

Windows & Apples

Poetry



Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad



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by

Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad



February 2017

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FOREWORD

I have read the volume of poetry : “Windows and Apples” by Dr. Siva Ram Prasad. If I have to I would like to rename the title as “Windows and Gates”.

The diversity of poetry in this collection is so vast in its sheer sweep that is bewildering and amazing. Poems like Argonuts, Incorinations, Tephithalis daughter are mythic in nature, on the other merchants of death; the evil eye fiddlers and flame throwers are witty and encaustic.

Of course there are few sentimental poems, dear mom, my dad etc. which are moving with human touch.

Poem like “The non-stop train”(is it life!)”, let-my people go, “The Colum of sin”, “To be or not to be”, “does earth belong to man” Zodiac and catch 22 are marvellous commentaries on life itself.

The poems like Arachne, Tantalus and Prometheus are purely greek mythology parables.

Dear readers, this poetry is not far the shallow swimmers and not for those who are freighted of the real or truth and life. If you have courage to see the depth of life and to appreciate contradictions of life and still carry with sensitivity in life, this poetry is for you and for the creative readers like you and certainly not for easy-reading and mediocre reading.

**Kudoes to poet Prasad
Congratulations Dr. Prasad**

Indian Independence 2016

Prof. Dr. G. R. Krishna
An eminent Writer and poet

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1. Apples & Windows

Once there was a tapir, went for a walk,
There was this lady, who likes to talk and talk,
She talked and talked and walked with the tapir
The Apple trees told her husband the sinister matter

Furious, he pursued them to the edge of the world
They saw him through the windows and
jumped into the internet
The Tapir became the computer,
the lady into cell phone
We the stupid husbands cling and pursue them
till out of this world kiosk!
You know what happened to Apple and Windows
for helping them in this task!

2. Utopia & Detopia

Once there were two lands-Utopia and Detopia
Detopian people were created by Utopians..so they say,
But Detopian people say they dreamt that Utopia,
we don't know what to say
so they built a tower called Babel..
Then some exiled Utopians joined the Detopians

And the Master Utopian smiled
and his smiles were thunderbolts
So the rebels dug trenches above and deep
And built heltopia to avoid His smiles and jolts

That's how we live in smog, stench, sulfur,
sultry, sweat and blood stained cities!

3. Cronos- beaches

Once upon a time, ...long, l o n g, l o n g ago
Time was Cronos ...chronologically you know
Youngest son of sky-Uranus and earth- Gaia
His brothers hundred handed ones Hecatonchires
and one eyed Cyclops;

When Sky is high and tortured the earth
Mother and young son hatched a plan ;
when Uranus came Cronos got a sickle
Castrated the father, cutting both the testicle;

Threw them into the sea, that produced foam
The beautiful Aphrodite-Venus got her form
With Mars the god of war, she gave birth to Cupid
How these things happened, don't ask me, I am stupid!

That's why lovers sit in the sea shores to see the foam
And spend their Cronos-time in endless fibs and roam
Hundred hands and one eyed people
look at them without shame

4. The Axe effect

Once there was a wood cutter of reputed fame,
Who had nothing but an iron-axe on his name,
One day he had a storm in his fertile brain,
And began felling the trees of the town,
And demolishing the buildings down,
That's when the axe slipped into the municipal drain;

Hearing his loud moans and groans,
IMF and World Bank offered loans.

Take this USA ...gold axe...

It is not mine ,sir!

Take this Singapore silver axe...

It is not mine, sir!

This one India's iron axe...

Thank you, it is mine, sir!

Impressed by this honest man's vision

IMF and World Bank found in him, a potential cousin

They granted him gold, silver. and iron axes

That's how we have now multiple taxes

5. The Twelve Labours of Heracles

When an young man called Heracles,
With not much education but brute force,
Met his big brother Eurystheus for a job,
Who gave him twelve labours, not a single bob;

Meeting in Its cave, the Nemean lion
In the employment office endless line

Killing the Hydra of many a head
Stopping the graft weed from going ahead

To capture alive the Cerynean Hind
And to market the shares under hand

Finding the big Boar on mount Erymanthus
And not finding bore in the programmes of Mandi House

The cleansing of Aegean stables
And the clearing of files on the government offices' tables

Catching the birds of Stymphalian island
catching the bards of corruption of this land

Fighting the Cretan Bull in its den
And fighting the cretin fools of political din

To conquer the mares of Diomedes, who eat human flesh
and the nightmares after rat races, who eat humans afresh

To bring the belt of Hippolyte, the amazon beauty
and not being hit below the belt by an officer on duty

Winning the cattle of Geryon breed
And winning the battle of caste and creed

Bringing the Golden apples of Hesperides
And breaking the surge of fundamentalist tides

To tame the three headed Cerberus at the gates of Hell
and to tame the three humored disease in a corporate hospital

The mighty Heracles quivered and shivered
Finding the present tasks impossible, to be finished
Bowed his head to tricky big brother Eurystheus
Fled to Olympus, leaving those labors, staring at us

6. The squirrel that helped Sri Rama Chandra

Once there was a squirrel which is very plain
It jumped, juggled and stored many nuts on his own
It never quarreled and had no reason to complain
One day he saw two men,
a bear and infinite monkeys in his terrain

The monkeys started building a bridge on the big ocean
They dumped trees, rocks, gravel, sand and heavy stone
Hark! The stones were floating
on the water and a great bridge is born
The good squirrel thought how can I help
these humans looking sad but divine

He collected pebbles and acorns and
put them in the cracks in between
The architect Neeludu respected the
tiny squirrel for its concern
The great Hanuman greeted him and
took him to Rama and Laxman
Lord Rama touched the squirrel's back to relieve its pain

Miracle! The touch of His divine fingers created
stripes on the squirrel's back,
It is not the quantum of help, but the concern
that matters is the talk!
The squirrel's help was thus etched in bold
and gold in myths and lore,
Now if you do the same you shall have stripes
all over the back but with blood and gore.

7. Arachne

Once in the land of Lydia,
There was a great weaver Arachne
Such a skilful lady, she cared no one's idea
Her ego touched the summit
And she challenged the goddess Athena for a test;

In a sarcastic way she weaved in gold and silver
Of threads and rainbow colors,
The amorous stories of every god and goddess;

Amazed at her skill, but the essence as vulgar
The mighty goddess tore the picture and
beat her black and blue and in any color;

Alas! Lydia hanged herself weaving
her story to a sad finish in despair
The goddess Athena pitied her
and made her in to the world Spider.
That's how we have world wide web,
the infinite amorous stories and
Athena's hits on our daily platter.

8. Sisyphus

Once there was a world's best
wicked and cunning man called Sisyphus
Son of Aeolus and Enarete of the city Corinth;
When master thief Autolychus tried to steal his cattle
He printed 'Autolychus stole these cattle'-
and exposed the thief's rattle;

Then he seduced Anticlea the thief's daughter
and people say he fathered Odysseus, the cunning and clever
He cheated the father of men and gods the mighty Zeus
Later tricked the Death, pleaded with Persephone
and lived a long time on earth
As long as he lived he practiced cunning,
under hand deals, seduction and rape;

Finally he died and gods in revenge
invented a queer punishment,- to roll up a big rock
To the top of a hill, but when it reaches the summit
it always rolled down to the ground-
No rest! No sleep. No cunningness, no seductions work there!
Persephone with her whip lashes him till eternity
And he cannot dilly dally for a moment;

That should be the punishment reserved
for our public servants,
for their present day cunning and underhand dealings!
So ye politicians and public servants, beware!
Sisyphus is waiting for you to keep the rock
on your head in the Tartarus hell, and it shall be your fare!

9. Tantalus

Once you antagonize gods you had it!
Tantalus did offend the ruling divine a lot,
He was the son of Zeus and the Pluto-wealth
But irritated the gods for his silly pranks and mirth

One day he called on gods and gave them a feast
You will be aghast if you know what was
served as the main course
He killed his own son Pelops and cooked him and served it
as the main dish to test the gods and they got angry for his demonic
rudeness and cruelty and punished him severe

In Tartarus hell he was made to stand hungry and thirsty
with hands tied on his back in a pool of water,
which always receded when he tried to drink
The trees with juicy fruits are nearer to his mouth always
But go out of reach whenever he tried to eat

A torture worst named after him as tantalizing
Reserved for the ruthless killers of the kith and kin
For the murderers, rapists, arsonists, and
Trigger happy assassins, money hoarders
And the countless sadists that ill treat the poor and less privileged

Ye people! Be careful and remember! Be just and kind,
Otherwise Tantalus will be your fellow member!

10. Prometheus

Once upon a time
Long long long ago
By the orders of Great God
Animals were created and the
incharge officers were Prometheus- fore thought,
and Epimetheus-after thought

Always in hurry, Epimetheus called on all animals
and to each one of them he gave a special power
By the time man's turn came,
Epimetheus drew blank and called on his brother,

Of all the animals,
Prometheus has a soft corner to this human creature.,
so he honed him in the shape of gods,
gave him the gift of upright walking and ruler ship over all

Those days fire was the secret
property of gods and none dared to touch it
But Prometheus stole it and gave it
to the humans and incurred the wrath of gods...

Big God Zeus bound him to a rock with adamantine chains
and set a great eagle to eat Prometheus liver daily in the morning
that regenerates again in the night
The torture was horrible and scorched him with unbearable pain...

Heracles killed the eagle and freed our friend
What do you understand by this legend?
By the stolen fire humans burnished their body and mind
Whoever helped these humans all have bitter end
Still humans steal surreptitiously nature's bounty
and suffer with the consequences without end!

11. ADONIS and Anemone flower

Once there was a young man
Adonis, so handsome
As though made up of silvery moonlight
And burnished with gold and many gems right
Eyes sapphires, nose emerald, hair coral bright

Athena the goddess of intelligence liked him
But inadvertently injured by her son
By that Cupid's painless arrow prick
Venus the love goddess was totally love struck
But Adonis is more interested in hunting likewise;

Athena gave deaf ears to Venus advice
In the predator forest when Venus was away
He confronted a big boar, hit it with his long spear
Though wounded the ferocious boar
came like thunderbolt and wounded him fatally;

Venus heard his dying moans rushed back to the forest
Her lover was lying there dead in a pool of blood
With tears in her eyes, the love goddess sprinkled
Ambrosial nectar on his blood
From Adonis blood sprang to life
anemone flowers red and bright
They are the wind flowers; morning blooms
and by evening withers
Reminds us of the brevity of our lives,
So friends! Death is a big boar, don't chase it!
There is some body always loves you at home;
Don't give them lifelong tears.

12. Sri KRISHNA and the Snake Kaliya

Once there was this poisonous snake Kalia
Fearing the great eagle the mighty Garuda
Occupied the Kalindi lake and turned it
into a tormenting hell
Birds and beasts that drank the water
suffered death or felt unwell;

To teach a lesson to that treacherous snake
Krishna jumped into that lake like a great turtle
The wily serpent whizzed vigorously and bit the child
and shut him tight in his stupefying many a coil;

Hearing the cries of other children,
the whole Brindavana reached the lake and saw
the ghastly scene and began to cry and wail
Conscious of their cries Krishna slipped
from the snake's grip,
thrashed the snake into lotus pulp;

The surging waves of river Yamuna
Making melodious drum sounds
The flying buzz of black bumble bees
Becoming beautiful music all around

The chirpings of royal swans and cranes
Supplying the sweet cymbal sounds
The deities and celestial observers
Occupying the place as the audience

On the jewel studded dias of
The hood of the snake Kaliya
The lotus eyed enchanting artist
Danced in a style imitable to none

Once a sneaky smoky snake
Now pounded to pulp by His dancing feet
Unable to sniff, sneeze, snicker or snarl
The savage serpent became a servant to Sri Krishna

Honoring the requests of Kaliya's wives
Lord Krishna released the snake from his lethal grip
And blessed him with a unique boon
A protection and talisman on its hood,
The footprints of Krishna are there,
No eagle comes nearer to him anymore;

O careless men! Don't poison the waters
Lest you will be punished severe!
And the eagle may sell you water in quota bottles
Be not a snake and torture the people
The snake catcher will dance on your heads forever!

13. The Moon rabbit

One full moon day,
an old man was found
collapsed on the forest road
He was begging for food and
nobody gave him a piece of bread;

A monkey saw him and brought some fruits
An otter ran and ran and collected some fish
A jackal smacked its lips and brought a lizard
But a rabbit jumped into the fire and offered itself

Miracle! The fire didn't singe even its hair!
The old man revealed himself as the great God
He praised the monkey and otter
And punished humans and jackal
Blessed the rabbit, and kept its image on the moon wall

A beautiful Chinese girl Chang'O is there
For the last four thousand years or more
She stole the immortality pill from her spouse
And ran away to the moon and made it her house;

Her sole companion is the moon rabbit standing on its hind feet
Under the shade of a tree, pounding medicines for deities fleet
Believe it or not, you can see them all on the full moon night
A beautiful lady, a cinnamon tree and a big rabbit

A soothing moonlight spreads coolness and a breeze of love
But you miss them all if you shut yourself in your cell with devil
The blasted television, the satanic computer
and the addictive cell phone evil

14. APOLLO and DAPHNE

One day the billion rays Apollo taunted Cupid
What can you do with your silly arrows, ye child stupid?
The ever young Cupid smiled and bowed
He employed just two arrows,
one gold and the other one is lead!

He shot the Apollo with the golden arrow
that instilled passionate love
At the same time he hit the nymph Daphne
with the lead arrow inciting hatred

Daphne vowed to be a perpetual Virgin,
like her favorite deity Athena
Never cared for the love signals from the Apollo
and avoided his persistent subpoena;

When Apollo pursued her,
she prayed her father and got his protection
A heavy numbness seized her limbs,
her soft breasts and body covered by the bark
Her hair into foliage, her forearms into branches
and her feet into roots;

She was transformed into a beautiful Laurel tree
Apollo in amazement blessed her with evergreen ness
His quivers, lyres, his gifts, titles to poets all from Laurel tree
Baccalaureate, poet laureate, winners in Olympics
with laurel wreaths, all comes from Apollo's love for Daphne;

So ye poets! Never ever challenge Cupid!
With billions of light arrows too Apollo succumbed
It is after all the difference between two arrows
One is golden the other one is lead

15. Let My People Go!

Once upon a time a stubborn pharaoh retorted-
'Who is the Lord that I should obey His voice to let my slaves go?'
Then the angel of Death passed over the city...
Every first born in that city lost its life, except
In the house with a door,
on it a holy mark of paschal lamb's blood

Before this event, the waters of Nile turned blood red
Next frogs in millions invaded every house and bed
Then came lice, gnats, fleas fleeced every body
after that it was the wild beasts' day out;

The fifth plague was the fall of livestock
Next the hot winds of painful boils and blisters sprout
Now the hailstorms, then the locust
swarms destroyed the vegetation in and out

Next, darkness loomed over the city for three days
When the pharaoh was about to yield,
God made his heart resilient
To teach the generations to come,
a living example and a hint
Then came the last plague, - the angel of
Death made his rounds and pass over

The pharaoh and his people, the priest and the beast,
and everyone lost their first born
Except in the house with a door,
on it a holy mark, of a paschal lamb's blood

Today the city roads are filled with physical filth and smog
People are attacked by ten modern plagues- pollution, corruption,
faithlessness, pride, wrath Gluttony, envy, lust, greed, and sloth
Ye rulers of this land! Let my poor people
live without man made plagues
Lest GOD's hand of fury shall smite you without mercy
Let my people go! Let my people live!

16. Three Fates

O Clotho, spin the thread of life from distaff to spindle!
O Lachesis, mark it with your measuring rod and handle!
O Atropos, snip it with your abhorred shears and end the bundle!
Oh, the spinner, the allotter, the shearer; Oh the powerful Moirai!

Ye the Fates, the hags, the Parcae,
the daughters of Zeus and Themis,
The apportioners, you are the white
robed destiny incarnations!

Are you the daughters of Nyx or night?
Or the daughters of Ananke, the necessity?
Even the gods do not cross thy path,
Knowing your powers beyond any wrath,
is it Tekmor, proof or ordinance,
Or a universal principle like Vedic
Rta, Avestsn Asha, Or Egyptian Maat or
Arabic qesmat or our kismet?

People careful! Driving with jet speed,
don't cross their path, and inebriated
How shrewd and scientific you may be, indeed!
Be humble with Moirai, the goddesses of Fate
Otherwise, the thread of life is snip short before date!

17. Akhfash's Goat

Once there was a philosopher in Persia,
He trained his goat to nod its head at prompt;
Whenever he talked in public about Utopia,
Now and then he used to look at his goat,
It promptly did nod its head
As though it understood the talk about that Utopia.

I am a true philosopher goat of India province
After office hours i slip into evening garb
And remove my brain and keep it in the deep fridge
I go back with some grub and sit
before the idiot box and on a sofa's edge
Nodding my head and pushing remote buttons in a trance.

I am an Akhf ash goat in the evening boat
I nod my head to whatever the screen float
It is more true during the festival of vote
I nod my head to whatever the politicians gloat!

18. Three Gorgons

O Gorgos! The dreadful ones, growling of beasts, Gorgon!
You look terrible with thy fangs, wings, claws brazen,
The tusks of boar and snakes as hair and dry scaly skin
Grim of aspect, glaring terribly, terror and rout, be gone!

O Stheno the mighty, O Euryala the far sea springer,
You both are immortal, but why not
Medusa the queen your sister!
Daughters of sea gods Kete and Phorcys, you are terrible;

Your flashing eyes and horryfying
Visage turns anyone into stone,
The images of you are put upon
Buildings against evil eye and as protection;

We behold your replicas on our
new buildings and construction sites
I wish you create terror in the hearts of
crime builders and mafia parasites
Kindly protect our innocent girls and poor
from the rapists and sadists
Just look at them and turn those demons
into stones and compost posts.

19. Davy Jones Locker

Oh Davy Jones, Davy Jones, the sailors' Devil!
The bottom of the Sea, dreaded by all good will
On the eve of hurricanes, you perch among rigging
The fiend you are, presides over the spirits of evil doing

Sailors who crossed the Equatorial line, the Shell backs constant
Or the sons of Neptune and their king respects you as their first assistant
Davy Jones, Davy Jones, thy name is Death, sea underneath
You punish land lubbers, clumsy sailors into the sea depth

Yoho the pirates of the hell, merry hours to tell these the gory version
Hoist the flag of skull and bones, make your hearts rocky stone
Pickup your pistol and cutlass, walk on the no plank, no quarters taken,
Say hey for hempen rope, say hey for Davy Jones and lit up the ammunition

Oh blistering barnacles! Oh by the beard of black pirate!
Down in the Azure blue sea, Down in the death ravishing sea
Lots of refugees crossing the seas in overcrowded junks, see!
Oh come on, Davy Jones! Don't open your locker with glee!

You were once a child, look at that innocent child!
A victim of mindless cruel deeds of humans wild!

20. Am I My Brother's Keeper

One of those days Adam knew Eve intimately
They had two sons in succession
Cain was the elder one, a crop farmer
Abel the younger chooses to be a shepherd;

On the day of gratitude
They offered the Lord their produce
Cain offered his cereals fruits without selection
Abel was selective and offered the best of the first born;

Abel's offering was accepted by God
Cain was furious and envy and wrath sat on his head
He took Abel to a lonely field and hit him with a stone
This was the first murder and a curse and a mark

God asked Cain- 'Where is Abel thy brother?'
Cain replied eyes downcast. ..'I know not.
Am I my brother's keeper?-

'The voice of thy brother's blood
crieth unto me from the ground!
Hereby a fugitive and vagabond
shaft thou be in the earth!
And you shall bear a mark, a curse
and a protection to you!' -thundered God!
And men thus inherit Adam's sin and Cain's murder.

Are we not Cains ill treating fellow human
In the name of caste, creed, color and religion ?
If I say -' Am I my brother's keeper?
Won't God punish me for my cruel behavior?

21. Balaam's Ass

Then the Lord opened the donkey's
mouth and it said to Balaam-
'What have I done to you to make
You beat me these three times?'

Balaam is a diviner, can influence
the great Lord by praying and praying
His donkey is faithful, and obedient
But always liked to braying and braying.

Balaak the king of Moab saw
The threat of Israelites and consulted Balaam;
Balaam replied that he can only say
The words put in his mouth by the Lord.

King offered unlimited money,
the diviner started his chanting and charm
On his way to Moab, the donkey saw an Angel
and it stopped and refused to move
After admonition and beating it changed its braying to talking.

Every day in and day out we journey towards sin and crime
A jackass or donkey, our mind, influenced by God,
Gives us a fine warning, It may be our consciousness or
Invisible scream; Better hear and heed it
And see the wall, on it is God's writing.

22. SUN's Car and son's car **(Phaethon and Poplar tree)**

In those days every fair kid was a god's child
Mothers used to claim their favorite god as the kid's dad.
Husbands too believed them,
because their progeny would be half divine.
Clymene an ocean nymph, had a son by Sun and
named him Phaethon.

Taunted by his jealous friend, Phaethon went
in search of his father soon
At Eastern gate, his father Sun, welcomed him
and gave a boon and his Crown
With that helmet crown son looked like Sun
and asked his father's chariot
Just like us, the Sun pleaded with his son,
not safe to go alone
but there is that affection or blind love
and promised boon!

Oh son! Be careful! The Zodiac road is unsafe! Avoid the
horns of bull- Taurus The arrows of Archer, the raging
Leo, the Scorpion's pincers, the Crab's claws, Oh son!
Beware! The all knowing Zeus is a strict impatient inspector
Let this journey should not be fatal to you.
Please get down this divine Car!

Phaethon is just like our sons and daughters
and he is already gone far
The fierce seven horses suspecting something amiss
gone out of control breathing fire;
In the mid Zodiac the chariot started
dropping down like a meteor colt
The earth became fiercely hot,
Africa was scorched to a desert
To save the Earth, Zeus hit Phaethon with a thunderbolt!

Alas! The great chariot accident,
first time in the history claimed the Sun's son
Zeus admonished and pacified the Sun for his negligence
And everything returned to normal;
Phaethon's sisters cried day and night;
gods transformed them into
The Poplar trees with amber tears

So dear fathers and mothers!
Don't give your young children your cars!
Otherwise they may give you
Lifelong tears and unhealed scars!

23. Hiawatha's Belt

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

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

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

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

Let's bury the hatchets, tomahawks,
bow and arrows, clubs and all
Let the pine trees grow over them
and let peace prevail and no war
Let's live in peace, let there be no bloodshed
let's smoke the peace pipe sitting together
Let it be a lesson to all the nations and all the people,
let everybody live happily ever after!

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

Om santihi! Om santihi! Om santihi!

24. TO BEE OR NOT TO BEE!

Melissa, O queen of woman cavalry with weapons of sting!
Honeybee, Austeja, Bubilas, Mellona, Bhramari of lore!
What nakedness, what pollen bath, what a buzz you bring!
O Delphic priestess, a bridge between worlds upper and lower!

In between the Crab gate of men and
Capricorn gate of Heaven
You have wax glass palace with crystal rooms
perched on a crotch
An ensemble of music of humming unintelligible
gullible syllables catch
O the bowstring of Kamadeva!
O Bhramari the slayer of Aruna demon!
You are the Blue bee on Lord Vishnu's forehead,
and the HUM
of root chakra vortex and you are the
tears of Egypt Sun god RA!

You create yourself, you are your trinity, the mother bee,
male drones and female servants
You mate often with yourself, you give birth,
you die by supersedure or balling out !

You taught us to be busy doing hard work
and collect nectar of life
But we forgot that and we are busy collecting
poison of vicious strife.

25. IZANAGI- IZANAMI

Oh, Izanagi my exalted male, why are you deserting me?
The seventh generation pair we are, we churned the Sea,
Wirh Tenki the heavenly jeweled spear and
crossed the floating bridge.

Oh Izanagi, you came here to see me,
why are you abandoning me?

Oh my exalted female, once beautiful,
you are not my Izanami!
You are always disrespectful, you greeted me before I spoke,
And we had two disfigured children for that mistake,
Oh Izanami, later we had eight children
but now you are my enemy!

Oh Izanagi, I died at my child birth,
delivering the fire Kagatsuchi
And you killed him for that, such was your love to me.
And you came to Yomi the underground
to see me, and I said -No,
But you insisted to visit me, You lit your comb
and saw my body,
Then why are you running away from me?

Oh Izanami, I saw your rotting body, rotting with maggots dark
I couldn't see you in that putrid state. that's why I am going away,
Forgive me. Please call back your foul women Shikome
they are hunting me, call them back! Oh Izanami,
show some respect and let me go to my dear home.

Oh, Izanagi, oh, I ate the food of hell furnace,
now I can't come to earth back
You too stay here, if you go leaving me,
I shall kill thousand a day your progeny
Oh Izanami, if you kill a thousand,
I shall create fifteen hundred, believe me!
You stay in your hell oh, I reached my home,
leaving your hell Yomi!

Now me Izanagi I perform my purification
and cleanse my body
Let my left eye drop to become Amatereshu the sun goddess
My right eye let it transform into the moon god Tsukuyomi !
From my nose sneezed fast the storm god the moody Susanoo!
Oh Izanami! This is the land of rising sun,
Japan, Nippon, the Sun origin!

26. The Red Colour of Mulberry Fruits

Once upon a time in Babylonia,
Pyramus a handsome boy, Thisbe a beautiful girl,
were in love euphoria
They lived in neighbouring houses separated by a wall..
But their parents had feuds that proscribed any meeting or call.

What can the young people do about it?
They found a crack in the wall and through that
They exchanged messages, murmurs,
sweet nothings and what not!
When desire overpowered the reason they had a plan
To meet at the White mulberry tree near the mount plain.

So, on that appointed dot of time Thisbe started early
and reached the snow White mulberry tree;
A fierce lioness was there near a stream,
With Its mouth dripping blood meal!
Thisbe ran with fear towards mountain,
and while running she dropped her veil
The lioness found the veil, playfully it tossed ,
and rent it with its blood mouth and with zeal

And Pyramus came and saw the lion at a distance, going..
And the blood stained cloth of his lover in pieces and torn
He blamed himself and crying loud he fell upon his sword
and the blood gushed up like a fountain!
The very moment Thisbe came,
moaning endlessly she too did the same
From their young hearts blood, gushed up like
fountain and drenched
the white mulberry tree from then onwards mulberries
became red and symbol of sweet love

So young ones! Do not hurry in taking decision!
One wrong step can transform safety into destructions

27. BLACK BEARD the Pirate.

In the waters of Ocracake, in the cove of Teach's creek
In the dark moon, with whistling winds,
a fearful phantasmagorical streak

Every port a wife, O Black beard, thirteen wives you sport!
Unlucky number thirteen, isn't it,
why did you stop at that fort?
Bahamas and North Carolina your name is a terror screech!
O Black beard, scores of ships you robbed,
O Edward Teach?

O hirsute pirate, long black beard weaved
into pigtails, a big cruel giant!
Three braces of pistols hanging in holsters,
and a sharp cutlass
A fur cap on your large head with two hemp cords
emitting smoke and spark
A black halo around your face,
you looked like the ugly Satan incarnate in dark!

You drink flaming rum, breathed saltpeter and gum,
your voice a marauding battle drum,
To the surrendered you serve magnanimity
and the resistant calamity, costly conundrum.
Let damnation seize your soul, no quarters given or taken
Then Robert Maynard with large government forces
arrived soon

After a horrendous detonation and destruction,
and a see-saw fight to finish,
Overpowered by numbers, twenty cuts and five gunshots
and a severe, decapitation; Victor Maynard hoisted your
pirate head from the bowsprit,
Threw the headless trunk into the
enormous dark blue sea pit straight!

In the waters of Ocracake, in the cove of Teach's creek,
In the dark moon, with whistling winds,
a fearful phantasmagorical streak,
With a phosphorescent glow, with a weird noise,
searching for its head,
cries aloud, -'Where is my head? Where is my head?
Where is my head?', -

Moon in terror hides underneath clouds,
winds whistle weird sounds,
Owls hoot, bats screech,
Protecting Black beard's treasure chest,
And emitting dreadful Teach's light and shadow Cries
aloud a headless body ,
Swimming by the side of ships-
Where is my head? Where is my head? Ahoy!

28. The merchant and the parrot.

One Arabian merchant was going to India
He asked his pet parrot, what gift shall I bring?
The parrot replied...if you find parrots there,
Just say- my parrot said ..good morning!

In a beautiful garden, in India he saw a gathering of parrots
He stopped there and said to them my parrot said ..good morning!
One parrot looked at him and fell down from the tree dying
With sorrowful heart, he left the place, when he returned home
he said to the parrot what happened there with a sad face!.

The sooner the parrot heard the words,
it fell down in its cage fluttering its wings and died.
The merchant was so much grief stricken,
He took out the bird and kissed it gently.
And put it on the table and bowed his head moaning
and remembering its good qualities.

Miracle! The parrot came to life and flew away
on to a tree top near by.
With surprise the merchant asked..what is happening?
The parrot said -'by falling dead the Indian parrot
demonstrated what to do!
I followed its advise and got my freedom, God bless you!
and it flew away into future.

So guys, don't be parrots in gilded cages of call centers
and job markets kingdom,
search for a way to look at nature,
sun, moon and stars and attain peace and wisdom.

29. Three Furies

O Chthonic deities! Infernal goddesses,
anger personification
Three Furies, the Erinys, the goddesses of retribution,
Alekto the endless, Megaera the jealous rage in action,
And Tisiphone the vengeful destruction!

You confronted Dante at the gates of Dis city!
You haunted Orestes for his matricidal activity.
You are born from the drops of
blood at the time of Uranus castration.

By your persistent persecution, and horrible harassment
you punished several murderers
When Orestes pleaded for mercy, Athena placated you,
O Semnai the venerable ones!

Ah, the killers of kith and kin! In the name of caste, color,
creed and religion, In the name of honor, in the name of war
You are killing love and peace and people of your own!
You shall be haunted by the Furies till the Armageddan!
You shall rot in the hell till judgment day and receive
your punishment for your deadly sin!

30. Persephone - Pomegranate

Oh, she is such a beautiful goddess, sweet Persephone,
The daughter of Zeus and the harvest goddess Demeter,
You Hades, saw her alone in an enchanting garden,
you abducted and married her and
made her the underground queen.

But how long a mother can tolerate such separation?
Demeter searched, searched for her in
vain and went into isolation.
All the birds, beasts and trees,
the whole world became infertile,
Zeus the mighty god intervened
and requested Hades permission

The king of underworld tricked Persephone,
gave her a Pomegranate
If you eat anything in the underworld,
you stay that many months there.
On her return journey to earth,
she ate six seeds of that fruit.
So it is destined by Fates,
that she stay six months this time underground.

When she returned, the whole earth
rejoiced including her mother Demeter
The vegetation, the harvest, the verdant,
the love, bloomed everywhere.
To Romans, She is Proserpina and her mother is Ceres
We have cereals rice, wheat, barley,
and grains by her grace.

Oh, Pomegranate, the most salutiferous
and salubrious fruit,
From your calyx, designed the shape of the king
Solomon's crown!
Six hundred thirteen seeds,
that many number of commandments of Torah,
you have, You are once a forbidden fruit, and
You are like the woman's mind,
with seeds as secrets very much hidden!

31. The Happy Hans

Oh, seven years, full seven years,
happy Hans did hard work.
His master happily gave him freedom
and as wages a big silver ingot.
A nugget that silver ingot is so heavy our happy
Hans has trouble carrying it to home.
His neck ached so much, on the way,
Hans exchanged it for a fast horse and very happy!

The horse was so fast, soon he was thrown off
into a pretty dirty ditch,
A crafty cow-herd pulled him out,
our happy Hans exchanged his fast horse to a slow cow.
In the hot sun happy Hans was thirsty
and hungry and when he tried to milk his cow,
Maybe the cow didn't like his idea it kicked him so hard,
happy Hans was so unhappy.
When nursing his wound, a pig-gelder offered help,
So happily Hans exchanged cow to a pig.

Happy he is as the pig is big but a wicked
country fellow warned him about theft.
So he exchanged his pig to a crazy white goose
and is as happy as that goose.
But on the way he met a merry stone grinder,
who offered a colorful stone for that goose. Happily our
Hans exchanged his goose but the stone was
as heavy as that silver nugget!

Soon his neck strained badly and at a pond
when he was drinking water it slipped,
It slipped so fast it dipped deep in to the waters
and gone and Hans neck pain also disappeared.
Happy Hans thanked God for restoring him his happiness,
he and we are all happy;
How happy is our Hans only he, you, and me knows
because we know happiness versus the burden of a stone;

Money brings comforts but not joy or happiness;
money is no freedom.
And our happy Hans reached home and
lived happily ever after, in wisdom.

32. JOSEPH and ZULEIKHA.

O Zuleikha! What oneiros, what dream,
what phantasm stirred your mind?
On what wings, what winds,
and what waves of illusion, did your vision bind?
What exquisite, resplendent, sublime, superb,
bewitching, grand countenance,
Brought you to Memphis and to the deserts of
Egypt in that sublime trance?

O Joseph ! Into a deep well, in that desolated place,
your brothers threw you and flew!
A caravan rescued you and sold you in the
streets of Egypt for dirhams a few!
You dreamed in your childhood that eleven stars,
sun, moon were prostrating before you!
Now the lovely Zuleikha, your master's wife
realised that her dream came true!

O Zuleikha! A ravishing beauty of fire,
how can you tolerate an unlit candle in your maze?
Vain dreams, vain hopes, vain love and an old spouse,
how they drove you into a fit of rage?
O Joseph! In a royal feast the womenfolk cut their hands
stunned by your dazzling beauty!
You rejected Zuleikha's advances and was thrown
into prison to be punished severely!

Every lash slashed your body felt by her heart,
you were smiling but she was crying!
O Joseph! Understand her agony and her true
love and the flaming hearth!
O Zuleikha! A magnificent rose in the
garden of Iram, keep him in your heart and breath!
Every clash splashed in his life is destined to take him
further towards the Divine Being!

O Joseph! In that dark prison you interpreted
the dreams of Pharaoh's cook and cupbearer!
Later you analysed the Pharaoh's dream and
became the powerful Vazier!
You pardoned your wicked brothers and brought
your father Jacob to your household!
Then what happened to Zuleikha, the eagerly waiting
lamenting lover is never told!

O lovely Zuleikha! Did you lose your eyes
weeping for him? Did you marry him?
Then why these haunting, enticing songs heard
all over the streets of Memphis!
In the silvery moonlight, on the blue waters of
resplendent Nile, we still see,
At that stillness, the haunting song of Zuleikha waiting for
Joseph and there he is as a silhouette!

33. The Cormorant Girl

The crimson Sun began to dance
North- West wards into the sea.
Sucking whirlpools and smashing breakers
girdled the island, see!
It is the haunt of unsung music of umpteen
wild birds, and solitary melancholy.
In the slant of sunbeams, from the depths of the
dark blue sea momentarily,
A sparkling golden ring appears telling a tale
about the treasure buried secretly!

Those twelve cormorants in a long black row,
are they guarding the treasure?
Do you see any old fashioned galley,
wobbling in tempest, to be sunk for sure!
On the island did you see that young girl with
thick coat-black hair and a queer pair of eyes?
Once you look into them, young man!
You are not you, and every summer you are there!

Many young men lost their minds,
boats and hopes in quest of reaching that island.
But one daredevil persisted and won the applaud of
cormorants on line inland.
In the slant sunbeam, sparkled the golden ring,
-'Bring me that wedding ring'-
Said she- 'something may come of it.'- the sea roared,
and raised high challenging!

Like that white wall of foam, he became pale,
but her haunting looks made him determined,
At that instant the thirteenth cormorant rose
into the sky in the misty foam
Twelve times, in three years, he tried to
reach the treasure in vain,
When the Sun began to dance into the sea
and the thirteenth cormorant rose into the sky!

Amidst of the asphyxiating thunderstorms,
among the wrecks, on the keel of a boat,
Hung an exhausted young lad by his knife belt,
when they couldn't revive him by all means,
Then she came and said - 'O my bridegroom'-
and in that cold storm night, on her bosom,
He lay whole night and warmth came to him
and he woke up from that dream.
Me thought I lay betwixt the wings of a cormorant-
he said looking into her eyes beam.

The sea rose high and high, he rowed and
rowed towards the sparkling ring,
The insucking breakers roared and thundered
among the skerries and the foam rose high!
The jaws of sea are about to close upon him,
hark! he saw her by his side smiling.
He dived into the sea carried up the iron chest
and put the golden ring on her finger.

-'So now I am thine till the Sun dances north
westwards into the sea' - said she.
In a cleft on the skerry on the patch of green grass,
he is a young man she is a bony lass.
'But now the dusk cometh,- says she to her enchanted
husband, with tears filled eyes.
And all at once it seemed to him she is becoming
older and older and fading,

As if he was in a mysterious dream,
on that green grass he was alone with that iron chest!
Then you see! There lay the cormorant feathers like her
dress and her beautiful hair!
In that calm and clear midsummer night,
out over the sea, there flew cormorants twelve!
And on every midsummer day, in the crimson Sun
one can see and hear the youngman's cry,
And a boat and a sparkling ring and a divine cormorant
alighting from the sky!

34. After this what?

How many pomegranate seeds to eat
How many rivers to cross
How much money to pay Charon on boat

How much courage to face Cerberus
Am I a Sisyphus or Tantalus
Heracles or simple Orpheus

Am I a carpenter
To enter a cave and appear
On a road to Emmaus?

35. I bargained with the Devil

I bargained with the Devil,
And he sold me a ladder dripping evil;
I put it towards heaven,
But it's steps are looking down,
So I walked upside down,
My head reached the hell town,
Yet my feet are still feeling the sun,
They scourged my hands that signed the will,
God intervened and pulled me out of hell,
And put me permanently on this earth to tell;

36. SMILE

Smile is the shortest distance,
between two hearts for instance..
Stored in deep tendrils of the heart
It sways with the moonlight!

Sprinkle smiles along the miles you go
It rejuvenate the heart with pleasure flow
On slippery lie smeared lips it cannot lie
So it has migrated to moonlight high

Available not in demand and no patent lace
But appears as a twinkling star with grace
And heals the hearts and minds at race
It is the finest brace one has to embrace.

37. HEART

A stony heart is a museum piece
A stony looking heart is an artistic piece
A stony speaking heart is a breaking news
A stony feeling heart is a useless piece.
A loving living heart is a masterpiece

38. BLACK HOLE!

This flood is my green blood
Wounds raw are war wounds
No original bio in me, all replaced,
Many landmines in mine land,
Whole universe in my pate plate as uni'vese'
My body a bleak black hole,
It sucks all inside out!

39. Bird Watcher!

Oh, Bird watcher! Search for thy bird
in that intricate marshes!
Seek for it, whistle, sing, whisper and mimic
for the phoenix in the ashes!
Did you bring your net, bait, gun or
camera to shoot, to that evening desolate shore?
If this bird is that beautiful, how about that
Great Bird of Lore!

40. WHO created WHOM?

God did forgive the man for his claim of creating Him.
Man often forgets who created whom?
God reminds man that man is always man!
Man tries to remind god that it is his mind that created Him!
In this tug of war who did what is the real problem!
The poets and philosophers filled volumes
and volumes in defining Him!
If god exists he will be baffled by those theories of wisdom!
That's why he avoids to come to this crazy, pretentious realm,
And sends angels and prophets or profit seeking
Satan or devils at random

41. Both hands!

Love and hate, all relationships are like rubber bands,
If we stretch them too far, we break the fragile bonds,
And experience the cruciate pain in both the hands!

42. O my love!

In my sleep why i always dream about you?
In my dream why I always almost miss you?
In my life why you are so far away but so nearer, O my love!

43. Talk Shows!

Nothing comes out of those intellectual clash!
When ideologies and loyalties are fixed their talk is hogwash!
They bury the Truth deep in their rhetoric word splash,
Seventy years of independence, still our borders crash!
Our nation's boarders many still hang below poverty line dash,
Where have gone those ideals of yesteryears?
Mocked by these idle talk idiot box nondoers!

44. Mourning!

After that long deep cold sleep
No more morning or awakening,
you and they see nothing there, except mourning!

A few bombs here and there
They sound awful, because they taste blood!
Isn't your belief a worse bomb that explodes aloud!

How many graves, how many pyres,
How much grief, how many tears and fire,
How much dirt does satisfy this war hunger?

45. Ye little lamps!

Lamps are dime a dozen,
Many pray for a cause or caution,
Some for the sake of protection,
Some keep a share of munition
Only a few always keep their lamps burning in His vision,
Because of those lights God keeps His eyes always open!

46. Believe Me!

When we attach too many threads,
The strings pull us to the body bind!
When we pick up too many shells
The sea roars the mysteries of mind!
When we secure too many talismans
The struggling soul gives alarm sound!
When we believe in ourselves, visit cross roads,
The mighty One laughs at us looking all around!

47. Innocence

The children are innocent,
We all accept that comment,
By whose training came this violent adult content?
Is it the training of parents
Or teachers or god's intent?
What we sow we reap,
What we show we seep,
What we teach we reach,
What we cheat we meet!
The fault lies in the basement,
Under the basement lies Satan's apartment!
Smokeless fire and its colour attracts the children!
The trap is covered with tulle grass and pseudo heaven!

48. Out of order!

When love is over
What a lover can do? Automatically
The phone goes out of order!

Real love never goes
Out of coverage area, in life and death
It stays in the heart's cafeteria!

Love tests love
Without any texting, it reads between
the messages before responding!

49. Monkey's war and peace

If you can draw a monkey
I will show you the key
To draw money from monkey!

If you want a reward
Or award, start a guerrilla war,
and propose peace!

If a gorilla can establish peace,
What will it do with its arms and chest?
It is not genetically compatible!

50. War & peace

Rest in war is a luxury
Rest in peace is ordinary
Living in war is extraordinary
Living in peace is poetry

51. Peace

Plethora of problems proliferating
in the penumbra of war's back-droP,
Epiphany of ephemeral life dawning as
eloquent cynosure of lifE,
Argus eyed surreptitious imbroglios pleading
for panoply of panaceA,
Coruscant evanescence of moral strength
compromising life's musiC,
Elixir ambrosia is essential in thwarting war
and to establish peacE.

(Acronym of PEACE...in first and last letters of sentences)

52. Advocates and Apostles

When there is peace
There is no need of Apostles
When there is war there you find
Advocates and Apostles

When there is loss of peace
People search for prophets
When there is loss of profit
Weapon merchants look for war prophets

53. Light

There are two phases
In divine assimilation
First the outside light enters in
In the end the inside light goes out
We call them birth and death

In between, in prayers, dreams and self-realization of truth,
Often the light goes out, comes in and so on and so forth!

54. Unproverbs.....

1. You can't judge
A bloke by his or her lover and
A book by its cover
2. Good things come
To those who wait and by that time
You become old and useless
3. Don't put all your eggs
In your basket, put them in neighbours
Baggage and wait for the result
4. Beauty is in the eye
And high of the spirits holder and low
If one become older.
5. A penny saved is a penny earned
by me before marriage, now I earn dollars
But I still have pennies and mirages
6. Necessity is the mother
Of invention and frustration is the father,
Or any other, don't mention!
7. All good things must come
to an end, then all bad things
Come to the beginning.
8. If you can't beat
your spouse with hands or club
Join him or her in a gossip club
9. There is no time
Like present so grab it and
ask for present

10. Too many cooks
Spoil the broth, too many hooks
Spoil the bra and moods
11. Easy come easy go
She, but after effects are uneasy, have
An aspirin please!
12. Do not feed the hand
That bites you, bite the leg if
he doesn't heed you

Dominant wives- Docile husbands..

13. Actions speak louder
Than words, but they are silent
When my wife speaks.
14. If it is not broke
Don't fix it. Give it to your hubby
He will do it for sure.
15. Practice makes perfect
But, if you practice too much, you
Dribble at first touch.
16. Cleanliness is next
To godliness, but God, where is
Water or paper?
17. A watched pot
Never boils, a boiling pot
Never watches
18. Beggars can't be
Choosers but these days they
Are our politicians

19. You can't fake an
Omlet, but I like one if you are on
Breaking eggs and making one
20. God helps those
Who helps themselves that's why
I didn't marry you
21. You can't always get
What you want that's why I married
Your best friend
22. There is no place
Like home, provided a nagging
Spouse is not waiting.
23. The early bird catches
Worm, but I am lazy and I don't like
Worms, you can have them.
24. Never look a gift
Horse in the mouth and the stupid
donkey at the rear
25. Better late than
Going early and later regret if you have
A jealous wife at house.
26. Birds of same
Feathers flock and break together in bars
To end behind bars
27. Keep your best
Friends and enemies close to one another
And get lost fast
28. Fortune favours the bold
But when exchanged to silver and gold
Goes to women hot and cold

29. People who lives in
Glass houses should not throw glances
At others' wives
30. Hope for the best
But prepare for the worst, it may
Be your goal, or dirty hole
31. When in Rome
Do as the Romans, as you roam
You are on your own.
32. The squeaky wheel
Gets the grease, but stains
The skirt and blouse
33. No man is an
island, but he may be a continent
Or incontinent.
34. Pen may be mightier
Than buried swords and hatchets
Now nobody uses
35. Two wrongs don't
Make a right, but they can
Cause a riot.
36. One man lost
Cash, may be another woman
Found treasure

55. Partridge bird

This partridge chakora bird may be well versed
With the verses and musings of poets and bards
May be it is a human lover in its past birth
Now drinks moonlight beams like the lovers on the earth

56. Withered Rose

Tell me who is really bothered
about a withered rose
Unless the rose poses the query itself
People who are not busy have that worry of self
In a rose garden blooming and
withering is a open and a close

57. Count?

Those fifty another sixty
What is in count?
Swells the drop sand account
All are doves, thought weapon transform
One in to hawk, snake or vulture magnum;

58. Tears

Smile is the light of man
Man is the might of god
God has the right over light
Light has the shadow of Satan
Life has both light and shadows
That's why tears come both in happiness and sorrows

59. Calm & Warm

Calm sea looks placid but boring
Warm volcano breathes smoke and scaring
War is a game for the rushing blood and youth
Peace is a sermon fit for interval preaching
and leisure breath

60. Seeds

When the seeds of selfishness are sowed, sprout the trees,
That yields the fruits riddled with worms of foul deeds
Past generation's mistakes reflects on the present verdure
Selfless love is replaced by the machinery smiles and ardour!
Remember! What we taught our children in the morning
Is what we get in the evening! and
The world needs urgent repairs otherwise it shall be
the beginning of an end!

61. Paint

We all paint our minds
With colours we brush our finds
The celestial painting tells you a thing or nothing
We interpret according to our own understanding
But who knows the painter's mind?
Since he is unavailable we elevate some of us
as His ambassadors
And fight with our available arms and arguments

62. Her Nose!

Her elegant charming nose
Did the all gnosis creator god forged in
Divine forge with aurum and platinum hose
In the shape of champak flower? who knows?

63. Weather!

With her, weather never withers,
Whither you like weather hither or whether
Whet her wit and wait for her weather.

64. Boring!

Giving and forgiving makes
Modern man poor by evening.
No enemies, only friends is extremely boring.

65. Calmness

The faith is about oneness
The love is about nearness
The peace is about calmness

66. Your wish

Two loves I have, one is selfish, the other is Thy wish.
Two lives I have, one decays, the other stays with Thee,
The veil is always there, raised only when deeply You wish!

67. Spirits!

Oh, supply unlimited wine, beer and vice
But ration food, air, water, fire and houses
Oh, supply unlimited spirits, no divine spirits.

68. Sand

My bird flies to divine land
My swan swims in mind pond
My earthen pot cries in arid sand.

69. Reality!

I am a farmer, ploughs with pen
My son has a tractor, he ploughs with computer.
My grandson has virtual reality, does he know reality?

70. Angels-devil

When angels go for a walk
Devil follow mum
When Devil follow angels
God looks at man
When man looks at angels
he follows the Devil
God saves angels and leaves
man to the Devil

71. Psyche

When Psyche is in charge
Mind gallops like a horse
When Mars is in charge
Body flares gun charge

72. Painting

On blue lilac stained sea lips,
Beautiful words sail like ships,
What they whisper to sea winds?
A poem written on water ascends
And stars paint themselves with it,
on the blue dome a painting shines

73. Smiles

Clouds thunder aloud, lightning
Briefly converses with dark night
Rain bows to rainbow, earth happily smiles

74. Under the rim

Look into my eyes and dream
And fathom the depth and swim
The treasure of love is under the rim

75. My Mirror

Is it some error or terror
Or your eyes have spotted some horror,
Those looks have broken my mirror.

76. Music

Is it some black magic or sad logic
Why the world is so silently tragic,
what happened to the life's music?

77. Man

Man opens the box or jar
Of Pandora and releases war, now searches
Frantically for the peace bar

78. Peace

While peace is in coma
War goes on with commas and
No full stops whatever

79. Curtain

Is mountain a thin curtain
When you fly a dream?
Is volcano a hot spring
When you smile at that stream?
Is storm a cool breeze
When you grant your grace fountain?
Is my love a breeze, spring, curtain
Or a storm, volcano, mountain?

80. Sloth

Sloth is habitual disinclination to exertion
It is laziness at its best and a deadly sin
The demon Blephegor sits on that person
It is acedia, without care and no passion
Sorrow about spiritual good leads to decimation

Sloth person falls prey to poverty,
his path becomes hedge of thorns
He expects food to come to his mouth,
with laziness unbound he becomes a pain
Leaves god's gifts unused,
breaks god's commandments
A slothy servant lose the master's confidence
and suffers decadence

81. POETREE of PEACE!

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

82. Oh April! Oho April!

April is the cruelest month of all
Be it Chaucer, Eliot, or anybody at all,
Angry Sun's chariot, a burning forge
Wind and water bellows hot and dry gorge;

April is the craziest month of all,
Be it neem flowers, mango, or koel,
Singers Aphrodite spring full of fudge
Wind and water withers love and lodge

April is the maddest month of all
Be a red chilly, mango or any pickle,
Hungry one's favorite, A.C or fridge
Wind and water screams ice-cream and fudge

Oh April! Oho April! The hottest month of all,
You start like a fool, but end like singeing coal!

83. Oh May, May I tell you something?

Oh May, may i tell you a thing or two?
Maid of honour , hot Indian summer, no equals to you!
Spring in North, autumn in South, you are really specular.
Oh, Month of Elders, Maia goddess, you are fierce but secular!

In a mango garden i stand
Under a canopy of greenredyellow mangoes
touchingappreciating fragrance..
You are jealous and naughty,
you gather hail storms and whirl winds and
you threw with both hands
..I ran and ran in hot sun furnace,
you pursue till i reach a shack where moonlight
stored in a clay pot,
Into my folded hands the toddy tapper pours coolness
brew and the sinister silly sneaky snicker sun
sulks and sinks into a cloud and hits it
with a thunderbolt-..You are sadistic,
jealous and naughty, you gather your rain bullets
and shoot as i run home and hit hit, o bullshit!
What can you do i have my Carlsberg, Miller,
Kingfisher and Heineken in my fridge..ha ha...
With grudge you uproot trees, cables,
electric wires huts sheds ..oh May you create mayhem
And my mangoes and jackfruits drops down thud,
with wounds they break...
Oh May, you maimed me but I anoint myself
with May flowers and Lily of the valley,
Taurus and twins as friends and with
Emerald stones I seek love and success..
With labour holidays , Mayovka picnics and
meteor showers we celebrate!

But heat in excess and where is water?
our wells, lakes, ponds, rivers and bores
All are dry, they sell water in packets bottles
cans truckloads god knows
where they purified it and how,...
we drink it anyhow,cars buses trains hotboxes
we sweat a lot and salty and smell like ironsmiths...no
jasmynes no scents no axe effect
no honey no honeymoons....but marriage
season...marriage mirage rage age...what can they do?
Pairs in heat ... when black birds or koels like poor poets
heavens and havens bars and taverns bar
them from borrowing...Spencer too cannot sing
Prothalamion or Epithalamion ..so song birds have
parched tongues, dry words ooze no juice...string less
harps no music...

Oh May, may i tell you a thing or two ?
You are more cruel than a jealous mother
in law and step mother!
You spring hot oven surprises for us and
cool romances for the Westerners!
Oh Month of Elders and goddess Maia's
remembrance, you are hot and fierce!

84. June Children

In June we fell from the crescent moon
The moonlight silvery threads hanging us upside down
Then came peacocks, kingfishers and
they straightened us up
Severed the cords and handed us ambrosia cup

As juniores we young ones do rejoice,
In the warmth of Juno the goddess of marriage,
We enjoy the bliss of our choice
With pearls, moonstones and plenty of roses;

Here mortals crack, pestles break,
It is the session of Rohini,
Mangoes ripe, hot winds swipe, water pipes gripe,
Frequent whirlwinds, hailstorms,
uproot the trees total wipe,
Power cuts, lovers hurts,
high summer hits of everyday some agony;

Come monsoon come! From your house South-West,
Bring us your blessed rains clouds-ful and wish us all the best.

85. Hello July!

Hello July! You are our favourite friendly ally!
Warmest in North, coldest in South,
and cloudest in Indian sky!
You wear birthstones of pigeon red conundrum ruby,
O baby! Your birth flower is beautiful showy fragrant water-lily!

You were Quintillis became July, named after Caesar Julius,
We have memories of battle of Somme and
the tears of earth-mother on that day!
And the cheers and joy of happy Canada day
and happy America birth day!
Picnics, barbeques, cold drinks, pyrotechniques blooming
strobbing rings and bouquets!

Baked beans, blue berries, hotdogs, ice creams,
pickles and no boredom plays,
A season of dog days of lethargy n indolence
in good old American sultry days,
Doctors, Chartered Accounts and
fathers celebrate their days in jubilation,
Clouds unfurl their flaps and rains pour in
incessant streams on Indian station!

Time for croaking frogs, zooming insects,
and screaming cloud trains,
O July! You infuse life into our scorched fields' n
withered vegetation with rains,
Come O July! Bring us happiness and peace!
Bring us cloudsful of divine grace!
Hello July! Bless us with your warmness
in North and coolness in South,
And bridge East and West with rainbow of
amity and mirth on this earth!

86. Augustus August Gusto!

O Numa Pompilius! You pushed the March to
third place by adding January and February!
Around seven hundred years before Christ,
Sextilis became the eighth month of a year!
The great Julius added two days to the
existing twenty nine days, with many a victory,
Caesar Augustus named this month after himself as
August, a happy month of far and near!
August a month of Leo and Virgo and cusp,
of fire and earth or its combination hours,
Lions are born leaders, proud, romantic,
achievers, may be self centred and dominant!
Picky and critical of everything, a Virgo maiden is quiet,
modest methodical and blunt!
Peridot and sardonyx birth stones,
play magical romance with gladiolus or poppy flowers.

Moby Dick author Melville Herman;
'go tell it on the mountain'- said James Baldwin,
Ode to the West wind fame Shelly, the haunting
Frankenstein, his wife Mary's creation;
Island beneath the sea of Isabel Allende,
'Idylls of the king' of Lord Alfred Tennyson;
'What are little boys made of'- asked Robert Southey,
Bukowski of love and hate relation;
A hawk in the rain and iron man – Ted Hughes,
the spouse of poetess Sylvia Plath in pain,
Sassy, witty, sarcastic Dorothy Parker- I shall stay the
way I am because i don't give a damn'-

The Martian Chronicler Bradbury, who raised the
readers' heat to Fahrenheit four fifty one,
The surrealist in a Labyrinth- Luis Borges;
Faust fame Goethe, the revival writer number one!

Barak Obama, Mother Theresa, Michel Jackson,
Afflecks, Cameron Diaz. Steve Martin,
Halle Berry, de Niro, Maureen o Hara, Madonna,
Whitney Houston and Bill Clinton,
Penicillin Fleming, Atoms Dalton, oxygen Lavoisier,
Chiranjeevi, Mahesh Babu, Saif Ali Khan,
Sri Devi, Kajol, Hansika, Kishore Kumar,
Nagarjuna, Rajiv Gandhi and Manoj Shyamalan!
O Dear friends! Share your birthday with these people
and win the hearts of all and one!



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1. How to be happy - English anthology
2. In search of Truth -Fiction- English
3. Shades - Poetry - English
4. The Twilight zone- Poetry- English
5. Alchemy - Poetry- Telugu
6. Vaana mabbula kanthi khadgam - Poetry- Telugu
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53. Marana Sasanam (Telugu Poetry)
54. Chupke Chupke (Essays)
55. Oka Sarassu - Aneka Hamsalu (Poetry)
56. The Footsteps of Christ (Telugu)
and many more books...

Dr. LANKA SIVA RAMA PRASAD is a Cardio Thoracic and Vascular Surgeon by profession and a popular author of many books and essays.

He is the co-editor of *Kavita varshika*- an yearly anthology of Telugu poetry; *Nayana*- poetic impressions about Father by various poets; He is an elder member in the Ind-Asian Poetry Society and many other organizations.

He has a flair for political cartoons, paintings and video making. He is a post graduate diploma holder in Television production and Human Rights. He was trained in Cell animation (Heart Animation Academy- Hyderabad); Computer Animation-(Pentafour- Chennai); Web Designing- (Web City- Hyderabad). He is the founder of Praja creations (Animation film of Mario Miranda Cartoons); Executive producer of Anuraag Creations-(Happy Home, Atma- T.V. Serials for Maa TV , many documentaries and umpteen short films.)

His papers were presented in International Conference on Ramayana and more than hundred of his essays were published in Nivedana- Andhra Jyothi Daily- covering a wide variety of topics in Philosophy, Medicine, Politics and Literature.

He is the founder of Srijana lokam- Writers' Corner- that serves as a platform for helping poetry, poets and artists.

He is the founder of- WAVES (Warangal AIDS Voluntary Educational Society) that helped many AIDS victims.

As a founder- Director of Prasanthi Hospital- Warangal-Andhra Pradesh- he is well known among the poor and middle class public for his selfless service.



Windows & Apples

by Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad

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

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

Now his published books have crossed the prestigious **hundred land-mark**. Most of his books are reference books in literature. His 106th book- **the poems of Sappho** was released in Athens, 107th book- **Journey to Manas sarovar** was released at the holy premises of Manas Sarovar lake.

His 108th book – The Mexican Poetry- (telugu) is going to be released at Mexico Poetry Festival along with another bilingual poetry in August- 2017.

He is the recipient of Ravel International poet Award and T.S Eliot 2017 award and many more honours.

He is the host and sponsor of PENTASI-B INDIA WORLD POETREE FESTIVAL-2017