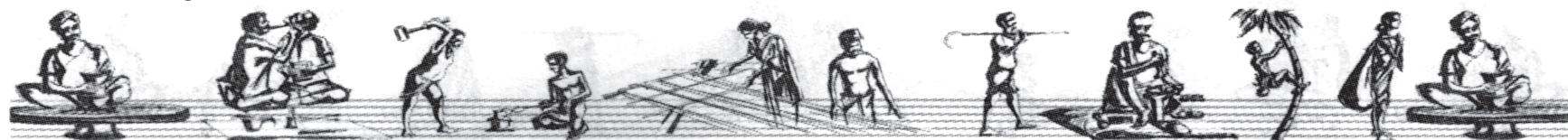
## 37. TO THE POET

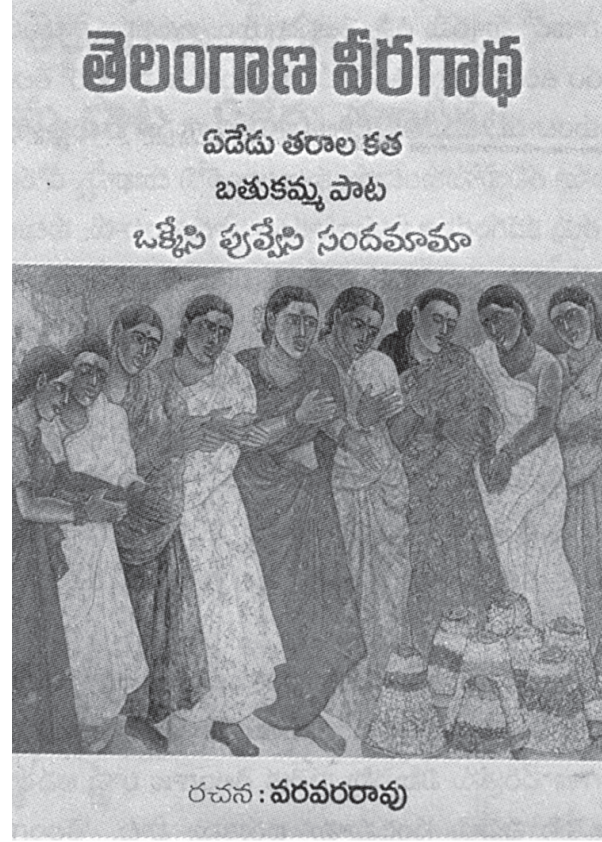
O poet!  
For me, please,  
can you write a beautiful new poem?  
I don't look in to its faults  
Written in simple common language  
The songs of many of yester years  
Don't hide them from me  
Don't think I adore decorated language  
Don't try to mix something new  
In the smile of moon  
O poet, write a song  
That can be sung with ease and in full voice  
Listening to it, blood in my vessels  
Should flow in jet speed  
I must get agitated  
To rise and break the chains of slaves

*(Original poem by- KSK Talikulam)*

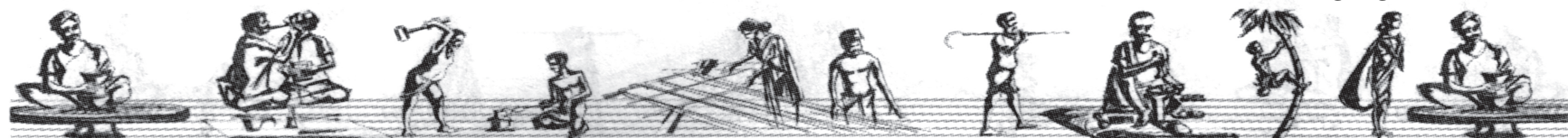
28 December 2006

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***Telangana Veeragatha (2007)***  
**(BALLADS OF TELANGANA)**





# BATUKAMMA SONG- A STORY OF SEVEN GENERATIONS

1.

O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In your moonlight we soon,  
Sing our Batukamma song,  
And our own lives all along!

O Mother! We brought to you  
Colourful flowers in a pyramid view  
Each flower with its own story  
Tells about our Telangana glory

O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In your moonlight we soon,  
Sing our Batukamma song,  
And our own lives all along!

With each flower...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In this finest hour...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Telangana history...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
We tell you in brief...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
this land Telangana ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Originally was the land ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
of Telugu people ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Three thousand years...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
This ancient land...O Chanda mama! O Moon!





Here River Godavari...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Cleansed the feet of Buddha...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
The lore of Satavahana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Was a roar in Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!

The stories of Ikshwaka...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Mentioned this land...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Poet Palakurti Somanna...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
His native graceful Telugu...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
The great saga of Kakatiya Dynasty...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Still evident here ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
The rebel women fighters...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Sammakka, Sarakka...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Fought against ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
The might of Kakatiya army...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
The rule of Reddy kings ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
The rule of velama kings...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
And then Golconda Nawabs...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Arrived Hyderabad ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In its splendour...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
King Asaf Jahi...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
With British friendship treaty...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Gave Coastal Districts...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Gave Rayalaseema to them...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Telangana stayed ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In Nizam's kingdom...O Chanda mama! O Moon!

O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In your moonlight we soon,  
Sing our Batukamma song,  
And our own lives all along!

Turre Bazikhan...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
The first martyr...O Chanda mama! O Moon!



Fought against...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Anglo- Nizam treaty...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 From that time onwards...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Fight for self-respect...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 The spirit of Telangana ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In the reign of Nizam...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Bonded labour...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Became order of the day...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 The last Nizam...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Lost his marbles...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Taxes and troubles...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 He forced on people...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Landlords and local rulers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Crushed the commoner...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 To resist this oppression ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 All learned men...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Started Andhra Mahasabha...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 With libraries ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 With Golconda periodical...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Every village woke up ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Bandagi lost his life...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Ailamma fought ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Komaraiah started a society...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 And fell to the enemy...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Raging with anger...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Osman Ali Khan...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Summoned Kasim Rizvi...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Rajakars came like swarms...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Deshmukh, landlords...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 And jaghirdars...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Requested protection...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Rajakars like pests...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Razed the houses...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In the guise of religion...O Chanda mama! O Moon!

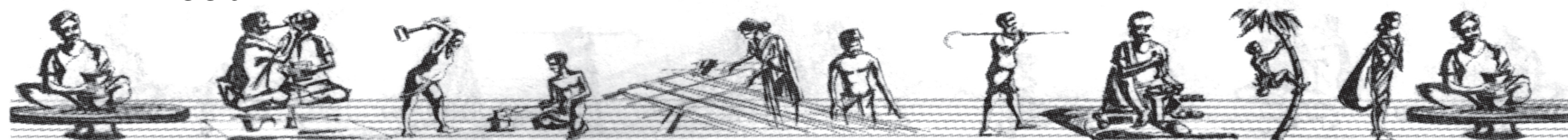


They destroyed the amity...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 They killed Shiebullah khan...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 For questioning their authority...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Educated Muslims...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Started comrades' association...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Alamkundumeeri...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 An intellectual...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Makhdoom Mohiuddin ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 A great poet ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 All worked against ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 The ghastly Nizam's rule...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Many lost their lives...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 People were determined...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 To terminate the termite rule...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 And to bring the people's rule...O Chanda mama! O Moon!

## 2.

O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In your moonlight we soon,  
 Sing our Batukamma song,  
 And our own lives all along!

Each with two flowers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 We offer our prayers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 With Police Action...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Congress people ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Took the power...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Instead of Rumi hat...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Came Gandhi cap...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 But atrocities continued...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Sherwanis gone...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Khaddar shirts came...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 People's lands again...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Grabbed by landlords...O Chanda mama! O Moon!



Communists came...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 With Visalandhra ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 They dreamed people's rule...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Kaloji accepted...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 For that also we worked...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Fazl Ali Commission...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 anticipated migration...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 From Costal Andhra...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Mischievous husband got...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 A dull idiotic wife...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Meanwhile Nehru...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Declared Andhra Pradesh...O Chanda mama! O Moon!

### 3.

O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In your moonlight we soon,  
 Sing our Batukamma song,  
 And our own lives all along!

Each with three flowers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Offered saffron showers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Mulki movement...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Moved with vigour...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Gentlemen's agreement...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Changed its colours...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 All promises made...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 All took the wrong lanes...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Regional committees...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Regal postings...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Deputy CM...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Sixth finger- they said...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Degrees and jobs...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Went to Andhra people...O Chanda mama! O Moon!



All water sources...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Grabbed by the migrants...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Our rivers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Their water...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Our coal...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 theirs light...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Our forest...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 They enjoyed the fruits...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In our Hyderabad...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 They ruled in style...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Radio, newspapers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Our language, slang...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Urdu, Turkish clang...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 They ridiculed it ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 English, costal language...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Cinema heroes' dialect...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Forced on us...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Our sweet language...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Villain, joker vernacular...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Our village slang...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Their fun all along...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Our song and dances...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 For them uncivilized...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 How many and how much...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 I can say about their taunts...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In twelve years...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 It became hell to bear...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Separate Telangana movement...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Became the watchword...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 All educated locals...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Came to streets...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 To express their discontent...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 To fight for jobs and rights...O Chanda mama! O Moon!

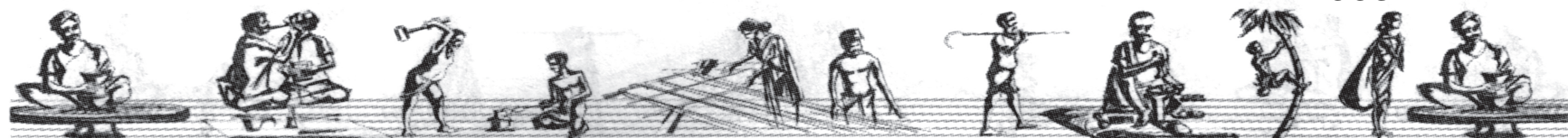




4.

O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In your moonlight we soon,  
Sing our Batukamma song,  
And our own lives all along!

Four flowers each...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
We offered you...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Year- long...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
A continuous struggle...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Jails to brim...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Schools became jails...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
No studies...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
No jobs...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
All government works...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Came to standstill...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Everyday a procession...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Everyday a meeting...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Jai Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Jai Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Lathi charges, 144 sections...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Barricades, firings...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Similar to French students...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
A movement that rattled...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
The dictator de Gaulle...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Telangana kids...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Fought for their rights...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Three hundred and fifty...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Warriors lost their lives...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
For separate Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Then came highly educated...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Promising people's welfare...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
With Praja samiti...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Chennareddy entered the fray...O Chanda mama! O Moon!



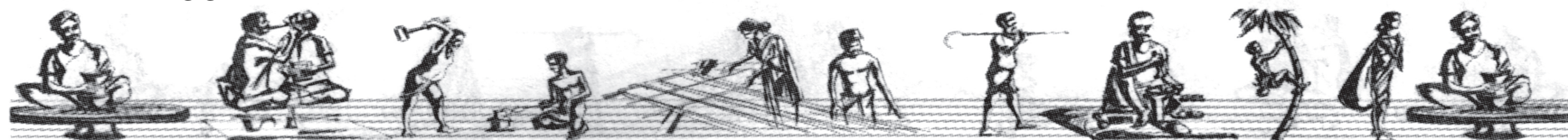


In the Lok Sabha elections...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Praja samiti won...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Eleven in fourteen...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 More than communists...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 TPS got more merits...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Movement receded...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 TPS entered Congress stream...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Chennareddy became governor...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In fifty-one...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Communists did that...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Relinquishing power to Nehru...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Now in seventy-one...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Same repeated...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In seventy-two...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Telangana movement again...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 There Jai Andhra movement...O Chanda mama! O Moon!

### 5.

O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In your moonlight we soon,  
 Sing our Batukamma song,  
 And our own lives all along!

Offering five flowers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 We proffer our offerings...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Following Telangana example...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Srikakulam Savaras ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Revolted against...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Exploitation of their resources...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In Telangana, in Srikakulam...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 The armed struggles...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Were brutally...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Suppressed by the government...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In the blood-stained fields...O Chanda mama! O Moon!



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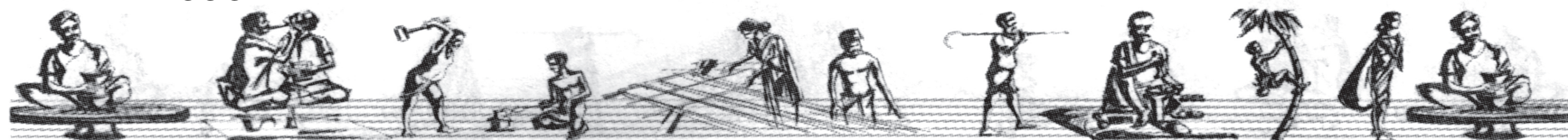
Rebelled Laxmi rajanna...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Received death...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 When Posetty wished to plough...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 The wasteland, he was killed...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 With these murders...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 People took to arms...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 And drove away the landlords...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 And government declared...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Those awakened areas...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 As Disturbed Areas ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Police camps...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Encounter murders...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Perpetrated by government...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 War resurfaced...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In eighty- three...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Came NTR...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In Narsampet, Eturunagaram...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 He saluted Naxalites...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 At Alampally ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In the attack of Naxalites...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 When police died...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Invited Naxalites for talks...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Adilabad district...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 As ideal district...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 610 G.O Telangana jobs...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 To Telangana people...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Words of hope...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 But no work in reality...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 By eighty-five...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 TADA entered...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Encounters, missing people...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Like in Latin America...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Civil liberties...O Chanda mama! O Moon!



Rajanna, Ramanatham...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Japa Laxmareddy...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 all were killed in cold blood...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In nineties again...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 came Chennareddy...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Removed Disturbed Areas Act...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Allowed meetings...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Lakhs of people...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Like red ants...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Like saffron...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Like earth gave birth...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Moved in cohesion...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Appeared red flags everywhere...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In less than a year...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Came back oppression...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In Centre PV...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Our Telugu man ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Became PM...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 He followed America...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 He followed World Bank...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 A trap of swords...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Many companies were closed...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 No government...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Now works for poor...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 After spilling blood in Hyderabad...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Nedurumalli brought ban...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Civil Rights leader...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Prabhakarareddy...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Journalist Gulam Rasool...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Sagar all were martyred...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In Godavari khani...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Women rallied...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 To close wine shops...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 To shut down bars...O Chanda mama! O Moon!



To start life anew...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In North Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Movement gained speed...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Nellore Rosamma...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 She took the initiative...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In police stations...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 They sold liquor...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Instead of milk...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Nandamuri announced...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Prohibition under duress...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Subsidised rice ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 He had to supply...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 World Bank that survives on vices...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Got dizzy and plotted...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In Viceroy Hotel...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 On Father in-law's seat...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Sat son in-law in style...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 That Chandra Babu...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Mortgaged our Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 To World Bank...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Again, ban on People's war...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Subsidies were gone...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Total destruction ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In the name of development...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 All sunk into debt traps...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 No lakes, no gardens...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Roads and fly-overs...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Like serpents surrounded...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 The people...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Hitec development...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Its poisonous bite...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 No water for irrigation...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 No drinking water...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In wastelands ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!



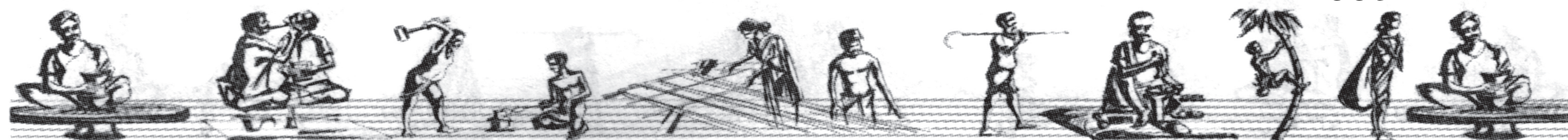


Nine and half years...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
People's blood flowed...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Graveyards everywhere...O Chanda mama! O Moon!

6.

O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In your moonlight we soon,  
Sing our Batukamma song,  
And our own lives all along!

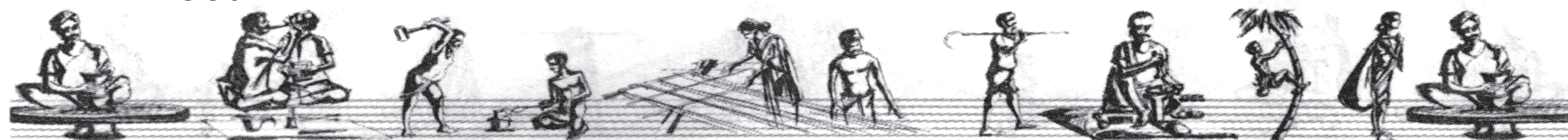
Six flowers we offered ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Singing your praises...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
For separate Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
People took vows...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Warangal, Bhonagir...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Hyderabad, they conducted...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Meetings in a big way...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
JNM Gaddar also...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Moved with the movement...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Chandra babu thought...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
To cut it in bud stage...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Gaddar escaped gunshots...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Song did not die...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Separate Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Democratic Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Shyam, Mahesh, Murali, ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Their dreams of Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Ramakrishna, Mallanna...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Their people's Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Kaloji, Janardhan...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Their dreams of Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Purushottam's civil rights...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Belli Lalita song...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Ailanna voice...O Chanda mama! O Moon!





Democratic Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
When revolutionaries...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Gave a call...O Chanda mama! O Moon!

From TDP...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Came to fore front...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Chandrasekhar...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Started TRS...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Now a new hope...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Lakhs of people ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Landed in streets...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In Panchayat Elections...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Defeated TDP...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
After Alipiri incident...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Elections arrived...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Congress and TRS...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Combinedly contested...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Against World Bank...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
They took a decision...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Talks with Naxalites...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
To have some peace...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
For separate Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
KCR made a pledge...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
He said Naxalites agenda...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Is my agenda...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Padayatra – journey by foot...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Got its results...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Winning the elections...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Became ministers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In centre and state...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Deceiving people...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
They fell at the feet...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Of World Bank...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Sudarsan's janasabha...O Chanda mama! O Moon!



Again Encounters...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Again, state violence...O Chanda mama! O Moon!

O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In your moonlight we soon,  
Sing our Batukamma song,  
And our own lives all along!

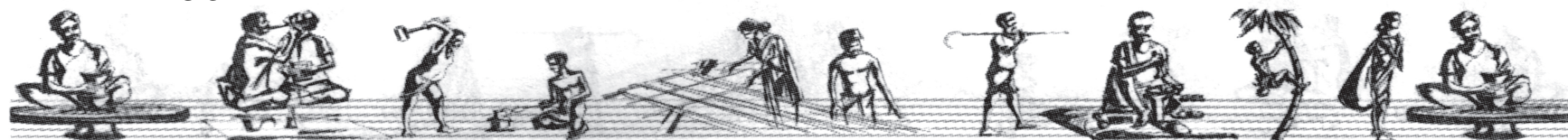
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Lost heavily...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In Panchayat elections...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Lost heavily...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
With congress challenge...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In Karimnagar elections...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
When people thronged...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
And worked for TRS...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
It won Karimnagar...O Chanda mama! O Moon!

Then congress threatened...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
With SRS phase-2 denial...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Meanwhile Vijaya Santi ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Made her appearance...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
With talli Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
A plan to split TRS...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
in Mandal elections...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Another trick...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In false passport cases...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
It tried to incarcerate...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Facing all these challenges...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Formed United Action Committee...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
All people's committees...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Covered each village...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Poets, artists, educated...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Our songs and our ways...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Our slang and our lives...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
thousand years history...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Dhoom! Dham.....O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
For sixteen days...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Gaddar toured...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Godavari valley...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Warrior Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Separate Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Today's word...O Chanda mama! O Moon!



Every one's word...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 We have to fight...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 With efforts united...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Students, youth...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Peasants, labourers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Educated people...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Dalits and backward people...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Adivasi and all tribals...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Womenfolk and children...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Muslims and others...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 All have to come forward...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Our land, our resources...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Our works and our issues...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 We have to stand...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 On our own feet...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Thus, people's conscience...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Became a fighting wave...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 To achieve Telangana...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 People moved as one...O Chanda mama! O Moon!

On the tambalam plate...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Placing pumpkin leaves...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Tangedu-cassia flowers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 In three rows...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 White gunugu flowers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 On them marigolds...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 On them chrysanthemums...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 On them again tangedu flowers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Over them coloured Gunugu flowers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 On top of them...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Marigolds and chrysanthemums...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Rudraksha beads...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 Arranging like a flower pyramid...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
 With snake gourd flowers...O Chanda mama! O Moon!

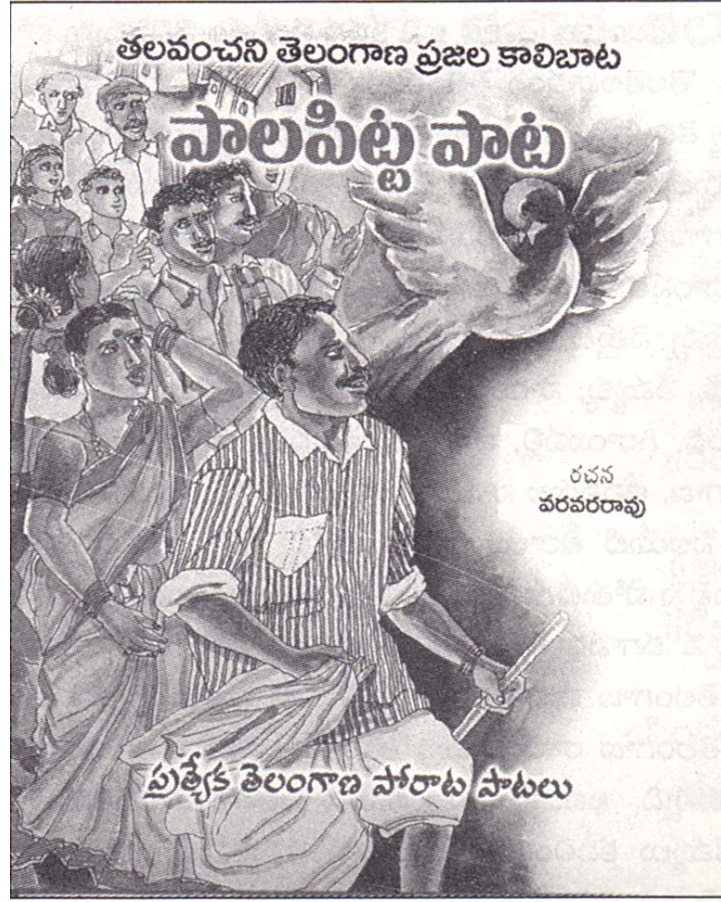


And pumpkin leaves...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Preparing Gouramma ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
And our child Gouramma...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Now it is our life- Batukamma...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Seven times we offered...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
O Batukamma...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
You are our child, mother and life...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
We say farewell to you ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
The flowers we leave in water...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
In this night ...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
they make their journey...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
To become stars in the sky...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
Tomorrow in our life's path...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
They will be our guiding stars...O Chanda mama! O Moon!  
They change our lives for good forever...O Chanda mama! O Moon!

*(This song continues as long as humankind survives on this land)*







***Palapitta Paata (2007)***  
**(SONGS OF PALAPITTA)**





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# 1. RELAARE RELAARE

***Relaarerelaarerelarelarelary***

***Relaarerelare let's achieve Telangana***

***Relaarelarelarelare let's get our Telangana***

Bringing the rivers into baleful dry lands  
Singing the songs of seasons in civil stands  
Fetching the moonlight lost in wood sands  
Reaching the poor and real working hands

***Relaarerelaarerelarelarelary***

***Relaarerelare let's achieve Telangana***

***Relaarelarelarelare let's get our Telangana***

Singareni workers' sweat shining moon rainbow  
Batukamma prayers in beautiful flower glow  
Local people of Telangana with focus on life flow  
Suppressed people's hopes surfacing with big bellow

***Relaarerelaarerelarelarelary***

***Relaarerelare let's achieve Telangana***

***Relaarelarelarelare let's get our Telangana***

Our language, our slang, our studies, our jobs  
Our arts, our culture, our resources, our drabs  
Our lives, our struggles, our joys and our mobs  
Our needs and deeds; let's eat our own grubs

***Relaarerelaarerelarelarelary***

***Relaarerelare let's achieve Telangana***

***Relaarelarelarelare let's get our Telangana***

Sammakka, Saralakka, Bandagi, KomaramBhim  
Kadavendi, girayi pally, Jagityal, Indravelli bloom  
Walking on war path waiting for victory beam  
Keeping milestones and kindling fighting steam

***Relaarerelaarerelarelarelary***

***Relaarerelare let's achieve Telangana***

***Relaarelarelarelare let's get our Telangana***

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## 2. MILK- WATER

*Where has gone our mother's milk, o lagadapati?  
Where from we get, even she-buffalo milk?  
Where from we get, even cow-milk?*

Waters of Krishna- Godavari our mothers' milk  
You stole in stealth leaving us hungry  
Not only milk but our wealth

*Where has gone our mother's milk, o lagadapati?  
Where from we get, even she-buffalo milk?  
Where from we get, even cow-milk?*

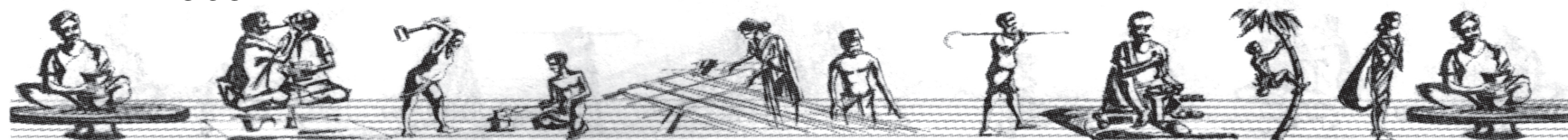
When our mothers' milk flowed in great floods  
In the name of Polavaram, Potireddypally  
You starved us, you got milk in bulk

*Where has gone our mother's milk, o lagadapati?  
Where from we get, even she-buffalo milk?  
Where from we get, even cow-milk?*

And another trick in your sleeve with Pulichintala  
You drowned the people of Nalgonda area  
And pushed our waters into your lands

*Where has gone our mother's milk, o lagadapati?  
Where from we get, even she-buffalo milk?  
Where from we get, even cow-milk?*

Godavari River in north, Krishna in south  
Yet Palamuru suffered famine ever  
Our children never tasted the milk



*Where has gone our mother's milk, o lagadapati?  
Where from we get, even she-buffalo milk?  
Where from we get, even cow-milk?*

You robbed milk from every house  
Whoever may be the king  
You were the charioteer

*Where has gone our mother's milk, o lagadapati?  
Where from we get, even she-buffalo milk?  
Where from we get, even cow-milk?*

We cried, sobbed, now we fight for justice  
And when we say we go separate ways,  
What is your grudge?

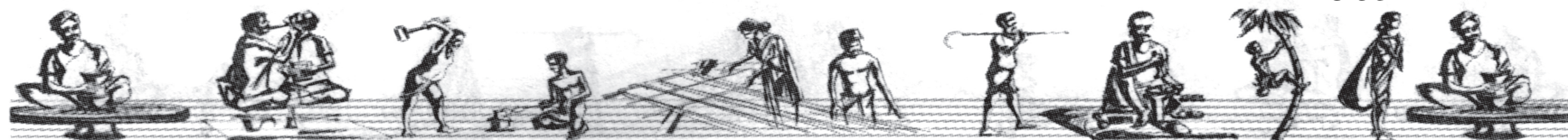
*Where has gone our mother's milk, o lagadapati?  
Where from we get, even she-buffalo milk?  
Where from we get, even cow-milk?*

No more pleadings, no more bleedings  
We want our land, milk and water  
We want our separate Telangana

*Where has gone our mother's milk, o lagadapati?  
Where from we get, even she-buffalo milk?  
Where from we get, even cow-milk?*

12 October 2006

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### 3. A BEE-HIVE IS TELANGANA

*A rich bee-hive is Telangana  
That's why migrants won't leave it  
Tasting the honey for decades  
They wished to squeeze it forever*

Perennial rivers and age-old vast lakes  
Streams and canals, waterfalls and wells  
No worry about daily work and minimum food  
Unless selfish ones exploit them for their good

Forests with beedi leaves and wild yield  
Mines with invaluable ores and minerals  
Vivid lands with variety of produce  
Seasonal fruits and delicious roots

*A rich bee-hive is Telangana  
That's why migrants won't leave it  
Tasting the honey for decades  
They wished to squeeze it forever*

Coalmines, cement factories, paper mills  
Electricity, sugar mills, pharmaceuticals,  
Silk, cotton industries, and pesticides  
And to the youth umpteen opportunities

Free education, health, water and rights  
Mulki rules for jobs till nineteen fifty- one  
Then started exploitation and suppression  
That starved the locals to serve the migrants

*A rich bee-hive is Telangana  
That's why migrants won't leave it  
Throw the exploiters out of the land  
If our own man exploits bury him in the sand*

\*\*\*\*\*



## 4. TELANGANAM

*Be careful! Migrant exploiters! Be careful!  
People of Telangana moved in strength full!*

Now the fighting is on! No more waiting  
For separate Telangana history is writing  
A new chapter, in the light of fact finding  
Batukammas moved in clear understanding

*Be careful! Migrant exploiters! Be careful!  
People of Telangana moved in strength full!*

No more capturing our cows or lands free  
Our pala pitta is directing us to jammi tree  
In the sounds of drums and alai-balai spree  
Songs of Telangana reached all over in glee

*Be careful! Migrant exploiters! Be careful!  
People of Telangana moved in strength full!*

Students, teachers, youth and womenfolk  
Intellectuals, farmers, artisans under yoke  
Dalits, tribals, Adivasi and Singareni workers  
Walked cohesively to realize separate Telangana

*Be careful! Migrant exploiters! Be careful!  
People of Telangana moved in strength full!*

Muslims, Christians, other religious walkers  
Poets, artists, thinkers and ideology makers  
Like in those days of Indian Independence  
Moved in resistance to the exploiters' stance

*Be careful! Migrant exploiters! Be careful!  
People of Telangana moved in strength full!*

14 September 2006





## 5. O MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER!

*O my dear little sister! Little sister!  
Announce the waiting world that  
we shall achieve Telangana soon like twister!*

Like spring season in fall of the exploiters  
Like sweet nectar in our bitter life of tears  
Like Adilabad- Pranahita Godavari River  
Like Karimnagar in its path of fight fever

Like Azam Jahi mills siren blast  
Like Polavaram – Devadula irrigation cost  
Like Nizam sugars sweet ballast  
Like Palamuru people's hunger contrast

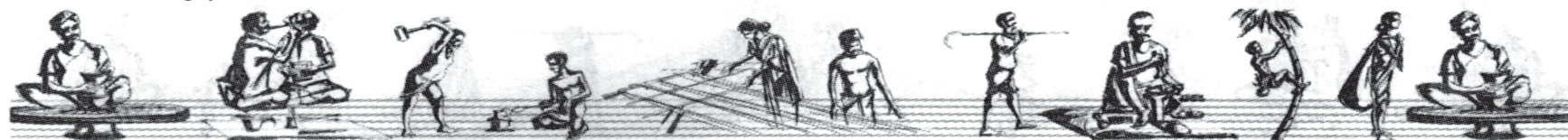
*O my dear little sister! Little sister!  
Announce the waiting world that  
we shall achieve Telangana soon like twister!*

Like Nilagiri- pulichintala projects  
Rangareddy ring road, Manjeera tracts  
Like Kuli-Kutub shah Bagmati love acts  
Six hundred and ten G.O anxiety facts

All prospects went to the opportunists  
Seats, jobs, loans, industries, and works  
Grabbed by the migrants in merit lists  
Hang-noose, skull and bones to our folks

*O my dear little sister! Little sister!  
Announce the waiting world that  
we shall achieve Telangana soon like twister!*

Lands, SEZ, World Bank dictations and migrant rule,  
no more tolerated; it is swan song to brokers' drool;  
now we became the breath of a new movement  
to achieve Telangana with everybody's involvement!



## 6. MARTYRS OF TELANGANA

*In the fine early morning hours  
Like the fresh rays of light showers  
O martyrs of Telangana, to you our Johars!  
Our salutations to you, o great warriors!*

In the first war you fought against English  
Later you fought against the Nizam's leash  
You resisted the Nehru's plans very foolish  
Sacrificed your lives in thousands to demolish

*In the fine early morning hours  
Like the fresh rays of light showers  
O martyrs of Telangana, to you our Johars!  
Our salutations to you, o great warriors!*

In the separate Telangana stormy movement  
With unrelenting courage and commitment  
Fought with great tenor in enemy's torment  
You lost your lives amidst our cries and lament

*In the fine early morning hours  
Like the fresh rays of light showers  
O martyrs of Telangana, to you our Johars!  
Our salutations to you, o great warriors!*

To bring democratic Telangana for future right  
And in all directions to spread the freedom light  
Resisting the violence released by the ruling might  
And lived as martyrs in the people's hearts bright

*In the fine early morning hours  
Like the fresh rays of light showers  
O martyrs of Telangana, to you our Johars!  
Our salutations to you, o great warriors!*

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## 7. I KNOW HIM

O life snatching lifeless governance!  
I knew him as a living being, as a stream  
As Mattam Ravikumar or Manjira River

In thousands of city students  
And lakhs of peasants and workers of Warangal  
In infinite tribals of forests  
He flowed like ever-flowing fighting spirit

Poetry, story-telling, Homeopathy sugar pills  
Guerrilla formation surgical plans  
Whatever he has done  
He participated in democratic way of discussions

He dreamt about guerrillas  
Wearing green olive dresses to go marching  
In the vicinity of rivers  
Of south Telangana meadows

He reiterated that in Dandakaranya, Nallamala  
Forests; rivers flow in spring green and fall bareness  
They may shrink in size but never go dry or die- he said  
Even now what happened to him? He became a river

That river maybe  
our tears in torrential flow  
It became immortal  
to make enemy's heart tense and low

16/17 June 2006  
Early morning 3 AM  
Gul Mahal



## 8. A CYCLE AND THREE POET CONTEXTS

When I was in Hanamkonda  
Whenever a cycle bell rang feverishly,  
I knew he is there on his bicycle with  
A face that handles smiles  
And a handle with letters  
-‘Come with finger on trigger!’-  
That used to trigger my thoughts  
With thoughts of him when I came out  
A face that handles smiles  
And hands that caress the bicycle like a favourite horse  
-My honest friend never disappoints me-  
His eyes seemed to say through his smiles

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In New Delhi  
Outside the military fence  
One red bicycle that got entangled in barbs  
And the henna he brought to give to his lover  
The longing of a poet, everyday looking at it  
Sarveswar Dayal Saxena and his dreams  
Nobody needs to say  
what Emergency has done to him!

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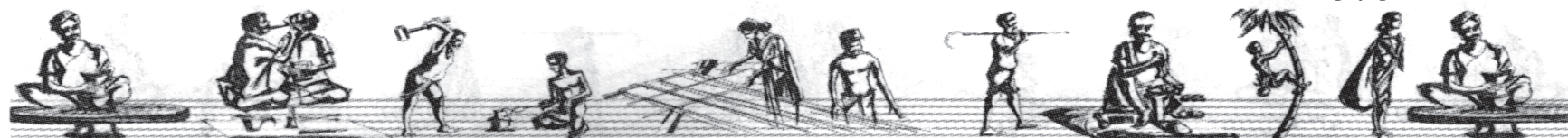
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During the movements of welfare schemes  
When plateau cyber floods descended  
The bicycle that was with Rajitha  
Was the heirloom from the martyrs  
Azad and prasad  
Then I understood the path selected by Rajitha

Now, where is that bicycle?  
To whom it was given by her?  
(To Kasim with gratitude)

CIEFL- 19 August 2006- Night



## 9. BISMILLAH KHAN

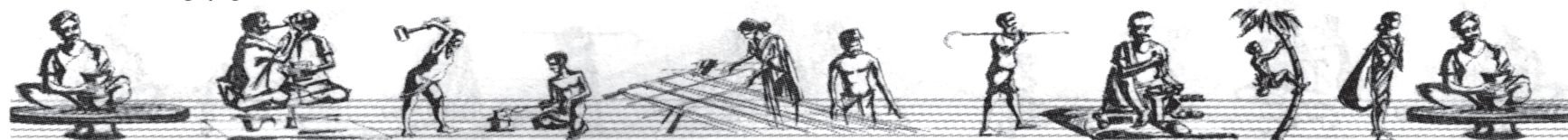
All his lifetime he was wafting in to Shehnai  
Giving life to the tunes  
Ninety years he was doing that  
Must have ingested divine nectar

From that shehnai born were birds  
Birds that flew over Ganges River and took a bath  
A bath that invigorated them to wake up Lord Viswanatha,  
Lord Viswanatha who gave blessings to them and the artist  
The artist's nada sound flowed from the beaks of the birds  
The birds were applying pink colour to the east sky  
The east sky woke up us all into the shehnai tinged tunes

Lord Viswanatha stands still  
But the nada sound spreads all over the universe  
Into the dry lands where water is scarce  
And to the dark corners where light seldom enters;  
Dissolving the hard stony layers,  
melting the rocks  
That nada – sound never stops

18 August 2006

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## 10. MAIN STREAM

Along with the stream  
Or against the stream  
Swimming is the life's natural scream;  
But surrendering is what?  
Sinking to depth in a single moment

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## 11. WITH LOVE

Cleansing the heart's wounds  
Mending the hearts, my friend  
I shall meet you on the other bank  
We can talk about  
War, politics and our activities

\*\*\*\*\*





## 12. WARRIOR'S BIRTH

You asked for the evidence that sun exists  
Talked and talked spending your whole night  
And you slept exactly at the time of sunrise  
*-Jalal al-Din Muhammad Balkhi-Rumi*

Sending secret instructions from the White House  
You slipped to Camp David to provide an alibi  
-Yes, it will be done before sunrise- said your proxy

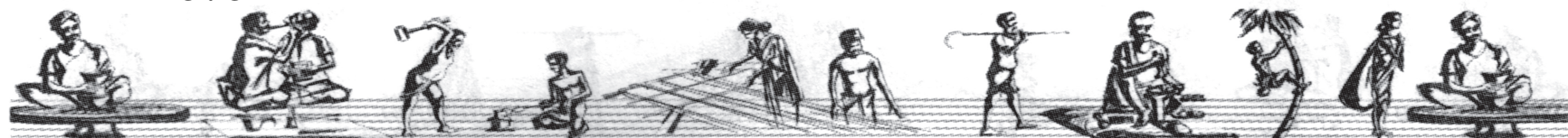
When Saddam's body was floating in air at gallows  
Earth quake under your feet, storm before your eyes  
Scared you and you ran to hide in a bullet-proof car  
You who ruled earth and space was worried  
About the course of that night

Executioners never knew the veil of death  
The light in the face of Saddam  
Sunrise to the people of Iraq;

Taking with them the sacrificial sheep  
People are attending the first day of Eid ul-Adha;

We used to play dhula  
Singing the ballads of Hasan and Hussein  
Singing the narratives of Moharram and Bakr-id  
Singing the songs that Sunni and Shia are twins  
We walked on the burning cinders to tell the truth

Your intention is the projection of your way of justice  
And to show Shias as savages of yester years  
I am worried about the proofs you have



The instance Saddam's body was floating in air at gallows  
Showing the resistance to the demon's veil of democracy  
And Saddam's last will and his letter of determination  
Scared you to the bones, o imperialistic demon!

It is you and you have to understand  
That you are the person on the death bed  
Searching for some excuses and remedies

Iraq zindabad, Palestine zindabad,  
Mujaheddin zindabad-  
with these slogans on his lips  
He became a martyr  
An Arab warrior

He will be born  
Again, from the womb  
Of the mother  
That has a human bomb in her lap

7 January 2007

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## 13. LIFE- WISH

What memories remained with me?  
To write on this blank paper! It is all grief; after deluge,  
what remained is a great sea of sadness

What values remained to write on this wasteland?  
A small part of life, dwindling at the tail end  
What remained to that half- fallen tree in fierce storm?  
it is trembling with a few intact roots!  
Letters speak about the life of a poor man  
who lost everything except ideals!

What remained is grief but not despair; In that grief city  
I got wet by tears and write this misery; springing from navel  
it flows into voice box to become flood in eyes

Grief is an ancient experience; a battle-cry of new creation  
Grief is the unshown agony of suffering children  
Grief is solitude in multitude, vulnerability in companionship

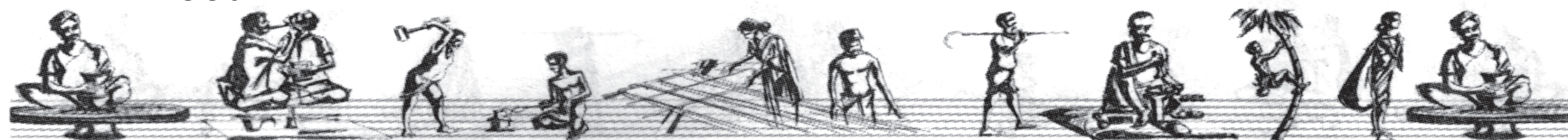
A sense of shattering dreams of bounty, and failing love;  
A confrontation between today with yesterday  
Today's lie trying to make yesterday's truth as untenable  
What can I write? Life's fire as a distant memory!

Can I search yesterday's fire in the cold ashes of today?  
It seems grief is the only property that remained with me  
That may flow as a perennial river from me into you  
Let's hope life blossoms on that bank

As long as you don't surrender it is no defeat,  
It will not be yesterday's memory  
as long as you fight and have the life-wish;  
It will be the action of today we do for the better tomorrow

15 September 2007

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## 14. MECCA MASJID AIR

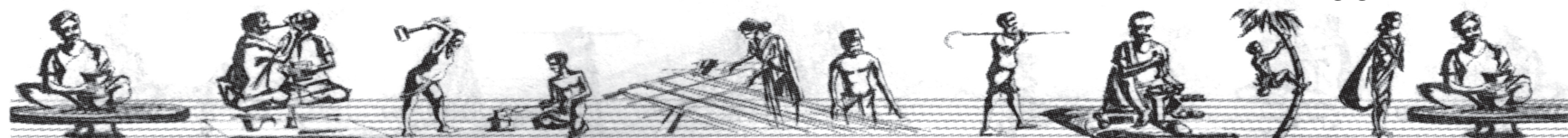
The air around Mecca Masjid knew  
about the power of children's hands  
that throw jowar grains to pigeons  
and the agility of the pigeons' wings that fly down  
and the cheerful cries of kids with flashes of light,  
in their eyes and the happy mumblings of the pigeons  
that take a bath after eating the grain

The air around Mecca Masjid knew  
About the vendor that sells jowar grain;  
And Jaffar Miya a seller of guava fruits,  
The hard work of their likes and their lives  
Their children's voices in the shadows of Masjid

The air around Mecca Masjid knew  
The silence and prayers of the thousands of Muslims  
The air comes there after getting crushed  
Under the wheels of Hitec city  
It knew about the histories of centuries old prayers  
What it doesn't know is about  
a sound that makes seeds poisonous  
that scatters pigeons fly in fear in all directions;

Before the smile on the children's faces gets erased  
kids lost their lives; Ammijaan's jower sac  
got filled with blood and from Jaffar Miya's guava fruit  
a poisonous snake sneaked to bite him,  
the air in the Mecca Masjid towers never before heard  
the remote-controlled destruction sounds

wind knows how to go without being seen  
but it is not capable of any crookedness



The air around Mecca Masjid knew now  
The smell of police firing;  
After Friday Johars  
From fakirs to workless people  
Because they believed in green crescent  
Because they have no earth underneath their feet and  
The air around Mecca Masjid knew now  
That there are guards to save Petro-dollars;

And it knew the people who lost their lives  
In RDX bomb blasts, in police rubber bullet firings  
Innocents who lost their lives are known to it  
Either children or adults  
They are born there and grew up in that air  
And they attend regularly namaj- in Mecca Masjid

What the air around Mecca Masjid doesn't know is  
The heinous plot perpetrated by the foreign elements  
where innocent people lost their lives and  
some to the rubber bullets fired by the police

The air around Mecca Masjid yesterday greeted  
everybody around there as usual and  
then it heard the blasts followed by police firings,  
and it saw the people falling on to earth  
it touched the bodies of the fallen people and  
it closed their eyes and carried their desire to live with it

not only at sunrise but also at sunset  
fingers move in rhythm on shehnai,  
writing the seeds of jowar  
singing air in lettered ripples, for the waiting pigeons

*(To the people who lost their lives in Mecca Masjid bomb blasts  
and later in police firings- and to the mothers who are waiting  
for the encounter news of their sons)*

2007



## 15. SAB KA NAAM NANDIGRAM

After going through the History of  
the East India Company in Victoria Museum  
I went to Nandigram  
There I saw Mir Jaffar welcoming  
the company with red flag;  
Clive, Dalhousie, Warren Hastings  
Not like statues in that museum  
But from January seven onwards  
Wearing black skin and hoisting flags to bayonets  
They are busy coming and going

They selected the day of demise of Marx  
For the execution of their deceitful plot

We cannot compare Buddhadeb Bhattacharya  
With a small officer like Dyer  
I could not tell the people of Nandigram that I am seeking  
a society without capital punishments like death by hanging;  
There, youth asked me to tell the bravery of Udham Singh

-The rank and file of Marxist Party should change their mindset-  
-Said the new Buddha and it went well with them  
So, we can compare him with Lord Macaulay

The change in mindset won't stop at the distribution of SEZs  
To imperialistic landlords; for that you have to occupy lands  
And remove the ownership of farmers  
And if they resist, using force is mandatory

In Gangavaram and Polavaram Police did that;  
In Kalinga nagar police and Tata company guards did that;  
In Dantewada salwajudum did that; same was repeated





at Nandigram by Harmatbahini in dialectical materialism!  
Mindset itself changed during Naxalbari  
Supporting industrialists and  
Being loyal to centre and state  
It became a broker to the imperialistic globalisation  
And in state terror with the experience of thirty years

On March fourteenth  
It buried Marx again in Nandigram  
But this time Marx did not die as one person

Like Khudiram Bose  
-Dear mother, I will be born in your womb again  
Recognize me with the wound on my throat-  
He said before walking into gallows

Like matangini Hajra  
Saying -Peechobarna- she died while passing the flag;  
Like Shahabuddin who opened food godowns  
In Bengal famine and was punished by court marshal

Martyrs of Nandigram will rise again  
From the reddened Talpati River,  
With Marx as their companion.  
They bring victory to their motherland

*(Harmatbahini- army of Marxist party;  
Khudiram Bose- the first freedom fighter who was put to gallows in British India;  
peechobarna- don't go back- there is a village now on that name in Medinipuram district;  
Don't pay taxes to the British- saying matangini Hajra died in police firing in Medinipuram district while handing over the red flag to others- 1942;  
Shabuddin- ICS officer – he was hanged to a banyan tree by the British government as he defied British Government by opening food godowns during Bengal famine-1943– in Medinipuram district;  
Talpati River- it separates Nandigram block from Khejuri block – from Khejuri camp  
HarmatBahini and police fired on the people who were performing Gauranga worship and namaj on March Fourteen)*

2007



## 16. KALINGA NAGAR -NANDIGRAM PATH

Imperialistic new feudal landlords are arriving  
In the name of SEZ they grab the lands  
O children of the forest! Look at Kalinga Nagar!  
O children of the earth! Look at Nandigram!

UPA in the Centre, Congress in Andhra  
Akali dal in Punjab, DMK in Tamil Nâdu  
BJP in Gujarat, CPM in Bengal, Everywhere  
a new flag, World Bank's agenda in another place

BJP Salwajudum on congress laid road  
Under CRPF hood's shade CPM atrocities  
Government as a broker selling the country  
Became a slave to the multinational companies

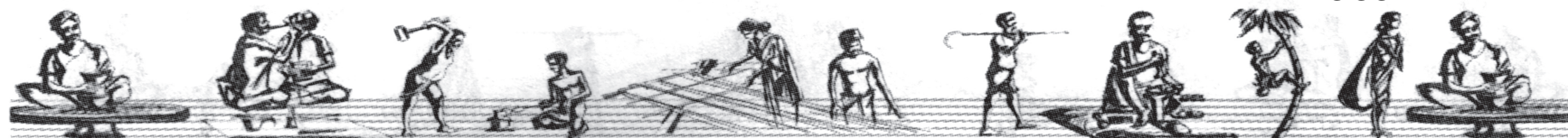
For the sake of steel tree gone Orissa Forest  
When Posco, Tata wished to procure land  
Kalinga Nagar people resisted that effort  
They stood firmly when company guards fired

Tata car in Singur, Salim in Nandigram  
When they wanted to grab fertile lands  
Poor peasants in unity put their resistance  
Without caring the massacre, they showed their strength

Kalinga Nagar Adivasi, Nandigram poor peasant  
Showed us the path of direction we have to move  
Displaced people from all over the country became united  
They will be victorious in their efforts; they will be victorious!

2007

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## 17. LET'S GO AHEAD

For the benefit of multi- national lords  
Our governments allot our fertile lands

Playing with the lives of poor farmers  
And displacing the people of the forests;

Whose land is this? When it was given?  
A piece of Sun cooled into earth sphere

Blessed by sun, moon and stars  
Blessed with rivers, seas and winds

Blessed with minerals in its womb  
Blessed with new creation in its depths

Adivasi in the forest, peasant in the fields  
Labourers with their blood and sweat

They produce riches to the people of this land  
And when it is allotted to some greedy people

And they killed people in the name of Gangavaram Fort  
They displaced people in the name of Polavaram project

Bauxite in Arak valley, Jindal in S Kota  
Uranium utility in Kadapa and Nalgonda

In the four districts surrounding the city  
Black snake hissed in SEZ lands without pity

In Mudigonda they killed seven people  
For the right to have a house to live



All over the Telugu land  
They chained the earth with SEZ hand

When company guards demolished the huts  
Of Adivasi people, they resisted the might of a big company

In Kalinga Nagar when Tata steel factory started its work  
Farmers there wrecked their plans, by blocking the highways

When Buddhadeb allotted land to Salim Company  
People of Nandigram protested with all their strength

HarmatBahini along with police fired on them  
But people took a firm stand and did not leave their fields

After Baildilla, Adivasi people did not allow  
Multinational companies to take roots in their forest areas

Fighting against salwajudum  
They sacrificed their lives for a just cause

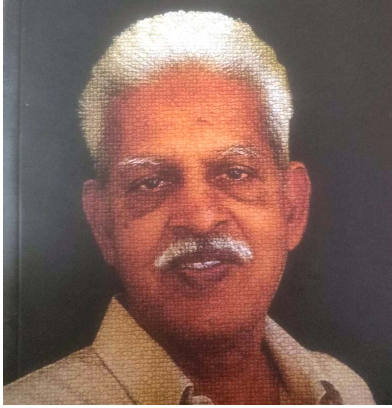
Firings in Kalinga Nagar, Nandigram  
In Chhattisgarh the atrocities by salwajudum

Wherever it may be in the paths of Dantewada,  
Kalinga Nagar, Nandigram let's go ahead

We will challenge them!  
And we will win the war!

2007





## ABOUT AUTHOR

**Pendyala Varavara Rao** (born 3 November 1940) is an Indian activist, poet, teacher, and writer from Telangana, India. He is an accused in the 2018 Bhima Koregaon violence and has been arrested under the non-bailable Unlawful Activities (Prevention) Act. Rao was arrested on the charge of plotting to assassinate Indian prime minister, possibly based upon planted evidence. In August 2022, he was released on bail by the Supreme Court of India, on medical grounds.

PendyalaVaravara Rao was born on 3 November 1940 in ChinnaPendyala, Warangal district. He studied at ChinnaPendyala, Warangal and Hyderabad. In 1960, he completed a post-graduate degree in Telugu literature from Osmania University.

Rao initially taught Telugu literature at two different private colleges in Telangana, before joining the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting of the Government of India as a publication assistant. He retired from teaching in 1998.

But later he left research to join a private college at Siddipet, Medak district as a lecturer. From there he switched over to DAVP, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, New Delhi to work as a Publication Assistant. Again he left the job to join as a lecturer in another private college at Jadcherla, Mahabubnagar district. He moved to Warangal to join Chanda Kanthaiah Memorial College (CKM College) where he worked as Telugu lecturer and later became its principal.

Rao is considered as one of the best critics in Telugu literature and taught Telugu literature to graduate and undergraduate students for about 40 years. He is known as an orator and had addressed thousands of public gatherings.

Rao began publishing poetry in the late 1950s in journals and magazines, and his first poetry collection *ChaliNegallu* (Camp Fires) was published in 1968.

Varavara Rao has published fifteen poetry collections of his own besides editing a number of poetry anthologies. His poetry collections are: *ChaliNegallu* (Camp Fires, 1968), *Jeevanaadi* (Pulse, 1970), *Ooregimpu* (Procession, 1973), *Swechcha* (Freedom, 1978), *Samudram* (Sea, 1983), *Bhavishyathu*





*Chitrapatam* (Portrait of the Future, 1986), *Muktakantam* (Free Throat, 1990), *Aa Rojulu* (Those Days, 1998), *Unnadado Unnattu* (As it is, 2000), *Dagdhamauthunna Bagdad* (Burning Bagdad, 2003), *Mounam Oka Yuddhaneram* (Silence is a War Crime, 2003), *Antassootram* (Undercurrent, 2006), *Telangana Veeragatha* (Legend of Telangana, 2007), *Palapitta Paata* (Song of Palapitta, 2007) and *Beejabhoomi* (Field of Seeds, 2014). In 2008, an anthology of selected poetry by Rao, titled *Varavara Rao Kavitvam (1957-2007)*, (*Varavara Rao's Poetry*) was published.

Rao's work has been translated into English by Dr. D Venkat Rao (professor at the English and Foreign Languages University, Hyderabad).

His poetry has been translated into almost all Indian languages. His poetry collections appeared in Malayalam, Kannada and Hindi and a few Bengali and Hindi literary journals brought out special numbers of his poetry and writings

In 1986, one of his poetry anthologies *BhavishyathuChitrapatam* (Portrait of the Future) was banned by the state government.

Rao's book, 'Telangana Liberation Struggle and Telugu Novel – A Study into Interconnection between Society and Literature' (1983) is considered to be landmark in Marxist literary criticism in Telugu. He published half-a-dozen volumes of literary criticism and a volume of his editorials in *Srujana*.

During his periods of incarceration, Rao maintained and published a personal journal, *Sahacharulu* (1990), which was translated into English and published in 2010 as 'Captive Imagination'. He also translated Ngig waThiong'o's prison diary, *Detained* and novel, *Devil on the Cross* into Telugu.

In 1967, Rao formed part of a generation of writers and poets that criticized the Telugu literary community's disengagement with politics. He was instrumental in founding two writer's associations that actively engaged in politics; the TirugubatuKavulu (Association of Rebel Poets) in Warangal, and the ViplavaRachayitalaSangham (Revolutionary Writers' Association), popularly known as Virasam, in 1970. The group was inspired by the Naxalbari uprising and the Other members of Virasam included author Kutumba Rao, dramatist RachakondaViswanathaSastri, poet and historian K.V. Ramana Reddy, Jwalamukhi, Nikhileswar, Nagna Muni and Cherabanda Raju. Virasam was closely associated with Dalit politics. As a member of Virasam, Rao participated in educational campaigns and contributed to several anthologies of writing published by authors connected with Virasam. He has been part of the executive committee of Virasam since its inception. Virasam was subsequently banned by the Andhra Pradesh State Government in 2005, for one year, under the Andhra Pradesh Public Security Act, 1992. It was banned again in 2013.





Rao was initially arrested in 1973 by the Andhra Pradesh State Government, under the Maintenance of Internal Security Act, on charges of inciting violence through his writing. Although he was released by a order of the Andhra Pradesh High Court, which rebuked the State Government for failing to show that his writings had resulted in actual violence, he was rearrested in 1975, during the Emergency, under the same law. He was released after this second arrest, as well.

The High Court of Andhra Pradesh struck down the order and released him after a month and a half. The High Court judgment asked the government not to resort to such actions against writers unless their writings have an immediate and direct bearing in a physical action. After a few months, the government charged a conspiracy case wherein all the actions of revolutionaries were shown as the direct consequences of a poem or a speech or a writing of revolutionary writers. Prominent Virasam leaders Cherabanda Raju, K. V. Ramana Reddy, T. Madhusudana Rao, M. T. Khan, Varavara Rao and M Ranganatham were implicated in the case along with 41 revolutionary activists. This conspiracy case, known as Secunderabad Conspiracy Case, was filed in May 1974 and ended in acquittal in February 1989, after 15 years of prolonged and tiresome trial. In connection with the Conspiracy Case, Varavara Rao was arrested in May 1974. He was denied bail several times and finally released on conditional bail in April 1975. Varavara Rao was arrested again on 26 June 1975, on the eve of proclamation of Indian Emergency. During Emergency, he was a detainee under the MISA. He was one of the few prisoners whose interviews with their relatives were restricted and their mail was subjected to stringent scrutiny. Though all the prisoners were released on the day when Emergency was lifted, Varavara Rao was arrested again at the entrance of the jail and was kept behind the bars for a week more on a fresh MISA warrant. He was released only when the new Janata Party government repealed the Act itself.

Varavara Rao was at the forefront in mobilising popular and democratic support to the widespread mass movements in northern Telangana during post-emergency days. As a consequence, he had to face mental harassment and physical assaults. He survived several attempts on his life by mercenaries of landlords as well as anti-social elements. A police official at Mandamarri, Adilabad district in April 1979, beat him on a public platform.

In 1985, Rao was one of 46 persons accused of attempting to overthrow the Andhra Pradesh Government in the Secunderabad Conspiracy Case. He was arrested in connection with this case, but subsequently released. Rao was also one of those arrested in the Ramnagar conspiracy case, and accused of attending a meeting in which there was a plan made to assassinate two police officials. Seventeen years later, in 2003, he was completely acquitted of all charges in relation to this case.



After Varavara Rao went to jail, his interviews were restricted and under severe surveillance. His mail, including registered newspapers, was censored for months together. He was implicated in two more cases while he was in jail. After a stifling repression period between 1985–89 under the Telugu Desam Party rule, the newly-elected Indian National Congress government allowed a little relaxation for a short period after December 1989.

In May 1990, Rao spoke at an event organised by the Andhra Pradesh Raitu Coolie Sanghama labourers' political party which holds an annual conference for laborers and peasants in Hyderabad. 1.2. million people attended the event, in which Rao spoke about providing land rights to farm laborers and workers.

In 2001, the Telugu Desam government in Andhra Pradesh accepted a proposal to have peace negotiations with members of two banned organisations, Communist Party of India (Maoist) and People's War. Varavara Rao, Kalyana Rao and Gaddar were accepted by both sides as peace emissaries, to establish the conditions under which the peace agreement would be negotiated. Rao called for a partial lifting of the ban on these organisations in order to facilitate peace talks, and advocated a peaceful resolution of the ongoing conflict. Three meetings to negotiate a resolution to the conflict were held; however, Rao and the other emissaries resigned from their positions before the fourth scheduled meeting, citing the fact that the Naxal parties had pulled out of negotiations and that the State government had not, in their view, participated in good faith. Rao also noted that there were five police encounters during the negotiations, in which members of the banned parties were killed despite a temporary cease-fire. His efforts were subsequently lauded by the then-Home Minister for the State of Andhra Pradesh, K Jana Reddy who wrote to Prime Minister Narendra Modi in 2020 asking him to grant bail to an unwell, imprisoned Rao and, noting that, "As the then Home Minister I carried the responsibility of holding peace talks between the then AP government and Naxal parties in the year 2004 October. Mr Rao played a significant role in creating cordial climate in conducting these peace talks and was genuinely interested in bringing peace in the state."

The peace process ended with the imposition of ban on CPI (Maoist), Virasam and some other people's organisations on 18 August 2005.

Varavara Rao, along with a number of organisations stood in the forefront in exposing and resisting the pro-globalisation and liberalisation policies of Chandrababu Naidu who came to power in 1994. During Chandrababu Naidu's government, three Central Committee members of Communist Party of India (Marxist-Leninist) Peoples War were arrested in Bangalore and killed. Some private criminal gangs killed T. Purushotham and Md Azam Ali, leaders of APCLC and life-threat to Varavara Rao turned imminent.



Within 24 hours of imposition of ban on Virasam, Varavara Rao and Kalyana Rao, were arrested on 19 August 2005 under AP Public Security Act and sent to Chanchalguda Central Prison in Hyderabad. Since his arrest, 7 new cases were charged against him. Apart from an earlier case of 1999 (pertaining to a protest meeting against the killings of three top leaders of Peoples War), and the case regarding the ban on Virasam, the remaining six cases pertain to the period of talks between the government and the Naxalites. When the government revoked the AP Public Security Act against Virasam through GO Ms No. 503 of 11 November 2005, the cases against Varavara Rao and Kalyana Rao should have become redundant. In the normal course, Public Prosecutor should have informed the court about the redundancy of the cases. However, that order has not reached the court and Varavara Rao and Kalyana Rao had to undergo a number of adjournments of the case after the lifting of the ban. Finally, the court struck down the case on Varavara Rao under the Public Security Act on 31 March 2006 and he obtained bails for all other cases by the time. He was released from jail under bail on 31 March 2006 after a period of about eight months.

In 2010, police ordered the arrest of Rao on the basis of a speech that he made at a convention in Delhi, concerning the state of Kashmir. A First Information Report was registered against Rao, along with writer Arundhati Roy, professor S.A.R. Geelani, who was acquitted in the Parliament attack case, and several Kashmir University professors.

In 2011, Maoist leader Kishenji was killed in an encounter with police. Rao criticised the police for the encounter, claiming that he had seen the body and that it showed distinct signs of torture.

In 2011, Rao was one of several persons accused in a case concerning a bomb placed near the car of a police superintendent in Ongole.

Rao was an active participant in the Telangana movement, which aimed for the creation the separate state of Telangana, by bifurcating the existing state of Andhra Pradesh. Although the state of Telangana was formed in 2014, Rao was arrested in 2018 while paying homage, along with others, at a memorial for those killed during the movement.

During that time there was a widespread popular movement for the creation of a separate state of Telangana bifurcating the existing Andhra Pradesh. Varavara Rao has been a votary of this demand and stood with people since 1969 and this time round also he lent his support to the movement. He also became the President of Revolutionary Democratic Front, an all-India organisation that supports all peoples movement in the country. During the Telangana movement, as part of general repression and particular repression on revolutionary movement, Varavara Rao was also subjected to restrictions on his movement and expression. RDF was banned by the government. In 2014 June, Telangana state was formed. He was arrested four times during the two-year rule of new Telangana state, along with restrictions on meetings, widespread arrests, continuation of ban on RDF.



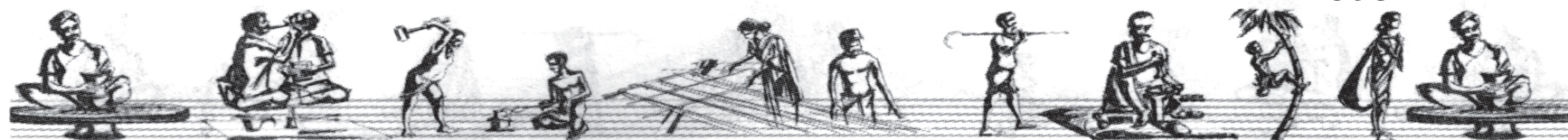
On 28 August 2018, Rao was arrested in his home in Hyderabad for his alleged involvement in the Bhima-Koregaon violence that occurred on 1 January 2018. A First Information Report filed concerning that event alleged that on the 200th anniversary of the battle of Bhima-Koregaon, a program called the Elgaar Parishad had been organised in which leftist groups and Naxalites had participated. The police alleged that the speeches made at this event, including those by Rao and others, were responsible for inciting violence that occurred the next day. Some reports also suggest that there was an alleged plot to assassinate Prime Minister Narendra Modi discussed at this event. These appear to be based on a letter obtained by the police which refers to a person only identified as 'R'. Rao has denied any involvement in the alleged plot.

During Rao's detention in Taloja Jail in Maharashtra, he was hospitalised and admitted to J.J. Hospital in Mumbai. Following this, a special court ordered a report on his health while detained. In June 2020, Rao applied again for bail, on the grounds that he was highly vulnerable to Covid-19, and following a government recommendation that elderly inmates and those with co-morbidities should be released from jail in light of the Covid-19 pandemic, but were unsuccessful. His application for bail was supported by fourteen Members of Parliament, who wrote a letter to Maharashtra Chief Minister Uddhav Thackeray, raising concerns about his health as well as jail conditions during the Covid-19 pandemic in India. It was also supported by two former Chief Election Commissioners of India, who raised doubts about the alleged conspiracy case, and called on the NIA to share information with the Mumbai Police regarding the case.

On 16 July, Rao was once again admitted to J.J. Hospital in Mumbai, where he tested positive for Covid-19. Following reports that Rao had been injured again while in the care of the hospital, resulting in a head injury, the National Human Rights Commission ordered that he be moved to a private facility for medical treatment.<sup>[28]</sup> Rao was then shifted to Nanavati Hospital in Mumbai. The NIA opposed Rao's plea for bail in court, arguing that he was trying to "take undue advantage" of the Covid-19 pandemic, although the hospital confirmed that Rao had tested positive for Covid-19 and was undergoing treatment. Bombay High Court disapproved of the stance taken by the NIA and granted him a medical bail.

Rao and others currently face charges under the Unlawful Activities Prevention Act, and attempts to bail Rao out, on grounds of his failing health, finally came to fruition as the Bombay High Court granted him a six month bail on medical grounds and disapproved the stand of the National Investigation Agency (NIA) in February 2022. On 10 August 2022, the Supreme Court converted the temporary bail granted to by the Bombay High Court to permanent bail, on medical grounds, citing both, his ill health as well as the fact that he had complied with all the temporary bail conditions, as the reason.

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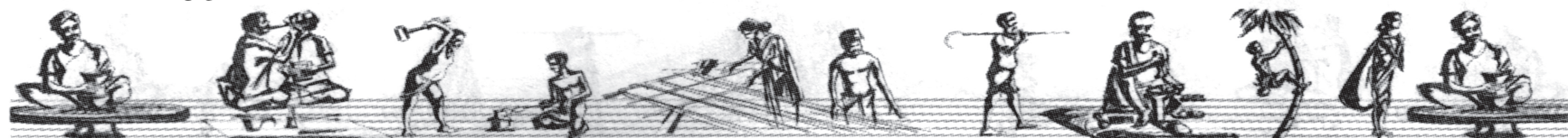
Dr. LANKA SHIVA RAMA PRASAD (Dr. LSR Prasad) is a Cardio Thoracic and Vascular Surgeon by profession, a popular author of 190 books, cartoonist, painter, critic, Editor and orator par excellence.

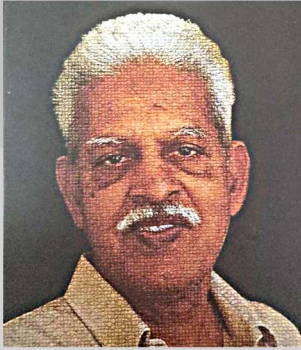
His knowledge in Telugu and English earned him name. He has translated Homer's Iliad, Odyssey first time in to Telugu Literature. In that series of Greek literature- Epic Cycle and Greek Heroes came as the third book. His other notable translations in to Telugu are John Milton's Paradise Lost, Paradise 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 50 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 190. 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), Naji Naaman Award (Lebanon)- 2018, Pablo Neruda Award-( Italy)- 2018, Poet Laureate-2019 (China) and many more.

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





# Varavara Rao Poetry

POETRY

(VISION - VICTORY)

## PoeTree

*Synthesizing a beautiful lie,  
Or under symbolism shadow hiding the truth  
To satisfy the injustice perpetrator  
What more a poet has done all these days?...  
... As long as poet bothers more about his decorated words on paper  
Current wire betters him by giving shock better and stronger!*

Translating more than 350 poems of life's complexities penned by a legendary rebel poet of distinction in the time period of tumultuous fifty years-(1957- 2007) needed a good amount of knowledge and study of personal, local, national and international affairs to understand and fathom his poetry's impact on the society. While going through the poems in chronological order one can appreciate the Shakespearean ages of the man in our poet **VARAVARA RAO**'s diction, style and determination;

The impact of his letters on a great movement that strived for the uplifting of the oppressed people and its highs and lows, counters and encounters between the long arms of justice under the reins of successive Machiavellian governments and the cut-short lives of rebel martyrs, the capitalistic nets and the downtrodden fish in the troubled waters of politics, guns and bullets against guts and gullets, blood, tears from all directions one can read, study and analyse in these poems in Marxist- Leninist-Maoist or humanist and other perspectives.

As long as you don't surrender it is no defeat  
It will not be yesterday's memory  
as long as you fight and have the life-wish;  
It will be the action of today we do for the better future.

*Translated into English by*

**Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad**