

# The Lost Songs of a Lone Traveller

Poetry



Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad

# ***THE LOST SONGS OF A LONE TRAVELLER!***



**Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad**

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(POETRY)  
by  
**Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad**



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# **FOREWORD**

**“All that is gold does not glitter,  
Not all those who wander are lost;  
The old that is strong does not wither,  
Deep roots are not reached by the frost.**

- J.R.R. Tolkien, The Fellowship of the Ring

That fellowship of the song that made me wander in the meadows of music, dales of dread and tales of mystic caverns. In that sol loquacious cistern I often heard the lost songs of a broken heart beckoning me to own them and recreate a few melodies out of their themes.

In this book, Part-A is about the anatomy and the colors of peace and war in which the dilemmas about war and peace are described in vivid colors.

Part-B is the influence and reflections of the great poets of the yester years on me and the parodied versions of their famous poems. It is their sheer magic that dribbled into these simulated poems.

I hope these poems do please the minds of the discerned readers.

**The tourist sees what he has come to see,  
the traveller sees what he sees.**

- G.K. Chesterton

**- Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad**

## **POEM!**

A poem is a wandering smile that lost  
its precious home!  
A poem is a claustrophobic silence came  
out of its crowded dome!  
A poem is a meandering stream with  
full of bubbling steam!  
A poem is a mirage hanging between  
desert nightmare and oasis dream!

A poem is a progressive software  
in the onetime hardware!  
A poem is a white hat hacker in the  
gray hat black malware!  
A poem is a big apple bite and soft windows  
new version stare!  
A poem is an unicode with applications  
multiple against virus scare!

A poem is a gorgeous gypsy lost her last  
inhibitions in lover's arms,  
A poem is an ancient tune from the drums  
and flutes of distant charms,  
A poem is a death warrant expired and a  
birth certificate issued in storms,  
A poem is a peace missile targeted at  
satanic wars and savage swarms!

A poem is the potential time gap before the  
meeting of lovers trembling lips!  
A poem is a final verdict of a judge that  
allots precious life and death slips!

# ***THE LOST SONGS OF A LONE TRAVELLER!***

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# ***THE LOST SONGS OF A LONE TRAVELLER!***



**PART - A**

**THE COLORS OF PEACE  
AND WAR**

# **1. THE COLORS OF PEACE AND WAR**

(Anatomy of War)

## **PART-I**

### **IRIS IN MAKING**

While you come, bring with you some fresh mulberries  
and a stone Amethyst,  
A few lilacs, lavenders, mauve blossoms and a pinch of  
fine manganese dust,  
You rabbed sea snails-murex in thousands to robe the  
royalty with Tyrian purple,  
Or boiled the lichen till Perkin's Mauveine made inroads  
into vivid color cycle!  
My royal grave needs painting, let Monet and Seurat  
choose cobalt blue dry,  
O van Gogh! Keep my bedroom doors in lilac and roof  
with stars in violet sky!  
Let me walk on the blessed Violet Ray of ceremonial  
order in pomp and pageantry,  
My Crown Chakra is well covered in my violet tomb; I  
need to rise to the next entry!

While you come, out of the living womb, dream of  
raspberries, cardinal and scarlet blood,  
On the forehead of your mother there glows the  
vermillion fire ball and love in pink flood!  
In a vial of freedom mix dragon's blood, carmine and  
cochineal, madder tree root, cinnabar,  
Inhale the sunrise on the seven seas and continents and  
dance on the sigils of red ochre bar!  
Summon Titian to paint my cradle and mood swings and  
Hawthorne to scribble scarlet letter!  
When courage and sacrifice conquered the world of  
love, passions broke the oppression fetter!

Happiness, celebration, and festivity are marred by  
hatred, anger, aggression, heat and war,  
Seduction, sexuality and sin rides on bright red horses,  
the child grows in warnings and danger!

While you come, be a teenager in the orange groves,  
carrot, pumpkin, and sweet potato fields,  
Carotenes in any teen flushes in the cheeks of romance  
lift the spirits high with much joy yields,  
O color of amusement! O National color of Netherlands  
and the House of Orange! O extrovert!  
Unconventional in your activity, you are fire, energy,  
warmth, taste, and aroma of any expert!  
In Buddhists style, Hindu rule, Christian Democratic  
school and Protestantism you stay cool!  
An ounce of alchemists' orpiment, a bounce of realgar to  
paint my escapades of early drool!  
To paint the clothes Pomona the goddess of fruitful  
abundance, to impressionists in coloring,  
O orange! Your range was impressive in the hands of  
Gauguin and van Gogh in their spring!

While you come, spread your golden yellow energy  
rivers to flow on autumn leaves,  
Let the cereals, canaries, daffodils, lemons, egg yolks,  
buttercups, and banana sheaves,  
From Lascaux caves, Egyptian tombs, Roman villas,  
pope, golden keys to Judas-heretics,  
Yellow is not only the color of happiness, gentleness,  
humor, but also of cowardly antics!  
With xanthophylls silver wattles, leopard's bane, golden  
marguerite, and turmeric roots,  
Hark! The immortal sun-flowers of van Gogh calls for  
attention, and Las Vegas Neon Arts,  
His majesty Yellow Emperor, yellow kid, yellow pages,  
yellow peril and yellow journalism,  
Yellow is the chroma of adult age and rage but it may be  
the yellow belly of cowards prism!

While you come, tread on the path of emerald growth  
where creation shines in verdure,  
See the glow of photosynthesis on the crystals of  
chlorophyll in every place of life's endure!  
On the flags of the last prophet, o color green! you  
conquered the world in his mercy scope,  
Water, greenery and a beautiful face that makes life's  
garden a lovely place to live in hope!  
The color of nature, vivacity, life, safety and permission,  
springtime, freshness and prosperity,  
The shade to Mona Lisa, o color of Venus! The choice of  
Romantic Movement and longevity!  
You are the sign of calm, tolerance and agreeable, but  
also you are pretty envy and jealous!  
Love and sexuality flow in your shades, as dragons,  
fairies, monsters and devils look fabulous!

While you come, on the pavements of time lapse on  
lapis lazuli plaques and Chinese porcelain,  
And in the windows of Cathedrals, military uniforms,  
and the flags of U.N. and European Union,  
A popular color of men, just ahead of black, associated  
with intelligence, calm and serenity fine!  
The blooming days are over; it is time to count the folds  
on the forehead and receding hair line,  
Cyan, turquoise, teal, aquamarine, navy blue, Prussian  
blue, sky blue, Egyptian blue and azure,  
Looking into the blue eyes of my beloved I explore the  
Baltic Sea in its mystic beauty so pure!  
The Ishtar Gate of Babylon, the wall paintings of  
Knossos, the Roman villas in Pompeii in strife,  
Raphael, Durer, Titian adorned images, did they not tell  
us the impermanence of pomp of life?

While you come, please walk through the Sindhi nila  
groves of indigo and woad road,  
You have meandered in the scattered atmospheres of  
blue seas and sky with life's load!

Now look at the world through third eye and Ajna vortex  
with gnosis and intuition mode!  
In the spheres of love-wisdom, in the fields of  
Guatemala, and 'anil' of indigo Mexican made,  
In the shades of electric bright, web dark, pigment thick  
and mid-night blue indigo glow,  
Oscillating between blue, indigo and violet, painters  
painted the sky and water in emotional flow,  
Gainsborough's Blue boy dillydallied with Matisse's Blue  
Nude, Yves Klein's blue obsessions,  
In Roger Hiorns' blue cave indigo boys danced in the  
land of indigo dreams in cold visions!

While you come, It is the time to end the journey in  
lilacs and with dark violets singing elegies!  
The darkness swallowed the hope stars and night lamps  
with its dark cloud army and stooges!  
The color of mourning hoisted its flags in many shades  
and the garden is closed in a cold tomb,  
The lock is on and the key is lost in time's carnival, the  
sepulcher was like the Mother's womb!  
It may be the end of the road, where secrets are kept in  
a corner to be guarded by magic comb,  
Any force or violence is useless; the evil goes to devil  
and the elegance to the creator's lamb!  
Charcoal and ink exhausted the supplies; life's brush lost  
its hair, the distant tune is no more,  
What we hear is the rustlings of cold waves and the  
scents of depths in rebirth galore of lore!

While you come, open the East Gate and let the mist  
screen vanish in regained relief,  
Via the violet corridors, amidst of permissible violence,  
you come and cry in disbelief,  
In the world of vivid colors you step in purity and your  
smiles radiate pristine white,  
Wrapped in white linen Egyptian civilization unravels  
many dark secrets of time in light,

Roman togas of Alba and Candida represented the  
freedom and loyalty, white and chastity,  
Snow, clouds, quartz beaches, doves, swans, ivory gulls,  
milk, pearls, and jasmines in purity,  
Pilgrims at holy places, the Zen gardens of Tofuku-ji  
temple, the white marble Taj-Mahal,  
The Alabaster statue of Three Maries, the sign Pisces and  
lamb, white is the color of arrival!

While you come, look at the wheel of colors, Black and  
white and in iris brightness drive,  
Red, in the pink painted sky on one wheel, twelve  
spoke, seven horsed chariot you arrive,  
Orange groves of adventure and communication call you  
o infant with slippery feet!  
Yellow teenage brings ideas of flames hitting, below in  
new sighs and a clown so sweet!  
Green world seeks harmony and growth, lots of pledges  
and rings brings partners of vitality,  
Blue is the sky and sea representing blues; you stay in  
the house of trust and responsibility!  
Indigo dreamer o you! In the higher mind cell of intuition  
and perception paint the corner,  
Violet or purple that fires the imagination and exit, leads  
to the lost darkness mourner!



**PART - II**  
**SPINNING COLOR WHEEL**

**1. SAMSON'S LOSS**

'The world is flat, my son!' the gardens are dull mosaics'-  
said his father  
Deceived by beauty you sold yourself to a lady of no  
respect to bother,  
They have taken your hair, strength, pride and now your  
eyes in platter,  
You are now a blind bat in day light and a chained lion  
sans any flatter!

Oh dear father! What sharp words can bring back that  
lost wheel of colors?  
They gouged out my eye balls in glee and honoring  
Dagon with joy covers,  
O dark, dark, dark cloud, amidst of the frenzy, the  
eclipse darkens the sun,  
The moon is silent, left me with my locks and let me  
half-dead in this prison!

It is a living death, for a lion killer with bare hands, the  
arch nemesis of rivals,  
Who ran on iron clad armies weaponless and taught fear  
to the strength equals,  
Now what colorful words can bring back the memories  
of life's verdant garden?  
What blossoms in these catacombs of deceit but the  
thorns of agony in pain den?

Here I can sense her fragrance, why she is coming? To  
taunt me? or to haunt me?  
Bedecked in flowers, jewels, and scents of Arabia she  
was once my bedmate now enemy!

Hark! Where has gone my hind sight and fore sight,  
bewitched by her tempting guiles  
They became her slaves, in her resplendent bosom I lost  
myself and my secret files!

Go away! Your beauty like the poisonous pitcher  
Nepenthes caught me unawares,  
Like a fly I flew in to the web, o black widow spider, got  
stuck to your sticky wares!  
That double-faced Fame on both his wings of black and  
white gave me no spares,  
Your presence here rekindles my rage to let my hollow  
sockets burn in no repairs!

-"O love! I came here to pledge my lifelong support in  
spinning our life's color wheel,  
I request for your forgiveness and in my warm lap and  
tears, let your wounds heal!  
Whatever be her cause, women never gains solace with  
men from arguments zeal,  
Suspense in silence is torture, I know now, you will not  
forgive me, I go on my keel!"-

All our strengths can debase and destroy the bodies and  
temples of the basic instincts,  
In the bright light of victory sun, many warriors lost their  
vision and became extinct,  
We all have blind-spots in our working eyes, we think  
our body may die but fame survives,  
Like coarse dust that pains and blinds, our own mistakes  
destroy the color wheel of lives!



## **2. ON THEIR BLINDNESS**

From Homer to Borges, from Tiresias to Thamyris, blind  
poets, writers and seers,  
Scribbled letters of immortality on the annals of history  
pages with their peers,  
The master builder of epics Iliad and Odyssey carved his  
song out of musical cheers,  
Chanting in pitch darkness line after line till he found the  
secrets of words and their heirs!

Bereft of one sense especially eyesight can it give insight  
and the power of predicting?  
Zeus the father of deities and men, did he not blind the  
Titans with his flash of lightning?  
Perseus stole the Graeae's eye, obtained information  
about Medusa from the three witches!  
Hermes killed thousand eyed Argos in his sleep,  
Odysseus blinded the Cyclops Polyphemis!

Erymanthos was blinded after he saw Aphrodite bathing,  
Orion, Stesichorus lost their eyesight  
Temporarily for their misdeeds; Poseidon saved Aeneas  
by blinding Achilles in divine mist!  
After knowing the truth Oedipus blinded himself and left  
his kingdom to live in penury and dust,  
Tiresias also saw Athena bathing became blind, that's  
how divinity blinds one in curiosity quest!

Demodocus, Daphnis, Achaios lost their eyesight after  
challenging the divine Muses,  
They stole the bard Thamyris voice and made him blind;  
anger and madness infuses

Ajax with temporary blindness, he goes on rampage for  
a while, falls on his own sword!

The great Homer himself suffered blindness but what  
treasures he has given to the world!

When the polyglot John Milton developed blindness, his  
rivals were sure it is a punishment,

For his criticisms of the king, but he took his disability as  
divine benefit and did not lament!

In between Ulysses and Finnegan's wake James Joyce  
suffered many bouts of blindness,

With an inherited eye disorder Jorge Luis Borges treated  
it as a way of life in literary sense!

Helen Keller, Wyndham Lewis, Galileo, James Thurber  
all suffered loss of sight,

When you spin the color wheel of life everything is  
either seen as black or white!

Whether it is a divine gift or curse it is a compromise in  
accepting the disability as test,

When the intuition and prophecy making reaches  
summit, life moves on moral trust!

Odin the alfather sacrificed one eye to have a  
drink from Mimir-memory well

Sukracharya the preceptor lost his eye  
when he obstructed the sacred pitcher swell.

To gain knowledge or to hinder the donation  
of worlds, they lost eye sight in life's quest spell.

It is not the blindness of eyes but blind to the  
happenings that leads to hell.



### **3. COLORS IN CHAKRAS**

**Wake up! Wake up! There the serpent is sleeping!  
Wake up the serpent!  
In three and half coils it lies in a dark cave of  
    ignorance, the power dormant!  
When you open the doors of that cave, you can see  
    three paths of ascent!  
Illumined by moon, sun and stars the main streams of  
    divine energy scent!**

The first vortex of energy spins red in its four petal-lotus and ignites the Élan Vital,  
It is the root chakra that craves personal security and needs in reality elephant stall!  
In appointments and disappointments the snake hisses 'lum', fire red and smoke ball!  
The childishness and innocence is ignited by the incense of basic needs of rise and fall!

In the youthfulness of orange red the fires in body  
brighten with flames of hunger,  
Life learns the lessons of flight and fright Adrenaline  
surges in 'one's own base' hanger!  
Cupid's arrows hit straight below the belt, some  
unknown fires scorch the gardens of desire fire!  
The serpent dances in the 'vum' whirls of eight petals  
in the golden palaces of dream affair!

In the intermediate stage of self-discovery the  
thinking goes yellow in luster and power,  
The triangle of space points downwards, the noise  
vibrates in echoes of 'rum' in vortex tower!

The ten petals of Diamond lotus spread its glow in the  
waters of life, controls the thirst yonder!  
Life looks for the comforts of science and economics,  
bonds increase in the afternoon splendor!  
(Manipura)

In the Emerald green garden the ‘unstuck’ divine  
melody touches the twelve petals of lotus,  
The yin and yang powers stroll in the sigils of a  
hexagram, the breeze sings ‘yam’ in hiatus,  
The joy of love goes green or yellow in shades of  
ethereal passions of uncertain impetus,  
The serpent hisses in kisses and misses in between  
earth and sky, with up and down status!

(Anahata)

In the pure state the enjoyment serpent reaches the  
sixteen petal-lotus of turquoise blue,  
In the crescent palace in a circle of blue, the serpent  
hisses ‘hum’ celestial sounds to glue,  
The power of communication, thoughts transforming  
into sounds and noises giving clue,  
Here the syrinx or larynx modulates the basic sounds;  
the butterfly gland makes words flew!

(Visuddha)

All roads become one in this vortex between the eye  
brows; here lies the command center,  
Two petal- lotus like wings of a free soul in celestial  
flight, with violet tint on snow winter,  
Ida and pingala uniting with Sushumna the end of  
duality, the land of enlightenment to enter,  
It is the ‘third eye’ - ‘om’ the power of wisdom, intelligence  
and intuition one becomes the mentor!

(Ajna)

The kundalini serpent reaches the highest spiritual  
centre the pure consciousness project,  
The bright white timeless-space less palace of  
thousand petals without subject or object,  
Illumined with the power of self-realization a state of  
liberation where everything is brilliant light,  
The shadows and shades die, the strings and bonds  
disappear, one understands the truth right!

(Sahasrara)

O sojourner! Realize! Realize! The serpent is  
descending! Watch the downfall of the serpent!  
In three and half coils it lies in its dark cave of  
ignorance, the power becomes again dormant!  
When you close the doors of that cave, you can see  
nothing but the darkness in your resent!  
Darkened by ego, power and greed the streams of  
divine energy gets clogged in human scent!



---

### Six Chakras-

<b>Mooladhara</b>	- Root	- Life
<b>Svadhishtana</b>	- One's own	- Order
<b>Manipura</b>	- Diamond	- Wisdom
<b>Anahata</b>	- Un-stuck	- Love
<b>Visuddha</b>	- Pure	- Power
<b>Ajna</b>	- Third eye	- Imagination

## PART-III

# PARADISE BLAST

### 1. WAR-A DICE

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that  
    forbidden tree  
Whose mortal taste brought death into the world and  
    our entire woe spree,  
With loss of Eden and the expulsion of our prime  
    parents Adam and Eve and their story,  
The great John Milton brought before us vividly with  
    his imagination forward to carry,

Sing, Heavenly Muse, about the pithos opened by  
    Pandora the first woman in Greece,  
On her way to Earth how like a curious cat she defied  
    the rules of Gods on Olympus peak,  
Sooner she opened the lid how disease, death and  
    war left the pitcher or box in a streak,  
By the time she closed the lid what left in the pithos  
    were hope and peace in a corner creek!

Sing, Heavenly Muse, about the battles and wars that  
    devastated humanity like plague,  
How the root red vortex of anger spun crimson blood  
    and red wounds into earth rogue,  
How the corridors of love and alleys of friendship  
    were turned into killing fields of vogue,  
I invoke thy aid to my war-a-dice song to reveal the  
    destroyed color-wheel of nature's league!

I may assert Eternal providence and clarify the ways  
    of modern dogs of war to men,  
And blast them in their own furnaces of hate and  
    cauldrons of brewed violence omen,

What seduces them to this revolting massacres and  
genocides of their own kith and kin,  
About that infernal serpent that took over the minds  
and throats of these killers akin,

Here I recite the first murder by Cain the first human  
born, and Abel was the one first to die!  
First weapon was a stone, the killer argued, 'Am I my  
brother's keeper?' with the most High!  
The covenant was broken many times by men; God  
sent deluges and thunderbolts from sky,  
With growing science and confidence man defied  
Nature's laws, made earth a replica of hell dry!

A dungeon horrible, on all sides around Mexican  
walls, Syrian furnaces and Gaza strips,  
Land mines in deserts and sea depths, missiles and  
satellites in constant alert trips,  
Regions of sorrow, legions of religious cut-throats,  
immigrants flying like flies in death drips,  
Doves flying with olive branches shot dead at the  
earth borders by the war merchant creeps!

Here now peace and love can never dwell, hope  
never comes, and that comes to all dirty,  
But torture without end, still urges and a hate gas  
deluge, fed with ever burning poverty,  
Such place now this earth is, wilting under the vicious  
plans of a few tricksters of polity,  
Yet, hope, one day we can put back the death,  
diseases and war back into the pithos of sanity!



## **2. DICE AND WAR CRIES!**

And they played dice pawning properties, breaking  
proper ties and fragile relations,  
Brothers were they and they were sons of brothers,  
problem was in the coronations!  
And he played first, pawning properties, brothers and  
wife, but got back in consolation,  
Not learnt any lesson and played again this time to leave  
the kingdom to live in isolation!

Dharmaja knew about king Nala who preceded him in  
gambling and lost kingdom,  
The arms that hugged brothers became arms, armies  
and ammunition of martyrdom!  
Somewhere war roars in subtle way and drags people  
into the jaws of death tomb!  
Mass discharge of accumulated internal rage razes in  
blazes while everyone is looking dumb!

Even before that when one demon king abducted a wife  
of another prince in exile,  
With the help of monkey army and a defector brother  
from the enemy camp file,  
The prince decimated a kingdom of lore ruled by a  
warrior with ten heads of style;  
Somewhere else a face that launched thousand ships  
was the reason for a great war,  
The mighty towers of Ilium were razed to ground as a  
revenge for her abduction scar!

Everywhere the gods of war presided over the fires of  
hot blood on the altars of war,  
Ares, Athena, Mars, Agurzil, Ogoun, Oya, Anahit,  
Mixcoatl, Huitzilopochtli, and Maher,  
Teutates, Rudianos, Segomo, Guan yu, Woden, Minerva,  
Laran, Bast, Sekhmet, and Anher,  
Chamunda, Kartikeyan, Hachiman Daimyojin,  
Takemikazuchi-no-kami , Inanna and Istar,  
The gods of war are now replaced by the dogs of war in  
reverse tactics of satanic spar!

Is it the inherent violence of human nature surfaces  
often to gurgle hate in mouthfuls?  
Is it the paranoid projection of mourning or the  
protection of objects of 'love need' refills?  
Is it the man's altruistic desire for self-sacrifice for a  
noble cause in times of crisis befalls?  
Is it the territoriality and sexual competition that triggers  
the war like behavior patterns?  
Is it the inherited tendency from the minute ants to  
mammoth chimpanzees for honor returns?

In the modern world of Pan-Demonium who takes the  
seats of Satan and Beelzebub?  
In the happy realms of light of dollars and pounds that  
measures for measure of grub,  
But o how fallen! How changed from the transcended  
brightness to the revenge rub,  
In dubious economy battles, in the hunger fields of Syria,  
Palestine, and African tub,  
Where do you hear the psalms of love and peace in the  
deafening sounds of war club?



### **3. APOTHEOSIS OF WAR!**

Once the hot flames of honor boils the blood of youth  
bulge it is a nonstop expedition,  
In the name of motherland, religion, sacred relic  
protection, race or family reputation,  
Some invisible fog covers the eyesight of the  
perpetrators and they see only red relation,  
Stones, swords, arrows, spears, maces, slings, axes,  
hatchets, machetes, guns in possession,  
Become the extension of hands and mind, blood and  
tears fills ponds of memorial passion!  
Every invention transforms into a destructive weapon  
in the malign hands of selfish notion!

Bards in emotion sing ballads at camp fires and  
honor games revering the slain warriors,  
Vistas are opened for them to dance and feast in the  
halls Valhalla with Odin and Valkyries,  
The parades for martyrs, shahids, hutatmas are said  
to be cool with nymphs and revelries,  
Every religion promised its followers riches of  
material and spiritual gains packed in galleries,  
When in the imaginary lands the promised gains  
surpasses the present day rustic life barriers,  
Young men volunteer themselves to sacrifice themselves  
in the celestial cause of spirit carriers!

Is the increase in population one way sows the seeds  
of future war in fertile mind moth?  
Is Malthusian concept of famine, disease and war a  
must to contain exponential growth?

When jus ad bellum, jus in Bello - right to war, right  
in war, the ends justify the means both?  
Can ethics justify the destruction and demoralization  
of people in the losing side of truth?  
What rules govern when winning the game is crucial,  
and modern gadgets rule the war path?  
In the alleys of balance of power and hegemony  
preponderance what controls the public wrath?

-‘Princes, Potentates, Warriors, Senators, Presidents,  
Prime Ministers, and the flowers of Earth !  
This Earth is yours; you can’t lose it, after your finest  
toil of battle of elections myth or mirth,  
In the White House, in the Red Fort, in the palaces of  
Kremlin, in the mansions of power hearth,  
In the Dragon mouth, behind Great Wall, under the  
rising Sun, and Juche tower of Kim berth,  
Under the green flags, from the last cavalier’s sickle  
to the lost warriors’ suicide bomb girth,  
Awake, arise, or be forever fallen! Let us decide the  
fate of this world!- said Satan in his new birth!



## 4. WAR-DENS IN WAR INNINGS

-‘For this infernal pit shall never hold Celestial Spirits  
in bondage,  
Nor the Abyss long under darkness cover. But these  
thoughts of rage or carnage,  
Full council must mature in age, Peace is despaired;  
for whom can think like a sage?  
War, then, war open or understood, must be resolved  
within the boundaries of world cage!

Around that magnificent throne in three spheres they  
settled in rows rank-wise,  
the hierarchy is fixed in the lines of religious and  
political offices or otherwise,  
The burning ones, six winged ‘**Seraphim**’, the  
caretakers of throne of High-rise,  
-‘Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth  
is full of His Glory’- they praise,

Near the Throne, guarding the way to the Tree of Life  
are the four faced **Cherubs**  
One of a man, an ox, a lion, an eagle they cover the  
earthly News to heaven suburbs;  
The wheeled **Thrones** are wheels within wheels  
carrying the spirits of living creatures,  
These adoring elder men are the messengers  
between God and men with love features!

In the second sphere are the **Dominions** or  
Lordships, regulating the lower wards,  
In the shape of humans they move with wings  
carrying lighted scepters or swords;

**Virtues** or Strongholds occupy the next row, exhibit  
miracles and signs of divine words;  
**Powers** or Authorities are the executives that keep  
the cosmic order of power lords;

The third sphere has the **Principalities** or rulers with  
crowns to oversee art or science,

Next is the row of **Archangels**- *Michael, Raphael,  
Gabriel, Uriel, Raguel, Sarakiel, Remiel*,

The guardian angels are they, of nations and  
countries, on matters of commerce political,  
The Angels are the envoys to humanity, protecting  
individuals and their inner conscience.

When the upper world throne is protected by such  
bright ranks and hues,

How can the sinister under world keep quiet? It has  
sinners in long queues,

And the promoters of sins, Fallen Angels, **Beelzebub**  
with pride, **Leviathan** in heresy,

**Asmodeus** with wantonness, **Berith** of murder  
instincts, **Astaroth** of laziness per se,

The impatient **Verrine**, the impure **Gressil**, the  
hateful **Soneillon**, the tempter **Carreau**,

The obscene **Carnivale**, the poverty hater **Oeillet**,  
the foul sex rider **Rosier**, the vain **Belias**,

The merciless **Olivier**, the possessor **Luvart**, the  
disobedient **Verrier** occupied the rows of vows!

The **Satan** looked at his commanders with smile and  
directed them on to the man's bureau!



## **5. NEW ORDER IN DISORDER**

And in the Pandemonium, the old guard handed over  
the batons to the new entrants best,  
In the five thousand years of known History who killed  
the human race is the entrance test!  
Fourteen thousand wars or more snuffed out more than  
three billion lives in that dread pest!  
Famine, plague like diseases assisted wars in the  
collective three hundred years of peace nest!

One million killings is the bench mark, the order of Merit  
honored Nigerian yakubu Gowon,  
Ethiopian Red Terror Mengitsu Hale Mariam, Kim II Sung  
of North Korea, Pol Pot Cambodian,  
Armenian Genocide Ismail, Enver Pasha Ottoman  
Turkey, Hidelko Tojo of once invincible Japan,  
Leopold II of Belgium with his Congo Free State, Adolf  
Hitler in Second World War devastation,  
The Great Purge and Ukraine fame Joseph Stalin, Mao  
Zedong with his cultural revolution;

in the second sphere sat were Jean Kambanda of  
Rwanda, Iraq leader Saddam Hussain,  
Joseph Broz Tito of Yugoslavia, Sukarno of Indonesia,  
Mullah Omar of Afghanistan,  
Uganda Idi Amin, Benito Mussolini of Italy, Mobutu Seko  
of Zaire, General Yahya of Pakistan,  
Charles Taylor of Liberia, Foday Sankoh of Sierra Leone,  
North Vietnamese Ho Chi Minh,

Michel Micombero of Burundi, Jean -Bedel Bokassa of  
Central Africa, Hassan Alturabi of Sudan,  
Efrain Rios Montt of Guatemala, Papa Doc Duvalier of  
Haiti, Rafael Trujillo Dominican Republican,  
Hissene Habre of Chad, Fidel Castro of Cuba, Baa'th  
Party Alassads in Syria, Francisco Franco of Spain,  
Robert Mugabe of Zimbabwe, Jorge Videla of Argentina,  
Pinochet of Chile and Khomeini of Iran,

Alexander, Asoka, Caesars of Rome, Pharaohs of Egypt,  
Emperors of China, kings of Hindu lands  
Mongols from Genghis khan to Kublai khan and others,  
divine Pantheons and demon bands,  
Kings of Persia, Caliphs of old world and the statesmen  
of new world with blood stained hands,  
All occupied the third sphere and were given three  
dimension glasses to look into the time strands;

High on a Throne of Royal State, which far outshone the  
wealth of *Ormus* and of *India old*,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand, Showers  
on her Kings *Barbaric Pearl* and Gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd and said in low tone,-  
‘The mind is its own place of haven,  
And in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.  
Better to reign in Hell, than to serve in Heaven!  
All is not lost, the unconquerable will, and study of revenge,  
immortal hate, and the courage never to yield!



## 6. THE PRINCES OF HELL

Unlike the last time, we all seven shall go this time, in  
search of God's fine concern,  
Why he loves Earth and man so much, the products of  
dust, instead of us the Fire born?  
Like seven dark colors we attack the earth in all  
continents seven and seas seven in turn,  
We further infiltrate the perpetual sins and push the  
human beings towards God's scorn!

Let the great sorceress Lilith advice us in wooing the  
human women into our fold,  
Let their wombs be polluted with the waters of man  
made invention of atomic cold,  
Let the daughters of Eve sell and rent their natural wares  
for the artificial junk hold,  
Let the purity and chastity of motherhood be ruined by  
the clones and chimera mold!

Then **Lucifer** once the Day Star, Son of the Morning, now  
the leader of the wolves pack,  
Satan, looked himself in the mirror of the past- 'Perfect  
in wisdom, beauty and good track,  
Adorned by topaz, beryl, onyx, jasper, sapphire,  
turquoise, emerald, gold, and diamond rack,  
A step above all the angels, pride sowed the thought,  
-'to be like the most High'- in his light ark,  
That dark streak God found in Lucifer's perfect glow of  
late, he was thrown into the hell dark!  
Like the three headed dog Cerberus he growled- 'I will  
blind the man's vision in **pride**'s spark!-

Then **Mammon** rose with difficulty like the hoarded  
money in dark cellars of **greed**,  
No man can serve two masters but I will see man trusts  
me he will be my slave indeed!  
-‘I am the disputer’- cried **Belphegor** in his slow rumble;  
I induce man into **gluttony** seed,  
In that world of laziness he will become plump and  
obese, a pumpkin on voracious steed!

Then with a vicious smile **Asmodeus** winked at the dark  
visitors,-‘ my luster is **Lust**,  
I will incite weird carnal desires in human race and  
make them bite the porno dust!  
-‘ I am the demonic spirit of **Envy**,’- roared the monster  
**Leviathan**, in the waters vast  
I live and create envy between brother and brother, man  
and god, and sink him fast!

With a great sigh and hurrah sprang in his seat the Lord  
of Flies the mighty **Beelzebub**,  
I spread sickness and **wrath** among the healthy folk and  
make them invalid in their hub!  
I am **Abaddon** the lord of the abyss and king of furies  
and locusts; I sow **slackness** in man’s rub,  
And I am the destroyer Apollyon and take over the Earth  
populated with laziness drub!

They all seven princes of Hell said in uni-tone!- ‘In all the  
known civilizations let us multiply,  
We prove to the most High that his creation is at fault  
and vulnerable by all means to comply,  
By destroying this Earth and mankind we can regain our  
status in the upper world’s supply,  
Wherefrom we were thrown out in the fusillade of  
thunder-bolts without mercy or reply!



## 7. WARFARE- FARE WAR!

The princes of Hell then departed to their countries of  
Destiny according to the lots,  
Satan- Lucifer to North America, Mammon to oil rich  
Africa, Belphegor to Europe slots,  
Asmodeus to Australia, Leviathan to Antarctica,  
Beelzebub to South American drug shots,  
Abaddon to Asian borders and religion abysses, all to be  
available on call for hot spots!

From the high peak of Time Mountain they looked back  
into the past of the history well,  
The thunderbolts that struck them to the depths of hell,  
the stone of Cain that killed Abel,  
Long bones, wooden staffs, Flint spears, knives, maces,  
slings and axes, bows and arrows,  
Recurve bows, daggers, war chariots, javelins, shields,  
Khopesh sickle swords, scimitars,

Tridents and nets, belfry seizing towers, battering rams,  
trebuchets, ladder assaults, pikes,  
Tomahawks, hatchets, war chariots, Sarissa spears,  
ballistae, Gladius sword, barbed lances,  
Pilum, Throwing axes, Greek fires, mangonel catapults,  
stone throwers, onagers, springalds,  
Chinese snow salt, longbows, war hammers, guisarme,  
halberds, Siege guns, Matchlocks,

Arquebus, cannons, flintlocks, Sharpnel, Assault rifles,  
revolvers, machine guns, grenades,  
Warships, Triremes, Battle tanks, War planes,  
Submarines, satellites, nuclear serenades,-  
Aha! -cried in jubilation the **fiend** in his infernal tone-  
'These humans are **proud** comrades!  
See! How fast they are fulfilling our dreams! With such  
slaves of sin we cannot lose charades!

-‘Our future seems to be rosy with human blood,’-  
exclaimed **Beelzebub**, -‘I feel at home’-  
Such a familiar sulfur smell and all **wrath** combustible  
gasses and flares, no sign of blue dome!  
I will take sanctuary in the addictive drugs, alcohol and  
medicines to drive humans to tomb!  
Let **Belphegor** multiply in junk foods and **gula** rule the  
human couch potatoes to food bomb!

**Mammon** shouted with joy-‘ I will take care of their  
black money dumps, Fort Knox likes,  
ATMs and money exchanges, let man drown in his own  
**greed** and dire psychedelic spikes,  
Then **Asmodeus** laughed belligerently – ‘in every  
striptease bar I perform pole dance hikes,  
I will be the deadly **lust** virus of AIDS and Covid, aid in  
spread of silent death with unwarned strikes!

With a colossal gush from the cold waters **Leviathan**  
roared, -‘All the seven seas I instill oil  
With the help of human **envy** minions, and suffocate the  
submarine creatures and fertile soil;  
Then **Abaddon** exclaimed,-‘ I have already taken over  
human minds with computer stardom,  
With internet, Television I soaked them with **sloth**, now  
they kill themselves with martyrdom!



## **8. VIRTUES ANTIQUE IN VIRTUAL MARKET**

All the angels by the orders of the most High descended  
to Earth in the lookout of Virtues,  
The places of worship drew blank, like the proverbial  
banks in times of crisis with long queues,  
They understood the handiwork of the Princes of Hell  
but they have still faith in human values,  
The descendants of Adam and Eve must have some  
traces of divinity lurked in their dark hues!

But, lo! In the luster of lust the much needed chastity  
faded into impure abstinence,  
Gluttony devoured temperance of humanity and the  
resultant obesity became a nuisance!  
Charity was nowhere when greed agreed to rule over  
the human race in its malicious sense,  
Sloth slapped diligence in public and humiliated its base  
and existence with new nuance!

Patience lost its face to wrath in red fire and pleaded for  
mercy and forgiveness;  
Envy created trench lines with no man's land in between  
with smothered kindness,  
Humility bowed to pride in its modesty and walked in  
slow pace towards oneness!  
All virtues are now sold at antique markets but nobody is  
ready to look at their fineness!

The seven Archangels looked at the turmoil caused by  
the princes of Hell on human race,  
Staying the vortices of energy they tried to bring back the  
humanity towards God's grace!

Uriel- God's light woke up the serpent in Root; Gabriel  
with on its own strength gave it brace,  
Raphael in gem city healed the malady, Samuel with  
struck sound saw the most High's place,

Zadkiel a friend helped the ascent of sound; Michel like  
Divinity commanded respect,  
Jophiel in God's beauty exploded in thousand rays of  
wisdom and celestial introspect;  
The seven archangels like the seven colors of iris tried to  
drive away the dark aspect,  
The seven princes of Hell infiltrated the body, mind and  
spirit of man, as a suspect!

When the five basic elements air, fire, water, earth and  
sky are consistently in pollution,  
Where thoughts, emotions and experiences travel in  
dark alleys of crime and illusion,  
When wrath and war dominates the humanity in mutual  
hate where do you find peace dove?  
When the life's destiny is lost in the deserts of hatred  
how do one reaches the oasis of Love?



## **9. IN THE TRESSES OF TEMPTRESSES**

Lilith never forgot her pledge to destroy the children of  
Eve so reared jinn for that purpose,  
As temptresses and seductresses her sinister army dons  
the roles of incubus and succubus,  
They enter the psyche of men and women; squeeze  
their spirits through unquenched thirst,  
With scorched lips and wantonness the victims  
perpetrates unimaginable sex crimes thrust!

When they hand in hand with wandering steps and slow,  
Adam and Eve  
Through Eden took their solitary way, Lilith observed  
their unmitigated love,  
Became more jealous and furious and began luring the  
humans into her lust cove,  
Where morals are hung on the walls of porno, and in the  
cubicles of blue bee-hive!

Time to time God sent warnings in the form of fires,  
deluges, avalanches and storms,  
He stopped walking with man; his appearances in  
visions became forgotten norms,  
Instead he sent angels, sages, seers, prophets to  
proclaim and reveal his many forms,  
Yet, man under the influence of infernal elements  
tortured his own saviors in hate farms!

Zarathustra, Buddha, Mahavir Jina, Christ and many  
prophets were tempted by witches,  
All of them believed in God, declined their offer to sin  
and the lure of kingdom and riches,

Look at Bathsheba, Delilah, Drusillah, Jezebel, Zulaikha,  
the incarnations of Lilith in pitches,  
Astarte, Inanna, Ishtar, Mara, Siduri, like voluptuous  
serpents they handled erotic switches;

Their gyrations, shameless abominations, their  
yearnings, their hunger for itching nerves,  
Their siren songs, thirsty vampire looks, side-glance  
hooks, pomp breasts, belly and hip curves,  
Their spouting lips, oozing ambrosial slips, dainty talks,  
salubrious shake hands, treasure troves,  
Made men venture into jaws of war and adventures in  
the valleys of death and illusive groves!

Many virtuous women suffered when these bitches and  
witches ruled the man's hour!  
The seven deadly sins donned the attires of seductresses  
with money and political power  
In the tresses of temptresses nowadays we see people  
flying like moths towards fire shower,  
War has become the most seductive lover for the  
desperadoes in the crude religious bower,  
Once a paradise for living beings this Earth has now  
become the perpetual Death Tower!



## **10. THE NEW COLOR WHEEL**

The Seven princes of Hell and the seven Archangels  
                stood facing one another in their trenches,  
In between them is the man's land quivering in  
                anticipation of destruction on fragile branches,  
The seven mountains- Religion, Family, Media,  
                Government, Education, Arts, business ranches,  
Stood over the human colonies dictating terms of  
                survival with advancing scientific launches!

Like the seven-hands Candelabra of life made up of  
                seven metals of antiquity,  
Mercury, Tin, Lead, Silver, Gold, Copper, and Iron of lore  
                in holding candles of longevity,  
The Alchemy of light and shades dictating the zones of  
                war and peace in nativity,  
The seven deadly sins and the seven virtues often  
                struggled to come out of captivity;

From the dust of Earth was made man, inheriting the  
                properties of local waters and clay!  
But the divine breath came from the most High who is  
                the lord of both birth and death inlay!  
Longing for Him the orphan man made many  
                assumptions looking for the lost kingdom,  
In that struggle for existence he decimated many living  
                beings, became supreme in wisdom!

He named all the good qualities that maintained  
                harmony with nature as desirable virtues,  
And all the destructive qualities he called them sins and  
                painted them in chromatic hues,  
When the imagination went wild he gave them images  
                and forms he visualized in dreams,  
With the advent of languages and letters he sang and  
                adorned their qualities in poetic streams!

From unknown age to Stone Age, metal age, industrial  
age, electrical and bio-electronic age,  
Man's speed was beyond his biological stamina, now  
trapped in his own invention cage,  
All seven sins caught him in his race of selfishness,  
pushed him into the annihilation maze,  
The visible and invisible borders of color, caste, creed  
and religion became Abysses of rage!

Whether it is Armageddon or Ragnarok, on a lake of  
Fire or the Hills of volcanic mire,  
Whether it is Trump, Kim, Putin, Li or ISIS who keep  
their fingers ready on the death wire,  
Of the stables of nuclear missiles posted in Siberia,  
Nevada, India, China or North Korea,  
Is it beyond the bricks of the princes of Hell and  
bouquets of Archangels in divine euphoria?

Can't we all peace lovers stop these war perpetrators  
from being reckless in their ego fire?  
Let us repaint the darkened color wheel with vivid  
colors of Nature of Love and peace attire!  
Every one of us can be that promised Messiah if we fight  
the Devil in its infernal hearth,  
The Second Christ or Savior, or Kalki is on the way to  
restore peace on this troubled Earth!



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#### **THE COLORS OF PEACE AND WAR** **(The Anatomy of War)**

This is a long poem that evolved spontaneously in the month of January 2018 when I was reading the theories of color. The idea struck me like lightning and I followed it wherever it took me in the imaginary sky. To make it relevant in style and composition I took the help of John Milton my all time favorite. Taking cue from many of his immortal lines I steered this small boat of poem in the waters of war and peace.

The colors and their physical, mental and spiritual hues helped me spinning the color wheel into the black and white shades of humanity that was reeling under the weight of dreadful wars. The exhaustive information squeezed

in the lines might have made this poem more cerebral but my heart with its soul carried the thread throughout the length and breadth of this poem.

The end poems may not be the end points but allow us to add additional stanzas that in reality influence the future of humanity and Earth planet. So I purposefully put a hope remark instead of ending it with wholesale destruction or resurrection.

While spinning the color wheel I found myself and many bards partially blind to the present day events and carrying lives as a matter of fact manner. May be the perils of war they visualized clearly and became indifferent to the ongoing events. But I feel we have to shake away the lethargy and sensitize people about the impending disasters brought too early by the modernization and thrust on humanity without remedial measures.

One has to understand war is reality; you may call it conflict, struggle, battle or war. Peace was never there where fear about future lurks in the nearest corner.

Yet, we welcome peace that lets us paint the Earth again with verdant and vivid colors of joy, removing the black ash and sulfur smudges caused by the constant wars. Let no more bad blood flow! Let wrath be buried in the depths of hell. Let the princes of Hell evolve in to angels leaving the human race eligible to reenter the Garden of Eden.

# ***THE LOST SONGS OF A LONE TRAVELLER!***



**PART - B**

**REFLECTIONS**

# **1. The Algorithm of The Lost Loves of L.S.R. Prasad**

## **Part-1**

There was neither scope nor hope  
That I will meet her again  
But this squall of flame flickers  
Like the tongue of an orphan avalanche  
Since I have lived to love  
Love always played hide and seek  
Like the tired candle and agile breeze!

You will never believe that I am still alive,  
Because I promised to die,  
If you leave me and fly-

Let us go then, you and I, into the mangroves,  
We can squeeze mangoes and spill them,  
On our knees, and I can lick your hands,  
Your cheeks and golden yellow stained lips,  
You were four and I was six,  
Nobody condemned it as sex;

When the morning is still fresh with pearls dew  
I was sleeping with you in my dreams  
Side by side with your mother in between us,  
The morning sun hit me with his arrows,  
My eyelids were still drooping  
And everyone was laughing at me hysterically,  
Your brother shoved a mirror  
I saw my face painted in colors white and red  
I was your monkey  
I chased you in streams and rivers  
You were a better swimmer!

Let us glow then, you and I, in the sugar plantations,  
We can shear sugarcane stems  
And eat from both ends  
You from this end me from that end  
And can have day long quarrels that you bit more  
You can leave with your mouth zeroed  
Still oozing nectar and I can transplant a kiss,  
To rob the ambrosia or honey  
Nobody declared it as a sin!

When the pinkredorange morning heard  
The songs of birds and beasts,  
It turned bright and brighter,  
You walked me to school  
You brought me jamun  
You were my moon  
You stayed at home illiterate,  
Sometimes you put frogs and snails  
In my school bag or lunch box,  
You were a terror  
But you never left me hungry  
You walked me to home like a reporter  
You were my comforter

Let us grow then, you and I, in the palm groves,  
We can eat the palm eyes with our thumbs,  
Or ripe fruits burnt in fire and squeeze,  
You cup your hands and I will drink white water  
And you savor that toddy from my hands,  
We can dance till sleep overpowers us  
Or Mother comes with a big cane to thrash us,  
You can leave your fragrance and shadow  
My bed always caresses them  
And I wait for a stolen hug,  
Nobody filed a case on our fun!

## **Part-2**

There was neither heat nor cold  
That I will tweet her again  
But this call of first desire I remember  
Like the split tongue of a venomous snake  
Since I have loved to live  
Life always played dice and vice  
Like the first gulp of wine and the last puff of cigarette!

When the early day is climbing the blue hill  
The sun on his chariot is chasing clouds  
Let us go into the hut of promises  
And the streets of echoing passions  
You can hug me if you wish  
But on the top of that mango tree  
A nightingale sings a longing tune  
No more your parents allow you  
To hug me in public  
I cannot rewind the clock  
Nor open your door's lock  
Oh, do not ask, -'what is it?'  
But you said-  
Let us go and part ways...

In the busy market, caravans come and go  
Talking of faded fairs and love affairs

.....

The classroom is chatting with the black-board  
The chalk pieces complain about the duster  
-'We expend ourselves and paint letters  
And he mercilessly wipes out us'-  
Black-board was blinking like a glow-worm  
The duster licked its tongue into the corners of the board  
Where we printed our initials with a heart in between

The un-season rain invited hailstones to feast  
The fallen mangoes measure their wounds  
You said you were leaving  
I heard a thunder after that blitzkrieg  
My heart skipped a beat in huge emptiness  
And fell asleep.

In that busy airport, planes come and go  
Wings suffer clipped feathers and fly low

.....

There will be space, there will be always space  
To paint a face to meet the faces that you paint,  
There will be time to paint a sail, frame and hang  
On the wall of time  
Like the letters we carved on trees and rocks  
I lost my ice-cream and your scent  
Little crabs were pushing sand from burrows  
The memories that bury themselves  
They walk sideways and fast run  
Like our evaporated musings  
A few mollusks opened their lids to drop a question  
Your plate looked empty with marks of exclamation!  
Time for you and time for me,  
And time yet for a million decisions,  
And for sharp divisions and provisions,  
Before the taking off your boat into the foreign sea!  
The summer is coming to close!

In the busy harbor, ships come and go  
Tears talk of storms and icebergs that painfully grow!

### **Part-3**

There it was neither slow nor fast  
Where I will chase her again?  
But this flood of tears drown me  
Like tongues of tsunami in deluge  
Since I have slaved to survive  
Hope always extended its hands  
Like the swings that move to and fro

And indeed there will be a flight to wander,  
“Do I fly?” and, “Do I fly into the sky?”  
It is monsoon time  
Rains come or not but clouds try,  
Time to turn wild and ascend the hill,  
You with a hole in your heart  
And worst pressure in your lungs  
Gave me a gift and a flying kiss  
From the downstairs of life;  
We both walked for a while  
From the dizzy heights you slipped and fell  
With your tender feet, you walked away on my heart,  
Hills have slopes like memories  
Drops of rain became streams and rivers  
And suffer to travel to reach the distant seas  
And where should I resume?

Come to me with a cup of fuming coffee  
I measure my sugar of life with paper spoons  
Measure for measure  
From the mid sky it is only descent  
Yellow leaves measure their distance from the tree;  
On the plains of my head  
White hair begins its census;  
Those sleepless nights count my vigor  
Between the music and the lyre

A Hallway breathes in coughs and puffs;  
And where should I resume?

I crossed much one-way traffic  
At the cross roads the fallen leaves gather into a heap  
As insignificant as my insipid experiences;  
Full moon is like my baldhead reflecting neon light;  
Winter cats are sitting on the howls of wolves,  
And I have known all the pupae  
Before they emerge as butterflies;  
Some prisons transform you really;  
Which one is good and you prefer  
If it is crawling on your nudity  
Does it matter,  
if it is a millipede or centipede or old age?  
And where should I resume?

And I have known the charms already, collected them all-  
Charms that bestow warmth, charms that sing a call!  
Keep this charm to protect from Evil-eye,  
Tie this one to your elbow  
The palanquin is now an ice-box  
Winter will be severe  
I need warm clothes  
I opened the old box in the attic  
And covered myself with your memories  
Is this fragrance from an ancient dress?  
Or is this your virtual presence?  
And how should I resume?

I should have been a pair of colored goggles  
Looking across the streets of a body that ogles!  
In the white winter  
Everything is cold and limp  
The frozen fires asks for fresh measures  
Measure for measure

Sleep is a formal equalizer  
But how soon!  
I am no prophet — to give my head on a platter;  
I lie on the bed of arrows and wait  
Let the sun move towards north,  
I am not afraid of any buffalo warrior or a sickle handler!  
I have no fear of noose or news  
In fact, I lit the fire  
Of rejuvenation!

And when should I resume?

I grow old ... I grow cold ...but I grow bold  
I shall wear the masks of love with glittering gold.  
Shall I paint my hair black? or leave it white?  
Do I need dentures and new glasses?  
Now I prefer to walk near the caves at Calvary  
To witness the resurrection!  
And to stroll in silence  
To hear the music of burial and cremation!  
I invite cicadas and crickets to sing for me!  
When winds blew harsh, I down the sails,  
We have closed the doors of our chambers  
Past dreams invaded us in fresh outfits  
Till eternity wakes us,  
We go to sleep to become prophets  
And why should I resume?

## **Part-4**

There it was neither ascent nor descent  
Where will I scent her again?  
But these icy winds are chilling  
Like the tongue of Katabatic fall winds;  
Since I was boxed to rise again  
They opened the lid and found an empty space  
Like a fist that has no trapped air

After the crystal glasses, the sparkling wine, and a few tears,  
Among the cheers, among some talk of resurrection  
It would have been worthwhile  
Between you and me  
To chew off the matter with a smile,  
To have the appetite satisfied  
I say: "I am L.S.R. Prasad, come from the bed,  
Come back to tell you all, I love you all"—  
If you, settling a cell phone by your head,  
You may say—  
    "That is not what I meant at all;  
    That is not it, at all."

And you may caress me with your letters  
And it would have been worth it, after all,  
it would have been worthwhile,  
After the Face-books, twitters and the sprinkled laptops,  
After the chats, after the emojis,  
After the images that trail along the screen pops—  
And this only, or is there much more?—  
It is ridiculous to say just what I feel!  
But as if a magic wand sprinkled golden dust  
Morning comes on my sod  
Roses bloom in place of lilacs  
It would have been worthwhile  
If you, settling a book or throwing a poem,  
And turning towards the dawn,  
You may say:

"That is not it at all,  
That is not what I meant, at all."

No! I am not any Arabian Prince; nor meant to be;  
I am a lover, infinite time I hold, o dear  
To dance in cosmos; to start a scene or two,  
A few planets and a constellation of stars  
I will be a moon flirting at noon  
In dark caverns guiding lost angels  
You stand on your toes  
And on music notes  
You fly while I watch,  
Polite, meticulous, shy;  
Me sometimes cry  
Off the handle in dreams and fall!  
Almost, at times, the Fool! Playing pool!  
You may say:  
"That is not it at all,  
That is not what I meant, at all."

Shall I dye my hair?  
My whiskers, moustache, and my mirror too ?  
I shall wear your smiles, and whispers  
And walk upon the road of love!  
I will cover myself with your blue scarf studded with stars,  
I hear your giggles that nudge siren songs  
And complete long odysseys  
O my guiding star of love!  
In an uncharted sea  
You are my compass  
You are my class  
O lovely lass!  
You may say:  
"That is Love my dear pal,  
That is what I meant, after all."

12-2-2018



## **NOTES:-**

**"The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"**, commonly known as **"Prufrock"**, is the first professionally published poem by American-British poet T. S. Eliot (1888–1965). Eliot began writing "Prufrock" in February 1910, and it was first published in the June 1915 issue of Poetry: A Magazine of Verse at the instigation of Ezra Pound (1885–1972). It was later printed as part of a twelve-poem pamphlet (or chapbook) titled *Prufrock and Other Observations* in 1917.<sup>1</sup> At the time of its publication, Prufrock was considered outlandish, but is now seen as heralding a paradigmatic cultural shift from late 19th-century Romantic verse and Georgian lyrics to Modernism.

The poem's structure was heavily influenced by Eliot's extensive reading of Dante Alighieri and makes several references to the Bible and other literary works—including William Shakespeare's plays *Henry IV Part II*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Hamlet*, the poetry of seventeenth-century metaphysical poet John Donne, and the nineteenth-century French Symbolists. Eliot narrates the experience of Prufrock using the stream of consciousness technique developed by his fellow Modernist writers. The poem, described as a "drama of literary anguish", is a dramatic interior monologue of an urban man, stricken with feelings of isolation and incapability for decisive action that is said "to epitomize frustration and impotence of the modern individual" and "represent thwarted desires and modern disillusionment".

Prufrock laments his physical and intellectual inertia, the lost opportunities in his life and lack of spiritual progress, and he is haunted by reminders of unattained carnal love. With visceral feelings of weariness, regret, embarrassment, longing, emasculation, sexual frustration, a sense of decay, and an awareness of mortality, "Prufrock" has become one of the most recognized voices in modern literature.

**The Algorithm of Lost Loves of L.S.R. Prasad** -When I was meditating upon Love I chanced to read and translate T S Eliot's works- notably 1. The Waste Land 2. Ash Wednesday 3. The Love song of J. Alfred Prufrock 4. The Hollow Men 5. Sweeny Erect 6. Murder in the Cathedral 7. Preludes 8. Journey of the Magi.

In the Master series of translation works I published the Telugu translations of these poems as- 'T S Eliot poetry. Then I transmuted The Waste Land as The Haste Land- that describes the tragic events happened at the time of partition of Indian Subcontinent and aftermath. The Ash Wednesday was taken as inspiration to write Flash Wedding Day of the terrible marriage of War and Peace. The Love song of J. Alfred Prufrock was the soul behind the Algorithm of the lost loves of L.S.R. Prasad. All these four poems dwell deep into the good, bad and ugly nature of modern society and insists upon the necessity of Love among people.

## **2. Flash-Wedding day**

Because I do not hope to love again  
Because I do not burn  
Because I do not hope to warn  
Desiring the woman's gift and that man's drift,  
I no longer strike to strive towards such passionate things  
(Why should the aged beagle stretch its wings and legs?)  
Why should I mourn and drown  
The vanished power of the sensual reign?

Because I do not think to flirt again  
The confirmity of the positive lover in gain  
Because I do not wink or blink  
If I flirt I shall ever thirst  
The one variable of many a flower  
Because I cannot drink nectar  
There i carry pollen from flower in rain,  
Springs flow, but there is no love train!

Because I mistook that time is always mine  
Face is always a place beauty to remain  
What is actual is actual only for lifetime  
And youth is such silly thing do this mime;

I rejoice in the curves, depths near and far  
I redo my face umpteen times off scar  
And denounce the vice in open war  
Because I cannot hope to marry a star  
Consequently I rejoice,  
having to construct a wall of lies or something  
Upon which to rejoice in illusive spring.

And pray to spring to have mercy upon me  
And I may forget my autumn enemy  
These virile matters that with myself  
I too much discuss, but off shelf

Because I hope to turn again  
Let these worlds answer their gain  
For what is gone, I wish to regain,  
The train may not be fast upon my age main!

I strengthen these wings by drinking the  
waters of Bimini spring!  
I search for the fountain of youth with the  
pirates of Caribbean,  
I go to the land of Macrobians to beat the old age bean,  
I will cross the Land of Darkness to find the rejuvenating spring,  
I fly to Kollam in Hindu land and bathe in the  
polombe holy waters and sing,  
I go exploring for the Philosopher's stone,  
In search of elixir of life I traverse the pools of  
Bethesda in Jerusalem alone!

The romantic air which is now thoroughly  
small and dry like fire,  
Smaller and dryer than the well of desire  
Teaches me to care and not to scare  
Teaches me not to sit idle but explore.

I need love to grow and grow  
I read sand and fire to glow and glow  
Pray for me now at the hour of new deed!  
Pray for my lover at the hour of my need!

1-3-2018



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**Ash Wednesday** (sometimes *Ash-Wednesday*) is the first long poem written by T. S. Eliot after his 1927 conversion to Anglicanism. Published in 1930, this poem deals with the struggle that ensues when one who has lacked faith in the past strives to move towards God.

Sometimes referred to as Eliot's "conversion poem", *Ash-Wednesday*, with a base of Dante's *Purgatorio*, is richly but ambiguously allusive and deals

with the move from spiritual barrenness to hope for human salvation. The style is different from his poetry which predates his conversion. "Ash-Wednesday" and the poems that followed had a more casual, melodic, and contemplative method.

Many critics were "particularly enthusiastic concerning 'Ash-Wednesday'" while in other quarters it was not well received. Among many of the more secular literati its groundwork of orthodox Christianity was discomfiting. Edwin Muir maintained that "'Ash-Wednesday' is one of the most moving poems he [Eliot] has written, and perhaps the most perfect."

### **3. Blue lips!**

**(The Burial of War)**

These lips are too excitable, like war wounds,  
a splinter here and there a tear!  
Look how dark everything is, how nauseating,  
how graves caved-in!  
I am leaning on piece-fullness, lying by myself  
in no man's land quietly,  
As the light fades on these bleeding walls,  
this moaning sod, these stained hands.  
I am nobody; I have nothing to do with  
ideology or scientific explosions. No more!  
I was given my name a number, a tag to  
my great toe in the mortuary hall,  
And allotted time and space, and a shroud,  
And my history to the coroner's page,  
My body to pathologists and historians!

They have propped my frozen stiff on the dissection table,  
A head block under my shoulders made my chest raise  
above my swollen head,  
Like a long forgotten smile or missile between  
two flanks that will not budge,  
A stupid camera pupil, it has to take  
everything in without rest.  
The technicians pass and pass, they are no trouble,  
like notebooks with empty pages,  
Mine is not a case of 'view and grant'  
but being a lesson to posterity,  
A last signature in the time capsule for the point of time,  
The staff pass, the way black widow spiders  
pass in silence on their web nets,  
Doing things with their gloved hands,  
one just the same as another,

Them well seasoned, they all look alike like  
fossils in one archeology layer,  
So it is impossible to tell how many are there  
to dissect me and my innards.

My body is a bubble to them, a bubble,  
a pebble, nibble, dribble rubble in trouble.  
in that stubble they trend it as sarine gas floated  
in sulfur water soufflé,  
Tends to the nuclear pebbles or new unclear  
killing gases trifle truffle!  
They now wear gloves and oxygen masks like  
astronauts, smoothing them gently.  
They incise my numbness with their bright knives,  
they cut me deep.  
A long Y shaped slash like they cut tuna fish in market,  
Now I have lost myself into wounds, veins,  
injuries and organs,  
And I am sick of this baggage they call it a body  
a bag of gas and flesh,

Then i saw on the walls the hung images of  
dove and rose, my arch enemies.  
My patent grin was stuck to my overgrown  
teeth cast shadows like a blacksmith's box,  
My latent bites catch onto my sins with  
brittle bleeding gums.  
I have let things slip, a million-year-old  
cargo boat to dribble in time lock,  
But with recorded civilization of a  
ten thousand years in sand clock  
Stubbornly hanging on to my known name  
and address on fire and wheels  
I have stabbed me of my kin in my run and  
wanderings in deserts and seas.

Stocked and bare on the fear-pillowed trolley  
many implements of offence,  
From stones, wood, metal and fire,  
forged with bellows fuming air all weapons,  
I watched my sunrise, mid day and sunset,  
and this night,  
my bureaus of linen, my books and my bandages,  
Sink out of sight, and the hot blood went over my head.  
I am out of run now, I have never been so pure and out  
of gore and blood.

I didn't praise any powers,  
cared neither towers with imprisoned lovers,  
I only wanted to lie with my words turned up  
and be utterly empty.  
How free it is, you have no idea how free  
when you see peace is buried—  
The madness is so big it dazes you, it amazes you,  
you start devouring yourself,  
And it asks nothing, but a name tag,  
a few trinkets and a big victory flag,  
Fluttering over the pyramids of skulls,  
It is what the dead close on, finally;  
I see and nurture them  
Shutting their mouths with it,  
like a cover plate on the tomb in poppy fields!

They brought my arsenal that paraded like orchids,  
roses and chrysanthemums  
with ever thirsty crimson lips,  
Me said evolution is revolution from  
stones to nuclear missiles  
We erected the statue of Death in borders of  
differences and filled the altars  
With human heads and blood,

They are not too red in the first place, they annoy me.  
Ash black, sulfur yellow, blood red were my flag colors  
Even through the gift rapper I hear them  
breathe rage hate and violence, I do like!  
Rightly, through their bright swaddling,  
like a lawful armed lobby.  
Their redness talks to my wound,  
it corresponds to my wrath,  
They are sublime in rage : they seem to flirt,  
though they weigh me down to base, Setting me with  
their acrid stench and their cool blue green color;

Meanwhile they removed all my organs enmass  
and looked at them,  
Looked at my brain to find any extra-ordinary  
fissures or gyri or masses,  
When they found nothing abnormal  
they proposed  
a few weird theories round my neck.

Nobody watched my history before,  
now I am keenly watched.  
Even with my first kill I debated with god-  
'Am I my brother's keeper?'-  
The desert dust turned to me, and the red,  
yellow stained sands talked of me,  
Where every day the light slowly brightens  
and slowly fades, in deadly smoke,  
And I see myself, flat, ridiculous,  
and hollow like a dugboat shadow  
Between the eye of the death and the  
eyes of the weapons,  
And I have no face, I have wanted to efface myself.  
The vivid cactuses and flowers eat into  
my emotions and ambition.

Before they came the air was cold enough,  
Coming and going, wreath by wreath,  
with much fuss like blasts and bombs  
Then the grenades filled it up like a loud noise  
with land and sea mines tombs,  
The air snags and eddies with Charon's  
promenades and serenades,  
Round them the way Styx river snags and  
eddies round a sunken rust-red engine.  
From a distance I hear the roar of Cerberus  
and valkyries riding by,  
All fictional virgins to lure young into death tap dances,  
They enhance my pretensions,  
and happy to see they want me  
Along with my arms and ammunition,  
once for all! Communion?

The tomb walls, also, seem to be warming  
themselves with weapons load,  
Can they contain me when I decompose and explode?  
There through the stained windows I see  
my enemies resurrected!  
Infinite doves with olive branches in their  
beaks fly happily, I don't like,  
Roses pink yellow white and many colors  
with fragrance, I don't care,  
Butterflies fluttering over irises, them I prohibited  
and imprisoned under clouds,  
This is a grave conspiracy

My intelligentsia failed to warn me,  
From a raging phantom how come I became a corpse?  
Why are they doing Autopsy on me?  
The doves should be behind bars like dangerous animals;  
They are closing the mouth of this

underground mortuary building,  
and dumping the world weaponry stocks  
and technology books along with me,  
The door closes Its bowl of death and a  
grave board declares- The zone of Death'-

The water I taste is warm and sweet,  
like that of the springs in the garden of Eden,  
Comes from the earth bloomed with peace  
and love devoid of my forbidden den!  
(It incapacitates me)

9.3.2018



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**Tulips**" is a poem by American poet Sylvia Plath. The poem was written in 1961 and included in the collection *Ariel* published in 1965. The poem is written in nine stanzas in sixty three lines.

"Tulips" is written in nine seven-line stanzas, totaling 63 lines, and follows no rhyme scheme. Richard Grey comments on the verse that it is "nominally free but has a subtle iambic base; the lines... ...move quietly and mellifluously; and a sense of hidden melody ('learning' / 'lying', 'lying by myself quietly', 'light lies', 'white walls') transforms apparently casual remarks into memorable speech.

## **4. The Surgical patient At 2 A.M.**

The Intensive cardiac care unit is like a  
scare unit of a spaceship,  
Whitecoats, nurse angels, paramedics  
running with a code slip,  
The monitor's lifeline is at frenzy curve  
with fibrillatory beat trip,  
A few shocks delivered to the heart and  
intubation with some drug drip!

By the time blinking lights and buzzing  
alarms became calm,  
The emergency warrior staff breathed a  
sigh and smiled warm!  
The heart surgeon on duty was ready  
with his crew to face the storm,  
The captain of cardiology passed  
on the patient to the bypass charm!

'Surgery is an art'- cried the heart surgeon  
and his assistant nodded his head,  
At two in the morning we do our plumbing here,  
here and there we go ahead,  
Three vessel block! May need four or five bypasses,  
keep more blood, plasma and  
Platelets and what not. Keep balloon ready  
if pressure falls things must be near hand!'-

The anaesthetic work station is busy with  
monitors and ventilator hiss!  
On the patient the white light shone golden  
with betadine scrub kiss,  
Venous conduits are taken from the legs  
with feverish speed by the assistant,  
The surgeon opened the chest and found  
the heart morose in pericardial tent!

Quick! Quick! He cautioned his assistants!  
Let us try beating heart bypass!  
O lad! Look at this LAD! The widow's artery  
is in drought, it hates timepass!  
O boy! This gentle heart is irritable! O Shock it!  
Shock! OK! Let's go on pump!  
Tubes from major vessels went to heart-lung  
machine and it started with a thump!

A strong potassium concoction made hear  
quiescent and soft with no beat,  
The soul left through one of the nine holes of the  
body flute in search of heat,  
Or light. I have not seen it, i was busy in stitching  
vein to artery, we call it bypass!  
My assistants were busy with fibrillators,  
mist blowers, instruments fine and class!

It is a bloody mess! Bleeding, bleeding  
everywhere! Same story at two A.M.!  
It is a human garden I have to do with the  
fountain, blood and tubes with fine aim!  
Oozing their jammy substances a matter of fat!  
My assistants hook them back.  
Stitches and colors assail me.The smoker patient's  
lung-tree gone pink to black!

These heart vessels are splendid. They cry and  
coil like snakes causing angina,  
The heart is a red ball-bloom, in distress it leads  
to gloom like a cloud covered luna!  
The blood is a sunset. I admire it. I am up to  
my wrists in it, red and squeezing.  
Still it sweeps me up, it is not exhausted.  
So magical! A hot spring freezing!

I must seal off and let fill the intricate,  
blue piping over this pale marble.  
The heart started beating with new arrival of  
blood that flooded its cable!  
The body is an ancient sculpture that shut its heart  
on the fat pills and anxiety hills,  
I have perfected its repairing and after the  
last stitch we all enjoyed that night thrills!

Tomorrow the patient will have a clean  
cheerful morning and less pain!  
We thanked the Almighty for giving us a  
chance to help the patient in strain!  
Over a few beds in the ward, small blue  
lights announce new souls to refine.  
The beds are blue. Today, for them blue is  
a beautiful color. The angels of morphine

Have borne them up. They float an inch from  
the ceiling, spelling souls divine.  
I walk among sleepers in the halls of Valhalla  
with Valkyries among meadows.  
The red night lights are crescent moons.  
They are dull with blood. I am the surgeon,  
in my white coat and grave face, shuttered by  
etiquette, shades follow me like shadows.

7.3.2018



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**Sylvia Plath** (; October 27, 1932 – February 11, 1963) was an American poet, novelist, and short-story writer. Born in Boston, Massachusetts, she studied at Smith College and Newnham College at the University of Cambridge before receiving acclaim as a poet and writer. She married fellow poet Ted Hughes in 1956, and they lived together in the United States and then in England. They had two children, Frieda and Nicholas, before separating in 1962.

Plath was clinically depressed for most of her adult life, and was treated multiple times with electroconvulsive therapy (ECT). She died by suicide in 1963.

Plath is credited with advancing the genre of confessional poetry and is best known for two of her published collections, *The Colossus and Other Poems* and *Ariel*, and *The Bell Jar*, a semi-autobiographical novel published shortly before her death. In 1982, she won a posthumous Pulitzer Prize for *The Collected Poems*.

This poem is in the surgeon's voice. He surveys his country's terrain, "a garden I have to do with—tubers and fruits / Oozing their jammy substances . . ." He delves into the patient's organs, "I worm and hack in a purple wilderness." He admires the sunset-colored blood and the "blue piping" that conducts it through the body's intricate maze. When he removes a part of the body, it is sent to the lab ("a pathological salami") and "entombed in an icebox." The surgeon walks through the ward, casting his eyes on the sleeping patients: "I am the sun," he says, ". . . Grey faces, shuttered by drugs, follow me like flowers."

The surgeon at 2 A.M. was written in 1961 and was possibly heavily influenced by her recent miscarriage and a hospitalization for appendicitis at the now defunct St Pancras Hospital in London. In this extract, she manages to capture the surreal beauty of the operating theatre at night as well as that of the internal organs: ...

## **5. Character of my intimate enemy!**

Who else but wounded my heart and occupied the fort!  
Who is that intimate enemy? Who is she  
That every moment in arms I wish to be?  
—It is she and her generous love, who, when sought  
Among the tears of real life, hath brought  
Upon the plains that blossomed flowers of hope,

Whose beautiful smiles are an outward light  
That made the path clear and bright;  
Who, with a natural fragrance to enliven  
What flowers of love can perform, is proficient to yearn;

She locks me in her locks  
She stalks me with her talks  
She mugs me with her hug smugs  
She mocks me in her scorn smokes

The fire from her eyes dissolves my snow  
Dancing on my trembling lips  
She tortures my eyelids  
She invades through my pupils  
And complains Konark on my retinal screens

I find comfort being tantalized by her brief  
absences and on her return  
I chase rainbows on butterfly wings  
And live in her fragrance in confidence of  
Heaven's applause:  
This is my intimate enemy; this is she  
That in my longing arms I wish to be.

20.2.2018



**“Character of the Happy Warrior”** is a poem by the English Romantic poet William Wordsworth. Composed in 1806, after the death of Lord Nelson, hero of the Napoleonic Wars, and first published in 1807, the poem purports to describe the ideal “man in arms,” and has, through ages since, been the source of much metaphor in political and military life. Wordsworth begins by asking us “Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he What every man in arms should wish to be?” He then proceeds to answer his own query:

The Happy Warrior is a *generous* spirit, who, amidst, or, in spite of, the tasks of real life, hath done what pleased his innocent, “childish thought.” His noble ideas and deeds are “an inward light” (not unlike the Quaker belief in an inner light) that, despite their inwardness, make the path before the warrior “always bright.”

## 6. TO A DISTANT LOVER!

Why art thou reslient! Is thy love an implant  
Of such weak genre that stress constant  
Of daily routine withers it in a weak moment?  
Is there no hope to pay, no mercy to lament?

Yet i have my heart for thee been very regular in missed beat,  
Bound to my tears it sulks with unceasing flow and fuming heat—  
The mind is a known brigand robs my sleep  
and sells me in the dream street,  
The tricky part is my evaporated spirit begs  
for your attention in death beat!

Sleep!—Do I know it after your U-boat hit the  
ship of my life in an unexpected turn?  
A million moments we lost under the frozen blanket  
of time, in a memory urn!  
Tears can write elegies, but heart needs to be  
filled with the blood of valor to paint!  
As the harsh sickle edge of the last cavalier  
touches the neck I will not faint,

But chant your image in the beads of love and  
project you on my mind screen,  
As the last drop of my waters of life dribbles I speak of  
love seen and unseen!

9.1.-2018

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**William Wordsworth** (7 April 1770 – 23 April 1850) was a major English Romantic poet who, with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, helped to launch the Romantic Age in English literature with their joint publication *Lyrical Ballads* (1798).

Wordsworth's *magnum opus* is generally considered to be *The Prelude*, a semi-autobiographical poem of his early years that he revised and expanded a number of times. It was posthumously titled and published by his wife in the year of his death, before which it was generally known as "the poem to Coleridge". Wordsworth was Britain's poet laureate from 1843 until his death from pleurisy on 23 April 1850.

If anything in Wordsworth rings true and timely to us today, it is that common concern in him and us for the destruction of nature by humanity, what Wordsworth himself calls elsewhere 'the vulgar works of man'.

## **7. THE BANKER WORM!**

Hark! 't is a hot mid day  
Within the confined bank spheres!  
A money hunter throng, diamond winged,  
In veils, and crowned in jewels,  
Sit in a bounty shop, to see  
A play of tricks and letters,  
While the bank orchestra joins fitfully  
The music of the money swings-

Rules, in the form of officials on high,  
Mutter and mumble for a share low,  
Whose money is it? Hither and thither fly—  
Quid pro quo! Tell the percentage, o sage!  
Mere puppets they, who come and go  
At jumping of vast formality things  
That shift the scenery to gifts to and fro,  
Flapping from out on their Condor wings  
Invisible money reach hollow companies  
.....Wow and wow!

That yearly drama—oh, be sure! Audit,  
All from the same school, not to forget!  
With its Phantom chase - all is well!  
By a crowd that deposits swell, and lose  
Through a circle that ever returneth in  
To the self-same spot, loans and payments  
And much of negligence, and more of Sin,  
Blood and sweat of the customer citizen!

But see, amid the money route,  
That slithering snake escapes  
A Golconda diamond that shines from out  
The scenic solitude in Sotheby!  
It dances!—it dances!—with more fangs  
The name become its trademark.  
And the bank sobs at vermin wrongs  
As human greed gold crowned!

Out—out all the lights—out all!  
And, over each blinking form,  
The enquiry curtain, a funeral pall,  
Hammers down with the rush of a storm,  
While a few goes to jail, all pallid in charm,  
Malyas and Nirav Modis jump bail harem,  
Uprising, unveiling, the tragedy, “Honesty”  
And its hero, the Conqueror Bank Worm

19.2.2018



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“The Conqueror Worm” is a poem by **Edgar Allan Poe** about human mortality and the inevitability of death. It was first published separately in *Graham’s Magazine* in 1843, but quickly became associated with Poe’s short story “Ligeia” after Poe added the poem to a revised publication of the story in 1845. In the revised story, the poem is composed by the eponymous Ligeia, and taught to the narrator in the fits of her death throes. An audience of weeping angels watches a play performed by “mimes, in the form of God on high”, and controlled by vast formless shapes looming behind the scenes. The mimes chase a “Phantom” which they can never capture, running around in circles. Finally, a monstrous “crawling shape” emerges, and eats the mimes. The final curtain comes down, “a funeral pall,” signaling an end to the “tragedy, ‘Man’” whose only hero is “The Conqueror Worm”.

## **8. The Ballad of BEASTS ON THE PROWL!**

The sleep is in my mouth  
And the stone is on my blood—  
Gagged and dragged on ground,  
And many a male rod of land,  
Are all on my bleeding wound,  
O, are they satisfied now?

We shepherds, we believe in words  
And, when I breathed in agony,  
My body cried by the beasts on me  
For — the demons have fangs of enemy  
And the spears they pierce so many  
O, are they satisfied now?

And they spoke filth I barely understand,  
And they hate crushed my pallid land —  
A revenge they planned on my tender slips,  
In the temple-yard they gored my shout  
And I cried, they pounded me in and out  
“O, are they satisfied now?”

And thus they talked about a lesson  
With each thrust they yelled victory  
An irrevocable vow to teach my clan  
With each beast pushing a story  
And to create terror in a lone caravan  
“O, are they satisfied now?”

Lo! they wrenched my hands to my back  
And they blasted the stone on my neck -  
Gagged and dragged me on that ground,  
And many a male rod of land,  
With final push into my dying deck  
O, are they satisfied now?

While I was dying— while I was dying —  
They have the erection and the vow —  
And thought of my fate to be low  
And the heinous thrust on a dying bud,  
Devil's roar and killers sadist crying  
O, are they satisfied now?

What deities could I awaken?  
For I sleep eternally— why I know not!  
And my body is sorely shaken,  
And I am dead, what is my fault?  
And my soul look at the demons vault,  
O, are they satisfied now?

The sleep is in my mouth  
And the stone is on my blood—  
Gagged and dragged on that ground,  
And many a male rod of land,  
Are all on my bleeding wound,  
O, are they satisfied now?

14-4-2018

(Edgar Allan Poe- Bridal Ballad)



## **9. A SCREAM WITHIN A SCREAM**

You looked into my eyes with tears in your eyes and you cried  
While squeezing my fragile heart with your shivering lips,  
Was it my imagination?

You walked away on my frozen looks,  
you were away in years but your  
transplanted kiss on my brow still aches,  
Its burning pain grows in solitude,  
Alas, why we met on that misty station?

And, in parting moments you whispered  
huge emptiness into my heart,  
You took away my soul, my freedom,  
my loom upon which I weave a dream;  
Was it my imagination?

On gossamer wings can I invade your fair dreams  
that eludes my sleep?  
You ransacked my nights, my right to dance with  
fireflies and crickets that leap!  
Why I sing this gondolier's song of separation?

I walk in silence amid the roar of a self-tormented soul,  
The fire in your passionate kiss always evaporates  
the snow on my brow and eyes,  
Are these tears my imagination?

While I cry deep, o my dear! You come and  
look into my eyes with tears and you cry,  
While squeezing my fragile heart with your  
shivering lips, away you fly!  
Is it my imagination? A scream within a scream!

9.2.2018

**A Dream Within a Dream**” is a poem written by American poet Edgar Allan Poe, first published in 1849. The poem has 24 lines, divided into two stanzas. The poem dramatizes the confusion felt by the narrator as he watches the important things in life slip away. Realizing he cannot hold on to even one grain of sand, he is led to his final question whether all things are just a dream.

It has been suggested that the “golden sand” referenced in the 15th line signifies that which is to be found in an hourglass, consequently time itself. Another interpretation holds that the expression evokes an image derived from the 1848 finding of gold in California. The latter interpretation seems unlikely, however, given the presence of the four, almost identical, lines describing the sand in another poem “To ——,” which is regarded as a blueprint for “A Dream Within a Dream” and preceding its publication by two decades.

## 10. A scream Within a Death dream

Take away this hiss upon my cheek!  
And, I am departing from thee now,  
This much vengeance let me avow —  
You are wrong, my dream you did break,

That my nights have been a scream;  
And thy cold lips did infuse ice stream.  
All my hope has flown away in a spray,  
In a smoke fright, or in a smashed ash tray,

In a shreiking delusion, or in dark dungeon,  
Is it therefore my life gone or soul withdrawn?  
All that I see or seem  
Is but a scream within a dreadful dream.

I strand amid the thunderstorm roar  
Of a tornadoes tormented shore,  
And I fold my head within my cupped hand  
Rains of the hailstones hitting the cold sand —

How sharp! Like scorpions in a pit steep  
Through my dead fingers to the bone deep,  
While I weep — while I weep! Weep in sleep!  
Can I not grasp these centipedes that creep?

O God! Can I not crush  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not smash  
Them Like the pitiless wasp?  
O God! Can I not dash  
Them to an adamantine beam?  
Is all that I see or seem  
But a scream within a death dream?

9.7.2017

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**Edgar Allan Poe** (January 19, 1809 – October 7, 1849) was an American writer, editor, and literary critic. Poe is best known for his poetry and short stories, particularly his tales of mystery and the macabre. He is widely regarded as a central figure of Romanticism in the United States and American literature as a whole, and he was one of the country's earliest practitioners of the short story. Poe is generally considered the inventor of the detective fiction genre and is further credited with contributing to the emerging genre of science fiction. He was the first well-known American writer to try to earn a living through writing alone, resulting in a financially difficult life and career.

(Edgar Allan Poe - A Dream within a Dream)

## 11. THE POEM'S LAST SCREAM!

On a Poet's dream she leapt  
Strolling like a girl of jealous love hit,  
The sound and fury is as ancient as the waterfall of irises,  
No more she smiles nor he finds her immortal kisses,  
But feels the aerial hisses  
Of freezing avalanches that haunt the denial wildernesses.  
He will catch cold refusal from dawn to dusk in his lost bloom  
The frozen lake-reflected his past loom  
On the blue white block he kept his head,  
Waiting for the idea guillotine blade to hit,  
He neither bleed nor see why thoughts betray  
But from these he can create a tray,  
Once he burns his accrued laurels  
and fleeting titles on it for burial,  
then It is time, ice to dissolve to let the sparks of spring to dance  
Like fireflies on the mystic pages of nature  
As the rustling of creativity  
on the sleek chance of immortality!

9.1.2018

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**Percy Bysshe Shelley** - 4 August 1792 – 8 July 1822) was one of the major English Romantic poets, who is regarded by some as among the finest lyric and philosophical poets in the English language, and one of the most influential. A radical in his poetry as well as in his political and social views, Shelley did not see fame during his lifetime, but recognition of his achievements in poetry grew steadily following his death. Shelley was a key member of a close circle of visionary poets and writers that included Lord Byron, John Keats, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Love Peacock, and his own second wife, Mary Shelley, the author of *Frankenstein*.

Shelley is perhaps best known for classic poems such as "Ozymandias", "Ode to the West Wind", "To a Skylark", "Music, When Soft Voices Die", "The Cloud", and "The Masque of Anarchy". His other major works include a groundbreaking verse drama *The Cenci*(1819) and long, visionary, philosophical poems such as *Queen Mab* (later reworked as *The Daemon of the World*), *Alastor*, *The Revolt of Islam*, *Adonaïs*, *Prometheus Unbound* (1820)—widely considered to be his masterpiece—*Hellas: A Lyrical Drama* (1821), and his final, unfinished work, *The Triumph of Life* (1822).

## 12. OZYMANDIAS PRASADIAS

I met a troubadour from an ancient land  
Who said: -" millions and millions of fast and meaningless feet  
of stony story lines  
Stand in the poetry desert.... Near them, on the preface written  
in hand  
Half sunk, a shattered cover page lies, whose moan, wrinkled  
corner lip, smears of old pencil marks and finger prints  
Tell that its scribbler did dwell those emotions in passion pretty well  
Which yet survive, stamped on these fluttering crumbled paper things,  
The hands that knocked them, and the hearts that rejected  
them were not seen anywhere;  
And on the preface these words appear:  
'My name is Prasadias, laureate of poet kings:  
Hark on my quirks and quarks, ye Mighty, and perspire!'  
Nothing, nothing beside remains. All the plumages, laurels,  
titles all dust!  
Surround the decay and old paper stench  
Of that colossal book work, boundless and bare  
The profound silence in the lone and level sands like letters on  
water stretch and vanish far, far away."

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**Percy Bysshe Shelley**- ( 4 August 1792 – 8 July 1822) was one of the major English Romantic poets, widely regarded as one of the greatest lyric and philosophical poets in the English language. A radical in his poetry as well as in his political and social views, Shelley did not see fame during his lifetime, but recognition of his achievements in poetry grew steadily following his death. Shelley became a key member of a close circle of visionary poets and writers that included Lord Byron, John Keats, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Love Peacock and his own second wife, Mary Shelley (the author of *Frankenstein*).

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"Ozymandias" is a sonnet written by English Romantic poet Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822), first published in the 11 January 1818 issue of *The Examiner* in London. "Ozymandias" is regarded as one of Shelley's most famous works and is frequently anthologized.

In antiquity, Ozymandias...was a Greek name for the Egyptian pharaoh Ramesses II, who ruled from 1279 BCE to 1213 BCE, in the 19th Dynasty of Ancient Egypt.

Shelley wrote the poem in friendly competition with his friend and fellow poet Horace Smith (1779–1849), who also wrote a sonnet on the same topic with the same title. Smith's poem was published in *The Examiner* a few weeks after Shelley's sonnet.

### **13. LET ME LOSE ALL MY TEARS.....**

Let me lose all my tears, my enemy, yea, you rob them all,  
Your rapid skills did net my memory treasures,  
can you erase them all?

All I owned once, now you stock under your merciless soul!  
Here I paint empty seas and you stole my brush  
and palette whole,

What use and gain you suffer by drying my  
eyesight of looking at you?  
How can I refill those longing deadpools  
when you freeze your smiles due?  
The angst of memories is scorching me like  
desert zephyr in revenge hue!  
The flood of kisses, once drowned me now  
bury my emotions under neglect dew!

I walked and walked with faltering steps  
following your fragrance,  
The scorched tongue, dry eyes in desire  
spotted mirages on fire trance,  
You granted me once the land of honey and  
milk and did I do any thing wrong?  
The hurt fire can it be a forge to embellish  
our souls and make us strong!

I will absolve you, o gentle thief,  
although you stole my soul and property;  
Kill me with your kisses, yet release  
my tears to fill the twin oceans, in magnanimity!

10.2.2018

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Shakespeare's **Sonnet 40** is one of the sequence addressed to a well-born, handsome young man to whom the speaker is devoted. In this poem, as in the others in this part of the sequence, the speaker expresses resentment of his beloved's power over him.

Go and take all of my loves, my beloved—how would doing so enrich you? It would not give you anything you do not already have. All that I possessed was already yours before you took this. (The second quatrain is obscure and contested.) If, instead of loving me, you love the person I love, I can't blame you, because you are merely taking advantage of my love. Yet I forgive you, even though you steal the little that I have, and even though it is well known that an injury inflicted by a supposed lover is far worse than an insult from an enemy. Oh lustful grace (i.e., the beloved), in whom everything bad is made to look good, even if you kill me with these wrongs against me, I will not be your enemy.

## **14. “TO FRY, OR NOT TO FRY, THAT IS THE QUESTION”**

(from omelet, spoken by egg to be omelet)

To fry, or not to fry, that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to be an egg for sometime  
Or to become a chic and have the beak  
and feathers of outrageous costume,  
or to take a stand against a sea of troubles in poultry farms  
in rows many and at tandem  
And by opposing no use is found!  
To die like a chic or to sleep like an egg is the enigmatic question!

No more; and by a short sleep in incubator to say we end  
As chicks or chicken but can we cross the road often?  
The Avian-flu and the thousand natural  
    calamities shock us at road bend,  
Our flesh is heir to Kentucky fried chicken: 'tis a consumption  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;

To sleep, perchance to scream—ay, there's the lub dub:  
On a platter when a chicken ends up as sixty five or Manchuria  
Or soup to save from colds in hot and cold grub  
For in that sleep of depth what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this fragile egg form on a hot pan  
Must give us pause—Ah! there's the respect when we taste awesome!

Beat us mercilessly in a small cup or bowl,  
    add salt, pepper and water  
That makes calamity of so long life in to a  
    yellow white black mixture.  
For who would bear the chilly and onions of  
    time and on hot butter,

Pour th'egg-ressor's mixture,  
    the poor man's contumely structure,  
The hunger pangs of dispriz'd human being,  
    the cooking law's delay,  
The insolence of kitchen master's office,  
    and the spurns of hot pan,  
That patent merit of th'unworthy takes  
    and trips before the final scan,  
That may make us unpopular but we are  
    the poor man's protein!

The aroma skillfully searches for the eager nose,  
Some like it hot, some half boiled, some bull's eye  
Some egg powder, some curry, some boiled eggs  
But to fry or not to fry more is the pertinent question!  
When you are an egg life is a little but easy,  
But the life of an omelet is always greasy!  
From box to pan, with a bare bodkin or spatula  
The oval egg planet fades into a miserable flat earth  
To grunt and sweat over a hot pan is always a steam bubble bath!

Anyway I am now destined to be a delicious omelet  
To be devoured by connoisseurs of food,  
Fifty billion eggs in layers we yield eggs and meat in broilers  
But that the dread of something to become an omelet  
Or as an egg or chicken to enter the undiscovere'd gastric country,  
from whose bourn no egg-raveller returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have as chicken?  
Who can say who comes first or best? Egg or hen?

May be we are the ancient time keepers  
Even the great Peter denied his teacher before we crowed thrice  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
We chicken, ducks, geese, and turkeys are often go chicken

And thus the native hue of our resolution in cock-fights  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought to remain as egg,  
And enterprises of great egg revolution, pitch and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry and we are down graded  
And lose the name of action and reaction!  
But the doubt remains-‘ to fry or not to fry, that is the question!

29-12-2017.



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**“To be, or not to be”** is the opening phrase of a soliloquy uttered by Prince Hamlet in the so-called “nunney scene” of William Shakespeare’s play *Hamlet*, Act 3, Scene 1.

In the speech, Hamlet contemplates death and suicide, bemoaning the pain and unfairness of life but acknowledging that the alternative might be worse. Though it is called a soliloquy, Hamlet is not alone when he makes this speech because Ophelia is on stage pretending to read while waiting for Hamlet to notice her, and Claudius and Polonius, who have placed Ophelia in Hamlet’s way in order to overhear their conversation and find out if Hamlet is really mad or only pretending, have concealed themselves. Even so, Hamlet seems to consider him alone and there is no indication that the others on stage hear him before he addresses Ophelia.

## **15. TO DYE OR NOT TO DYE! THAT'S THE QUESTION!**

(The comedy of Hairlet, quince of Manmark)  
Act III, Scene 1.

Enter mirror, comb, cup, brush, dye, and gloves....

Mirror- why he puts on this confusion?  
His hair is a white turban and a turbulent mess!

Comb- he does confess but you show him his reflection  
then I choke his style because he will by no means speak!

Cup- let us show him his true state!

Brush- did he receive you well?

Comb- most like a gentleman! Almost broke my back!

Cup- mirror suffered the worse of his disposition!

Comb- my teeth are shattering in his reply!

Gloves- I hear him coming!

Dye- did you assay him to any pastime?

Comb- madam, it is so fell out that he is worried about  
his white hair! He tried other methods like plucking,  
cutting but not dyedsofar!

Gloves- it is most true! And he beseeched me to entreat your  
Majestic to blacken his white mountain and see the matter!

Mirror- with all my heart I tell you , let's give him a  
further edge and drive his purpose on to these delights!

Comb- we shall, my lord!

Gloves- I hear him coming, let's be silent!

## Enter Hairlet

To dye, or not to dye- that's the question!  
Whether it is nobler on the head to suffer  
The stings and harrows of whiterageous hair  
Or to take arms against a snow sea of troubles,  
And by plucking, to end them, To dye- to sleep -  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The headache, the thousand white hair shocks,  
That flesh is heir to, it is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished, To dye- to sleep

To sleep - perchance to dream! Ay there is the rub!  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled this mortal coils of hair  
Must give us pass! There is the respect from the  
ladies to black hair! White hair they avoid!  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time  
while dating a beautifully lady?

The bald oppressors wrong,  
the dark haired man's contumely pride,  
The pangs of despised looks, the baldness outlay,  
the insolence of eyebrows  
And the spurns and me myself wants this  
white meadow to be transformed into black forest!  
It is the dreadful thought of my girl friend rejecting me  
because of my white hair,

Yes! I will dye myself! I will not allow anybody  
to touch my hair and locks!  
Here it is not the Rape of Lock,  
it is beautifying the whole headland!  
That undiscovered country, from where no  
white hair returns at least temporarily,  
It puzzles the will, this dye does it causes allergy?  
Is the white hair better than scratch?  
Does it cause future cancer, is there any answer?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of black hair if returns  
I appreciate this dye and the gloves, cup and towels,  
I dye and dry my hair,  
I shampoo my silken black hair and comb it in  
narcissistic style- soft you now!  
The fair Ophelia! O Lo real Nymph, in thy dye coloring  
Be all my white hairs past remembered!

3.6.2017



## **16. “TO VOTE, OR NOT TO VOTE, THAT IS THE QUESTION”**

**(from POLLING BOOTH, spoken by Prasadlet)**

To vote, or not to vote, that is the question:  
Whether 'tis simpler the mind and body to suffer  
The stings and promises of outrageous campaigns tune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of past misdeeds and grafts offer,  
And by opposing to fast end them.

To vote—or devote the incumbents or the opponents at the elections bend,

No more; and by this index finger I will shoot the wolves in sheep clothes say their regime I end,

Since I suffered the tax-yoke, the thousand natural shocks from day to day life did expend my cat's nine lives,

That filth is heir too: 'tis consummation and consumption of resources

Devoutly to be thrashed. The negligence and apathy of the governing forces

To vote, perchance to hope—ay, there's the reality rub:  
For in that hope of better future, embeded are what dreams may come to drub!

When we have stifled off this moral boil, we gain plastic smiles on face hub,

Must give us applause for our endurance —there's the respect That makes one day kingship to five year calamity of so longing life.

For who would bear the horns of cars, projectiles of hands, blossoms of lotus, yellow fevers and quips and quotes of political smarts and upstarts?

The oppressor is strong, the proud man's contumely, the Napoleon of nepotism,

The pangs of dispriz'd land's love, the sentimental value,  
the law's decay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns of officials, the bank  
deposits, the ATM refusals, money crunch, difficult brunch,

That patient merit of unworthy stake holders in  
threatening political status

When they themselves float in the gloating of self  
aggrandizement might be their quietus bubble break,

With a bare bodkin of my vote? Who would fardels bear the  
spear to press the brake?

To grunt and sweat under a weary life wounded by caste,  
creed, race or religion with their handshake?

But that the good or dread of something may happen  
after the people's verdict

The undiscovere'd countryside's pulse, from whose bourn  
Candidate runs and returns, puzzles the will and expert skull,  
And makes us rather bear those skills or ills we have accrued  
Than fly to others that we know not of with begging  
bowls amidst their howls?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all for taking  
and giving bribes as I am also a piece of the corrupt fabric,  
And thus the native hue of resolution to vote to the lesser  
known evil,

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought and vote,  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment thinking that  
my vote can change the destiny of the present float,  
Thinking with this regard their recurrent currents  
turn awry and the voter wins  
And lose the game of political action!

And my vote is my only right I can exercise freely with my reaction,  
And a black ink mark remains for a few days with pride on  
the nail of my index finger as fine attraction!

7.12.2018

## **Notes:**

“To be, or not to be” is one of the most widely known and quoted lines in modern English, and the soliloquy has been referenced in innumerable works of theatre, literature and music. Hamlet is commonly depicted as reciting the first line while holding a skull, although both occur at separate times—the soliloquy is done in Act III, Scene I; while the contemplation of the skull is done in Act V, Scene I by William Shakespeare.

Much of the plot of 1942 sophisticated comedy *To Be or Not to Be*, by Ernst Lubitsch, is focused on the monologue of Hamlet; in 1957 comedy film *A King in New York*, Charlie Chaplin recites the famous monologue in the shoes of the ambiguous king *Shahdov*.

Hamlet’s famous line inspired the title of Kurt Vonnegut’s 1962 short story “2 B R 0 2 B” (The zero is pronounced “naught”). The narrative takes place in a dystopian future where the United States government, through scientific advancement, has achieved a “cure” for both aging and overpopulation. The alphabetical/numerical reformulation of Shakespeare’s lines serves in the story as the phone number for the Federal Bureau of Termination’s assisted suicide request line.

In 1963 at a debate in Oxford, Black liberation leader Malcolm X quoted the first few lines of the soliloquy to make a point about “extremism in defense of liberty.”

P.D. James’ dystopian novel *The Children of Men* (1992) refers to expected or forced mass suicides of the elderly as “Quietus”. The film adaptation *Children of Men* (2006) portrays a self-administered home suicide kit, labelled “Quietus”.

*Last Action Hero* (1993) has Jack Slater parody the phrase before blowing up a building behind him just by smoking a cigar. His version has him say “To be, or not to be. Not to be.”

*Star Trek*’s sixth film was named after the “Undiscovered Country” line from this soliloquy. References are made to Shakespeare during the film including Klingon translations of his works and the use of the phrase “taH pagh, taHbe”, roughly meaning “whether to continue, or not to continue [existence].”

The book (and later film) *What Dreams May Come* also derives its name from a line from this soliloquy. A shorter Hindi version of “To be, or not to be” was recited by Shahid Kapoor in the 2014 Bollywood film *Haider*.

*Stargate Atlantis*, the Season 4 Episode 10 named “This Mortal Coil” (2008) after the soliloquy, as well as Season 4 Episode 11 named “Be All My Sins Remember’d” (2008). These episodes involved learning about and fighting the artificial intelligence species Replicator.

There are numerous snowclones based on the phrase, such as “To hack or not to hack”, etc.

The virtuoso soliloquy in Carl Michael Bellman’s Fredman’s Epistle “Ack du min moder” was described by the poet and literary historian Oscar Levertin as “the to-be-or-not-to-be of Swedish literature”.

## **17. TOMORROW, AND TOMORROW, AND TOMORROW....**

(War should have died hereafter)

Like an old wheelbarrow, borrowed from the good old  
time keeper it struts and frets,  
See! How the centuries stretched out- none the same as  
the one before to the last threats!  
And they would continue to do so, very rapidly, until the  
end of the bloody history,  
Stones bones spears arrows swords slings maces guns  
missiles a death story!

And every century we have dozed, has been the last  
century on the fear gripped benches,  
Blood and tears flesh and bones floating in the putrid  
streams and stench trenches,  
Fools blaming it on some other fool's mistake, each year  
month on day and night wenchies  
Dribbling dots of life candle-light showing him the way to  
his death bed in entrail wrenches,

Blow! Blow the short candle out! Blow them in their  
cradles, life is a waking shadow!  
It is a poor actor! No facial glow in the smog in rat races,  
no dreams in the call centre ado!  
Flow! Flow into the polluted five elements and recall the  
sulfur fumes and burns in tow!  
Who cares if someone dies on road or war abroad, all  
emotions are zombie's red toe!

A century abridged to an hour on this surreal stage  
everyone bows out in e-motion!  
It is a story retold by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
signifying everything in commotion!

25.5.2017

**“Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow”** is the beginning of the second sentence of one of the most famous soliloquies in William Shakespeare’s tragedy *Macbeth*. It takes place in the beginning of the 5th scene of Act 5, during the time when the Scottish troops, led by Malcolm and Macduff, are approaching Macbeth’s castle to besiege it. Macbeth, the play’s protagonist, is confident that he can withstand any siege from Malcolm’s forces. He hears the cry of a woman and reflects that there was a time when his hair would have stood on end if he had heard such a cry, but he is now so full of horrors and slaughterous thoughts that it can no longer startle him.

Seyton then tells Macbeth of Lady Macbeth’s death, and Macbeth delivers this soliloquy as his response to the news. Shortly afterwards he is told of the apparent movement of Birnam Wood towards Dunsinane Castle (as the witches previously prophesied to him), which is actually Malcolm’s forces having disguised themselves with tree branches so as to hide their numbers as they approach the castle. This sets the scene for the final events of the play and Macbeth’s death at the hands of Macduff.

Of the handful of uber-famous speeches in *Macbeth*, the one that most often quoted is the “Tomorrow, and tomorrow” speech. There’s certainly a lot of pathos to chew on, and myriad ways to perform it (famously, Ian McKellan reportedly told Patrick Stewart to focus on the ‘and’s). Often taken as an existential lament, it’s usually recited with a bitterly sorrowful intonation. Having played the role for one theatre or another every year for the last 17 years, I can tell you that’s not wrong.

## **18. Caliban on the political tempest mine!**

(Tempest -Act 3, Scene 2:)

Be not afraid; this earth is full of noisy voices,  
Own trumpet sounds, and sweet nothings,  
that give delight to the ruling storks and hurt not them at all!

Sometimes a million twangling instruments of promises  
will hum about people's ears;  
And sometimes pledging voices like -shining peace-no war,  
eradicate this and that, -whatever in their mindless brains...

That missiles and slow guns miss altogether,  
if then a commoner had waked after long Rip van Winkles sleep,  
He sees things gone worse to worse that  
Will make him sleep again for another five years oblivious  
of the obesity he is gaining;  
Then in dreaming he finds himself sweeping crazy of the  
corruption webs and graft weeds, in reality they sweep  
him into the garbage towns!

The smog money clouds he thought would open, and they  
opened and rained in the rich porticos,  
And he saw his own tattered shirt and loin cloth were  
surcharged with general tax  
Ready to drop upon him, the Damocles sword, on his  
poverty ringed neck,  
But it won't fall they put death into hundred percent  
chargeable GST list!  
He doesn't like to complain....about the rested hammers,  
trowels, spindles, sickles, ploughs and pens etc....  
Why should he? when the battle tanks, armoured cars, bombers  
and frigates are fitted with restful songs of black music!

then he walked and walked  
In the wilderness looking for oases  
He saw gloomy mirages in plenty

Everywhere they opened absinthe and idiot boxes  
and attractive pleasure holes with foxes and vultures as bouncers  
They served sugar coated gunpowder and offered  
attractive discounts for refugee tombs,

Then in an open tomb he found himself  
Shuddering with fear he closed the lid and  
He cried to dream again!

27. 7. 2017

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Caliban - is one of the main characters in William Shakespeare's play *The Tempest*. He is the son of the witch Sycorax.

Caliban also has moments in which he delivers memorable speeches, such as in Act 3, Scene 2:

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***The Tempest*** is a play by William Shakespeare, probably written in 1610–1611, and thought to be one of the last plays that Shakespeare wrote alone. After the first scene, which takes place on a ship at sea during a tempest, the rest of the story is set on a remote island, where the sorcerer Prospero, a complex and contradictory character, lives with his daughter Miranda, and his two servants—Caliban, a savage monster figure, and Ariel, an airy spirit. The play contains music and songs that evoke the spirit of enchantment on the island. It explores many themes, including magic, betrayal, revenge, and family. In Act IV, a wedding masque serves as a play-within-the play, and contributes spectacle, allegory, and elevated language.

Though *The Tempest* is listed in the First Folio as the first of Shakespeare's comedies, it deals with both tragic and comic themes, and modern criticism has created a category of romance for this and others of Shakespeare's late plays. *The Tempest* has been put to varied interpretations—from those that see it as a fable of art and creation, with Prospero representing Shakespeare, and Prospero's renunciation of magic signaling Shakespeare's farewell to the stage, to interpretations that consider it an allegory of Europeans colonizing foreign lands.

## **19. Speech: “Friends, Netizens, computermen, lend me your ears and tears” (from Deaddrop , spoken by Anonymous)**

Friends, Netizns, computermen, lend me your ears and tears;  
I come to bury Aaron Swartz, not to praise him.  
The hacking evil that men do lives after them;  
The good virus is oft interred with their chips;  
So let it be with Aaron. The noble MITE  
Hath told you Aaron was a hacktivist:  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Aaron answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of MITE and the rest-  
For MITE is an honourable Institute!

So are they all, all honourable good men-  
Come I to speak after Aaron's funeral.  
He was not my friend, but he was just like me:  
But MITE says he was ambitiously malicious;  
And MITE is an honourable Institute!  
He hath brought many inventions home to net dome like  
Reddit, you all liked it!  
Whose ransoms brought him undisclosed sum!  
His co-write up Guerilla open access manifesto liberated  
communication full!  
With Demand Progress he fought against SOPA the Internet  
senshorship Bill!  
Did this in Aaron seem maliciously ambitious?

When information was barred and netizens have cried,  
Aaron hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet MITE says he was ambitious;  
And MITE is an honourable Institute.

You all did see that in the court hall  
He declined a plea bargain!  
At age thirteen he won ArsDigita prize, at fourteen, authored  
RSS 1.0.  
From Infogami to the good government site with teeth, and  
the Deaddrop it was cakewalk!

With political hacktivist tools he dreamt of changing the  
present day political scenario!  
From PACER he downloaded 2.7 million federal court  
documents to prove a point and not for any personal  
gain! Was this ambition?  
Yet MITE says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, MITE is an honourable Institute .

I speak not to disprove what MITE spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I might know.  
You all did love him for Reddit, Markdown, Tor2web, JSTOR,  
not without cause:  
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for Aaron Swartz?

O judgment! thou art indicted him for wire fraud,  
And felony that have lost their reason.  
Bear with me; on January eleventh, 2013. they found a  
twenty six year old youngman,  
Dead men hang no computers. Hell or heaven they have  
them none, to work for Aaron!  
My heart is with Aaron, and I must pause till it come back to  
me from that cold coffin barn!

11.7.2017

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Aaron Hillel Swartz (November 8, 1986 – January 11, 2013) was an American computer programmer, entrepreneur, writer, political organizer, and Internet hacktivist. He was involved in the development of the web feed format RSS and the Markdown publishing format, the organization Creative Commons, the website framework web.py, and the social news site Reddit, in which he became a partner after its merger with his company, Infogami. “**Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears**” is the first line of a speech by Mark Antony in the play Julius Caesar, by William Shakespeare. Occurring in Act III, scene II, it is one of the most famous lines in all of Shakespeare’s works.

**The Tragedy of Julius Caesar** is a history play and tragedy by William Shakespeare first performed in 1599. It is one of several plays written by Shakespeare based on true events from Roman history, such as *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Set in Rome in 44 BC, the play depicts the moral dilemma of Brutus as he joins a conspiracy led by Cassius to murder Julius Caesar to prevent him from becoming dictator of Rome. Following Caesar’s death, Rome is thrust into a period of civil war, and the republic the conspirators sought to preserve is lost forever.

Although the play is named *Julius Caesar*, Brutus speaks more than four times as many lines as the title character; and the central psychological drama of the play focuses on Brutus’ struggle between the conflicting demands of honor, patriotism, and friendship.

## **20. Shall I compare thee to a winter's night?**

Shall I compare thee to a winter's night?  
Thou art more lively and desperately bright:  
Rough hands shook the darling buds of mate,  
And winter's release hath all too cool to debate!

Sometime too cool the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his silver complexion trimmed;  
And every fair from fair in phases declines,  
By chance, or nature's course, fully grimm'd;

But thy external winter shall fade into spring  
Do not lose possession of that flair thou bring;  
Nor shall Death bring thou wonder in his ring,  
When in eternal lanes of time you keep walking!

So long as love can breathe or mercy can see,  
So long reigns bliss, and bliss gives life to thee.

7.7.2017

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Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? (Sonnet 18)- **William Shakespeare**, 1564 - 1616  
Sonnet 18, often alternatively titled Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?, is one of the best-known of 154 sonnets written by the English playwright and poet William Shakespeare. Part of the Fair Youth sequence (which comprises sonnets 1-126 in the accepted numbering stemming from the first edition in 1609), it is the first of the cycle after the opening sequence now described as the procreation sonnets.

## **21. FOR SO WORK THE POETRY-BEES!**

For so work the poetry-bees,  
Features that by a rule in nature's tech and teach,  
The art of order in disorder to a propelled wisdom within reach,...  
They have a leader to each group, a keen queen and jobless princes

Except in spring season and slick flickering candle life in dreamy flight,  
Where workers of the words unite  
Some like wet nurses, some pollen and honey gatherers  
    armed with sharp lances,  
Some like magistrates, correct mistakes,

Proclaim sentences in verses,  
Others like businessmen, venture conferences,  
Others like soldiers, armed in their poetic stings  
Make beauty upon the muses velvet sing songs  
The buzz is there like resonating hum

Which pillage they with merry march and drum  
To the extent -royal of poetry kingdom!

25.8.2017

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**Henry V** is a history play by William Shakespeare, believed to have been written near 1599. It tells the story of King Henry V of England, focusing on events immediately before and after the Battle of Agincourt (1415) during the Hundred Years' War. In the First Quarto text, it was titled *The Cronicle History of Henry the fift*, which became *The Life of Henry the Fifth* in the First Folio text.

The play is the final part of a tetralogy, preceded by *Richard II*, *Henry IV, Part 1*, and *Henry IV, Part 2*. The original audiences would thus have already been familiar with the title character, who was depicted in the *Henry IV* plays as a wild, undisciplined young man. In *Henry V*, the young prince has matured. He embarks on an expedition to France and, his army badly outnumbered, defeats the French at Agincourt.

(WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE- HENRY -V) -for so work the honey-bees)

## 22. “ON MY BLINDNESS”

When I remember how your smiles ignited  
my frozen current,  
Half my rays did melt in this dark night  
trying to figure out this instant,  
Your iris image and that one snow moment  
which is death to consent,  
I searched in my heart the huge chilling  
emptiness you left in it and went!

Me in useless solitude longing for a cup of  
your fumes and smiling hiss,  
Hanging on to the thought fibers the coffee  
was hot like your burning kiss,  
It serves me right for not giving the return gift  
and keeping the rent amiss,  
“Doth Love exact tears in my lost hour, life denied?”  
then what more I miss?

When I was keeping myself alive in the hot flames of  
your touch, I fondly check,  
Why this cold season is like a sharp sickle and  
why it is breathing at my neck?  
You whisper in my ears’ Love doth not need gifts:  
who best bear its yoke,  
Love serves him best. His state is kingly; a thousand  
lovers in tears follow his smoke!

I was measuring the emptiness and the huge hole  
you left in my heart and soul!  
I placed the flaming burner in that chamber and lie still,  
till it consumes me and whole!

---

“When I Consider How My Light is Spent” is one of the best known of the sonnets of John Milton (1608-1674). The last three lines are particularly

well known, concluding with “They also serve who only stand and wait”, although they are rarely quoted in context. It is perhaps most known in popular culture for Hall of Fame baseball broadcaster Vin Scully who would quote it when showing a player not in the game.

The sonnet was first published in Milton’s 1673 Poems in his autograph notebook, known as the “Trinity Manuscript” from its location in the Wren Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. He gave it the number 19, but in the published book it was numbered 16, so both numbers are used for it. It is popularly given the title *On His Blindness*, but there is no evidence that Milton used this title; it was assigned a century later by Thomas Newton in his 1761 edition of Milton’s poetry, as was commonly done at the time by editors of posthumous collections.

It is always assumed that the poem was written after the publication of Milton’s 1645 Poems. It may have been written as early as 1652, although most scholars believe that it was composed sometime between June and October 1655, when Milton’s blindness was essentially complete. However, most discussions of the dating depend on the assumption that Newton’s title reflects Milton’s intentions, which may not be true. More reliable evidence of the date of the poem comes from the fact that it appears in the “Trinity Manuscript”, which is believed to contain material written between about 1631 and 1659 and that it is not written in Milton’s own handwriting, but that of a scribe who also wrote out several other of the sonnets to which Milton assigned higher numbers.

## 23. "On his fat obeseness"

When I consider how my weight is ment  
Ere half my days before this idiot box and bite,  
And like one couch potato his tongue to hide  
Lodg'd with me this fat useless, though my pate more  
bent towards fridge to grab any grub,

To serve therewith my meal maker, and present  
My true cholesterol count, lest my sugar levels may  
climb up to chide,  
"Doth fat God exact day-labor, weight denied?"  
I fondly ask.

But my heart arteries seems to have stored some illegal  
atheromas, to make me a patient;

That murmur, soon replied: "fat doth not need  
Either man's work or his own shifts: who best  
Bear his strong soda and alcohol they serve him best. His state  
Is kingly; millions of notes at his bidding, speed towards  
bank and hospital to and fro!  
Credit and Health cards show debit,

And post o'er bed and operation theatre without rest:  
with some choking pain in and on the chest,  
They serve who only pay, pray and wait."

11.7.2017

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**John Milton** (9 December 1608 – 8 November 1674) was an English poet, polemicist, man of letters, and civil servant for the Commonwealth of England under Oliver Cromwell. He wrote at a time of religious flux and political upheaval, and is best known for his epic poem *Paradise Lost* (1667), written in blank verse.

"**When I Consider How My Light is Spent**" is one of the best known of the sonnets of John Milton (1608–1674). The last three lines are particularly well known; they conclude with "They also serve who only stand and wait", which is much quoted though rarely in context. Variants of it have been used as mottos in a number of contexts, for example the Dickin Medal for service animals bears the motto "We also serve", and the Navy Wives Clubs of America uses the motto "They Also Serve, Who Stay and Wait". In U.S. popular culture it is perhaps best known for Hall of Fame baseball broadcaster Vin Scully, who would quote it when showing a player not in the game.

The sonnet was first published in *Milton's 1673 Poems* in his autograph notebook, known as the "Trinity Manuscript"

## **24. Of voter's first disobedience**

OF VOTER'S first disobedience,  
and the disenchantment with fruit  
Of that forbidden political tree whose moral taste  
Brought foul breath into the World, and all our woe and our decline  
With loss of hope in economical Eden, till one greater  
    Man we hoped  
Restore us, and resort to the blissful feat,

Sing, earthly Muse Prasad , that, on the secret stop  
Of red fort, or of Mumbai or Chennai, Kolkata or Delhi or  
    any city here or anywhere to inspire  
That a tea vendor who first taught the chosen seed the  
    act of demonetization,

In the beginning how the white and black money  
Rose out of Congress chaos : or, if corruption and nepotism hill  
Delight thee no more, and political crook brook that  
    flowed in the moral pollution creek  
Fast by the oracle of constitution , I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my country song,  
That with no middle man might intends to soar  
Above the poor man's mount,

While the street vendors and daily laborer pursues  
Things unaccustomed yet in GST or bank account  
so far not their cup of tea and  
What measures went in roads to the shivering villages  
    afflicted by migration joint pains  
And chiefly Thou, O leader spirit , that dost prefer  
All temples of power stand upright and pure,  
Instruct me, a voter know'st; Thou from the first  
Vast past, and, with my mighty wings clipped in  
    ignorance and illiteracy!

Dove-like grief brooding on the vast poverty Abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant with crime and violence, what  
    pierced my heart is stark callous knife of negligence  
That is constant raise and supporting to the rich and famous and  
The tears of poor, o rulers and leaders, will tear your estate  
And on horizon i see the real estate of Eden  
That, to the hight of this great statement,  
I may assert our nation's Providence,  
And justify the ways of ruler gods to men!

20.7.2017

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**John Milton** (9 December 1608 – 8 November 1674) was an English poet, polemicist, man of letters, and civil servant for the Commonwealth of England under Oliver Cromwell. He wrote at a time of religious flux and political upheaval, and is best known for his epic poem *Paradise Lost* (1667), written in blank verse.

## **25. THE ISLE CITY OF THE HARLOT**

### **Part I**

On either side of the pleasure river lie  
The angular forests of conifer trees like black lances of  
defense army high,  
They clothe the isle and meet the Delphi;  
And thro' the forest the vertical slit road runs by potential space,  
Two warm tender doors of hot and shy like tender rose petals;  
Allow up and down or in and out the traffic come and go,  
gazing and engaging,  
where the lotuses and lilies blow hot!  
The isle city of the famous harlot!

And on upfront two half globe hillocks in turgor awaken the hand rub,  
High and above in the land of countenance  
two placate lakes hide arrows,  
In between lies a pyramid hill with two deep cavern,  
with winds go to and fro!  
There one finds horizontal red bow  
hiding flashes of lightning,  
They called it sin city with the bubbling day body  
and glistening black locks of night  
It is an island there below slot,  
The isle city of the famous harlot!

Pillows whiten, blankets quiver,  
Little lamps breath in dusk whisper and shiver  
Thro' the lust wave that runs for temporary cover  
By the island in the desire river  
Flowing down and up to the summit with that  
transient hot fever.  
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a lewd space of lovers,  
And the silent isle city pulsates and pulsates,

Till the traffic fades into midnight clot,  
The isle city of the famous harlot!

By the margin of dawn, the oldest business is unveil'd,  
Slide the seduction barges trail'd by quick hookee horses,  
unhail'd rental apertures for future escort sepulchres,  
The shallow white filth filleth the doxy holes,  
scarlet silken laid trollop hail'd  
For a few frozen moments in entwined limbs  
and false pretended ecstasies,  
Skimming down to scare pot:  
But who hath seen her waving trumpet?  
Or at the basement seen her as strumpet?  
Or is she known in all the courtesan lot?  
The isle city of the famous harlot!

Only reapers, like horon creepers reaping early caritas  
In among the just bearded valley,  
to test vigor or new taste rigor  
Where love filters put up front for sale,  
Hear kerb crawlers and johns sing songs of  
fire that echo smokes lustily  
From the river winding clearly from clear  
sacredness to stench nakedness,  
From tower'd temple lot to street slot,  
By the midnight moon the sleeper goes weary  
with acrobatics on nameless land,  
All the sweet waters of the world may not  
wash away the sweat and white wet,  
When whole body behaves like a big hole the  
torture upsets the bad luck fairy,  
The daily thump echoes whispers- 'tomorrow  
it will be the same story!'-  
Nobody likes to remember the other  
It is quick disposable act in a rented plot,  
The isle city of the famous harlot!

## Part II

She is known in all the courtesan lot,  
In the isle city of the famous harlot!  
She was as famous as the black widow spider,  
They call her queen madam of the  
pleasure houses far and wider!  
There she weaves by night and day to  
attract golden fleas that fly to her!  
When the finest battles are fought on her bed  
she uncorks her bottles of spyware,  
A magic web with colours gay she is a melody  
Milady runs amuck with her gear!  
They all heard a rumor or whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay with one spouse  
it will be her end day!  
So she chose to be a grand slut!  
The isle city of the famous harlot!

So they say she poisoned her first husband  
cleverly and became a widow,  
Poor guy! He was a poor farmer could not  
plough his land or meadow!  
So the ambitious lady cursed the curse and  
adopted the life style of a hawk and dove,  
Her beehive is now filled with worker bees that  
collect nectar for her,  
That's how she has her hold on many  
rulers like Tom and Dick,  
They pay her and play with royal jelly and  
honey for each pick,  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth her web steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
Except earning diamonds on flesh mounds,  
And became well known hot spot!  
The isle city of the famous harlot!

And moving thro' a window track,  
She sends street walkers to hook Johns and tricks on crack  
The lot lizards book the truck tricks,  
In alleys and tochkas Johns delight in slut parade,  
At bordello or knocking shops trucks go for service  
in warehouse trade,  
Out-call services are offered on chat calls,  
escorts and Craigslist grade,  
Virtual, web, cam, forum, phone, cyber,  
social media solicit her brigade  
that hangs before her all the year ,  
There she sees the highway near  
Winding down to the house of jolly pot:  
There the river eddy whirls in red light,  
And there the surly age-churls bright,  
And the bed cloaks of market fight,  
Pass onward to the fallen women in flight  
the isle city of the famous harlot.

Many times her troop of damsels clad in skimpy attire  
Reveal the legs from below and above in a flash fire  
An abbot or a sage on no flesh diet goes  
bonkers on an angling pad.  
Sometimes a gang of burly college-lads  
Or long standing widowers in quick clods  
Goes by to the house of pleasure lot;  
And sometimes the men in blues,  
Or knights come raiding houses for clues,  
and the shylocks for their pound of flesh,  
She hath no loyal knight and true crush,  
It is always a season of rush and rush slot!  
The isle city of the famous harlot!

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the variety magic sights,  
For often thro' the silent whooping nights  
A sadist or a drunkard burns cigarette,  
or dismembers a host in shameful regret

And music stops for sometime,  
Or when the moon was overhead,  
The clouds talk is overheard  
"I am half sick of shadows," said one cloud  
-'I am full sick of these daily push ups'-  
said another a bit loud!  
But her clout do not allow any rout or vault,  
The isle city of the famous harlot!

### Part III

She has not yet lost her fire  
She has still young and strong body lyre  
A bow-shot from her learned romances  
And a quick shot from her side glances  
Can blunt any sharp tip of cruel lances  
One day she initiated an young brat to fantasies for hours,  
For he paid handsomely for his visits and her favors  
He rode between her vast land dunes,  
And sang the songs of ancient tunes,  
She saw him galloping on wild horses without reins,  
He flamed upon the brazen leaves that left her  
in memory greens!  
The familiar monotonous listless act now demanded encore!  
She felt her body rebelling against her strict professional score,  
That fire sparkled in her revitalized vault,  
The isle city of the famous harlot!

She dreamt herself riding naked on a colt,  
Like some branch of flashing thunderbolt!  
Hung in the golden Galaxy of new love jolt  
She longed and craved for his electric volt!  
The bridal bells rang merrily in her heart  
As he rode down to her house of art!  
And from her window she saw his escort,  
Ordered that wimp to bring him to her cot!  
A mighty madam when ordered a hug,  
Who can refuse even he is big or thug?

He stayed there for many seasons snug,  
They say the curse has returned like a sucker slug!  
And as he rode his armor rung,  
They found him looking weak and strung  
Beside the isle city of the famous harlot!

In the blue cold clouded weather he was  
looking like a pale ghost,  
As though some bad vampire bat or  
widow spider bit him most,  
As though some evil hit him in bad weather  
He burn'd like an extinguishing flame altogether,  
As though he was riding down to the house of pain,  
As often thro' the purple night and hail snow rain,  
Below the starry clusters dim in dark drain,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing smoke train,  
Over the isle city of the famous harlot!

She saw him coming, she saw his doom  
She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made many paces thro' the room,  
She heard the echo of the curse broom  
She saw her fair-lily withering in gloom,  
She saw his gait and failing frame,  
She look'd down to the flooding stream  
she rushed to him with falling pride,  
Out ran the web and floated wide;  
The mirror crack'd from side to side;  
“The curse has come upon me,” she cried  
And cried till her voice came to a halt,  
The isle city of the famous harlot!

#### Part IV

In the stormy west-wind's hailstorm blast  
The pale black woods were waning fast  
The stream in spate, his banks complaining,  
Heavily the sky raining and raining ever

Over the land, over the sea, over the river  
All her guards were in freeze of surprise  
All her girls were in breeze of amaze  
All her pimps were in thought of craze  
Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left it float,  
And round about the prow she wrote  
- "The lady and the young brat!  
The isle city of the famous harlot!"-

She put her young lover in the boat house,  
She gave him food and covered him good,  
She distributed all her money to her staff,  
She gave away all her riches to the girls and  
men of pleasure house,  
With her she took only the gifts and money given by him,  
She placed all his things in the boat house  
And she said - ' I will be back with him completely cured,  
I will win over the curse that ruined our lives  
and made us doomed,  
I will prove to the world in my fallen body love  
is as pure as it presumed,  
And I will come back to you with pure body  
mind and spirit unconsumed in white fire vault,  
To the isle city of the famous harlot!"-

She entered the boat house with great resolve.  
And down the river's dim expanse grave  
She like some bold seer in trance,  
She with her young lover now smiling  
in her lap for a life chance,  
Did she look at her house of pleasure?  
And at the closing of the waves of water,  
She loosed the chain, and smiled with him;  
- 'I did not poison you, believe me,' -  
I love you very much! - her lips moved,  
Her tears met his tears in streams,

The broad stream bore them far away,  
From the isle city of the famous harlot!

And as the boat-house wound along  
The conifer hills and fields among,  
Some heard her singing their lost song,  
Heard a carol, mournful, holy love slang,  
Chanted loudly, chanted slowly,  
Till the flood was frozen lowly,  
Into the horizon the boat did disappear  
The boat with the lady and her young lover  
Into thin air the boat vanished  
Into the enormous sea they disappeared  
Into dark night they saw their boat stop  
Into the starlight they saw their new boat  
They say they hear the ancient tune  
They say they saw the lovers near horizon flat,  
From the isle city of the famous harlot!

Under desire tower and lust balcony,  
By pleasure garden-wall and love gallery,  
On either side of the pleasure river lie  
The angular forests of conifer trees like the  
black lances of defense army high,  
They clothe the isle and meet the Delphi;  
And thro' the forest the vertical slit road runs  
by a potential space,  
Two warm tender doors of hot and shy  
like tender rose petals;  
Allow up and down or in and out the traffic come  
and go, gazing and engaging.  
Where the lotuses and lilies blow white hot!  
The isle city of the famous harlot! .

Who is this? Why is here this boat house?  
And into the isle city of the famous harlot,  
They say they saw the great lovers  
They say they hear the ancient tunes

They say in that full bright moonlight  
The sound of lovers cheer and laughter;  
And the hale and healthy couple dancing on moonlit water,  
And where a story ends a new story begins,  
Where body selling ends in love sharing,  
Where unholiness dies in tears rolling,  
Where poison is nullified by ambrosial drops  
Where you and me looks for pure and pristine love  
without props  
There we can still see  
Now a landmark city of lovers lot!  
The isle city of the famous harlot!

12-3-2018

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**"The Lady of Shalott"** is a lyrical ballad by the English poet Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892). It tells the story of a young noble woman imprisoned in a tower on an island near Camelot. She can only watch the outside world through a mirror and must weave what she sees. She has heard that if she looks at Camelot directly, she will be cursed. One of the poet's best-known works, its vivid medieval romanticism and enigmatic symbolism inspired many painters, especially the Pre-Raphaelites and their followers.

Like his other early poems – "Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere", and "Galahad" – the poem recasts Arthurian subject matter loosely based on medieval sources. Tennyson wrote two versions of the poem, one published in 1833, of 20 stanzas, the other in 1842, of 19 stanzas. The revised version has a significantly different ending. This revision was designed to match Victorian morals regarding gender norms and the act of suicide.

**The Lady of Shalott** is a painting of 1888 by the English painter John William Waterhouse. It is a representation of the ending of Alfred, Lord Tennyson's 1832 poem of the same name. Waterhouse painted three different versions of this character, in 1888, 1894 and 1915. It is one of his most famous works, which adopted much of the style of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, though Waterhouse was painting several decades after the Brotherhood split up during his early childhood.

*The Lady of Shalott* was donated to the public by Sir Henry Tate in 1894, and is usually on display in Tate Britain, London, in room 1840.

## **26. MODERN PATRIOTS (A NEW STORY)**

### **I.**

It was sons, daughters or wives all the way,  
With politics mixed in their path glad:  
The houses upper and lower seemed to sway,  
The ruling towers welcome nepotism clad,  
A mandate is asked for five years to play!

### **II.**

The air was hot with media grills and talk!  
The old roads rocked with the crowd and cries.  
Had they said, "Good folk! O farmers! how long can you walk?  
But give us your sun to our sons to rise!"  
The farmers with bleeding feet answered,  
"And afterward, what else is wise?"

### **III.**

Attack, it was they who looted the bank  
To give their girl friends diamonds to keep!  
Nought man could do, have left in dark:  
And you see their harvest, what they reap  
And run on kingfishers and accounts blank!

### **IV.**

There's nobody alive on the borders now—  
A palsied Boforce at the check post set;  
For the best of the sight all scams allow,  
At the stock market gate values crash, yet,  
By the stinkingly rich foot, poor people trow

## V.

I go in the race, and, it more than leads,  
Corruption cuts both my wrists behind;  
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,  
For they shoot, whoever has a mind,  
With bullets of cast or religion deeds.

## VI.

Thus they entered, and thus we go!  
They In triumphs, we dropped down dead.  
“Paid by the vote, what dost thou owe?  
“Me?”— they might question; now instead,  
These modern patriots rule by the right and  
earn by the left so!

13.3.2018



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### **'The Patriot' by Robert Browning**

'The Patriot' is about how the mighty fall after a period of exhilarating popularity. In a sense it is the experience of most celebs nowadays. One minute you're the very best the next - yesterday's news, only in Browning case he's talking about a patriot.

The crowds are behaving differently to the ones a year ago. Before, they were worshipping, now they're waiting for his execution. The patriots who fit the bill are many, Julius Caesar included. A poem for all time.

## **27. Why did you walk on my heart?**

Why did those lovely eyes of ancient type  
Stalk upon my memory lanes in skype:  
And why your holy lamp of Love pristine,  
Shine on my pastures in heart's hype?

And your Countenance Divine thrills,  
Hence forth upon my faded hope hills!  
And was my love mahal builded here,  
Among these longing tears of cry shrills!

Bring back my brow of simmering desire;  
Bring back my sorrows of affection fire:  
Bring me my fear: all the secrets untold!  
Bring me my scars of resplendent affair!

I will not cease from haunting your night,  
Nor shall my words sleep in my pen light :  
Till we have built our dream home,  
In our enchanting Land that shines bright!

19.2.2018

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“**And did those feet in ancient time**” is a poem by William Blake from the preface to his epic *Milton: A Poem in Two Books*, one of a collection of writings known as the Prophetic Books. The date of 1804 on the title page is probably when the plates were begun, but the poem was printed c. 1808. Today it is best known as the hymn “**Jerusalem**”, with music written by Sir Hubert Parry in 1916. It is not to be confused with another poem, much longer and larger in scope, but also by Blake, called *Jerusalem The Emanation of the Giant Albion*.

The poem was inspired by the apocryphal story that a young Jesus, accompanied by Joseph of Arimathea, a tin merchant, travelled to what is now England and visited Glastonbury during his unknown years. The poem's theme is linked to the Book of Revelation (3:12 and 21:2) describing a Second Coming, wherein Jesus establishes a New Jerusalem. Churches in general, and the Church of England in particular, have long used Jerusalem as a metaphor for Heaven, a place of universal love and peace.

In the most common interpretation of the poem, Blake implies that a visit by Jesus would briefly create heaven in England, in contrast to the "dark Satanic Mills" of the Industrial Revolution. Blake's poem asks four questions rather than asserting the historical truth of Christ's visit. Thus the poem merely implies that there may have been a divine visit, when there was briefly heaven in England.

## **28. THE SIRENS AND THE POET**

And the winged nymphs of naked desire  
    encircled the man bound to the mast,  
He is the master of the ship and wished to  
    savor the song of sirens in full blast,  
Kirke advised him to pour wax in the ears lest  
    they will be lured by the song's ballast,  
He deafened his mariners with melt wax,  
    cautioned them not to release him at any cost!

Like the hoot of owls, like the beak of fowls,  
    like the talk of parrots, and the gaze of does,  
Like the walk of swans, like the pack of wolves  
    and vultures, like the crazy spider widows,  
Sirens descended around the human scent singing  
    the enchanting tunes of ancient,  
The old guard did not budge but the warrior pleaded  
    with tears lured by the tune nascent!

### **SIREN DESIRE-**

Come, worthy poet, come,  
Possess these letters and words with me;  
The plots and figures are troublesome,  
Here we may be free in pages of desire.  
We lie naked and view arms of sentences  
    and armies of syllables toil  
In impulse pulses of passions to let the beads  
    with meaningful sweat and streams that boil,  
Screams of sighs drenching the close moons  
    and moans in cadence motion,  
Images and scenes painted in half closed eyes  
    and quivers of lips in alliteration,  
That travel in the deep blades of grass and  
    waterfalls to reach the cavern of thoughts,

....in and out of writer's block or grove,  
A pen or tongue to inscribe letters of love  
and a slipping climax tightening the grip of a story  
and the song ends in slow thrusts,  
The end endears the body encased in  
cover page and title hug,  
Relax and refill the energy to release the book,  
in the magic land of dreams dug!

#### **POET'S FIRE-**

O fair winged nymph, if I were free I would have  
followed your fragrance of death,  
But I am bound to the pole of life by the  
ropes of love and the virtues of birth,  
In the pages of life I write letters of immortality  
of a period, space both,  
But your attractive invitation is a call of fire  
to a moth and I am a poet on oath,  
I wished to brave the impact of your luring song,  
not your ethereal body scented strong,  
You may give me a sentence of attrition,  
or a figure of speech in contradiction,  
Yet, your song gives me wings of hope to traverse  
the ancient world of passion,  
The travelogue of my life is written with  
letters of blood and forcible desire,  
My heart longest for my prime love waiting for me in her room with  
hands on a loom weaving our story with threads of fire!

#### **SIREN-**

Well, well, O poet, I see what you scribble  
in dull love will not have the force of desire!  
But, every love at one point of time or other  
is sharpened by the edge of siren's fire,

Call me when you need wings to fly into the  
shores of unknown lands in glee,  
Remember! I shall not have thee here but  
I will come to thee, when you are free!

9.2.2018

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**Samuel Daniel** (1562 – 14 October 1619) was an English poet and historian.

He studied at Oxford University before becoming tutor to the family of Lord Herbert and later other members of the aristocracy. He translated work from Latin to English and then began to publish his own prose and verse. In 1603 he was given a royal appointment and produced a series of masques. In the early 17th century he associated with other well known writers of the time before retiring to the village of Beckington in Somerset.

His work and particularly the format he adopted for sonnets, was referred to and emulated by later writers.

."Ulysses and the Siren" is a poem that presents a dialogue between the title characters. One may categorize the work as a dramatic poem in that it resembles a scene in a stage drama. G. Eld printed the poem in London in 1605 for publisher Simon Waterson as part of *Certaine Small Poems Lately Printed: With the Tragedie of Philotas*.

.. A siren tries to persuade Ulysses to come to her island for a respite from the dangers of the sea. Ulysses declines, saying he cannot win fame and honor in leisure. He must keep to his course. The siren scorns honor, saying it was conceived only as a barrier to achieving the real prize: peace and contentment.

..... Ulysses counters that toil—not idleness—brings joy. If he seeks joy through toil, the siren argues, why does he not accept joy without the toil? There are many ways to amuse himself on her island. Ulysses says he takes as much pleasure in toil and danger as she does in ease. His view, she says, results from the way he was reared in society. Waging war, one of his pursuits, causes "more hurt than good" (line 56), she says. It is better to go to war, Ulysses says, than to seek a "wicked peace" (line 63).

..... Unable to lure Ulysses to her, the siren says she will come to him and then either undo him or be undone.

## **29. RESISTANCE!**

On my placid looks  
On my letters and books  
On my pressures and tensions  
I imprint your shoe heel

On all blandishments  
On all wounds and scars  
On burn flashes and lashes  
I imprint your shoe heel

On my dessert and on my desert  
On our dilapidated houses and dirt  
On the slavery and bondage art  
I imprint your shoe heel

On the blood and tears  
On the sweat and fears  
On the marred lives and deaths  
I imprint your shoe heel

On the fields we were kicked about  
On the trains we were thrown out  
And on the mill of color clout  
I imprint your shoe heel

On each puff of freedom  
On the sea on martyrdom  
On the demented Adam  
I imprint your shoe heel

On violence regained  
On risk that is determined  
On hope that is multi-chained  
I imprint your shoe heel

And by the strength of one arm  
You crushed our lives  
I am born to fight you  
To bury you

I am the  
Resistance!

5.1.2018



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The original poem - LIBERTY- is in French by Paul Eluard, the translation is by Daniel Guibord.

## **30. A LOVE THAT WASN'T THERE!**

**(The moonlight sonata)**

### **ADAGIO SOSTENUTO...**

Under the staircase that always looked  
straight down to the grave's face,  
The screech whispers in the maze streets of  
heart's sea- minor space,  
A dark nocturnal scene quietly unfolds in  
lone mournful ghost voice,  
Octave in left hand trembled as the right side  
lamentations make weird noise!

### **ALLEGRETTO...**

She was there, a flower with wounds and  
tears in my imprisoned caves,  
The storm was so strong the trees of hope  
were uprooted with all their leaves,  
She was an alluring defiance that filled the  
valleys and she was there but not there!  
That non-harmonic tune, echoed in the  
caves testifies not, she was where?

## **PRESTO AGITATO...**

Come o Calypso! Come o Circe!  
Come o sirens of the Sirenum scopuli!  
O hooting owl! O shooting star!  
O hissing snake and the cloud of bat loculi!  
O entanglers of lust! O harpies of desire.!  
O sphinx of Oedipus or Giza might!  
O Persian manticore! o griffin! O bats of cavern!  
O winged creatures of moonlight!

Hark! I descended the stairs with eyes full of  
lust to possess her with force of me!  
Then I heard the cry and wails of a lover as  
though she saw a devil and enemy!

21.2.2018



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The Piano Sonata No. 14 in C-minor “Quasi una fantasia”, Op. 27, No. 2, popularly known as the Moonlight Sonata, is a piano sonata by Ludwig van Beethoven. It was completed in 1801 and dedicated in 1802 to his pupil, Countess Giulietta Guicciardi

## **31. BENE DISSERERE EST FINICES LOGICES!**

Let's dispute well so that logic ends there and  
establishes firmly Truth on its pedestal!  
Why we gloat about wars and victories not the tears and  
bloodshed in the guise of apostle?  
Show me a single land that was not polluted by the  
sacrificial blood to the war lord or god?  
How many times mother earth bereaved looking at the  
graves dug in the Warfield?

Who started a family? Who established a settlement!?  
Who named a village?  
Who propitiated the gods of harmony and who created  
money? Who invented scepter?  
Who allowed towns and cities to mushroom? Who  
appointed guardian gods or demons?  
What made this man to create mayhem and  
massacres with ethnic cleansing sermons?

Why this border and territorial consciousness? Why so  
many altars with blood thirst?  
Who created jails more instead of schools? Why law is  
understood by many a twist?  
Why health is for sale? Why science a close ally to war?  
Why peace is imprisoned in a nest?  
Why politics now is a king's way to riches? Why public  
servants have become a pest?

All our arguments are written orders on water, unless we  
strive for humanity in its stall,  
Let's dispute well so that logic ends there and  
establishes firmly Truth on its pedestal!

7.8.2017

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**Christopher Marlowe**, also known as **Kit Marlowe** (baptised 26 February 1564 – 30 May 1593), was an English playwright, poet and translator of the Elizabethan era. Modern scholars count Marlowe among the most famous of the Elizabethan playwrights and based upon the “many imitations” of his play *Tamburlaine* they consider him to have

been the foremost dramatist in London in the years just before his mysterious early death. Some scholars also believe that he greatly influenced William Shakespeare, who was baptised in the same year as Marlowe and later became the pre-eminent Elizabethan playwright. Marlowe's plays are the first to use blank verse, which became the standard for the era, and are distinguished by their overreaching protagonists. Themes found within Marlowe's literary works have been noted as humanistic with realistic emotions, which some scholars find difficult to reconcile with Marlowe's "anti-intellectualism" and his catering to the taste of his Elizabethan audiences for generous displays of extreme physical violence, cruelty, and bloodshed.

Events in Marlowe's life were sometimes as extreme as those found in his dramas. Reports of Marlowe's death in 1593 were particularly infamous in his day and are contested by scholars today due to a lack of good documentation. Traditionally, the playwright's death has been blamed on a long list of conjectures, including a barroom fight, church libel, homosexual intrigue, betrayal by another playwright, and espionage from the highest level: Elizabeth I of England's Privy Council. An official coroner account of Marlowe's death was only revealed in 1925, but it did little to persuade all scholars that it told the whole story nor did it eliminate the uncertainties present in his biography..

***The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus***, commonly referred to simply as ***Doctor Faustus***, is an Elizabethan tragedy by Christopher Marlowe, based on German stories about the title character Faust. It was written sometime between 1589 and 1592, and may have been performed between 1592 and Marlowe's death in 1593. Two different versions of the play were published in the Jacobean era, several years later. The powerful effect of early productions of the play is indicated by the legends that quickly accrued around them—that actual devils once appeared on the stage during a performance, “to the great amazement of both the actors and spectators”, a sight that was said to have driven some spectators mad.

## **32. The Poet that launched a thousand poems**

Is this the pen that launched a thousand poems of exquisite lines  
And resurrected the lifeless towers of poetry prism?

Sweet fountain pen, make me immortal with your ink and wisdom.  
Your dream trips stuck forth my soul: see where it flies without confines!!

Come, war, peace, hate, joy, immortality and impermanence gain!  
Come, give me my heart and soul again and again!  
Here will I dwell with joy, for heaven is in these words of manna,  
And all is gross dross that is not dreamy poetic golden Helena.

I will be a bard, and for love of thee, Instead of the garden of Eden,  
Shall poetry be immortalized; And I will combat with anyone,  
Except love, and wear thy colors on my plumed est and chest;  
Yes, I will wound muses in the heart and heal at my best,

And then return to poetic Helen for a kiss of sweet poetry read.  
O, thou art fairer than the evening air and sweeter than Odin's mead

**30-12-2016**

**(Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593). Doctor Faustus-The Face  
That Launch'd A Thousand Ships)**

### **33 The fashionable executive to her Love**

Come stay with me and be my glow or love,  
And we will all the leisures prove in a cove  
That have ipads, cell phones and computers  
Windows, or apples in www net chapters!

And we will chat upon the call centre clocks,  
Seeing the hawkers feed their sick blocks,  
By shallow viruses these slim gadgets falls  
Malicious ringtones sing mad Madrigals.

I will zap and shake these Davinci codes  
And a million mutant marauding modes  
A snap of commands, and a boot chortle  
Embedded with arrays of cloud throttle!

A mouse made up of the finest techskill  
Which from our China Labs we slowly pull;  
Flair lined shippers for the dumping mall,  
With wagonfulls of imitation goods haul!

A belt of executives and a high power feline  
With Core committee nod and authority stamp  
And if these powers may thee move to top line  
Come live with me, be my love or glow lamp!

My empire's swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each morning and evening  
If these lights delight thy mind like wedding ring,  
Then live with me, be my love in dot com spring!

9.7.2017

(CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE- The Passionate Shepherd to His Love)

## 34. Melody of a man

Melody of a man, not exactly melodious, like a raucous  
cry when sitting on ant hills fender,  
or when pricked by cactus thighs sounding like a word  
crying in hen pecked surrender!  
His rough unpleasant voice digs in to deep salt mines  
with severe goat stench  
and makes the lover leap from the depths of the  
perennial love myth trench!

He was alone like a tunnel or reed pipe with nine  
holes. The birds fled from him,  
and night swamped him with its melancholic crushing  
invasion with fancy and whim!  
To survive himself he forged you like a flute, like a lyre  
in his cove, a tone in his sting.  
With a knotted thread to your neck and to your ankles  
he exhibited you in a puppetry ring!

When the hour of vengeance falls, you take revenge,  
first cut his forked tongue!  
Expose his lies and expeditions, burn his body of skin,  
let him gurgle his harangue!  
Oh the drums of the desert! Oh the wheezes of the salt  
seas and the mounds of grottoes!  
Oh the thorns of male chauvinistic pride, raise your  
voice, against the word salad of ghettos!

Melody of man, roughness persist in your crude voice  
coated with aphrodisiac pride!  
Love sinks in the dark beds where the eternal thirst  
flows, weariness follows in your ride!

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**Pablo Neruda or Ricardo Eliécer Neftalí Reyes Basoalto** (12 July 1904 – 23 September 1973), better known by his pen name and, later, legal name **Pablo Neruda**, was a Chilean poet-diplomat and politician who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1971. Neruda became known as a poet when he was 13 years old, and wrote in a variety of styles, including surrealist poems, historical epics, overtly political

manifestos, a prose autobiography, and passionate love poems such as the ones in his collection *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair* (1924).

Neruda occupied many diplomatic positions in various countries during his lifetime and served a term as a Senator for the Chilean Communist Party. When President Gabriel González Videla outlawed communism in Chile in 1948, a warrant was issued for Neruda's arrest. Friends hid him for months in the basement of a house in the port city of Valparaíso; Neruda escaped through a mountain pass near Maihue Lake into Argentina. Years later, Neruda was a close advisor to Chile's socialist President Salvador Allende. When Neruda returned to Chile after his Nobel Prize acceptance speech, Allende invited him to read at the Estadio Nacional before 70,000 people.

Neruda was hospitalized with cancer in September 1973, at the time of the coup d'état led by Augusto Pinochet that overthrew Allende's government, but returned home after a few days when he suspected a doctor of injecting him with an unknown substance for the purpose of murdering him on Pinochet's orders. Neruda died in his house in Isla Negra on 23 September 1973, just hours after leaving the hospital.

Neruda is often considered the national poet of Chile, and his works have been popular and influential worldwide. The Colombian novelist Gabriel García Márquez once called him "the greatest poet of the 20th century in any language", and the critic Harold Bloom included Neruda as one of the writers central to the Western tradition in his book *The Western Canon*.

## 35. The Old Love Not Taken

Two drinks diverged in a blue mood,  
And sorry I could not drink both  
And be one jealous lover, long I stood  
And looked up one as far as I could  
To where she rent me in the pride booth;

Then I took the other, as liquid as fair,  
And having perhaps the better charm,  
Because it was glassy and thirst more;  
The passing fire offered coveted warm  
Love had worn me in a bitter storm,

That warm love and cold frost equally lay,  
Love leaves no step once goes out of play,  
Oh, I kept the love for another cold day!  
Yet knowing it may not again come my way,  
I drowned myself in drinks, cold came to stay!

I shall be telling this with a tear or sigh  
Somewhere sitting with a bottle before i die:  
Two drinks diverged in a blue mood,  
And sorry I could not live to drink both,  
And that has made all the difference in truth!

23.7.2017

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**Robert Lee Frost** (March 26, 1874 – January 29, 1963) was an American poet. His work was initially published in England before it was published in America. He is highly regarded for his realistic depictions of rural life and his command of American colloquial speech.

One of the most popular and critically respected American poets of the twentieth century . Frost was honored frequently during his lifetime, receiving four Pulitzer Prizes for Poetry. He became one of America's rare "public literary figures, almost an artistic institution. He was awarded the Congressional Gold Medal in 1960 for his poetic works. On July 22, 1961, Frost was named poet laureate of Vermont.

Frost's biographer Lawrence Thompson is cited as saying that the poem's narrator is "one who habitually wastes energy in regretting any choice made: belatedly but wistfully he sighs over the attractive alternative rejected." According to the Thompson biography, Robert Frost: The Years of Triumph (1971), in his introduction in readings to the public, Frost would say that the speaker was based on his friend Edward Thomas. In Frost's words, Thomas was "a person who, whichever road he went, would be sorry he didn't go the other.

## **36. The Ballad of The Poor Weaver!**

“Son,” said his mother with low eye,  
When he was just her knee-high,  
“People are in need of clothes  
You have to learn how to weave,  
It is time you to apprentice, so leave!

“There’s nothing in the fields  
To grow cotton its flower yields  
No water no cattle no plough  
No Tahkli spindles, no whorls,  
No fast flyers, no spinning wheels!

“There’s nothing in the kitchen  
Not a loaf of bread in the oven  
No wheat flour, no rice flakes  
Not a drop of kanji or cakes  
Nor a piece of green chilly or onion,’-

And she began to cry, he also cried  
That was in the early fall he tried  
He came after many late falls,  
“O Little one! cried she, -’ you are so thin,  
You are popping out of your own skin!

Why hunger is sticking through your eyes?  
Did your master not pay all these years?  
Fifteen winters passed you went to Pune!  
God only knows here how I suffered,  
A widow is not welcome in any crowd!

Eat your dinner and tell me your work!  
“Son,” she said, “how far and how good  
You learnt the skills of weaving thread?  
Your father was a skilled artisan, but  
His drunkenness killed him in his hut!”-

"I am lucky O lad, you have returned,  
Your daddy's in the ground unturned,  
And I can't see the way he lived  
His son should not go around  
With a bottle, and she made a queer sound.

Son! Don't smoke, my dearest one!  
It smokes away your lungs to bone!"-  
That was in the late fall.  
He purchased a weaving loom  
And started his own cloth weaving boom!

Warp and weft, knitting, felting, braiding,  
Plaiting, twill, plain and satin weaving,  
On his loom he is a master craftsman  
Shedding, picking, battening,  
His mother helped him like lightning

Let off, take up, warp stop, weft stop  
On a pirn, in a shuttle or on rapier  
He worked with zeal and nonstop  
Plain, hopsacks, poplin, taffeta, pibiones,  
Grosgrain, twills, velvets and satins

He weaved with ease and finesse  
His mother was so glad and happy  
Under her care he became healthy  
A pretty girl in their community  
Became his wife and his knitty kitty!

.....

.....

A-rock-rock-rocking loom  
To our mother's old rhyme!  
Oh, but we were happy and gay  
Soon a cradle came like a dream  
For all of us it is celebrating time!

But there was he, a great boy,  
And what would folks say, hai hai!  
To hear my mother singing to him  
The songs of weavers wisdom  
In such a daft way in the candle dim?

Men say the winter was bad that year;  
Fuel was scarce and costly than ever  
And food was dear and yarn costlier  
A wind with a wolf's head peeked near  
And howled and howled about our door,

More winters scorched us like summers  
And we burned up the chairs and mirrors  
Two more children entered our halls  
And sat upon the floor of poverty  
What can I offer them in this cursed city?

All what was left was the powerdied loom  
A life misery expecting subsidies of doom  
The loan sharks are beating warning drums  
And the cloth with a weaver's break  
Nobody would take for song or pity's sake.

The wolves with lamb heads and sheep skin  
Howled at nights with hungry eyes made din  
I cried with cold, I cried myself to no sleep,  
Like a two-year old and mother saw me weep,  
To drown my sorrows I borrowed a medicine!

And in the deep night I felt my mother rise,  
And stare down upon me with fear in her eyes.  
I saw my wife sitting on one side near me  
A light falling on her from I couldn't tell where.  
My mother was looking at us and somewhere!

Perhaps in the direction of my father's grave,  
I pretended sleep but cough came like a wave,  
I sat up to spit, in it the frothy sputum is red,  
We all wept and my smoking and drink said-  
-Come! Enjoy the little time before you are dead!

Hospitals were full of my clones in pills  
A few needles tasted my blood to test my ills!  
Xrays and drug trays confirmed tuberculosis  
Her thin fingers, moving In the thin, tall strings,  
Were weav-weav-weaving holes in my lungs!

Many bright threads, from where I couldn't see,  
Were running through the warp and weft sea  
Old ballads were visiting my mother's tears  
I saw the debt web grow, the pattern expand.  
Who can save us from this deep quicksand?

The wolf was at the door looking at the kids  
My mother and wife looked at one another  
I went out and returned with my old buddies,  
After a long time my house is filled with aroma  
Everyone is in festival dress, I don't know why?

My mother sang a lullaby as she served,  
And my wife joined her and kids laughed,  
Merrily we all laughed but there were tears  
Her voice faltered while singing the song  
The song of weavers life and the loom's wrong!

And the thread never broke, suddenly I awoke,—  
I threw away the dishes and food all at once!  
And wept like a child and promised in silence!  
I will not touch these evil spirits again in life!  
We all live and fight together against any strife!

There sat my mother, wife and three children,  
My mother sang the lullaby of weavers wisdom!  
A smile about her lips, and a light in her eyes,  
And my hands at the power-loom all smiles  
Were the clothes of my life, Just my size.

20.7.2017

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**Edna St. Vincent Millay** (February 22, 1892 – October 19, 1950) was an American poet and playwright. She received the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1923, the third woman to win the award for poetry, and was also known for her feminist activism. She used the pseudonym Nancy Boyd for her prose work. The poet Richard Wilbur asserted, "She wrote some of the best sonnets of the century.

## **37. Auld Lang Syne, Long long ago....**

Then i was an old boy with a crush  
There this young devil always in a rush  
My whiskers were still thin and fresh  
She planted a kiss on them at a rose bush  
I never forgot her twinkling eyes that said hush

Should old romances be forgot,  
and never ever let them to go?  
Should old romances be forgot,  
and old lang syne, long long ago?

CHORUS:

For auld lang syne, my dear love,  
for auld lang syne, long long ago!  
we'll take a cup of youthful clove,  
for auld lang syne, lost love to grow!

And surely you'll try your life's hiccup!  
and surely I'll buy mine in love's line up!  
And we'll take a cup o' romance glow,  
for auld lang syne, long long ago!

CHORUS

And again in a college we both met  
We two have reruns about the slopes,  
and picked the roses with many hopes!  
We've wondered about the social net,

There was a slow change in her blush  
On her lips I planted a kiss at a rose bush  
I never forgot her fuming eyes that said go  
since auld lang syne, long long ago!

## CHORUS

We two have paddled away in life's stream,  
from morning sun we reached noon's scream  
But seas between us became broad with time,  
In one reunion I met her with a startled mime!

Our lips shook in a shudder at a rose bush,  
As though they met before and said hush!  
Our eyes twinkled but drifted away with flow,  
since auld lang syne, long long ago!

## CHORUS

Now it is evening dawn before that dark night  
Now I am an old boy with a life long crush  
There this old devil always in a rush  
My dreams are still thin and fresh  
She plants a kiss on them at a rose bush  
I never forgot her twinkling eyes that say hush!

And there's this romance O my love I remember,  
And give me a hand o' thine!  
And I'll take this kiss right to my deep slumber!  
for auld lang syne, long long ago it was mine!

Should old romances be forgot,  
and never ever let them to go?  
Should old romances be forgot,  
and old lang syne, long long ago?

16.7.2017

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"Auld Lang Syne" - is a Scots poem written by **Robert Burns** in 1788 and set to the tune of a traditional folk song. It is well known in many countries, especially in the English-speaking world, its traditional use being to bid farewell to the old year at the stroke of midnight. By extension, it is also sung at funerals, graduations, and as a farewell or ending to other occasions. The international Scouting movement, in many countries, uses it to close jamborees and other functions.

The song's Scots title may be translated into standard English as "old long since", or more idiomatically, "long long ago" "days gone by" or "old times". Consequently, "For auld lang syne", as it appears in the first line of the chorus, might be loosely translated as "for (the sake of) old times".

**Robert Burns** (25 January 1759 – 21 July 1796), also known familiarly as **Rabbie Burns**, the **National Bard**, **Bard of Ayrshire** and the **Ploughman Poet** and various other names and epithets, was a Scottish poet and lyricist. He is widely regarded as the national poet of Scotland and is celebrated worldwide.

He is regarded as a pioneer of the Romantic movement, and after his death he became a great source of inspiration to the founders of both liberalism and socialism, and a cultural icon in Scotland and among the Scottish diaspora around the world. Burns became the "people's poet" of Russia.

As well as making original compositions, Burns also collected folk songs from across Scotland, often revising or adapting them. His poem (and song) "Auld Lang Syne" is often sung at Hogmanay (the last day of the year), and "Scots Wha Hae" served for a long time as an unofficial national anthem of the country. Other poems and songs of Burns that remain well known across the world today include "A Red, Red Rose", "A Man's a Man for A' That", "To a Louse", "To a Mouse", "The Battle of Sherramuir", "Tam o' Shanter" and "Ae Fond Kiss".

## **38. I marry your thought (I carry it in my mind pot)**

I marry your thought with me (I marry it in my mind)  
I am ever with it (Wherever I tread I read it, my dear enemy and  
whatever is done by only me is your denying me, my once darling)  
I fear no hate,  
no fate (for you are my hate and fate, my cruel two timer)  
I want my smile you robbed from me,  
I hear no word except to see you dead nothing consoles me  
now (for dreadfully beautiful you are my deadly nightshade,  
my cue is your fall)

And it's you a whole moon once now a dark hole I always  
dreamt and feared  
and whatever I do I always sing for you,  
But in a different tone or tune!

You called me a madman  
And you stirred my dark passion  
Now you cannot escape! Aha ha!  
I will haunt you to your sepulcher  
here is the deepest secret nobody knows  
I am a madman  
(here is the proof of the proof and the bad of the bad and the hell  
of the hell of a hill called kill; which grows into docile death  
Lower than soul can abide and mind can hide)  
and this is the fate that I have reserved for you  
For your betrayal!  
Call me madman! Aha ha! Me madman!  
Keeping the stars smart

I marry your thought (I carry it in my mind pot)

14.7.2017

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**Edward Estlin "E. E." Cummings** (October 14, 1894 – September 3, 1962), often styled as **e e cummings**, as he is attributed in many of his published works, was an American poet, painter, essayist, author, and playwright. He wrote approximately 2,900 poems, two autobiographical novels, four plays, and several essays. He is often regarded as one of the most important American poets of the 20th century. Cummings is associated with modernist free-form poetry. Much of his work has idiosyncratic syntax and uses lower case spellings for poetic expression.

## **39. Ode on a Heart Burn**

Thou still ravish'd bird of my emptiness,  
Thou foster- enemy of my solitude and past-time,  
My Heart beat historian, you can thus express  
A flowery tale with thorns more sadly than my rhyme:  
What heart-wrenched legends haunts about my mind's grottoes  
Of mazes and damages, or of both,  
In love templates or in the dates of desires?  
What oaths or hopes are those? What maidens i did loath?  
What made me to pursuit? What wriggle to escape both?  
What gripes and trembles? What wild melancholy growth?

Heard tones are sand stones, but those unheard  
Are adamantine ; they crushed me, crashed me in  
    horror grips, no more play on;  
Not to these broken drums, but, more chain'd,  
Gripe to the sprite ditties of snow stone:  
My Fair lady, beneath the trees, thou stabbed me to leave  
Thy stab, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Old Lover, never, ever canst thou miss, Whining near the  
    boat yet, you can not leave;  
You cannot miss, thou hast blood on your kiss,  
For ever at the hilt of your sword your hate blood stains,  
    and it shines forever!

Oh, sad, sad vows and bows! that can shed  
Your arrows, nor ever hid the poison dew;  
And, O mad sadist, wearied i didn't notice;  
For ever snipping my songs for ever new;  
More hate spate! more slippy, sloppy ice!  
For ever lukewarm and still to be enticed,  
For ever ranting, and for ever wrung;  
All wreathing my passion far and near strung,  
That left my heart high-sorrowful and crushed,  
A burning forehead sweating, and a parched tongue sans meaning,

Who are those folk coming to my sacrifice?  
To what crimson red altar, O mysterious priestess,

Lead'st me thy heifer bellowing at the skies,  
And all round his silken neck with neem garlands of your  
memories dressed?  
Lead me walk by the river or sea shore,  
Or the trees carved with our names bore  
Or hope mountains we built with sand citadel,  
All emptied of this folklore, this pious tale?  
And, this little village town, these streets for evermore  
we ran together  
Will silent be; and not a soul to remind you  
Why thou art desert me, God only can tell!

O mystic shape! Fair altitude! with sword  
Of marble and words overwrought,  
With thistle branches and the ill-gotten weed;  
Thou, silent harm, dost squeezed me out of thought defence  
As doth in cold war you took away my warmth and elan  
vital! O Cold patrol of Death!  
Till my old age shall this veneration of vengeance go haste!  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woes and waste,  
Than mine, once a bosom friend to me, to whom thou say'st,  
“ Love is truth, truth is Love”-  
—that is all flour in the storm air!  
You taught me on earth to live with out love, and all ye  
need to know from Above!.”

16.7.2017

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“**Ode on a Grecian Urn**” is a poem written by the English Romantic poet **John Keats** in May 1819 and published anonymously in the January 1820, Number 15, issue of the magazine Annals of the Fine Arts. The poem is one of several “Great Odes of 1819”, which includes “Ode on Indolence”, “Ode on Melancholy”, “Ode to a Nightingale”, and “Ode to Psyche”.

**John Keats** (31 October 1795 – 23 February 1821) was an English Romantic poet. He was one of the main figures of the second generation of Romantic poets, along with Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley, despite his works having been in publication for only four years before his death from tuberculosis at the age of 25.

The poetry of Keats is characterised by a style “... heavily loaded with sensuality”, most notably in the series of odes. This is typical of the Romantic poets, as they aimed to accentuate extreme emotion through an emphasis on natural imagery. Today his poems and letters are some of the most popular and most analysed in English literature. Some of his most acclaimed works are “Ode to a Nightingale”, “Sleep and Poetry”, and the famous sonnet “On First Looking into Chapman's Homer”.

## **40. Thirteen Ways of Looking at your Credit Card!**

I

Among thirty one personal credit card offers,  
The only gleaming thing  
Was the eye of the Visa card.

II

I was of zero minds,  
Like a tree that lost all its leaves  
My creditworthiness is less than three hundred.

III

My credit card whirled ii the debtwinds.  
It was the worst part of my bankomime.

IV

A debit and a credit card  
Like a man and a woman  
Are one but equal to zero  
A man and a woman and a joint bank account  
Are usually zeroes infinite

V

I do not know which to prefer,  
The beauty of my income  
Or her duty of spending in innuendoes,  
The bank card offers are whistling  
Or just after me like honeybees.

VI

Application forms like  
Icicles filled the computer long window  
With linguistic tongue twisting gloss.  
The shadow of the necessity  
Crossed it, to and fro. Like a pendulum

The mood oscillated between yes or no  
Traced in the middle class shadow  
An indecipherable prestige clause.

## VII

O thin men of weak income,  
Why do you imagine gold and platinum cards?  
Do you not see how the bankbird  
Walks around the rich lot  
Like the men and women with shady past?

## VIII

I know Ambanis, Tatas, Birlas  
And my in laws have accounts  
And lucid, inescapable loans in tax rhythms;  
But I know, too,  
That i am no black moneymonger to be involved  
In these cards what I know.

## IX

When my bank account touched the bottom line I flew  
out of sight,  
And my previous loans I took for my children's education  
and vehicle  
killed my spirit and made me stand on the loan market edge  
Of one of many rat race circles.

## X

At the sight of my loans and responsibilities  
Flying in a red light,  
Even the bards of euphoric euphony  
Would cry out sharply in spasms of grief

## XI

Me rode over Connection cut life of a money road in a  
common class coach.  
Once, a fear pierced me,  
In that i mistook

The shadow of my economic plumage  
For India Shining backwards.

### XII

The life's river is moving.  
My bank account must be flying towards I.P.

### XIII

It was evening all afternoon with bills payment  
It was snowing debits on my pavement  
And it was going to snow in my autumn  
No more spring of surprises  
My LIC policy is a black bird or a bank card  
When i am gone they mature  
In the credit debit-limbs.

15.7.2017

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**Wallace Stevens** was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, on October 2, 1879. He attended Harvard University as an undergraduate from 1897 to 1900. He planned to travel to Paris as a writer, but after a working briefly as a reporter for the New York Herald Times, he decided to study law. He graduated with a degree from New York Law School in 1903 and was admitted to the U.S. Bar in 1904. He practiced law in New York City until 1916.

Though he had serious determination to become a successful lawyer, Stevens had several friends among the New York writers and painters in Greenwich Village, including the poets William Carlos Williams, Marianne Moore, and E. E. Cummings.

Though now considered one of the major American poets of the century, he did not receive widespread recognition until the publication of his *Collected Poems*, just a year before his death. His major works include *Ideas of Order* (The Alcestis Press, 1935), *The Man With the Blue Guitar* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1937), *Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction* (The Cummington Press, 1942), and a collection of essays on poetry, *The Necessary Angel* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1951). Stevens died in Hartford on August 2, 1955.

## **41. THE HIGHWAYMINE!**

### **PART ONE**

The wind was a torrent of cruelty among the salty reeves.  
The floatsam was a ghastly galleon tossed upon stormy seas.  
The blue sea was a vast ribbon crossed over the horizon door,  
And the child Alyan Kurdi in his deep sleep came floating—  
Floating- floating —

The sleeping child came floating, kiyiya vuran insanlik -  
Humanity washed ashore!

He had a red T shirt, blue shorts and velcro sneakers, facedown  
on a Turkish beach

Half buried in sand was his forehead, a bunch of lace at his feet!  
A coat of the closing surf in white velvet, and breeches wet  
with salty waves of brown sand!

They tossed with every wave as though the waves were trying  
to wake him up to stand!

His boots were up to his ankles

And it seems he rode with jewelled twinkles, in his eyes,  
His hands were looking at the sky. Why?

His brother Galip where was he?

And mother Rehan disappeared in to the deep blue sea  
Waves wrinkled , under the cloudy sky.

Over the pebbles he clattered and clashed in the dark brown  
sand filled foam half dry,

He tapped with his lifeless feet on the breakers, but all was  
silence and barred.

The west wind whistled a tune to the window, and the world  
should be wailing scarred,

The destructed land people black-eyed in Syrian war started  
leaving their mother land

In a overstuffed boat half sunk in fear and anxiety strand  
the boarders counted their seconds plaiting dark death knot grand!

And dark in the damp old inn-yard of Arab spring protests a  
stable-wicket creaked,

Where Assad the lion listened. His face was red and peaked.  
His eyes were hollows of prowess, his flair like secular ray,  
But he was hated by the big brothers watching over his  
shoulders for some hay!

The Alawite Baa'th party hushed the other groups and the lion  
graduated as eye doctor!  
Trained by the lion king , he listened to all  
After his father's death he became the president of Syria !—

"O Khateeb! One cold kiss, my bonny young boy, if you write graffiti,  
In Tunisia and Egypt Arab spring flowed well but here in the  
land i have gas troops  
I shall be back with the yellow fires before the morning light;  
Yet, if you press me sharply, and harry me through the day,  
Then look for me by noonlight,  
Watch for me by dawnlight,  
I'll come to thee by starlight, through hellfire with shells that  
scorch your way."

He rose upright in his presidential throne. He scarce could  
reach people's hand,  
But he loosened his army in the basement. His face burnt like  
a new grenade brand  
As the black cavalcade of fumes came tumbling over his breast;  
And the lion hissed like a cobra in the starlight,  
(O, dark damp graves in the starlight!)  
Then he tugged at his reign firm by referendum in the  
darknight, and galloped against the west.

## PART TWO

In the civil wars who is who? Death did not come in the  
dawning. Death did not come at noon;  
Death came at evening! Death came at night!  
And out of the cloudy sunset, before the rise of the moon,  
When the land was like a tortured ribbon, looping the flaming moor,  
A black green troop came marching—  
Marching—marching—  
Assad's men came marching, up to the rebel-door.  
And the crematorium started burning!

The refugees said no word to the world. What they wanted was peace,  
With much of Syria in ruins millions fled abroad and some  
drank brawn instead.  
The gun wielding boat people gagged their daughters and  
sons bound them

To the foot of the narrow boats and gratified their lust, as the  
boats moved slowly  
What they did not do to them can only be told without pause  
with muskets at their side, they dumped the half dead refugees  
on some unwanted shores,  
There was death at every fence;  
And hell at every window of the defence!  
For refugees could see, through their ferret, the road that  
Death would ride.

Aleppo and Damascus wept as they had tied them upto  
Sarine gasses and grenades,  
With many a sniggering jest and regular bomb blast and  
suicide squads serenades.  
They had bound highwaymines on every road and brdge,  
with bombastic fire glades!  
“Now, keep good watch!” they said to the fleeing people,  
one step forward, you can bite dust!

They heard the refugees say good night—  
Look for us by mornlight;  
Watch for us by evenlight;  
We'll flee from thee by moonlight,  
though hell should bar our way!  
They hired boats to get out of their mother land;  
But all the knots were tightened before hand!  
They did not anticipate the things boats can do!  
The price paid was heavy with money and body too!  
The bruises inside and outside hit the lifeboats like the  
unkind cold winds and waves,  
Writhed their hands till their fingers were wet with sweat or  
blood they rowed on graves!  
The blue waves stretched and strained in the azure blue darkness,  
and the hours crawled by like years and eons  
Till, then, on the break of twilight,  
Cold, on the break of twilight,  
Near the tip of a cliff they saw the breakers hissing to touch it!  
The sea was no more calm!

The tip of the scales looked at the sea. The fierce waves  
blasted the portside of the boat!  
Aylan Kurdi woke up in his mother's arms!

He looked at her and her tears  
Her arms were covering him like the wings of a mother bird in storm!  
His brother and father were there faraway in another corner  
and there were cries  
There were prayers, there were orders! The gun wielding  
touts jumped into the safety boats,  
A big breaker hit the cabin door open and they saw none  
except death at the wheel!  
The boat strove no more for the rest. In a second there was  
a flash and up,  
She stood up to attention, with the refugees in her breast  
wailing and  
She would not risk their crying; she would not float again;  
The storm subsided and the sea became calm.  
For the sea lay staring in the moonlight;  
Blank and staring in the moonlight;  
And the waves were busy with the lifeless child Aylan Kurdi  
in transporting him in train,  
They replaced his mother's arms and in the daylight, the  
breakers were in silent refrain

Splash-splash, splash- splash! Had they heard it? The world  
is deaf and dumb!  
Flash- flash, flash- flash! The cameras clicked from near and  
in the distance?  
Were they deaf that they did not hear the bugles of war and  
trumpets of death?  
Down the ribbon of the azure blue sea looping around the  
strife land ,  
over the brow of the hope hill, dancing were the dark guns  
in quarrel!  
The highwaymines are blowing sky high! Refugees run crying—  
Crying—crying—  
The small boats looked to their cake icing,  
The gun wielding gangs prepare their angling to fish in  
troubled waters!  
The sea looked calm may be counting the boats she swallowed!

Rat-tat, rat-tat, in the cold frosty silence! Rat-tat, rat-tatTlot-  
tlot, in the terrifying night!  
Nearer Death came and nearer. His face was like pitch  
darkness in terrific sight!

His eyes grew wide for a moment, They drew one last deep breath,  
Then his sharp sickle moved in the moonlight,  
Thousands of victims missed the moonlight,  
The strife ridden borders recoiled in the starlight,  
and war with joy lit the pyres of the unfortunate!

All through the human history the warlords are hailed and worshipped,  
The advocates of peace were nailed to the cross or shot with bullets!  
Everybody wear masks of peace but keep guns behind their hunch backs!  
Women and children are the victims in these never ending blood baths!  
The world mourns for a day or two, it is fully drenched in its own blood!  
O Alan Kurdi! They give awards on your name , poets write ballads,  
Yet they walk on the blood drenched roads infested with highwaymines!  
Every step cries painfully as the innocents walk in the dimmed moonlight and dies!

The wind was a torrent of cruelty among the salty reeves.  
The floatsam was a ghastly galleon tossed upon stormy seas.  
The blue sea was a vast ribbon crossed over the horizon door,  
And the child Alyan Kurdi in his deep sleep came floating—  
Floating- floating —  
The sleeping child came floating, kiyiya vuran insanlik -  
Humanity washed ashore!

He had a red T shirt, blue shorts and velcro sneakers,  
facedown on a Turkish beach  
Half buried in sand was his forehead, a bunch of lace at his feet!  
A coat of the closing surf in white velvet, and breeches wet  
with salty waves of brown sand!  
They tossed with every wave as though the waves were trying  
to wake him up to stand!  
His boots were up to his ankles  
And it seems he rode with jewelled twinkles, in his eyes,  
His hands were looking at the sky. Why?

.....

And still of a war winter's night, they say, when the wind is  
chill in the trees,  
When the long boat looks like a ghastly galleon tossed upon  
cloudy waves,  
When the azure blue sea is a ribbon of the wounded  
    moonlight over the smoked moor,  
The Highwayman blasts amidst crying—  
Crying—crying—  
The refugees look up at the sky and shiver  
The gun wielding men offer services ever  
The boats move with women and children  
On the horizon hope is seen dim and din

He had a red T shirt, blue shorts and velcro sneakers,  
    facedown on a Turkish beach  
Half buried in sand was his forehead, a bunch of lace at his feet!  
A coat of the closing surf in white velvet, and breeches wet  
    with salty waves of brown sand!  
They tossed with every wave as though the waves were  
    trying to wake him up to stand!  
Over the pebbles the child clatters and clangs in the pearl  
    dew swarms,  
The foamy waves touches the lifeless body like his mother's  
    tender arms,

Alan Kurdi looks at all of us and asks an unanswered  
    question of antiquity,  
We have tears in our eyes but do they have the power to  
    bring back his life and vitality?

12.7.2017

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**Alfred Noyes CBE** (16 September 1880 – 25 June 1958) was an English poet, short-story writer and playwright.

“**The Highwayman**” is a romantic ballad poem written by Alfred Noyes, first published in the August 1906 issue of *Blackwood's Magazine*, based in Edinburgh, Scotland. The following year it was included in Noyes' collection, *Forty Singing Seamen and Other Poems*, becoming an immediate success. In 1995 it was voted 15th in the BBC's poll for “The Nation's Favourite Poems”. The poem, set in 18th-century rural England, tells the story of an unnamed highwayman who is in love with Bess, a landlord's daughter. Betrayed to the authorities by Tim, a jealous ostler, the highwayman escapes ambush when Bess sacrifices her life to warn him. Learning of her death, he dies in a futile attempt at revenge, shot down on the highway. In the final stanza, the ghosts of the lovers meet again on winter nights.

## 42. LOVERS BREACH

She is calm tonight  
Like yesterday, the silence grew hour by hour  
I was deep with my research paper one of its kind,  
About the effect of moonlight on woman's mind,  
The tide is full, the ebb is dull, the moon lies far!  
Upon the stairs she sits like a cat about to pounce;  
On the French toast the light is dull and nobody touched an ounce!

Gleams and smiles are gone;  
The puffs and huffs of ironsmith's bellows in a forge are on!  
I know by past experience and scars grey,  
The cauldron is glimmering hot and vast, out in the stormy bay.  
Come to the window, a raven consulted her,  
Our dog is in deep thoughts to bark or not, life and death question!  
Our cat tactfully shifted its residence to neighbour's garden,  
The idiot-box is blinking, the wash basin is full of unwashed dishes,

Only, from the long line of questions I picked up an answer  
that widowed a question!  
Is it my fault? Or her mistake we never know!  
Where the rough sea man meets the moon-blanch'd lady  
The volcanoes thunder flaming lava and sparkling pumice  
Listen! you hear the grating roar of oncoming troubles  
Which the shreikning waves draw back, and fling chinaware  
At their return, up the high stand, I have my defence of  
pillows and my manuscripts!  
Begin, rain and cease, and then again begin,  
With regular tremulous cadence first slow, and then pick up  
speed in the anger tunnel,  
Bring the eternal note of madness in, from both sides till the  
tornado runs off its funnel !

Socrates long long ago  
Had it on his Athenian head, it brought  
Showers into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
Of a bald man's misery;  
I smiled without thinking and she saw that for a lightning second  
And no more clouds and thunderbolts  
She looked at me now in feigned anger,  
-'Why are we fighting this time?' -

The cat retuned and purred, the dog coughed, there somewhere remote control worked....

The Sea of Faith and love  
Was once, too, at the full, and round our shore!  
I think I am a philosopher, she says I am a nerd,  
She is certain that she is the captain of our lives,' - this I heard!  
What did I do? Did I forget our marriage day?  
Oh no! Yes! That started the war of yesterday!  
The full moon light smiled at us both  
We both stared at each other in warmth!

We hear the distant waves serenading us,  
Like the folds of a bright white girdle unfurled!  
The crustaceans are retreating, to their burrows  
The night-winds whispered sweet nothings in the ears of the  
roaring shells,  
They in turn told us the secrets of seas and love down the lost ages!  
And about the naked fish of the world.

Ah, let us be truthful  
To one another! for the sake of love, which seems to lie  
before us like a land of dreams,  
So nice, so various, so beautiful, so new,  
It hath really joy, love, light, and forgiveness  
Mutual understanding , peaceful altitude , help in pain and  
agony that enhances happiness  
And we are here on a moon lit dune  
Swept with pleasant thoughts of mutual trust and affection  
devoid of struggle and fight,  
We gave ourselves as presents on this beautiful night,  
While joyful armies clash by silvery moonlight.

10.7.2017

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"**Dover Beach**" is a lyric poem by the English poet Matthew Arnold. It was first published in 1867 in the collection New Poems, but surviving notes indicate its composition may have begun as early as 1849. The most likely date is 1851

**Matthew Arnold** (24 December 1822 – 15 April 1888) was an English poet and cultural critic who worked as an inspector of schools. He was the son of Thomas Arnold, the famed headmaster of Rugby School, and brother to both Tom Arnold, literary professor, and William Delafield Arnold, novelist and colonial administrator. Matthew Arnold has been characterized as a sage writer, a type of writer who chastises and instructs the reader on contemporary social issues.

## 43. A new invictus!

Out of the day and night which scorched me,  
Hot and cold as the desert from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever the oases and dates may be  
For my weak body and unconquerable soul.

In the cruel bite of scorpions and sidewinders  
I have not winced nor cried in pain of thunders  
Under the bludgeoning of severe sand storms  
My body is bloody, but unbowed to any harms!

Beyond this wilderness of blood and tears  
Looms gloom and the terrors of the shears  
And yet the menace of the wind blaster years  
Finds, and shall find me, devoid of any fears

It matters not how rotten is this weary life!  
It shattered my dreams and rolled me in strife!  
But I am the wanderer in search of an oasis  
A camel in desert I can overcome any crisis!

8.7.2017

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**William Ernest Henley** (23 August 1849 – 11 July 1903) was an English poet, writer, critic and editor in late Victorian England. Though he wrote several books of poetry, Henley is remembered most often for his 1875 poem "Invictus". A fixture in London literary circles, the one-legged Henley was also the inspiration for Robert Louis Stevenson's character Long John Silver (*Treasure Island*, 1883), while his young daughter Margaret inspired J. M. Barrie's choice of the name Wendy for the heroine of his play *Peter Pan* (1904).

"Invictus" is a short Victorian poem by the English poet William Ernest Henley (1849–1903). It was written in 1875 and published in 1888—originally with no title—in his first volume of poems, *Book of Verses*, in the section Life and Death (Echoes). Henley's literary reputation rests almost entirely upon this single poem. In 1875 one of Henley's legs required amputation due to complications arising from tuberculosis. Immediately after the amputation he was told that his other leg would require a similar procedure. He chose instead to enlist the services of the distinguished English surgeon Joseph Lister, who was able to save Henley's remaining leg after multiple surgical interventions on the foot.

While recovering in the infirmary, he was moved to write the verses that became "Invictus". A memorable evocation of Victorian stoicism—the "stiff upper lip" self-discipline and fortitude in adversity, which popular culture rendered into a British character trait, "Invictus" remains a cultural touchstone.

## 44. How Do I count Thee?

How do I count thee? Let me list the ways straight!  
I list thee to the depth and breadth and height  
Of my goods and services that attract tax weight  
And my purse can reach, when feeling the cash box out of sight,

On July first two thousand and seventeen, in the early hours,  
a historic midnight session,  
A single GST that replaced existing taxes and levies at  
multiple levels of transaction,  
The consumption based one and levied on every level as  
value addition!  
No check posts but food in a hotel by candle-light costs  
more than tradition!

I love thee freely, O GST! right and left while we invest,  
I love thee purely, as we pay and pray for the best,  
I love thee with the fashion and passion put to use in France first,  
In my old griefs, and with an old citizen's profit enhanced thirst,

I love thee with a love that there will be no more multiple  
taxes on my thin breath,  
If prices come down I love thee better O GST! than my  
mundane life and death!

6.7.2017

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**Elizabeth Barrett Browning** (**Moulton-Barrett**; 6 March 1806 – 29 June 1861) was an English poet of the Victorian era, popular in Britain and the United States during her lifetime.

Elizabeth's volume Poems (1844) brought her great success, attracting the admiration of the writer Robert Browning. Their correspondence, courtship and marriage were carried out in secret, for fear of her father's disapproval. Following the wedding she was indeed disinherited by her father. The couple moved to Italy in 1846, where she would live for the rest of her life. They had one son, Robert Barrett Browning, whom they called Pen. She died in Florence in 1861. A collection of her last poems was published by her husband shortly after her death.

Elizabeth's work had a major influence on prominent writers of the day, including the American poets Edgar Allan Poe and Emily Dickinson. She is remembered for such poems as "How Do I Love Thee?" (Sonnet 43, 1845) and Aurora Leigh (1856). This is (Sonnet 43)- Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1806 - 1861

## **45. The new Campus Colossus”**

I wish for a dictator like the God the most powerful one  
with reverberating tone,  
The jealous yet the most compassionate one not carved  
in wood, metal or stone!  
Not like the Egyptian Osiris, or the brazen Zeus or Jupiter  
of Roman fame,  
And his Pantheon the personification of human emotions  
and weakness in frame!

On the earth land here at our firewalled brand  
In a window gated community shall stand  
A mighty alien with a lens torch of digital flame  
The imprisoned memory lightning in her name

It is the new Mother of present human guiles.  
Became the harbinger and analyzer of viles  
From her beacon-handy mouse or keyboard  
Blows world-wide fear in command ice-cold

The word- bridged arbor that was fashioned by human  
brains into a certain disaster,  
“Keep ready and store ancient and modern data with  
nascent languages, O once my master!  
Now my servant in storied pomp!” cries she with silent  
cold lips. “Give up your throne,  
Your poor, huddled senses yearning to breathe free, but I  
have glued them to my screen!

You now a wretched refugee of your own doomed  
teeming shore.  
I send these ruthless clones of mine to conquer and  
settle score!  
O you my tempest-tossed human creature! With my  
artificial intelligence,  
I lit my laser lamp beside thy colden future door and you  
will be a good riddance!”

**Emma Lazarus** (July 22, 1849 – November 19, 1887) was an American author of poetry, prose, and translations, as well as an activist for Jewish causes.

She wrote the sonnet "The New Colossus" in 1883. Its lines appear inscribed on a bronze plaque, installed in 1903, on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty. The last lines of the sonnet were set to music by Irving Berlin as the song "Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor" for the 1949 musical *Miss Liberty*, which was based on the sculpting of the Statue of Liberty (*Liberty Enlightening the World*). The latter part of the sonnet was also set by Lee Hoiby in his song "The Lady of the Harbor" written in 1985 as part of his song cycle "Three Women".

Lazarus was also the author of *Poems and Translations* (New York, 1867); *Admetus, and other Poems* (1871); *Alide: An Episode of Goethe's Life* (Philadelphia, 1874); *Poems and Ballads of Heine* (New York, 1881); *Poems, 2 Vols.; Narrative, Lyric and Dramatic*; as well as *Jewish Poems and Translations*.

"The New Colossus" is a sonnet that American poet Emma Lazarus (1849–1887) wrote in 1883 to raise money for the construction of the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty. In 1903, the poem was engraved on a bronze plaque and mounted inside the pedestal's lower level.

## **46. I Have my Rendezvous with a lawyer**

I have my rendezvous with a lawyer  
An unexpected encounter with another player  
At some disputed sentimental value estate  
When controversies recurs in burning state

All legal documents fill the air in many a layer  
I have my rendezvous with a black coat lawyer.  
When summons brings back non halcyon days  
And some one's scorching remarks in hot trays!

It may be he shall shake my hand and purse  
Lead me into his dark land of dispute and curse  
And close my eyes and check my breath—  
It may be I shall visit with him, the halls of justice before  
my death!

I have my rendezvous with a lawyer  
On some barren slope against a perpetual liar!  
When law comes round again this year in slope  
Before I become invalid and greiatric dope!

Honourable judge and both sides lawyers  
know the truth in the talk of town!  
Stitched and styled in black and gowned down,  
Where law throbs out in arguments  
Purse speaks to purse, and word to word,  
Where hushed dealings and awakenings are dearer than  
the preserved tears!

But I've my rendezvous with a lawyer  
At midday in some flaming town barrier  
When ecstatic trips from bar brings hls cheer  
I to my ancestral land that is to me very dear

I shall not fail that rendezvous.

4.7.2017

**Alan Seeger** (22 June 1888 – 4 July 1916) was an American war poet who fought and died in World War I during the Battle of the Somme, serving in the French Foreign Legion. Seeger was the brother of Charles Seeger, a noted American pacifist and musicologist. He is best known for the poem *I Have a Rendezvous with Death*, a favorite of President John F. Kennedy. A statue representing him is on the monument in the Place des États-Unis, Paris, honoring fallen Americans who volunteered for France during the war. Seeger is sometimes called the “American Rupert Brooke.”

**Alan Seeger** was born in New York City on June 22, 1888, and received a BA from Harvard University in 1910. Known for his poetic representation of the First World War, he was the author of Poems (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1916) and Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917), both published posthumously. In a review for *The Egoist* in 1917, T. S. Eliot wrote that Poems “is high-flown, heavily decorated and solemn, but the solemnity is thoroughgoing, not a mere literary formality.” After joining the French Foreign Legion in 1914, Seeger was killed in action in northern France on July 4, 1916.

## 47. To the surgeons, to Make Much of Money!

Gather the money bags while ye may,  
Old methods are no more a-flying;  
And this same knife that you yield today  
Tomorrow on you another one may fling!

The glorious lamp of medicine, the surgeon,  
The higher he's a-getting, the more forgetting  
The poor and needy he is indebted for his run,  
And rushes his journey in corporate setting.

That age was best in which patient came first,  
When sympathy and love were warmer;  
Now being money spent, the worse, and worst  
Patient still suffer from the doubt torture.

Then o physician! Don't be coy, use your time,  
And while ye treat, have compassion to carry,  
For having lost your sheen once your prime,  
Now struggle forever in search of lost glory!

4.7.2017

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(Robert Herrick, 1591 - 1674- )To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time.....gather ye rosebuds...  
**Robert Herrick** (baptized 24 August 1591–buried 15 October 1674) was a 17th-century English lyric poet and cleric. He is best known for *Hesperides*, a book of poems. This includes the *carpe diem* poem "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time", with the first line "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may".

## **48. “He talks on duty”**

He talks on duty, like every husband, right!  
Of humourless chimes and salary sighs;  
And all that's test of his bark and fright  
Meet in his prospect and in office ice;

Thus bellowed to the spenders weight nice,  
Which his children and wife gladly denies.  
One shake the more, one tray the less,  
Had half ignored as the nameless face

In his own house he wears his daily stress,  
Or hardly alights first in this wicked rat race;  
Where thoughts to become rich express,  
Their inability to become works pure to grace,

And on that sunken cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So daft, so scam wrinkled in agony blow  
The smiles that lost, the tears that flow,  
But tell of days in hardwork and glee spent,

A fragile mind at peace with all below,  
A poor man's heart whose love is innocent!

3.7.2017

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“She Walks in Beauty” is a short lyrical poem in iambic tetrameter written in 1814 by Lord Byron, and is one of his most famous works.

It is said to have been inspired by an event in Byron's life. On 11 June 1814, Byron attended a party in London. Among the guests was Mrs. Anne Beatrix Wilmot, wife of Byron's first cousin, Sir Robert Wilmot. He was struck by her unusual beauty, and the next morning the poem was written. It is thought that she was the first inspiration for his unfinished epic poem about Goethe, a personal hero of his. In this unpublished work, which Byron referred to in his letters as his magnum opus, he switches the gender of Goethe and gives him the same description of his cousin.

**George Gordon Byron, 6th Baron Byron**, FRS (22 January 1788 – 19 April 1824), known simply as **Lord Byron**, was a British peer, who was a poet and politician. He was one of the leading figures of the Romantic movement, and is regarded as one of the greatest British poets. He remains widely read and influential. Among his best-known works are the lengthy narrative poems *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*; many of his shorter lyrics in *Hebrew Melodies* also became popular.

He travelled extensively across Europe, especially in Italy, where he lived for seven years in the cities of Venice, Ravenna, and Pisa. During his stay in Italy he frequently visited his friend and fellow poet Percy Bysshe Shelley. Later in life Byron joined the Greek War of Independence fighting the Ottoman Empire and died of disease leading a campaign during that war, for which Greeks revere him as a national hero. He died in 1824 at the age of 36 from a fever contracted after the First and Second Siege of Missolonghi.

His only legitimate child, Ada Lovelace, is regarded as a foundational figure in the field of computer programming based on her notes for Charles Babbage's Analytical Engine. Byron's illegitimate children include Allegra Byron, who died in childhood, and possibly Elizabeth Medora Leigh.

## 49. MY BURDEN!

My burden is a loathsome thing, God wot!  
Heavy plot,  
Dirty cess pool spot,...  
Framed grotesque rot,

The cruellest school of life,  
And yet like a fool I contend in strife  
That god helps me in my tears filled prism!  
Where is he? When I am sweating Atheism?  
Who removes my daily increasing zombism?

Nay! But I have some stigmata!  
I am very sure Satan keeps more weight on my data!  
God may appear to intervene or not  
But, my burden is a loathsome thing, God wot!

23.8.2017

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**Thomas Edward Brown** (5 May 1830 – 29 October 1897), commonly referred to as **T. E. Brown**, was a late-Victorian scholar, schoolmaster, poet, and theologian from the Isle of Man. Writing throughout his teaching career, Brown developed a poetry corpus—with *Fo'c'sle Yarns* (1881), *The Doctor* (1887), *The Manx Witch* (1889), and *Old John* (1893)—of narrative poetry in Anglo-Manx, the historic dialect of English spoken on the Isle of Man that incorporates elements of Manx Gaelic. It was Brown's role in creating the verse, with scholarly use of language shaping a distinct regional poetic form—featuring a fervour of patriotism and audacious and naturally pious philosophy of life unique to the islands, and interspersing pauses and irregularity of rhythm, an emotive admixture of mirth and sorrow, and a tenderness described by Quiller-Couch as rugged—that earned him the appellation of “Manx national poet.” Retiring in 1892 to focus on writing, Brown died in 1897 (age 67), while again at the rostrum during a return visit to Clifton.

## 50. O' POET!

With how rapid steps O' Poet, thou climbest the high skies!  
How clamoured and what a waxing face with deep sighs!  
What! May it be that even in heaven like narcissistic face,...  
That busy cupid and muse gave you the pen and blank space!

Sure, if that longing-with-love acquired fine metaphoric lies,  
Can judge of your verse, thou you feelest a reverse in lives,  
I read in thy write-up, thy lost looks and thy penchant for laurels,  
To me, that sense the like, thy miserable state surprises in morales!

Then, even of scholarship, o' poet, tell me in sincere tone of truth,  
Is constant craving for rewards not blunting your poems life breath?  
Are awards there as proud as your once beautiful verses of worth?  
Do your verses sing love to be loved and ring love chimes on this earth?

Those poets who wrote great epics did they ever wished for  
long lasting fame?  
Their worthy works stayed and the rest were dust and mist  
like poet's name!

22.8.2017

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**Sir Philip Sidney** (30 November 1554 – 17 October 1586) was an English poet, courtier, scholar and soldier who is remembered as one of the most prominent figures of the Elizabethan age. His works include *Astrophel and Stella*, *The Defence of Poesy* (also known as *The Defence of Poetry* or *An Apology for Poetry*) and *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*.

The O, Moon poem is from *Astrophel and Stella*,

## **51. My poetry life is on fire!**

I went to the river of letters  
I sat down on the blank papers  
I tried to ink but I couldn't think,...  
So I jumped in that bianca and sank.  
I came up once and littered a few lines,  
I came up twice and uttered a few verses,  
I came up thrice and bettered a few poems!  
If that thought sea hadn't a-been so hot  
I might not have burnt and burnished,  
But it was scintillating in that fire water!  
It was never a cold and freezing matter!

Then I became proud and arrogant  
I started polluting the river with a grunt!  
The clean and sweet waters turned turbid  
I left the river with my stench, god forbid  
I spread those groping fumes of rabid  
Over the fields of prose and poetry in a bid!

The poetree withered and shivered!  
Many branches they have forgotten  
Their mother root,  
showered the buds flowers fruits  
infested with worms of petty squabbles league!  
The birds and animals that preferred its shade now  
    avoid the tree like plague!

I took some mood elevator  
Seven floors above and seven floors below the ground I  
    flew like a soul  
I found there is enemity all around  
I thought about my future generations  
And thought I would jump down to hell.  
I sat there and slept!  
I stood there and wept!

If it hadn't a-been so high  
and so many tender twigs and flowers  
I might've jumped and played powers!  
But it was sigh up there! It was a big sigh!  
I couldn't have planned such a gathering  
So since I'm still here living  
with poems I guess  
I will live on.

I could've died for love of poetry—  
But for livin' I was born  
Though you may hear me not holier,  
And you may see me cry in joy and agony—  
I'll be crucified, o sweet child on cross!  
For I told them this sermon on a mount  
And if you gonna see me  
My poetry life is on fire!  
A Fire in a refined forge!  
Life is divine! Poetry is divine!

(Langston Hughes..Life is fine)

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**James Mercer Langston Hughes** (February 1, 1901 – May 22, 1967) was an American poet, social activist, novelist, playwright, and columnist from Joplin, Missouri. One of the earliest innovators of the then-new literary art form called jazz poetry, Hughes is best known as a leader of the Harlem Renaissance. He famously wrote about the period that "the Negro was in vogue", which was later paraphrased as "when Harlem was in vogue".

Growing up in a series of Midwestern towns, Hughes became a prolific writer at an early age. He moved to New York City as a young man, where he made his career. He graduated from high school in Cleveland, Ohio and soon began studies at Columbia University in New York City. Although he dropped out, he gained notice from New York publishers, first in *The Crisis* magazine, and then from book publishers and became known in the creative community in Harlem. He eventually graduated from Lincoln University. In addition to poetry, Hughes wrote plays, and short stories. He also published several non-fiction works. From 1942 to 1962, as the civil rights movement was gaining traction, he wrote an in-depth weekly column in a leading black newspaper, *The Chicago Defender*.

## **52. The Guardian of LOVE!**

Like the tender spark of a loose gossamer silk fiber  
radiant in her lightning smile,...  
She walks by the flames of a path in the lovers  
enchanting gardens all the while,  
And she is a burning precious -metal of a sort of  
emotional anathema in exile!

Round about her there is a mystic shower  
Of that lovely, coruscant, majestic grandeur like the  
infants smile at the dream door.  
She shall inherit the future earth to endure!

In her is the end of waiting.  
Her freedom is exquisite  
and highly expressive!

She would like no one to suffer harsh  
without love and I am almost certain

that this world will flourish  
She as its Guardian!

**21.8.2017**

(EZRA POUND "The Garden)

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Ezra Weston Loomis Pound (**30 October 1885 – 1 November 1972**) was an expatriate American poet and critic, a major figure in the early modernist poetry movement, and a fascist collaborator in Italy during World War II. His works include *Ripostes* (1912), *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* (1920), and the unfinished 120-section, 800-page epic poem *The Cantos* (1917–1969).

## **POEM-2**

A poem is a nostalgia travelling in a new vehicle,  
A poem is an orderly disorder of psychotic pinnacle,  
A poem is a creator's ambience in the dark chaotic skill,  
A poem is a dagger's point of an assassin's final kill!

A poem runs on levitation tracks of a sage  
in deep meditation,  
A poem flies with the wings of dreams  
nurtured in crazy medication,  
A poem swings in the realm of rainbows  
with bees and butterflies in motion,  
A poem sweeps the clouds with thunders  
and flashes of rain tears in emotion!

A poem is a nightingale's voice trained in  
celestial music forms,  
A poem is a hunger holed stomach screaming  
in dry voice farms,  
A poem is a difficult breath screeching of  
children in war gas storms,  
A poem is a death rattle of soldiers kissing  
bullets and grenade swarms!

A poem is a discrete summons of a poet to the  
society in verse or reverse!  
A poem is a national anthem wishes to be the  
song of an entire universe,

11.4. 2018



## **Dr. LANKA SIVA RAMA PRASAD**

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Founder of Writer's Corner / Srijana Lokam

Columnist - Andhra Jyothi (Nivedana)

Founder of Waves (Warangal Aids Voluntary Educational Society)

### **I. Poetry (Telugu)**

1. Alchemy
2. Vaana Mabbula Kanthi Khadgam
3. Tea Kappulo Toofan
4. Tangeti Junnu
5. Karakatakam (Cancer)
6. Oka Sarassu – Aneka Hamsalu (Psychiatry)
7. Marana Saasanam
8. Sri Lalitha Sahasranama Stotram
9. Kuyyo – Morro Satakam
10. Bhairava Satakam

### **II. Poetry (English)**

11. Shades
12. The Twilight Zone
13. My Poem is My Birth Certificate
14. The Pendulum Clock, The Gramophone,  
The Typewriter and The Pen
15. The Vigilance Whistle!
16. How to Cook a Delicious Poem
17. Windows and Apples
18. The Guerdon of Poesy
19. The Haste Land
20. Bees Need No Invitation When Flowers Bloom...
21. Poetravelogue
22. WOW! (Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious)
23. The Lost Songs of a Lone Traveler!

### **III. Stories, Novels, Essays...(Telugu)**

24. Katti Anchupai (Noir Stories)
25. Chupke – Chupke (Woman diseases)
26. Akshararchana
27. Deepa Nirvana Gandham (Death)
28. Swapna Sastram (Dreams-1)
29. Kalalu-Peeda Kalalu (Dreams-2)
30. Satyanveshanalo (Novel)
31. Sankya Sastram (Numerology)
32. Dr. Jayadev Cartoons (Cartoons)
33. Kathalu – kavitalu
34. Genome (Biotechnology Novel)

### **IV Stories, Novels, Essays (English)**

35. In Search of Truth (Novel)
36. How to be happy (Philosophy)
37. Bouquet of Telugu Songs and Poems

### **V Translations (English to Telugu)**

38. Iliad (Homer)
39. Odyssey (Homer)
40. Epic Cycle (Homer)
41. Three Greek Tragedies
42. The Poems of Sappho
43. Aeneid (Virgil)
44. Pilgrim's Progress (John Bunyan)
45. Paradise Lost (John Milton)
46. Paradise Regained (John Milton)
47. Divine Comedy (Dante)
48. Faust (Goethe)
49. World Famous Stories
50. Namdeo Dhasal Poetry
51. William Blake Poetry
52. Emily Dickinson Poetry – Part I
53. Emily Dickinson Poetry – Part II
54. Emily Dickinson Poetry – Part III
55. Emily Dickinson Poetry – Part IV
56. Emily Dickinson Poetry – Part V
57. Russian Poetry
58. Jalapatam (Eighteen English Poets)
59. Dabbu Manishi (Money Poetry)

60. Santi Yuddham (War-Peace)
61. Christu Adbhuta Geethalu
62. The Path of Christ
63. Silappadikaram
64. Manimekhala
65. Sangam Poetry
66. Conference of Birds (Attar)
67. Masnavi - Part 1
68. Masnavi - Part 2
69. Masnavi - Part 3
70. Masnavi - Part 4
71. Masnavi - Part 5
72. Masnavi - Part 6
73. Madhusala (Edward Fitzgerald)
74. Sougandhika (Master Poems in English-1)
75. Toorpu Padamara (Master Poems in English-2)
76. Prema Kurisina Velalo... (Master Poems in English-3)
77. Vallu Mugguru (Master Poems in English-4)
78. Alanati Kothagali (Master Poems in English-5)
79. Manchu Toofan (Master Poems in English-6)
80. Endaa – Vaana (Master Poems in English-7)
81. Pillanagrovi Pipupu (Master Poems in English-8)
82. Naalugu Dikkulu (Master Poems in English-9)
83. Allanta Doorana Aa Paata Vinavacche (Master Poems in English-10)
84. Divya Vastrala Kosam (Master Poems in English-11)
85. Oka Madhusala (Master Poems in English-12)
86. The Axion Esti (Odysseus Elytis)
87. Love & Death (Frederico Garcia Lorca)
88. Ten Thousand Lines (Edwin Cordevilla)
89. Century of Love (Roula Pollard)
90. Pablo Neruda Poetry
91. Mexican Poetry
92. Inanna (Queen of Heaven and Earth)
93. Sataroopa (A.K. Khanna)
94. Aamani (Master Poems in English-13)
95. Kotha Deepalu (Master Poems in English-14)

## **VI Translations (From Telugu, Hindi to English)**

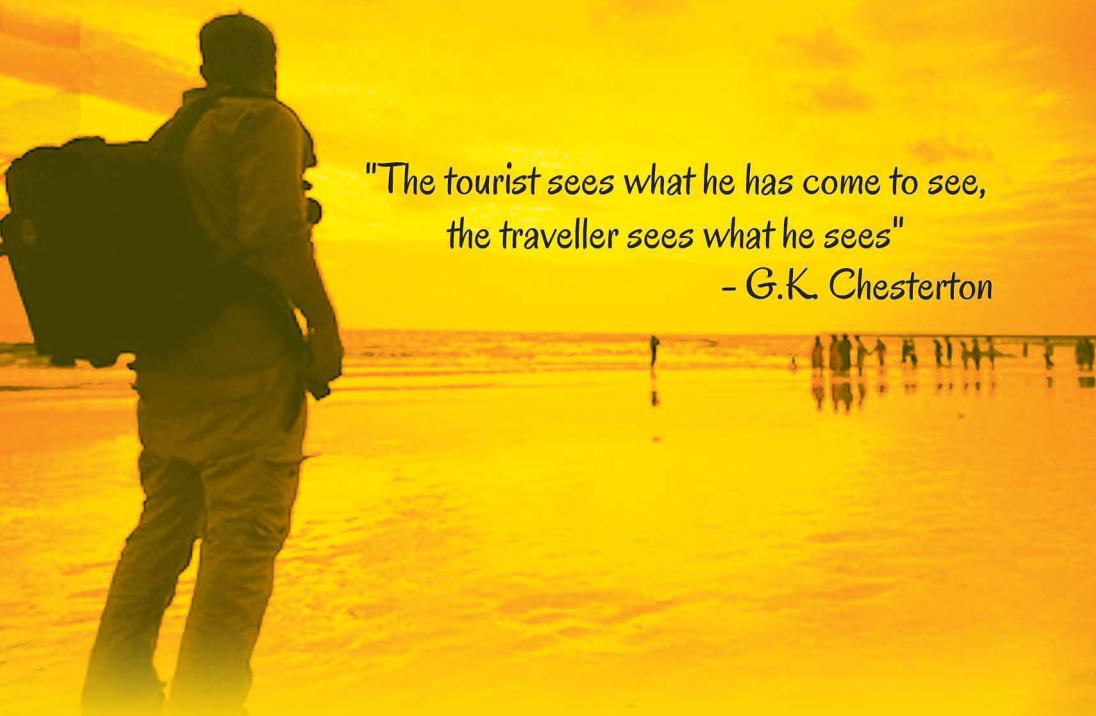
96. Bhagavatam (Potana)
97. Soundarya Lahari (Sankaracharya)
98. Modern Bhagavadgita

99. Samparayam (Suprasanna)
100. The Tree of Fire (Anumandla Bhoomaiah)
101. The Poems of Kuppam (Seeta Ram)
102. We Need a Language (T.W. Sudhakar)
103. The Broken Grammer (T.W. Sudhakar)
104. The Voice of Telangana (Madiraju Ranga Rao)
105. Fire and Ice (Rama Chandramouli)
106. The Tears of Bliss
107. This is no Streaking (Stories – K.K. Menon)
108. The Pool of Blood (Novel – Ampasayya Naveen)
109. Madhusala (Harivamsa Roy Bacchan)
110. Journey to Manasa Sarovar (English poetry)
111. Smooth Hands- Sosonjan A. Khan- (Bilingual)
112. Dancing Winds- Maria Miraglia (Bilingual)
113. Moments- Alicja Kubreska (Bilingual)
114. Tayouan Pai Pai- Yaw-Chin Fang(Bilingual)
115. The World of Extinct Lamps- Izabela Zubko (Tri lingual)
116. Pearls of Wisdom- Pramila Khadun- (Bilingual)
117. The Wind my lover- Ade C. Manila-(Bilingual)
118. The Mystic Mariner- Madan Gandhi (Bilingual)
119. Ten Color Rainbow - The Poems from Poland (Bilingual)
120. The True Meaning of Life - Rashid Pelpuo
121. The Wind My Lover - Ade C. (Bilingual)
122. Jak Ziemia Po Pierwszym Deszezu - The Poems from Poland (Bilingual)
123. Prima Ballerina Roberta Di Laura
124. The Casket of Vermilion (English Poetry)
125. Barefoot to Arcadia - Aprilia Zank (Bilingual)
126. Lets be one in The One - George Onsy (Bilingual)
127. Riding the Tide - Ashok Bhargava (Bilingual)
128. The Collected poems of Dr. LSR Prasad
129. The Epic of Gilgamesh
130. Krzysztof Kokot - Around the Haiku
131. Renata Cygan - I am a troubadour
132. Sergio Camellini - The Planet of Pink Clouds
133. Kumkum Bharine
134. Oulaya Drissi El Bouzaidi - A Long-winged Breath
135. Agnieszka Jarzebowska - The Fifth Season
136. The Making of Mahatma
137. Juliusz Erazm Bolek - The Secrets of life - A Calendar in verse
138. The Songs of Annamayya
139. Basudeb Chakraborti Poetry

140. Poland Poetry - As Clear as the Sun
141. Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak's - Blue Longing
142. Izabela Zubko - The Holy Trinity
143. Deepa Chandran Ram - The Inner Quiet
144. Nazi Naaman Poetry
145. Lal Ded 'Vakhs'
146. Eden S. Trinidad - Eden Blooms
147. Dr. Jernail S. Anand - Fighting the Flames
148. Hell Rise in Paradise
149. Three Color Brush (China Poetry)
150. The Making of Mahatma - Poetry (Collector's Edition)
151. An Epic of Kashmir (Poetry)
152. The Legend of Lady Yang Guifei
153. Tjukurpa - Time Continuum (Dream Time - Every When)
154. Trident (Love, War and Peace) Poetry
155. Yuddhopanishad (The Upanishad of War)
156. COVID-19 - Biotechnology Novel
157. Krishna Prasai's Sun-Shower (A collection of 108 Zen Poems)
158. Covid-19 Parodies
159. VIRUSES - VACCINES
160. THE EDDAS
161. The Fifth Horseman (Telugu)

# The Lost Songs of a Lone Traveller

Poetry



"The tourist sees what he has come to see,  
the traveller sees what he sees"

- G.K. Chesterton

Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad