

## Poetry Series

# Ch J Satyananda Kumar

- poems -

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### **Ch J Satyananda Kumar (25-04-1955)**

I am God fearing Christian. Have a very deep faith in Jesus. I like literature. My daughter initiated me into english poetry. I also do a bit of social work in the fields of consumer awareness, social issues, fighting for the under-dog. Interested in preaching. Also share the word of God with christian congregations. My wife and I live at Visakhapatnam, AP, India. We are blessed with a daughter, who is a post-graduate in english literature.

Works:

published some short stories and poetry in my mother tongue telugu, long ago.

## A morning walk

When it was yet dark, wakes me up from sleep, my faithful alarm clock,  
Prodding me to go for my reluctant morning walk.  
When I venture out for my ritual stroll, the street dog greets me wagging her tail,  
But because of my canine scare, I shoo it away with a shrill wail.  
Some women in all their fine attire and make-up start their dawn time amble,  
As if going to a TV studio for a shoot of a reality show of gold hunt gamble!  
An acquaintance with a good family background enslaved to alcohol,  
returning from arrack shop after his first dose of booze,  
Wishes me in superfluous respected protocol,  
enacting innocence on his face in an obedient freeze.  
A rare scene of a hen and its brood of chicks just released from their coop,  
Stirred my childhood memories of my grand pa's home strewn with fowls' troop.  
Milk maids nudge their Buffalos in to colony for their lactic business binge  
Laborers heading for their work, take tea at thatched hotel on monthly account fringe  
As I reached the main road, young boys and girls jog in their colorful track suits,  
Athletes wearing over-alls, busy themselves with their running pursuits.  
Middle aged women with their bulged bodies walk briskly at their best to  
relieve of their menopausal woe,  
Aging men hit the roads burning out calories to  
get rid of their andropausal hove.  
Much exploited City beautifiers wait at sanitary office for their muster rolls,  
Before they disburse to various roads and colonies to resume their conservation roles.  
Little underprivileged children, the unsung eco heroes, picking up rags and  
non-biodegradable waste,  
Pitiably lurch on roads with hungry stomachs filling up their polythene bags,  
to earn few bucks in a haste.  
On my left, right and front at near distance, green hills appear in their grandiose  
elegance,  
But the red and brown cancerous quarrying patches on them reveal man's greedy  
irresponsible indulgence.  
Small temples, petty shrines and Christian worship centers sprouted on both sides of  
the road,  
Reveal the exploitative religious splurge of spiritual hawkers'  
and religious brokers' creed,  
And the horrifying materialistic self seeking devotion  
of new age people's greed.  
On my return, I encountered a Swineherd,  
who was in search of his pigs,  
When he loudly called out to them in a weird tone,  
they rushed from nowhere and surrounded him in merry jigs.  
My Bible tells that the Ox knows his owner and the ass, his master's crib, \*  
My morning walk taught me, even a pig submits to his master's grip,  
But the man with his sullied psyche, plans against his brethren to mug,  
And fails to heed the tender whispers of his divine master, remaining a mere prig!

\* Isaiah 1: 3

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Abiding in Love

(Love is commonly used in English for the bond between lovers, parental affection, fraternal concern and devotion to God. But in the Greek Bible different words are used for different situations. In the New Testament originally written in Greek, the verb 'agapao' denotes ardent, supreme and perfect love which Jesus taught his disciples and the other verb 'phileo' means to like, to be fond of and to feel friendship for one another. The love referred to in this poem is of 'agapao'. This composition is the culmination of my rumination on I Corinthians 13: 1-3 & 13, from the Holy Bible. The entire text of I Corinthians Chapter 13 is a treatise on love)

Though I babble in angelic tongue and  
Dabble in evangelic bing  
If I lack the love within  
I'll be a tasteless muffin  
A tinkering cymbal  
A satanic symbol  
A sounding brass  
And a lifeless bass.  
Though I am a great prophet  
Seeking not the worldly profit  
Capable of understanding the Biblical mysteries and  
a great authority on Worldly knowledge and histories  
Possessing mountain moving faith  
and capable of issuing a spiritual fiat  
I'll be like discarded mulch  
And lacking love within, I'll be a value less zilch  
Though I give away all my wealth for charity  
And on behalf of all the penniless paupers I stand as surety  
Though I hesitate not to offer my body to be burnt alive  
And for the glory of my crucified Lord, even seven seas I may dive  
It won't yield me an iota of the bliss and blessing  
If I lack the love within, even though I praise Him and sing  
For, my faith, my hope and my love would stand His divine test  
Amongst them, love is undoubtedly, the Greatest!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Absurdities of life**

living on alms  
the beggar does business of  
coins supply

personnel officer  
uses his official vehicle  
for personal errands

ring master  
taming circus lions and tigers  
afraid of wife

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Another Senryu**

garib rath  
luxurious privilege of rich  
a poignant irony

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Arrival of Daughter

(In India, 1st July is celebrated as Daughters Day, in commemoration of birth anniversary of Indian born astronaut Kalpana Chawla. The celebration of daughters day was initiated in 2006 by Public Relations Council of India. Kalpana Chawla was born in Karnal, Haryana, India. She was an Indian-American astronaut and space shuttle mission specialist. She was one of seven crewmembers killed in the Space Shuttle Columbia disaster on February 1st, 2003. On this Daughters' Day I dedicate this poem to my daughter, Supriya, who also contributes her works on this website)

You are blessed with a daughter  
The Nurse came out and announced the blissful matter  
While I was eager to see her, she was washed and brought out few minutes later  
Carefully holding in my hands, my bundle of joy  
I pompously smiled and looked at the baby-truly a golden toy  
What names I should select for her  
What games I should play with her  
What frock I should buy her  
What doll I should give her  
What school I should send her  
I already started pondering and bother  
In my new found role of that little child's father  
I went in and congratulated my wife on her promotion as mother  
Leaving the child to the care of medical staff  
I came out and went off  
To break the happy news to my kith and kin  
To announce to my friends and relatives of my great win  
With joy and excitement I was flying in cloud nine  
I was jumping and hopping in rapturous rain  
In ecstasy I bought many a doll  
In frolic I bought a tiny sweater and frock  
With them I returned back to the Maternity Ward  
Singing lullabies like a just consecrated bard!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Blame Game

(Today is a special day in calendar, it being 09-09-09. Many astrologers and mystics attribute different good and bad affects to this day, which have prompted me to write this poem)

For doing anything man mulls over in many ways  
Categorizing the God given precious days  
As auspicious  
Inauspicious  
.Palindromes  
Equinoxes  
Full moons  
New moons  
Leap years  
Tropical years  
Right times  
Wrong times  
Conveniently forgetting  
Every minute, every second and  
All the times are good and propitious  
If selected times are only good and auspicious  
Why are occurring many failed marriages?  
Why are taking place many accidents and air-crashes?  
Why so many political disasters?  
Why these many catastrophes?  
Forgetting in flimsy meddle  
Fidgeting in frivolous bridle  
Man derelicts his sense of duty  
Neglecting his responsibility  
He tends to foolishly frame  
The days and times, as part of his stupid blame game.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## CHOCOLATE SOLDIER

The Emperor conquered a despot's country  
Setting free the poor and peasantry  
Ordered his men to feed the hunger from his pantry  
Fed the poor obeying his order, all his men and gentry  
He stood there watching in soldier's attire  
The work done by them satisfying his heart's desire  
All the poor collecting food as their stomachs are afire  
While a little girl stood there looking at him agile  
He called her near  
Said, my dear  
And asked her to go and take her food without fear  
She still stood there, and to him, her motive was not yet clear  
He ordered his man to give her a loaf  
She did not take it, and continued to loaf  
He ordered his man to give her a cake  
She promptly said no and did not take  
Then he asked what does she need  
She said, ' I will tell you, if you heed'  
I want no bread  
I want no food  
I want no Cake  
Give me your word, and don't break  
She said cutely, taking the Emperor to be a humble Soldier  
I want a Chocolate  
A big bar of milk chocolate  
Get me that without any late!  
Little girl, Little girl  
I will indeed get it for your delight to furl  
He rode on his horse back to his palace in the distant place  
He returned with a lovely Chocolate pack, and in her hand did he place!  
She kissed him in gratitude  
Thanked him in plenitude  
Pleased with her attitude  
He blessed her and left for his place in High altitude  
The little girl grown into a beautiful woman  
Lives turned happy in the town as if in heaven  
Though Years have passed  
And fears have crossed and joys surpassed  
She did not forget the day she took the chocolate from the soldier  
Keeping his memories precisely in her heart,  
she preserved the chocolate wrapper carefully in her folder  
Filled with gratitude, she yearned to see the soldier  
And inquired of him in all places distant and yonder  
But not able to find his trace she began to flounder  
Yearning to see her benefactor, her heart broke asunder  
Some one told her to put an Ad in News paper to seek his grandeur  
To find him out  
and to fall at his feet on his sight  
to show him the Chocolate wrapper straight!  
She placed an ad of her childhood plight  
When he saw the ad, the Emperor recalled his largesse mode  
He went to the down to the town and met the damsel

The soldier of her lore  
Stood there as her Emperor there  
She poured out her gratitude from the wraps of her heart  
To the soldier who came down to save her from the despot's dart  
Though you are the Emperor, you humbled yourself to become a soldier  
Only to please this little girl to grant her flimsy wish viewing it as my order  
The Emperor filled with love and compassion, touched her head  
And said ` you are a girl who stood in good stead  
For I found you in all little things, faithful, grateful and good  
I will take you to my palace and give you an eternal place  
And entrust you the role of serving all my living bread with grace  
The Emperor humbled himself as a soldier for the sake of a little lass  
The Creator came down as a Savior to give his life for the prodigal sinning class  
The Emperor took the girl to his place, when his attention, the girl could capture  
The Saviour will take all repented sinners to his paradise at the time of his rapture.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## City Bus Journey

(With the population exceeding 900 million, India stands the second most populous country in the world, China being the topper. Indian cities are densely populated and the public transport system namely the trains and buses are mostly used by Indians. Jam packed city buses with their inexpensive fare do yeomen service to the common man in Indian cities. The following is a kaleidoscopic view of a typical journey on an Indian city bus)

City bus arrived in the stop like a ninth month pregnant  
Slowly carrying all sorts of passengers commuting repugnant  
Reckless students with their heavy bags dangle on foot board doing acrobat  
Obstructing boarding and alighting passengers who shot their cursing brickbat  
Little school children with their free bus passes  
Struggle to board the bus eager to reach on time, their classes  
Office going women find difficult to find a foothold  
While aging men ogle and make vulgar passes at them getting bold  
Pretty college girls in their modern attire busy them selves reading class notes  
Boisterous boys imitating cinema heroes try in vain to attract them with their frivolous  
feats  
An old villager sitting on the bonnet of the bus innocently lights a cigar  
And the Conductor chides him and takes a lesson like a pious Vicar  
The fisher woman lays her basket of fresh prawns and crabs beside a temple priest\*  
Who closes his nose and shouts at her in exasperating rage and leaves the bus in  
haste  
The pick pocket bides for chance to snatch a fat purse  
The old timer argues with the conductor for change coins hurling a curse  
The city bus goes slowly at snails pace braving chaotic traffic  
The Driver takes the bus not withstanding all impediments in a forgiving frolic

\* Temple Priests in India are pure vegetarians and they don't touch mutton, chicken and sea food which they view as abomination.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Daddy's Daughter

She is  
the apple of my eyes  
the glitter of my life  
the hopes of my future  
the dream of my thoughts  
the cream of my life  
I love her  
I give her  
I please her  
I praise her  
I cared for her  
I cried for her  
I kissed her  
I missed her  
I wished all great things for her  
I expected all great things from her  
As a child she said 'you alone know everything'  
As teenager she said ' Don't worry, I know the thing'  
Now as grown-up, at times she says, 'You know nothing'  
But all things she utters  
Pleases me and keep my eyes in moist glitters!  
She cares for the poor  
Whom she used to give all her pocket money,  
and then asked me for more  
She treats all with care  
And never says her hands are bare  
I taught her compassion  
To make it her life's mission  
She is neither materialistic  
Nor a religious mystic  
Her path is realistic and humanistic  
She exhibited guts to give-up a plush vocation  
To take-up lesser paid job for her love for literary avocation  
I insisted her to study only literature  
She reconnected me back to my link failed love for literature  
She is the pleasant thing  
Whom God gift packed with love bonds  
and kept in my wife's womb  
To be delivered into my hands!  
Yes, she is my one and only daughter  
With whose birth I found my place in the league of Nehru and Jephthah!  
Blessing her to be compassionate all through her life  
I named her after a Buddhist Nun, by consulting my wife!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **DARLING**

Telugu Original: P. Ramakrishna Das

Nestama  
Naa sarvaswam  
Neeve anukunna kshanam  
Silaksharamai  
Yugaantam varaku nilichi povaali!  
Ee modunu chigurinpa chesina  
Nee saannihityam  
O chEdu nijamai  
Hrudayaaniki gaayam chestoone vundaali!  
Nee gyaapakaanni moyalEka  
Ne yilaa  
Kavitalaa  
Karugutoo vundaali  
Aashruvunai  
Alaa  
Varshistoone vundaali.

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Darling  
The instant that I construed  
you as my everything  
should remain  
an engraved stone edict  
till the end of the epoch.

Your intimacy  
which sprouted this dead stump  
should remain a bitter truth  
gashing my poor heart

Not able to bear the brunt of  
your recollections  
I should melt away  
like a doggerel,  
raining tear drops  
ever, for ever!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Desert**

In his mansion, millionaire celebrates marriage bash  
Without derision hungry beggar scans for food in garbage trash  
One not able to digest the over eaten rich food, omits  
One not able to taste such food, his wants and dreams remits  
Oasis of riches and revelry  
Mirages of pandemonium and penury  
Salacious prosperous life croons  
Harrowing Stealthy poor moans  
Is this the pervert desert's inventory?  
The desert is my dear country!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **diabetic delicacy**

Needle pricks  
Blood checks  
Litmus strips

No vigour  
Blood sugar  
Terrific figure  
One seventy fasting  
Three sixty post eating!  
Urine sugar  
Three plus  
Four plus  
Nonplus!

Lipid profile  
Medical file  
Not agile  
Walk many a mile!

Tread mills  
Doctor bills  
Medical pills  
Agony kills!

Insulin pricks  
Metformin strips  
Hospital trips  
Bank balance flips!

Stamlobeta  
Food on quota  
Don't worry 'Beta'  
No problem an iota!

No more Sweet  
No more Meat  
No more Cake  
No more Coke!

Don't eat fruit  
Like a brute  
Can't be without liquor?  
It will sure pucker!

Obesity  
Acidity  
Arteries block  
Heart Attack!

Failing eye sight  
Liver and kidney not all right

Heart beat not bright and straight  
Pissing frequent all through night  
How long will go this fight?

This the misery of a Diabetic  
Who was once a Workaholic  
Diabetic's sweet woes  
Should not suffer, even foes!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

### **Dilly-dallied bill (a two liner)**

(These are my comments on the much delayed Women's Bill in Indian Parliament.)

Mighty women's bill turned hanky-panky roly-poly draft  
Doughty men's will churned willy-nilly dillydallied craft

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Elusive Rain**

gathering clouds,  
gushing winds,  
a spark in sky,  
thunderbolt  
sandy winds  
cooled surrounds  
rattling doors  
closed windows  
power fails  
dark rooms,  
candles lit  
but,  
clouds fled  
rain eluded  
sweltering heat reigns again  
with reinforced rigour!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Eulogy to Mother**

Behind every successful son there is a Mother!  
Recently a blind person passed Civils examination. Vishwanathan Anand, became the World Chess champion. AR Rahaman, succeeded in music field winning Oscars. Behind all of them there is the toil of their mothers.

A poor blind man  
Passed the Civils  
Dreaming to become a Collector  
Behind him,  
A toiling mother!

A bright young boy  
Conquered the Chess board  
Won World crown  
Behind him,  
A guiding mother!

A poor fatherless lad  
The music world did he lead  
Won the Oscars  
Behind him,  
A dreaming mother!

She cares  
She dares  
To set his goal  
To get his target  
When he hits the bull's eye  
When he finishes the course  
She would thank the God in Sky  
And make a victory cry, of course!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Fangs of Famine**

(Eluding monsoons, un-rained clouds and increasing temperatures are the harbingers of famines, say the Meteorologists. The following are my observations on the sad happenings and the stark realities found now a days around us.)

un-rained clouds  
give false hopes to farmers  
thundering loud

failed crops  
mother and children commit suicide  
hanged future

dried Batavia trees  
evaporated farmers sweet hopes  
tears shower

parched land  
waiting for showers of rain  
like Oyster

dried river bed  
women dig water holes in  
desert like expanse

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Forsaken Saviour

(Few years ago, I attended a Christmas service at a well known Church in Secunderabad, where I was grieved to note that the noble Christian values are on decline, unfortunately giving way to ritualistic devotion. Those observations have inspired me to write this poem)

On a Christmas eve, I went to attend the rededication ceremony of a renovated Church  
The archaic sanctuary in which many pious men did preach and perch  
I couldn't believe my eyes, the old crumbling structure is now a grandiose edifice  
The changes and alterations are so superb, to describe them, my words won't suffice  
Fine granite decorated structure replaced the old lime and stoned walls  
Fabulous chandeliers and stained glass panels adored the mighty Church hall  
Modern electronic musical gadgets replaced the old rickety organ  
Sanky's classical hymns gave way for modern Christian musical jargon  
Brand new pews lined up to enable congregation to comfortably sit  
Mighty ebony table kept near alter for sacramental gear to fit  
Refurbished pulpit and remodeled bell-tower are a great hit  
In the vestry the cleric prayed and were busy wearing cassock  
The youth in their finest costumes are rehearsing their music  
Men in their finest suits and women in their costly silk saris created a magic  
At that juncture my cell phone gave a beep indicating a call  
I attended the call, coming out of the Church hall  
When I was about to go back in to the Church  
I noticed an eerie figure yonder under the old banyan tree, feebly lurch  
I wondered why he was all alone under the tree away from festivities and frolic  
With curiosity I went to see him, doubting whether he is a forlorn alcoholic  
When I went there, in bewilderment I rubbed my eyes hard  
For there stood all alone, Jesus Christ, my loving Saviour and Lord  
I bowed before him and asked him to come into the church to please his children  
Then the Lord replied me, 'no son, they have no time for me, your busy brethren'  
When I went to visit them, none noticed me, and the Pastor was busy with his preparation of sacraments  
The elders were busy with their development plans and doctrinal arguments  
The women were busy with their prayers, supplications and self righteous averments  
The youth were busy with their Choir and merriments  
The Sunday school teachers and children were busy with their Christmas skit arrangements  
Even the Sexton did not look at me, as he was busy carefully cleaning the crucifix with a resolute devout sentiment  
They have no time for me in the Church  
I have no place with them for me to perch  
They are busy with Christmas  
But care the least for Christ and the mass  
They are just serious about their rituals and revelry  
Which goads me to do my supreme sacrifice for them once again on Calvary!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## haiku

Galloping waves  
little boy collects sea shells  
on golden beach

summer evening  
colourful cloud formation in sky  
birds fly past

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Haiku - II

uncleared garbage  
cattle eating polythene wastes  
fodder for thought\*

descending sun  
adds halo to  
the gathering clouds

(\* With thanks to the valuable suggestion of Prof. Indira Babbellapati)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Haiku more

yesterday's heat wave  
today's cool drizzles  
refreshing contrast

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Haiku on Sea

silent dark night  
light house guides  
ship sails

surfing waves  
sea gulls hover  
to catch fish

sea waves  
dash against the hill  
echoes of music

distant horizon  
sky meets sea  
in silence

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### **Haiku-3**

parrot and cuckoo  
on mango tree, live show  
of beauty and melody

cuckoo on mango tree  
croons melody  
free musical concert

gulmohar tree  
with its red flowers  
ruby studded bouquet

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Hard facts (Senryu)**

paper boy  
distributes tabloids at dawn  
studying journalism

lighting decorator  
illuminating function venues  
his hut dark

tailoring woman  
stitches dames' fashion dresses  
her clothes darned

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Heroine

Steroid grown heroine  
Glorified bonded labour,  
Glamorous child labour  
Of dream vending tinsel town!  
Her mom, her vigilant selfish guardian  
Her dad, her wealth's greedy custodian  
Her smile  
Her wink  
Her walk  
Her talk,  
Are not her own  
Her own contemplation invites her parents' frown  
Deprived of childhood pleasures  
Filling parental coffers and treasures  
Fatigue of continuous shooting shifts  
Star status causing psychosomatic rifts  
She remains a money earning machine  
Helplessly submitting to the elders' selfish mission  
She maintains numerous bank accounts  
But not once, her earnings she counts  
The limousine she travels is not in her name  
The mansion she lives, bought for her dad's dame  
She lives in a vicious conditional frame  
Her life is just a story of concealed tears covered with fame  
Wearing a synthetic smile  
Gearing for a reluctant glamorous journey for many a mile  
The Cuckoo in whose life the autumn arrived early  
continues her cine sojourn hurly-burly  
Yesterdays cute little girl  
Today's Glamour doll  
Acting with aging heroes  
Dreaming for unknown morrows  
Continues her unenthusiastic stroll  
Concealing in her heart, an agonizing pall!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Hiku on environment**

urban development  
greenery of hills shrouded in  
quarry dust

construction spree  
sand traders' gold mines  
dry river beds

man encroaches forest  
animals, lacking food and shelter  
raid human domain

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## HOMAGE TO THE CHIEF MINISTER

(This poem is composed as a homage to Y S Raja Sekhara Reddy, the beloved Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh, India who tragically demised on 2nd September, 2009 in an air-crash leaving every one in a state of staggered angst))

Born in a rich family  
For citizen's well-being, his name is a simile  
A leader whose followers he followed  
Their interests and well being he never lowered  
A Doctor by vocation  
Enacting beneficial acts for people is his adored avocation  
Always partial towards common men and poor masses  
Their thought in his mind he always encompasses  
He devised for them, scores of popular schemes  
Realizing his long cherished dreams  
He signed orders running in reams  
For rural populace free electricity  
Kilo two rupees rice to fight the under dog's food scarcity  
104 Ambulances rushing to rescue the sick and accident victims, blaring sirens  
kuyyi ...kuyyi..kuyyi  
Arogya Sri free medi-care, to spare the poor patients a pathetic cry  
'Jala Yagyam' scheme to irrigate the lands lying dry  
Cheap interest loans to farmers and artisans to save them from money lenders' pry  
Panther of Pulivendula\*  
His life is a distinct parabola  
He rose in the political firmament like a meteor  
But suddenly disappeared like a comet of which it was predestined in the yore  
He left on his Chopper to check the integrity of his officialdom by surprise  
But his abrupt demise astonished every one, as the destiny willed otherwise  
He breathed his last in the air crash, in the days of Ganesha immersion  
Making his beloved people to grieve, leaving their hopes in a state of inversion  
Ganesha\*\* also means the 'master of masses'  
A true Ganesha, his soul is immersed in the sea of the tears of unprivileged classes!

\* Pulivendula is his native place.

\*\* Ganesha is the Elephant faced God of Hindu religion in whose honour a festival is observed at the end of which his Idol will be immersed in the Sea or a Pond.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Home Remedies

(The ingenuity of the wife saves the man from many a critical situations in every day life.. This write-up is a humble tribute to Women who as wives, save the families from great crises with their simple wisdom, which the men find difficult to face and solve with all their so called intelligence and knowledge)

Her soothing smile  
Pacifies his hyper tense nerves  
Like a Depin pill  
Her caring look  
Sends to sleep, his wavering qualms  
Like a Morphine prick  
Her reassuring touch  
Gives him strength to face the stumbling blocks  
Like Ginseng dose  
Her simple wisdom  
Cures all the ills of his life  
Like Panacea!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Hubby's Gift

Do you want me to  
Pluck the stars and  
Gift you for making  
Your Necklace?

Do you want me to  
Pick the Crescent and  
Gift you for wearing  
As your Pendant?

Do you want me to  
Bring the sun and  
Gift you for using  
As your Lantern?

Do you want me to  
Get the Comet and  
Gift you for playing  
As Diwali Rocket?

Do you want me to  
Cut the firmament and  
Gift you for stitching  
Your raiment?

Come on my wife  
The glowing light of my life  
What do you want? tell me,  
The sky is my fancy store  
I can get anything from there for your fun-fare  
But, don't ask me any silk sari or jewelry, to wear  
Sorry, this common man can't afford to bear!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Idols**

Fling away  
Throw away  
From your life  
Those hard stony idols  
Those rigid gritty effigies  
Which you so fondly chiseled  
Which you dotingly shaped  
And installed in the sanctuary of your life  
Power  
Position  
Wealth  
Woman  
Name  
Fame  
Deities which you are worshiping  
Before which you are shamelessly prostrating  
Break them  
Smash them  
In to pieces  
Into fragments  
Into smithereens  
And then build an alter  
Laying those pieces  
One on another  
Then put your broken and  
Contrite heart on it  
As a sacred offering  
To the Lord almighty

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Immunity**

Many a time he air dashed to foreign land  
Carrying his flashy suitcases, hidden in contraband  
Yet he was never intercepted  
He is an envoy...holding diplomatic immunity

Many a time he encroached land holdings  
Shamelessly robbed the poor and all their things  
Yet he was never questioned  
He is a leader.. holding political immunity

Many a time he has done unjust things  
Joined hands with anti-social rings  
Yet he was never objected  
He is a jurist....holding judicial immunity

Many a time, he plundered temple treasuries  
Made false promises of deliverance from worldly miseries  
Yet he was never opposed  
He is a cleric.. holding spiritual immunity

Many a time, he raped the hapless woman  
Exhibiting male chauvinism like a demon  
Yet he was never resisted  
He is a husband... holding conjugal immunity

Many a time, he committed grievous sins  
Never prayed God to cleanse his sinful cardiac bins  
Yet he was never punished  
He is a sinner... holding God's divine immunity!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Inconveniences of conveyance**

(During the recently held Indian elections, Political Parties which have Cycle, Car and Rail Engine as election symbols have trounced in Andhra Pradesh state. The following poems are satires on their post election situation)

Yellow cycle punctured  
Thinks to replace tyre and tube,  
The tired owner

Driver at the wheel was so rash  
The pink car on road made a crash  
Now stands on roadside as disposable trash!

Rail Rail go away  
Come again not another day  
Green hero wants to go other way!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Indian Democracy (Senryu)**

(Though Smt. Pratibha Patil, a woman rules India as President, another much enlightened lady Mrs. Miera Kumar occupies the seat as Speaker of Lok Sabha and Mrs. Sonia Gandhi is at the helm of affairs as the head of ruling party, the Women's Reservation Bill faces lot of hurdles to be passed. Yesterday, Sharad Yadav, an Indian Politician threatened that he will commit suicide, if the Women's bill in the present form is introduced in Parliament)

I

President, Speaker Women  
Indian democracy  
Women's bill dilly dallies

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Irony**

eminent educationist  
his only son  
a dyslexic

robbers group  
paying thanks offering to god  
for professional success

under hot sun  
little boy in Gandhi make-up  
stands for alms

septuagenarian hero  
got knee caps replaced  
dancing with heroines

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Jarnail's anguish**

The Prime Minister killed by her own body-guards  
That angered her sycophant praising bards  
They butchered the killers' clan pouncing on them in Delhi's wards  
The rulers ordered for a probe which went on twenty five years onwards

Lo the sleuths gave a clean chit to killers after a probe that went at the speed of a snail  
Which hurt the emotions of riots victim who is now the Journo Jarnail  
He questioned the Home Minister of his sincerity  
When his answer was not satisfactory, he hurled his shoe at the Minister in embitterment.

Wrong may be his act of throwing a shoe in the Scribes' show  
But it is a fact that his people suffered an un-healed woe  
A child of ten years he was, his mom saved him disguising as a girl from the foe  
As a victim with harrowing memories, he never regrets to have kicked-up this row.

The victims are languishing as Zeros  
The Killers are being hailed as Heroes  
Approaching people for votes to rule them as Neros  
Defeat them and pack off to their homes in Wheel-barrows!

Some time back aggrieved with the injustice done to Sikh riot victims of 1984, an Indian journalist, hurled his shoe at Mr. Chidambaram, Home Minister of India, before 2009 elections. This poem was written within a few days of the incident.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Lone Batsman

Some heads of families burdened with never ending burdens  
Manning a family is like playing cricket by veterans  
Life at large is an untidy dilapidated stadium  
The head of the family, the lone batsman stands at his podium  
His spouse is his only running mate stands by him without a howler  
Sons and daughters are greedy ambitious bowlers  
Sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, are nasty bodyline bowlers  
Grand-children, are there to pose as the stand-by players  
His detractors and pseudo benefactors are the lazy crazy fielders  
The fate is the ever vigilant watchful wicket-keeper  
And God is there to judge all acts as the omnipotent Umpire  
The other people coming into his life are the curious frivolous spectators,  
who occupy the rickety gallery to cheer him and jeer him!  
The bowlers hurl on him their volley of powerful spins,  
Which are their wishes and wants in quick spree of grins  
High School fees and book shop dues  
Jeans, tea-shirts and salwar suits,  
Medicine seats and technical courses  
Pocket money and other needs many  
Luxury flat and gold ornaments  
Pecuniary needs and sumptuous feeds  
Buying bikes and visiting Bars  
Not to mention coffee cups and market trips  
Grocery bills and fashion frills  
Though they earn their own money  
They save it up like precious honey  
In their bank accounts which are many  
They dole out few bucks  
To the old man for their needs and to mend their mucks  
From cloth to broth  
From tooth brush to a sweet dish  
From house rent to a bottle of scent  
He alone has to look after all their needs in steep ascent  
He is there to fulfill all their wishes and wants  
He has to mind them all to arrange their grants  
His life is a heap of burdens and miseries  
He is a common man sans treasuries  
He burns up himself like a candle  
To give them light and a to keep them as a joyous bundle  
His dad, mom, brothers and sisters burdened him in bygone days  
His children and grand children now continue to tease in different ways  
Doing small favours to them, he views it as hitting a sixer  
Granting their big indents, he cheers like making a century  
He has no luxury of bowling machines and net practices  
And has to face all the fiery balls unprepared and unruffled!  
In this game he should go on batting all the while  
Though weak and lame, he should go on battling all the while  
He hits the ball and hits the ball  
For them, all to enthrall  
He scores run after run, run after run  
Only to keep them in a state of fun  
He alone has to bat without cease

Though sick and not at ease  
For all other members in his team are only fielding and bowling experts  
And rest of his team there also cause him only discomforts  
He and he alone is the one and only batsman,  
Who frets and fumes like an age old engine to keep the show on.  
To keep his brood hip-n-happy, the show must go on.  
The poor lone batsman should go on with his act of batting  
With out a grumble or murmur, by keeping his gray eye lids sans batting  
Till such time the Sun sinks in to the west  
And the bright light takes rest  
And his run score wilts  
When the game, the Umpire halts!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Loneliness and Solitude

Company of family members with end less list of needs  
Surrounded relatives' groups expecting undue favours  
Cacophony of unprincipled colleagues bogged down in office gossip  
Dissonance of religious brethren in pseudo pursuance of spirituality  
Mad revelry of slothful and indolent youth on the first day, first show of Matinee idol's movies,  
Borrowed boisterous carousing at the vulgarly ritualistic marriages bash  
Futile festivities  
Hollow parties  
Boorish celebrations  
Of mad mad multitudes and crowds  
Have failed to give me a tranquil company  
And a soothing fellowship  
Driving me to unbearable horrible deadly loneliness  
And excruciating isolation in the human jungle!

Cattle grazing in vast grass fields  
A shepherd boy singing an eerie song  
Group of reapers humming a ballad in unison  
A group of migrating birds flying past in the sky  
The honk of a distant speeding bus  
Croon of an unknown bird from the nearby Mango grove  
Screeching sound of a rusty bicycle of the hawker  
Resonance of an old filmy tune sung by the village barber on work  
Reverberating sounds of the arguing men under the Banyan tree  
Blaring loud speakers at nearby rural wedding camp  
Have failed to disturb my placid tranquility  
And have given me the unique serene experience of  
Enjoyment of the marvelous company of the Lord  
And the splendid fellowship with God  
In that indefinable state of solitude  
When I relaxed on a cocoa-nut roped settee in that tiny thatched hut!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Man Alone**

Man alone smiles  
Neither bird nor beast  
Man alone thinks  
Neither bird nor beast  
For he was created of God's own image  
He inherited His blissful traits!

Man alone a leper  
Neither flora nor fauna  
Man alone a sinner  
Neither flora nor fauna  
For he gave in to the sinful vile of Satan's visage  
He inherited his horrible blights!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Metamorphosis**

Sinner

Like a caterpillar

Renouncing the horrible wayward life

Hibernates in the cocoon

The self imposed separation from the carnal realm

Praying and meditating

Repenting over the past sins and transgressions

Ultimately culminating in metamorphosis

Caterpillar... the ugly sinner

Turns into a beautiful butterfly....

The sanctified believer to soar high

Renting the cocoon's membrane comes out as a novel creature

Flying all over, to witness and testify before the world

Of the great transformation occurred in him

Marveling one and all!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **More of Senryu**

old cemetery  
shelters few poor lives  
amid dead

hitch hiker  
stops the ambulance  
for lift

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## More Senryu

dreaded street dada  
donning gandhi cap  
sits for solemn satyagraha

english channel swimmer  
died helpless  
caught in village pond

boat drowned  
fisherman dies of thirst  
in vast sea waters

shipping minister  
travels always  
on air-india flights

after police firing  
commissioner condoled  
innocents' death

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Morning Music**

sitting on tree  
koel singing before dawn  
Wakes me up

Sparrow greets me  
Perched on my window  
every morning

parrot delights me  
hovering on my mango tree  
at first light

migrated stork  
morn meditation in back water  
preys for fish

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Mother and Mother-in-law**

A doting mother  
A loving friend  
A skillful guide  
A prudent Philosopher  
To her sons and daughters

An obliging mother-in-law  
To her demanding son-in-law  
She pleases his heart  
And greases his palm  
Toasts a feast in haste  
To satisfy his taste  
She serves him chicken roast!

A dreadful mother-in-law  
To her beautiful daughter-in-law  
Who always fumes  
Nipping her dreams  
With her horrible screams!

In the same person  
Why so many versions?  
In a loving person  
Why so many aversions?  
Is it a split personality?  
Or a trick of familial polity?  
Is it struggle for existence?  
Or a battle for dominance?  
Is it conflict of interests?  
Confused relations?  
Or fused out affections?

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## My Granny

When I was a little boy she fondly lulled me to sleep on her warm lap  
She tolerated my childish mischief and obdurate cries and never did once gave me a slap  
She instilled in me the devotion to God telling me Bible stories  
And inspired me with anecdotes of our fore-fathers telling our familial histories  
When I was sick, she ordered for me milk bread from the town's bakery  
When demanded a special treat, she made for me chapattis with chicken curry  
Every two months, for gastric cleansing  
she used to give me Epsom salt  
That bitter experience, she compensated me with an evening  
dose of sweet milk and-malt  
When I was a child, she ventured into the kitchen fire wood stack  
to show me new born kitten  
Then their infuriated mother cat, wildly pounced on her and severely bitten  
I can't forget her mighty character and humane actions  
Her excellent domestic management skills  
Her wonderful and perfect attachment and dedication to her husband  
Her deft and disciplined brought-up of her eight children  
Her hospitality to the visiting relatives and guests  
Her compassionate largesse to the destitute and the poor  
Her early morning prayers on her knees supplicating for her children and grand  
children  
Her principled stand not to stretch hand before any one even for a direst need  
Her penchant for neatness and cleanliness  
Her dignity and self respect  
Her calmness and composure in the moments of crisis  
Have taught me great lessons of life and molded my character  
When I was in great distress being jobless, she gave me a hundred rupees  
And persuaded me to apply for a job notified by government, predicting all my life  
would be of comfort and peace  
With her blessing I got jobs, not one but three  
But she was not there with me in the world to share my joyous spree  
She is my loving granny  
Her unforgettable love, sweet nectar and honey  
Her kind soothing voice, a rapturous symphony  
Her memory is a great blessing  
Her gracious presence, I am still missing

(Written and dedicated in memory of my guardian angel and loving maternal grand  
mother late Mrs. Sumathi Nelson)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **My Home**

My home  
Though not as holy as Rome  
For joy and love, had a cozy room.

My home  
Though not a place for wealth to groom  
Was never a place for pall and gloom.

My home  
With my dear daughter at home  
Was a place of joyous cream.

My home  
With all happy notes a realm  
Was the joy's epitome

My home  
With my daughter gone for the job of her dream  
Now, but a sulking silent dome

My home  
Once, a happy home  
Now the patient of empty nest syndrome!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## My Maneka

In my early twenties, a friend gifted me a baby rabbit  
It became a part of my life, though I never took care of an animal as a habit  
I named it Maneka after Sanjay Gandhi's just wedded bride  
And considered it my greatest possession of pride  
My family members too loved and cared for my pet  
I took great care for its safety and health like a vet  
I bought fresh vegetables, nuts and herbs for it to eat  
She fondly ate all of them and at times also a milk sweet  
All the day she played around in my home and slept at night near by bed  
At mid night I used to wake-up and cuddle its head  
Every morning she scratched my feet  
Hinting me to give her some thing to eat  
In a special saucer she shared my idli, vada and coffee  
At times she made cute pranks to get from me a special treat of toffee  
She sauntered around me like a little child  
Trusting me as its protector from creatures cruel and wild  
One day when I came back after evening walk, I found every one at home mum  
As usually, I looked for my Maneka, and called for it in a lovely hum  
But there was eerie silence all around and my Maneka failed to come  
'Where is my Maneka?' I worriedly asked my Mom  
My Mother revealed the sad news in hesitant tearful bog  
It innocently went out, and all of a sudden pounced and killed her a street dog  
I ran out to find out the remnants of her, sobbing all the while  
I could find nothing, but her little blood stained tail  
From then on I decided and vowed not to have a pet  
Even now, when I see the picture of a rabbit, my eyes get wet.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## My Sojourner of life

Wife's Day is conceptualized by S. Narayanan, Manager of a function hall in Chennai, Tamilnadu, India, so as to honour and respect the silently struggling wife in a family for all her love and dedication. It is being organized and celebrated on 30th of August, every year, as a thanks giving to the selfless service, love and affection of wives.

Indian religious texts prescribe that a wife should be like a slave in work, like a minister in counseling, like a whore on bed and like the mother earth in patience. Who can find a virtuous wife, for her price is far above rubies says the Bible (Proverbs 31: 10) .

About 90% of wives in Indian families are home-makers. They give birth to the children, take care of them, administrate the domestic chores in the families. The value of their labour can't be quantified in terms of money. Their affection and sacrifices are great. The remaining 10% of the wives are working women, who some times earn more than their husbands. But disregarding their financial status and independence, they selflessly lend their helping hands to their husbands in bringing up the children and to make sweet homes.

Wife's Day is a special occasion for husbands to take note of the greatness of their wives who silently strive for the good of their families. It is a exclusive occasion for the husbands alone to venerate their wives with their love, affection, caressing and gifts to recognize the yeomen service of their good ladies. Effort are on to persuade the other countries also to celebrate Wife's Day on international level.

(On the occasion of Wife's Day I dedicate this poem to my loving wife Hema Latha)

When I went to see the girl  
With in few minutes her father ordered her to go in  
When I went to betroth her  
He did not allow me to speak to her  
When I married her at last  
With misty eyes he put her arm in my hands  
I and she as man and wife  
Walked together these twenty five years of life  
Sharing all the glees and blues  
Traveling in the trail of trials exploring their clues  
Buying her a sari or for me a new dress  
Bringing a rose to adorn her lovely tress  
Spending an evening in the beach  
Eating a fish cutlet and ice cream of vanilla and peach  
Watching a movie in a cinema hall  
Doing window shopping at a shopping mall  
Were all our new found precious priceless pleasures  
Which we enjoyed in abundance of boundless measures  
The melody of newly wedded days  
Unknowingly faded, nudging us to look at the thorny real life's unkind ways  
Self made people, we started our life from the scratch  
But, the bounty of blessings we reaped, now we sit content and watch  
Every thing in our home tells us a sweet story  
We thank God for showering on us his showers of glory

She dislikes cooking veg dishes and relishes making chicken curry  
I joke with her, she would serve even Barrack Obama the same curry without worry  
She is fond of her Sarees, gold and jewellery  
Which she keeps ready for our daughter's wedding revelry  
To accompany her in protracted shopping sprees, I excuse myself with chivalry  
She unsuccessfully tried a hundred tailors to get her blouses stitched  
But, to stitch her simple modest blouses, the Ladies Tailors were hitched  
To buy her flat chappals she visits hundreds of foot-ware shops  
But everywhere she finds high-heels only, despite her several shopping hops  
She earns more than me proving to be a real better half  
And bears the major lot of brunt in composing the life strophe  
Even not maintaining her own bank account, for every need she gives  
Not heeding my imprudence, she loves me and forgives  
My loving wife  
My wise guide in strife  
Angel of my home  
Affection's epitome  
All my bouts of irritation, eccentricities and idiosyncrasies she calmly bears  
And also every night, for twenty five years, my thundering grunting snores

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **One more Senryu**

faith healer  
his wife in hospital  
with fever

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Our Villages

This was the very first poem that I learnt in Hindi, in 6th class way back in 1965. Those days we used to be taught English from 3rd class and Hindi from 6th class in Government Schools. I started loving this poem so much, that learnt it by heart, and even after 44 years I can recite it in one go with out any halt with much joy and pleasure. This is my very first attempt at translating a Hindi verse into English. I don't know how far I have succeeded in my venture.  
Hindi Original

Gaon hamara param manohar  
Taron jaise chamak rahekar  
Krishik hamara anatak shram kar  
Mitti ko dete sona kara  
Bhoomi hara sashyshayamalam  
Annapoorna sujalam suphalam  
Desh hamara sabse badkar  
Hum ko garv bahut hai iss par!

### English Translation

Our beautiful hamlets' fame so high  
Glittering like the stars in the sky  
Our farmers always sweat and toil  
To brings out gold from country's soil  
Our land gives green and grain in plenty  
Blesses more with fruit and rain of bounty  
Our nation grows highest of all  
Which makes us so proud and stand so tall!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **PARADOX**

A wicked politician encroached an old blind woman's land holding  
To add on luxuries to his existing grand palatial building  
The homeless poor begs for a living,  
asking all to show the way to her hutment!  
The crooked and the wicked politico begs for votes  
Craving for the coveted seat in Parliament!

This poem was written last month when the poor old woman was alive. She died recently in a road accident, when a negligent car owner hit her on the road. The Politician was defeated in elections.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Persecuted Flock**

Loving the neighbor and enemy is their pious mission  
They followed that word of Lord in submission  
Feeding the hunger  
Fleeing from anger  
Caring the sick  
Lighting in darkness, a wick  
Salvation they seek  
In living, they are meek  
To them the worldly ways are futile  
Their life style is subtle and docile  
Yet their un-harmful simple faith  
Faced religious fanatics' wrath  
Their innocent devotion  
Tossed in the impious group's commotion  
Their shrines ruined  
Their coffers drained  
Their houses burnt  
Their hearts heart  
Their wealth looted  
Their groups shabbily treated  
Their men beaten  
Their food looted and eaten  
Their families tormented  
Their spirits fermented  
Their wives and daughters raped  
They were deliberately duped  
Yet with deep faith in the Lord  
They fled to forest  
Where too they have no rest  
Still pursued by religious bigots  
They live under trees and make shift huts  
With no food  
No clothes  
No shelter  
All welter  
They face the cruel tryst  
For the sake of their faith in Christ  
They do not betray His trust  
For them among all the things, their faith is first.

(This poem is dedicated to the victims of religious riots in Kondhamal District, Orissa, India occurred during 2008, where more than one lakh people are still languishing in forests and refugee camps, fearing persecution to return to their villages)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Pharaoh's Horse

My love  
Pharaoh's horse  
You are welcome to my House!

My love  
Pharaoh's horse  
You are my Harbinger,  
My fore-runner,  
Proclaiming my coming, which is yonder!

My love  
Pharaoh's horse  
In league with your fellow horses,  
You are fighting my battle with satanic forces!

My love  
Pharaoh's horse  
You are so beautiful  
You have dove's eyes  
And smooth feet which are running for me, never tires!

My love  
Pharaoh's horse  
You are so worthy  
And was bought with a great price  
Of my life, and blood shed from my many a bruise!

My love  
Pharaoh's horse  
You are so precious  
in my household  
And specially steered around in my Holy guard!

My love  
Pharaoh's Horse  
You are so tender  
And need a very special feed  
Which I supply from the granary of my holy creed!

My love  
Pharaoh's Horse  
You are so obedient  
Ready to serve me and submissive  
That you never mind dying for my missive!

My love  
Pharaoh's horse  
You are welcome to my House!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Poll Parody

I

I am a little Voter  
smart and strong  
Vote is my weapon  
And Poll is my battle.  
When the poll time comes in  
I will come down  
To choose the right  
And to kick-out the wrong.

II

Khadi Cap Khadi Cap  
Where have you been?  
I have been to the Town to look at 'the man'  
Khadi Cap Khadi Cap  
What did you there?  
When I offered a Note for Vote, he shooed me out of the gate  
By giving me a mighty kick with his old worn out boot!

III

Voter Voter  
Yes candidate  
Voting for me?  
Yes, candidate?  
Telling lies?  
No, candidate.  
Open your purse  
Give! Give! Give!

IV

Ba Ba 'Black sheep: have you any 'maal'?  
Yes sir, Yes sir, threee bags full  
One for the Bottle,  
One for the Goon,  
And one for the little Voter  
Who deems it a boon!

(Maal = money)

V

Trickery Treachery Vote  
The Voter ran up to the Booth  
His name not found  
He turned home bound

Trickery Treachery Vote!

VI

Wrinke wrinkle little Note  
How I wonder what you wrought  
Up above the stakes so high  
Voters' demands in the sky!

(I wrote these parodies during 2009 Indian elections)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Privilege

(A citizen wanted to know the details of the assets and incomes of Indian Supreme Court judges and submitted an application under Right to Information Act. His application was rejected citing judicial privileges. Common people at large and eminent constitutional experts like AG Noorani, are of the opinion that the Judges are also public servants like Bureaucrats and Politicians and argue that they should also disclose their income and assets details without any reservations, to the public who have a right to know it)

They are the protectors of law and the just  
Frank and fair is their zest  
Quality and equality is their quest  
To enshrine the norms of democracy  
And to ensure the tenets of transparency  
They ordered all public servants to disclose their incomes and assets  
Bureaucrats and Politicians complied with the orders beset  
The law-keepers themselves the public servants declined to comply  
And refused to disclose the details as implied  
For their reluctance they claimed judiciary privilege  
But the common man views it was a convenient coverage  
In a democratic set-up common man sits on the throne and rules  
Is there still a room for all these flimsy privileges and rules?  
It is said that all are equal before law  
But in practice, some are 'more equal than others' in some cases of flaw!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Rainy Haiku**

surging clouds  
charging herd of elephants  
in the sky

rising sun  
sparkling drops on grass blades  
rain just stopped

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Rainy Muses**

marooned twin cities  
nature facilitates spot immersion of  
ganesha idols

(Taking cue from the 'Idee Sangathi' cartoon in Eenadu Telugu daily dated 01-09-09)

rainy morning  
greenery on hill blushes behind  
cloud curtain

(The thought that came to my mind when I found the cloud capped hill on my morning walk today)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Recession Blues (Senryu)**

Recession blues

software pro  
past glory finds hard future  
on life monitor

crashed business  
BPO owner sells tea snacks  
at crowded places

out of work  
software exporter sells hardware  
to scrap dealer

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Remembering a Grand Father

Sitting on his lap, I shared his lime-light  
Holding his fingers, I learned to walk the life straight  
He carried me fondly in his hands, when I was a child  
Caressed me patiently when I wept wild  
I learnt from him my first Bible verse  
The blessing in giving to the poor from purse  
The need of living a righteous life to avoid divine curse  
A history lover, he narrated me the story of Lord Nelson, Napoleon and the battle of  
Trafalgar  
A Patriot to the core, he told me of the freedom struggle and the travails of the maker  
of the Tricolour  
He taught me the hymn 'Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go'  
I craved to reach his heights, marveling at his flawless English flow

Handle operated archaic field telephones  
Katta kada katta katta-katta sounding Telegraph instruments  
Large Pigeon-holed letter sorting tables  
Spear-held mail runners bringing in bags full of letters  
Musical clatter of postal cancellation stamping sounds  
Retinue of postal clerks, mail peons and khaki clad postmen  
That was his world, empire and domain  
Long before the invention of Internet he chatted with friends on telegraphic mode  
Without uttering a word, he ordered his wife for extra serving of food, tapping on his  
plate in Morse code  
I longed to watch his sun-set rigmarole of dignified visits to the Local Police station  
With his mail-peons to deposit the cash chest for safe custody, without any frustration  
A telegraphic Post Master having his quarters adjacent to Post Office  
He burnt mid-night's oil to check and tally the day's accounts to suffice  
He never had a sound sleep through out his employed life  
When on duty he spared no time to think of his children and wife  
He never felt it a disturbance to answer a mid night door knock  
For an urgent telegraphic dispatch of a sad news  
Or for booking an emergency trunk call

His flair for writing  
His drafting skills  
His legal acumen  
His knowledge of rules and regulations  
His devotion to duty  
His integrity  
His humane nature  
I adored and emulated  
His bouts of short lived anger  
His diabetes and hypertension  
His medium height and thick glasses too  
I inherited from him  
To day all those distant memories I sit and gather  
Fondly remembering my loving unforgettable grand-father

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Ritualistic Devotion**

When you worship your god  
Don't just offer a broken coconut  
Banana fruit and wet nuts.  
Offer him your broken and contrite heart,  
And make sure you are not the target of the enticing evil dart!

When you fast to purify your inner most,  
Don't just ritualistically give up your sumptuous feast  
Give it to a starving soul  
Bearing his brunt on the whole!

When you pray your god,  
Don't just chant a frivolous and vexatious verse,  
Asking him to forgive your lingering curse.  
But, promise him, to care the poor, by opening for them your fat purse!

When you go on a pilgrimage to a holy place  
Don't just visit deities and shrines  
But be compassionate to blind beggars and poor lepers  
Who sit by the side of temple steps in entwined lines!

One who don't reach out to the man in need  
Can't preach the Gospel to the men indeed!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Seasonal Affect**

Summer season  
Lakes and tanks dried up  
Parched throats

Monsoon arrives  
bridges and roads marooned  
Drenched lives

Lashing rains  
Nests soaked in water  
Birds shelter less

Depression in sea  
No way to cast nets  
Fishers waver

Beaches deserted  
No sales to peanuts vendor  
Cyclonic rain

Incessant downpour  
Fisher woman waits for shoppers  
Oil lamp flickers

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Senryu

sweetmeat vendor  
sits in shop  
eating sugar free sweets

super fast express  
waits in loop line  
allowing goods train

weather man  
forecasting heat wave  
caught in cyclone

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Senryu-08/09**

a man  
gives birth to a child...  
his poem

swine flu  
people run to doctors  
mask sellers thrive

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Senryu-Senryu**

tonsured devotee  
buys shampoo  
for head bath

guest ordered hotdogs  
bearer replies  
no dog meat

can't bark  
loose dog and rigid dog  
in a typewriter

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Senryu-Senryu-II**

friendship pact  
signed in Warsaw city as  
it saw war

millionaire's clothes  
sent every day to Washington  
for washing

rich man gets  
his daily quota of hamburgers  
from hamburg

indian host  
entertains his American guest  
with chinese food

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

### **Senryu-Senryu-III**

construction workers  
building concrete structures  
languish in shacks

bald headed actor  
as hair oil's brand ambassador  
promotes its sale

nehruji with out cap  
gandhiji in suit and boot  
difficult to recognize

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **She**

I loved her  
It is Comedy  
She eluded me  
It is Tragedy  
I aped her  
It is Parody  
She duped me  
It is Malady

She is Wealth!  
My love is Greed!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **SILLY SENRYU**

tele caller  
sells off useless trash  
with husky voice

insurance agent  
does roaring business  
glorifying death

hotel cook  
phones wife to cook food  
for his dinner

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Spicy Prices

Prices of goods in fierce race  
Rice is ahead in all the course  
Onions, Gas and Oils  
Vegetables milk and Pulses  
Not to forget Mutton and Chicken  
All are in the mad mad price race  
All are in the man-made price race  
In a very very fast pace!  
BPT once just twenty  
Now costs you thirty and five  
Superfine add one more five  
Basmati flies in high sky  
Don't buy it, you may have to cry  
No sooner a kilo of ordinary rice  
May strike a half century price!  
Getting gas at dealer's mercy  
Kitchen became a damn place cursy  
Eat vegetables like a medicine  
Take Tamarind soup like potion  
Grapes are now very sour  
Can't buy Mangos any more  
Plantains are cheap no more  
Fish not sold at your door!  
Cut down your cups of coffee  
Milk not as cheap as toffee  
Don't ask for more servings of Dal  
Your wife may fume at you while watching all!  
All get their eyes so wet  
Even before onions are cut  
When price climbs-up a tall tree  
People can no more be glad and free!  
Why are these price in sky?  
All people fume, grumble and cry  
Elections made all coffers dry  
Demands for donations so high  
Industrialists and Business Barons  
All Millers, all the Traders  
Whole-salers, sundry sellers  
Indirectly Hawkers and vendors  
Pressed by political schemers  
Contributed for the poll fight  
Donated fitting their might!

When a Corporator spends simply two crore  
A Legislator just above ten crore  
For a higher place much to be spent more  
To occupy his seat in power core!  
Where from they get all these crores?  
But from profiteering source  
To make-up their lost wealth and resource  
Leeching the common man is their only recourse!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Spiritual Senryu**

sinning mankind  
to give and forgive them  
God's sole avocation

earthly sojourn  
man prepares for return journey  
to eternal abode

spiritual blackmail  
way to earn earthly riches  
to unethical clergy

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Spiritual Hawkers

Come all ye heavily laden,  
Come all ye miserably burdened brethren,  
We will give you spiritual rest,  
Believe us, our offer is the best.  
You need not pray  
For your daughter's wedding,  
For your family's blessing,  
For your son's job,  
For your husband's drinking spree which causes you sob.  
We have prayer warriors,  
Who will carry all your woes to the heavenly barriers,  
As your personal faith couriers.  
Yes brother and sister, you need not take trouble to pray,  
We have our prayer towers,  
Which will intercept on your behalf with heavenly powers.  
You need not read any Bible verse,  
We are here to tell you how to free from curse.  
We will give you the gist of the Bible through our grand mother fables,  
Which will further impress you with our mighty babbles.  
You need not repent,  
You need not covert,  
You need not justify,  
You need not sanctify.  
Just leave all your burden on us, we will take care of the rest.  
All that you will have to do is,  
Just for the glory of the Lord, share with us your purse,  
We will redeem you from your curse.  
Just give us your tithe,  
We will protect your faith,  
And take charge of your spiritual fight.  
You know, we are faith healers,  
Contemporary religious rulers,  
Universal gossellers,  
Mighty radio and TV speakers.  
We can speak in angelic tongues,  
We can bind the powerful satanic wings.  
We can summon Seraphim to join us in our praise and worship.  
We can go to heaven and sit on Cherubim before His Lordship.  
Just repose your faith in us, we will take care of the rest.  
Brother and Sister please don't believe any false doctrines.  
Our doctrine is honey and sugar, theirs is staid saccharine.  
Don't go to any other church,  
For fellowship and spiritual perch,  
They will destruct you, destroy and lurch.  
Don't go to any Christian group, with spiritual hope  
They will destruct you, destroy and dupe  
Don't believe any pastor, preacher or evangelist,  
You know, they are on Beelzebub's muster list.  
We alone can ensure you a guaranteed heavenly passage  
We can only show you the mighty Lord's visage  
We are the Lord's sole commissioned servants,  
Revered biblical authorities and theological savants.

We are Messiah's modern messengers,  
Self appointed heavenly harbingers.  
Religious dominance is our autonomy,  
Don't question us, it is blasphemy!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Summer woes (Senryu)**

Air conditioner installed  
In hot summer  
Power shortage

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Swine Flu

(Of late the World Health Organization has declared the recent Swine Influenza outbreak as a public health emergency of international concern. India is also taking measures to prevent it from affecting our people)

Swine Flu! Swine Flu!  
Nations meeting their Waterloo!  
A deadly disease unknown so far  
Wreaking havoc in the World, wide and far!  
Silent killer spread so fast  
Killing hundreds, rendering souls sink and frost  
In Mexico it surfaced a few days ago  
Spread like a wild fire straight in a go  
Inflation dribbled economies to an all time low  
Infection crippled them, further a great blow!  
In Mexico, America  
Europe, Canada  
Asia, New Zealand and a score of other lands  
Roads are deserted  
Church services reverted  
Revelries stopped  
Celebrations halted  
Schools are closed  
Shops are locked  
Night clubs ceased  
And all life fused! !

If it is Bird Flu, crores of chicken are culled  
If it is Mad Cow disease, herds of cattle are killed  
If spreads from man to man who can be grilled?  
Swine Flu creates a scene of undeclared Curfew!  
If not dealt with properly, the World may perish barringt a few!

(Written on 28-04-2009)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **The Calling**

Calling you  
Calling you  
The sinless loving Lord.

Listen to Him  
Listen to Him  
He knocks at the door of your hearts threshold.

Let Him in  
Let Him in  
He just seeks your friendship.

He wants to come in  
He wants to come in  
To dine with you in holy fellowship.

He shed blood  
He shed blood  
To redeem you and give his kinship.

Accept Him,  
Accept Him  
Shun sin and Him worship.

Follow Him  
Follow Him  
Submit to His Lordship.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **The Emperor and the Soldier**

It was dark around and no light  
In that Battle field that mid-night  
The soldier sat in silence in his tent  
His thoughts heavy and heart rent!  
His lust for luxuries left him in debt  
He could not repay due to the dearth  
He sighed and thought there is no use to live  
For no one is there to give him and forgive  
He lit up the candle light,  
And wrote a suicide note in plight  
He looked at his gun and his Army ticket  
And closed eyes for a cat nap before kicking the bucket!  
Lo! There came the Emperor on his surprise night round  
Observed a ray of light coming from somewhere around  
He silently walked up and went into the tent  
And found a soldier sleeping, with a suicide note in front!  
He silently read it and found to his shock  
" Who will pay-up this great debt on behalf of this broke? "  
The Emperor smiled and moved with compassion,  
Took-up the suicide note and scribbled some lines for remission  
Embossed his Royal Seal and went out on commission  
Woke up from sleep, the soldier read the paper in surprise  
For he never imagined that the Emperor would pay up his heavy price  
The great Emperor in compassion pardoned all his vice  
And undertook to pay-up the great debt of avarice!  
The Emperor is a great fund of love and compassion  
And saves one and all, who suffer with, all kinds of passion  
He invites all who carry heavy sins and burden,  
To come to Him, promising to give them rest in His love garden!

(Based on a story I learnt as a boy in Sunday School long ago)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## The Father

A father bought a brand new car  
To please his daughter, wife and all  
He sat down to clean it with a mop  
His daughter came to him and said 'My Pop'!  
While he was busy scrubbing car  
The daughter smiled, glanced at him and went out not far  
She brought a stick and started scratching on its door  
Which made him lose his temper, raking-up his anger soar  
He banged her tiny little hands with his heavy hard hammer  
The tiny little hands bled  
And turned into bleeding Rose bud  
To save suffering baby laid on bed  
, Her finger were to be shed!

When he looked at her in Hospital bed  
She smiled at him like a garland thread  
Showing her bandaged hands  
She asked him in love bonds  
Pappa! Pappa! when will my fingers grow back?  
Not able to control his sense of guilt  
He went running back to the Car and wept  
When suddenly his gaze stood on the door  
The scratches gave him surprise lore  
I LOVE MY PAPPA read the scratch  
He could not control his sense of guilt  
And committed suicide, from life he wilt

He met the Loving Lord there in far away lands  
Who smiled at him and shown him His feet and hands  
And asked him, 'My son, you know who made these many a wound? '  
Replied he, 'Father, I didn't know who did it around'  
The Lord replied, 'my son, you did it in ignorance  
But, I construed it as your innocence  
And shed my blood and gave my life to give you deliverance  
From your heavy burdened bundle of sins!

(Taking inspiration from a Scarp sent by a friend to my daughter, I have written this poem.)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **The night and the light**

The Sun set in the west  
To have his daily rest  
The night entered to fight  
The might of the bright light  
The night summoned all the darkness  
And ordered to defeat the light's brightness  
For a while there was total darkness  
And the night was overjoyed in its wickedness  
But the night's joy had to fade and regress  
For a candle lit by a little boy spread the light in fullness  
And all the mighty power and strength  
of darkness of the night could not win over  
The flickering light of the little candle which trounced  
the might of muddy night for-ever!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## The ordeal in the sea

(Fearing for their lives in strife stricken Sri Lanka, a group of civilians from Mullaitheevu, fled in a small boat leaving behind everything. Due to engine failure the boat stuck in the mid-sea and most of the people on board died of hunger. 11 people including an eleven-month old boy named Kubela were saved by Indian fishermen and brought to the shore in A.P. The boy's mother, Mary Prasatha breast-fed him all the while keep him alive, till she gave in and died of acute hunger. Her husband Jagadeeswaram, who survived the ordeal along with his son narrated their woes to the press men at Kakinada, AP, India, during the last week of April, 2009.

This poem is composed as a homage to the poor souls who perished while fleeing to escape the ordeal in Sri Lanka and as a Tribute to those brave men, women and children who are reaching Indian shores braving all difficulties)

Caught in the cross fire  
Between Sri Lankan Soldiers and  
Tamil Tigers  
Amidst gun fire and quagmire  
artillery bombardment and military bewilderment  
Set out a group of civilians  
Men and women  
Old aged and children  
All suffering brethren  
On a small motor boat!  
In an unknown sea route  
Fled their home land  
In pursuit of a helping hand  
On their neighbor's sand!  
They carry no more money in their purse  
Bearing only injury and curse  
Leaving behind their cozy homes  
Long cherished Rosy hopes  
Fondly nurtured fertile fields  
Highly paying fancy jobs  
Carrying with them sobs and sobs  
Leaving behind all their joys  
Goody goody pretty toys  
Al their lovely dreams  
Turned horrible screams  
Heading towards Indian lands  
Yearning to hold helping hands  
With lots of hopes  
And heaps of dreams!  
But bad luck struck them once again  
The Boat's engine stuck for a while  
The Tindel checked-up and screamed 'engine failed'  
Tiny boat tossing in water aimless  
People those stuck on boat still not hopeless  
Sun rose  
Sun set  
For days on in a set  
But no land was found at all for their feet to set  
Ration stocks ended-up

Water cans dried-up  
No food no water  
Hungry souls  
Dried-up stomachs  
Parching throats  
Flying vultures  
Prying sharks  
Few souls breathed last not able to keep the wolf at bay  
Few more souls took their lives by jumping in to the Bay  
About a dozen remained in a sorrowful sway  
Amongst them was doting mother  
With a suckling little child!  
She resolved to save her son at what may be the cost  
With no food to eat, she drank sea water with no taste  
To feed her son with her milk to give his life a boost  
Her strong resolve in her weakened veins gave her steely guts  
To feed her son with love and care on her dried-up breasts!  
When she realized her days are up she could not fight any longer  
For she heard the sweet call from the Lord above, yonder!  
But yet she thought that her son should live  
She put her son in her husbands hands telling him  
He is the fruit of our love  
Hope of our life  
Heap of our dreams, and  
Shape of our aspirations!  
Save him! Save him! She died staring at her son.  
The poor remnant souls fainted in their boat  
Leaving their lives to God to show them safety route  
By providence a fishing boat found them at last  
And brought them to shore to give relief while all looked at them aghast  
For the boy was still clung to his dead mother's breast!  
The little son and father got re-birth by getting medi-care  
Both of them, with co-survivors posed to press with a toy of teddy-bear!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Thieves

Oh Lord God  
Thank you so much, for you appointed Honey bees and butterflies  
As your assistants on this beautiful earth to act as pollinating agents to spare us of  
hunger cries  
They spread the pollen on four corners of the earth  
to multiply flora for the benefit of man to avoid him to suffer from dearth  
And as wages for that great service you allowed them to collect little quantity of honey  
If you entrusted the same duty to us we could have demanded from you mounds of  
money  
But, alas we the selfish men steal even that hard earned nectar  
From the homes of those poor winged creatures, like shameless vector..  
God, we foolishly allege they steal honey, but the thieves are not the butterflies and  
honey bees  
Alas, we, the merciless selfish homo sapiens greedily rob the men and nature and  
fleece

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## Two Trees in my Front Yard

Since two decades, I have been watching the  
Mango tree and Margosa tree  
Growing-up fast, straight and strong in my front yard,  
inspiring my writing spree  
The local authority sown the Margosa sapling as part of avenue plantation  
And forgotten it there after, in callous disgusting inattention  
My neighbor planted the Mango tree out of his sheer botanical attention  
And he continued to care for and nurture it with environmental adoration.  
But, both the trees survived the onslaught of nature and lived to give me inspiration.  
Fowls of the heaven thronged the two trees for victuals and habitation,  
And their chirps, squeaks, tweets, twitters and flutters have no limitation.  
Parrots in all their grandiose hovered around them,  
Especially in summer season for Mangos, sweet and plum.  
Twittering Sparrows danced and dangled,  
On numerous Margosa branches mangled.  
On the top of their branches Crows built the nests,  
Munching the white ants and pests,  
Occasionally enjoying the stolen food feasts.  
The Koel perched on the Mango tree, eating tender leaves, coos melodiously.  
Her soul mate on a distant tree, replies in bustling razzle adoring her amorously.  
Cute squirrels hop and jump from branch to branch all over, cheerful and free.  
Butterflies in different hues and colours dance around to one's glee.  
An occasional Pigeon picks up a leaf or grass blade.  
A Myna parades its beauty jazzing in tree's shade.  
These two trees are also dear to my fellow humans,  
Not just to the birds of sky and ravens.  
Under these trees my daughter and her friends played their childhood games.  
On Shivaratri\* it is the favorite spot to spend the night, to my neighborhood fasting  
dames.  
The seasonal shepherd rests under their shade with his herd.  
Feeding his sheep with few leaves of the trees, he eats his rice with chilly, onion and  
curd  
Completing her sales beat, the fisher woman squats under tree shade,  
Smoking a hand made cigar, checks-up how much profit she made.  
My mobile Launderer parks his flat push cart under the tree,  
And knocks my door to collect my clothes for Istree.\*\*  
A poor beggar,  
A wandering sluggard,  
A tired Rod bender,  
An Ice fruit vender,  
Find the tree shades ideal to relax and rest,  
Not able to afford the comfort of fan and AC, they find it the best.  
These two trees dutifully fulfilled the purpose of their life,  
By providing shade and rest to the people in strife,  
Giving room to the shelter less birds,  
And by feeding the hungry men, birds and herds!  
But men with brains fail to realize the purpose of their life  
And just ponders for the riches, luxuries and comforts for him, his children and wife!

\* Shivaratri= the night of Shiva (A Hindu festival in honour of Lord Shiva. The devotees on fasting spend the whole night without sleep indulging in prayer and worship)

\*\* Istree= Ironing (in Telugu)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **Whereabouts of humanity**

(The recent series of attacks on Indian students at the US and Australia have given the fodder to my mind to write these verses)

He and his wife went there as helpers  
To serve the unfortunate lepers  
But he along with two young sons was burnt alive as some differed  
His wife continued to serve lepers while she silently suffered

The dreaming young men went there in quest of learning as scholars  
The beaming boys were tormented, killed and looted of their dollars  
The boys envisaged a bright future and frolic  
But they encountered pandemonium and panic

East or west  
Hatred lives in nest  
Anarchy punches its fist  
America, Australia or India,  
Order of the day is paranoia  
Saneness suffers from acute incurable schizophrenia  
When religious fanatics and  
Racist bigots  
Incarnate as revulsion preaching abbots  
How can one find humanity's whereabouts?

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

## **You are the salt of the earth**

You are the salt of the Earth Said Jesus to the men of worth!  
God, the Salt Farmer,  
Found the Sea of people sinning carnal  
Separated and stored his chosen volume of dirty sea water In his salt field, building  
around His Bunds of Holy matter  
The stored water when exposed, To the Sun rays, — His trials, tests and tribulations  
Evaporated the un-clean substance  
Left behind pure sparkling white salt at His instance!  
As salt is made of murky sea waters  
The God makes the man pure, from dirty carnal matters!  
Yes a righteous Man is the salt of the Earth  
For he should give taste to the thoughts in the quest  
For he should preserve the values of mankind to the best  
For he should heal- up the wounds, like the days in the past  
For he should create thirst for a true noble cause in just!  
But when the Salt loses its savour It will cease to enjoy favour  
Proving itself futile and lacking fervor  
Shall be cast out to be trodden under the foot of men forever and ever!

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\_\_\_\_\_These are  
my musings on St. Mathew Chapter 5, Verse 13.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar