

Classic Poetry Series

G. S. Shivarudrappa
- poems -

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

G. S. Shivarudrappa(7 February 1926 -)

Dr. G.S. Shivarudrappa (Kannada: ???.???. ??????????????) is a Kannada poet, writer and researcher who was awarded the title of Rashtrakavi by the Government of Karnataka on November 1, 2006.

Early Life

G.S. Shivarudrappa was born in Shikaripura, in Shivamogga district of Karnataka. His father was a school teacher. He did his primary and secondary schooling in anta christ school 7th std

Mr. Shivarudrappa who is a known "Navodaya" poet has made a lasting contribution to the Kannada literature.

Born on February 7, 1926, Mr. Shivarudrappa has worked as a Kannada professor at the Maharaja College of Mysore and later at the Postgraduate Kannada Department of Bangalore University. He received the Central Sahitya Akademi Award in 1984 for his literary contribution. He has also bagged several awards including the Karnataka State Sahitya Academy and Soviet Land Nehru Award. He presided over the Akhil Bharatiya Kannada Sahitya Sammelana held in Davanagere in 1992.

Education

Shivarudrappa pursued his B.A. in 1949 and M.A. in 1953 from University of Mysore, having secured gold-medals on three occasions. He was a student and follower of Kuvempu and was heavily inspired by Kuvempu's literary works and life.

In 1965, G.S. Shivarudrappa secured a doctorate for his thesis Soundarya Sameekshe (Kannada: ???????? ????????), written under the guidance of Kuvempu.

Professional Life

Dr. G.S.S started his career in 1949 as a lecturer in Kannada language at the Mysore University. On receiving the invitation from Hyderabad's Osmania University in 1963, he joined that university as a reader and the head of the Kannada department. He continued to serve in Osmania University till 1966.

In 1966, G.S.S joined the Bangalore University as a professor. He was later elected as the director of the university and he continued to contribute in Kannada Study Center (Kannada: ????? ??????) at the university. It was during his administration as a director that the department of Kannada in the university was converted to Kannada Study Center.

Rashtrakavi

Dr. G.S.S was honoured with the title of Rashtrakavi (Sanskrit for Poet of the Nation) by the Government of Karnataka during the Suvarna Karnataka (Golden Jubilee celebrations of Karnataka) occasion on November 1, the Kannada Rajyotsava day, 2006. He was the third Kannada poet to be honoured with this prestigious title of Rashtrakavi, after his mentor and guide Kuvempu, and Govinda Pai.

Awards and Honours

Soviet Land Nehru Award - 1973

Kendra Sahithya Academy Award - 1984 (for the work, Kaavyartha Chintana)

Pampa Award - 1998

President of 61st All India Kannada Sahithya Sammelana, happened in Davanagere

Karnataka Sahithya Academy Honorary Award - 1982

Nadoja Award from Kannada University

Honorary Doctorate from Bangalore University and Kuvempu University

Honoured as a Rashtrakavi (Poet of the Nation) - 2006

Sahitya Kala Kaustubha-2010

A Question And An Answer

"Father, why don't you have a thumb on your right hand?" Out of curiosity the little child asked one day.

"It was offered to my God, son. That's why I miss that finger, that's all."

"Offered to God?

What kind of God was he to ask for your thumb? Surely, He must be a very cruel one. Didn't you feel anything as you gave it away, Father?"

"You shouldn't speak like that, son. God, after all, is God."

"True, father, true. God didn't ask for your life instead of your finger. I must thank Him. Maybe, your God is rather a good God."

How shall I tell this child that I didn't give just my thumb but the whole of me? Even to this day I haven't understood how much I gave or how much I retained.

[Translated from by O.L. Nagabhushana Swamy]

G. S. Shivarudrappa

A Sage Of Essences

From the innards of my heart, did I sing that day.
With such intent attention, had you heard what I did say.

If I am to sing again now, grant me an audience,
lend me an ear, that prize, I covet the most.
Won't a song bird still sing, whether or not an award it might bring?

Now, that I want to be heard, is not why I sing
Inevitably mine is my fate, endlessly to sing.
I know thus, that the generous will hear me, always
Fervently, I shall sing forever, as ever before...

So, shut their ears if someone should,
Not in the least bit worry, I would!

G. S. Shivarudrappa

Under The Clock

Who knows since when it is working--
This clock;
Seconds, minutes, hours-- the hands mark
Night and day.
Hourly, half-hourly, rings its moan
While the snow rolls in the veins;
Snow or sunshine (does it matter ?)
The stars roll in the blue vault
Undisturbed.

Ceaselessly the river flows to the ocean.
But the dark thirst of the salt waves
Is never slaked
For all the sweetness in the river flows.
The cremation ground is thick with the ashes of burnt lives;
Over a hundred graves the green grass grows !
In the forts and battlements half-ruined
Echoes
The bat's leathery wing;
While underneath,
Excavating the remnants of lost cities,
The archaeologist's spades
Ring.
In the dead mid-dark he sat bolt upright;
In the darkness' roar;
And heard
The gnashing of white teeth in the Dark Waters--
Tick, tick, tick,
The wristwatch near the pillow
Shattering his bones.

The dawn-wind and the cock-crow called for a morning walk.
But now the path of bloom and bud is over;
The stark, bare avenue awaits him
With a guard of honour by the skeleton-trees.
He has walked over the dead leaves,
The dry leaves,
And now the shadow falls
Of the sixtieth milestone.

Leaving his walking-stick in the corner
He stood before the mirror :
Head stamped with winter, cheeks sunk, eyes dull--
His own portrait !
On the wall is hung his photo
Taken in the gold light of youth.
It is on that the clock is ticking,
The huge clock, tick, tick, tick.

It is a great temptation to stand before the mirror
Plucking out the grey hair one by one;
Or better, to dye it black,
And well combed,
Walk the streets in the old suit new pressed.
But the radio blares :
 'Think of the Lord, O fool, think of the Lord.'

He slumped into the chair engrossed
Shutting out the tick of the clock
But his little grandchild came lispig
'Grandpa!'
At that sweet sound
The golden dawn light flashed
Brightening the evening skies.

[Translated by K.S. Yadurajan]

G. S. Shivarudrappa