Poetry Series

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

- poems -

Publication Date:

May 2008

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu (10.6.1938)

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu (or Dr. H. Tulsi as she is known) , is the Editor-Publisher of the poetry journal 'Metverse Muse' and also the Founder-Leader of the 'World Renaissance for Classical Poetry'.

She has to her credit seven published poetry collections and her poems have been published in scores of international journals at home and abroad.

Umpteen Awars have come her way, both for her own poetry and her journal 'Metverse Muse'

Some of Dr. Tulsi's poems have been translated into a dozen other languages, including five Indian ones.

Her bio-data appears in many an international biographical work.

Works:

1. Old Wine in New Bottles
2. Resurrection - Book I
3. Sonnet Century (Resurrection Book II)
4. Ballads & Ballades (Resurrection Book III)
5. A Nosegay of New Year Poems (Resurrection Book IV)
6. Lyrical Lays (Resurrection Book V)
7. Symphony Weds Symmetry (Resurrection Book VI)

A Pessimist's Lament

Life, they say, if full of wonder;
Mine is full of storm and thunder.

Life, they say, is a tuneful song;
Shrieks discordant mine do throng.

Life, they say, with honey drips;
Mine, my tears is made to sip.

Life, they say, in nectar wades;
Sunk in poison mine is laid.

Life, they say, is heavenly bliss;
Mine is mobbed by snakes that hiss.

Life, they say, is paeans' surge;
Mine is but a woeful dirge.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

A Plea to the New Year (An Experimental Sonnet)

A Plea to the New Year (An Experimental Sonnet)

Welcome, New Year 'Nineteen Ninety Four'.
At midnight, closed although may be our door,
Have you not your magic master-key,
From world's womb to timely set you free?

A babe yourself, our father you will be;
Our matters for a year you'll oversee.
Our life's boat, as Captain you will guide;
Empowered you'll be to turn the very tide!

Our future when you draft and duly write,
Can't you make it just a shade more bright?
As Fortune's favourites let us be enrolled;
Her gracious gifts, awhile let us hold.

With Health as bread and Wealth as water pure,
A happy life for us, pray ensure.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

A Sonnet Plea to the New Year

A Sonnet-Plea to the New Year (An Experimental Sonnet)

Welcome, New Year 'Nineteen Ninety Four'.
At midnight, closed although may be our door,
Have you not your magic master-key,
From world's womb to timely set you free?

A babe yourself, our father you will be;
Our matters for a year you'll oversee.
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With Health as bread and Wealth as water pure,
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Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

All that Glitters Need Not Be Gold

Lo! comes Dawn, the Sky's morning maid,
To rouse the Sun - still in slumber laid
On a couch with satiny sheets of red-amathyst,
And draped with mosquito-nets of gossamer mist!

As, slothfully, the Sun ulocks his eye
(And captive Sleep, uncaged, away does fly) ,
Twilight thankfully ends her part-time vigil:
Relieved of charge, wherefor tarry still?

TheSky is now aglow with joy untold
At husband's sight - bathed in molten gold!
How soft and vast a carpet she has spread
To cushion his feet throught his tour ahead!

Clad in radiant robes of silver bright,
The Sun, with gratis stocks of warmth and light,
Sallies forth for rationing out in shares
To all, their quota of his diurnal wares.

Behold the sky - as vesperal dusk ensues -
Cosmetising her baby Sunset Hues
And clothing them in brightly dyed attire
For their evening jaunt with their glittering sire!

With what delight the bubbling Hues all gather
And throng the Sun like whorls of coloured lather!
They circumambulate with swirling frills
And motley patterns weave with whirling drills!

But all that glitters is not wholly gold:
The Sun's flaws his secret deeds unfold!
No faithful spouse and, less, a doting Pa
He proves to be ere going hardly far.

Ditching his kids by stooping low behind
A mountain peak - so none may see or find -
Into the Ocean's arms he soon alights,
Behind the black screen of abetting Night!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Canine Feline Friendship - Part I

CANINE FELINE FRIENDSHIP – PART I

Once our tom-cat brought to our house,
As honoured guest, his feline spouse.
Have some milk” he offered.
“ Mere soup for me? ” she thundered.
“For dinner go and get me a mouse! ”

Our poor Tom went, then, a-hunting;
From kitchen to store he kept shunting.
At last, a mouse he killed.
Munching it, she willed:
“Fish for supper I’ll soon be wanting! ”

Next, between our Fridge and me
He shuttled anew, looking unhappy.
Readily then, I served
The fish for him preserved.
Gobbling them up, “Bring Dessert! ” said she.

Egg-pudding, in my hand, he traced:
Upon my knee his paw he placed,
And begged “Some pudding spare”.
I gave him all my share.
Swallowing it, to his bed she raced!

On Tom’s bed – with cotton padded -
Settling down, the she-cat added:
“Your home is now the street
Where, some day, we’ll meet.
Now, off you go or else you’ve had it! ”

Our Tom’s travails, having seen,
I could not help but intervene:
“O Mrs. Cat, you are
Cunning beyond par!
Get lost and never more be seen! ”

The catty cat slunk away
But, at the gate, paused to say:
“Let him have your house,
But can’t I, as his spouse,
Within your compound, at least, stay? ”

“Well” I said, “I wouldn’t mind
If you can, in our backyard, find
Some place to make your home
Or, at will, to roam.
But you must leave your tricks behind! ”

Having failed to bag the best,
To terms laid down, agreed our guest.

Morning, noon and night
We let her have a bite
Of food. No more was she a pest.

Two months, two feline mouths we fed
With omlette, fish, milk and bread.
One fine day, the female,
With proudly upturned tail,
Into our view, two kittens led!

'Non-paying guests' thus increased,
Of finance we'd be surely fleeced?
"Miaaw! Milk! " said one.
The other: "I want a bun".
The kittens' hunger was soon appeased.

Then, also fed had to be
The parent cats – both he and she -
"Fish and eggs, with rice,
Would be surely nice! "
They purred; and served they were by me.

One indoor cat, three outdoor ones,
With fish, eggs, milk and buns
Were kept supplied for days.
We liked their playful ways;
And watching them was really fun!

The feline folk enjoyed at will,
And made us happy too; but still,
The loser was our Jim.
We could not unchain him
For fear he might, the kittens, kill.

Our canine pet demurred: "Whow, Whow!
You seem to love me less, somehow.
A prisoner am I or pet?
Free I'm never set
These days. What' the matter now? "

Our darling dog was re-assured
We loved him most. "You've endured
Undue curbs, we know.
But since you are their foe,
Shouldn't their safety be secured? "

Said generous Jim: "Not only cats,
All friends of yours – be they rats -
No foes of mine can be.
Your surely do trust me?
Pussies shall have my petting pats".

Relieved I was, and thankful too,
For Jimmy's kind, broad-minded view.
I knew that he was truthful
As much as he was faithful.
Dogs like Jim you find but few!

Hardly had I untied Jim
When pussies raced away from him!
Beckoning them, he barked.
With half distrust, they harked.
Matters looked a little grim.

Vowed Jim "Whow! Your friend I'll be".
"You intend well, as we can see.
To play with you, we'll come"
Agreed the feline foursome -
The cats as well as kittens wee.

First our Tom approached our Jim.
Well enough, our Jim knew him,
For inmate pets were both.
They sealed their friendship's troth
By shaking 'hands' (their right forelimbs) !

The next to come was Mrs. Cat.
An eyelid, too, she did not bat
When Jimmy licked her face!
Of fear she bore no trace.
She even returned his friendly pat!

It was now the kittens' turn.
No more did they need to learn
That brave they ought to be,
Like their mummy-daddy.
Jim's embrace they did not spurn!

Thus, his words were not belied.
They play, together, 'seek-and-hide'
And freely frisk and romp.
At times, with regal pomp,
On Jimmy's back, the kittens ride!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Canine Feline Friendship - Part II

Canine Feline Friendship - Part II
(This poem was composed in 1995. My dearest Julie is now no more)

Meanwhile came our jet-black Julie -
Priceless canine treasure, truly!
One day, the thrown-out pup,
At our gate turned up
To join our pets' increasing family.

The mildest thing on earth, when mild,
At times she turns unruly wild
In play, when given a break!
Offering a friendly 'hand-shake'
She steals the heart of every child!

When checked for chewing her belts and buckles,
She soon converts the checks to chuckles
By bending her right foreleg
(Our pardon as if to beg) ,
And kneeling down upon her 'knuckles'!

Once her body has been oiled,
she knows that water has been boiled
In readiness for her bath.
To the bath, she LEADS the path
For being bathed - with tail uncoiled!

From 4 pm. is her time for play.
To the terrace, with Jim, she dashes away
The moment she's set free.
But, after their jumping spree,
She lets us know she's called it a day.

By taking her given place at the main
Door, once more - where lies her chain.
Sitting there with patience,
She offers least resistance
When someone belts her neck again!

As for the cats and kittens - oh!
I really forgot to let you know
The latest count of felines.
By now they've swelled three times,
The number I'd mentioned a while ago!

While playing still with Jim, they spend
More time with Julie, their new-found friend.
Such love she has, by nature,
For beings of smaller stature,
From stranger dogs, our cats she fends!

In time, when Julie became a mother,

She suckled her pups and kittens together!
No class or colour wall
exists for her at all -
Nor for Jim, their foster-brother!

They pamper so the felid batch,
From off their mouths, when snacks they snatch
Or when they share their bed,
At pussies they ne'er look red.
Our cats-dogs' unity has no match!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Facing Death

Facing Death

'O hoary Age, of fear you bear no trace,
Though dreadful Death you soon will have to face:
With weighty years ecumbered,
Your days are now numbered:
A foot of yours is almost in the grave;
How long can you the other hope to save? '

'If I was never cause for 'dread' to spread,
What cause have I Death to ever dread?
My work here is done;
My life's aim is won:
If God has further use for me above,
I'll deem it but a signal of his love'.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Fate and Fortune

Fate and Fortune (A Triolet)

Two men called out, knocking our gate:
'We sell sundry clothes and costumes:
Reasonable is each one's rate'

Two men called out, knocking our gate:
'We read one's Fortune and one's Fate:
To buy, your Fate; to sell, our Fortune! '

Two men called out, knocking our gate:
'We sell sundry clothes and costumes'.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Fierce You Are But Also Fair

Fierce You Are But Also Fair (About Death)

Never
For ever
Is man's breath:
And, O Death,
Not only 'age' alone
But, you blackly own
Many a shrouded courier more
To summon to your dooming door
Him whose life on earth you choose to end
And, back to God, whose soul you wish to send.

At times, you pick and choose your victim for your call;
At times, your wrath and rage en masse on masses fall.
Famine, floods, disease, war - each your servile slave,
Our masters are - our victors whom none can beat or stave.
Some thorny lanes of 'thwarted love', too, you lay
For hapless hearts, heavenwards to wend their way.

Fierce you are, O Death, but also fair:
No palace nor a hut your hand does spare.
All men, at last, you equal make:
A task no power could undertake
In this world, to do,
Has been left for you.
In death they lie -
Low and high -
Unsingled,
Mingled.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Happiness

Happiness perhaps once had features
Of a single, compact whole,
But countless are the craving creatures
Praying God some bliss to dole.

He therefore must have sadly shattered
Happiness into many a bit
And had the pieces widely scattered
To give all eyes a glimpse of it.

So, those who wish to own a share
Should not think it strain or stress
To search around, with utmost care,
Some dazzling fragments to possess.

A particle here, a particle there,
To your happy lot may fall;
Not any time, not anywhere,
can you ever find them all.

However long, however far-
Spreading your quest may be,
Too many are, too tiny are
The splinters all for you to see.

In common can you best enjoy
Whatever happiness comes your way.
With others if you share your joy,
It well may stage a longer stay.

Give your neighbour just a half
And see your pleasure growig double:
Make your neighbour smile or laugh;
You yourself with glee will bubble.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Happy New Year

Happy New Year (With only ONE rhyme throughout the poem)

While the three little words 'Happy New Year'
Again, like music, capture our ears,
May bonny, bouncing, bright-eyed cheer
Ring door-bells all and call 'I'm here! '

May all your friends and relatives dear -
Be they far or be they near -
Be robbed by Old Year of all your fears
And, by New Year, be cheated of tears!

Away from hurdles may you veer
And successwards your journey steer.
With perseverance may you spear
Ahead, throughout your life's carreer.

May Health's rosy face appear
And Wealth's footsteps may you hear.
May Hope, the way for Happiness, clear.
May Good Fortune bring up the rear.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

I Need Thy Light

I Need Thy Light (A Villanelle inTetrametre)

To distinguish between black and white
Things of the world that go in disguise,
O Lord, I sorely need thy light.

To pierce the masks, too weak my sight.
Though ripe in age, I'm too unwise,
To distinguish between black and white.

To clearly tell the day from night
And cream of Truth from scum of lies,
O Lord, I sorely need thy light.

Some say Right is mirror of Might;
My mettle, to me, the power denies
To distinguish between black and white.

At times the Wrong appears as Right;
From its dark dazzle to shield my eyes,
O Lord, I sorely need thy light.

Thou holdest Right at a great height!
To reach that level help me rise.
To distinguish between black and white,
O Lord, I sorely need Thy Light.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

If Awry Our Aim, We Wound Others

If Awry Our Aim, We Wound Others (A Triolet)

Trying to hit nails on their heads,
I just hit my own finger-nails!
I rebuked my 'Aim' whilst they bled.

Trying to hit nails on their heads,
'Don't miss the mark! ' to 'Aim' I said,
But heard only the poor walls' wails!

Trying to hit nails on their heads,
I just hit my own finger-nails!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

jiya

this is only to test if a peom can be added.....test mail

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Less Than Nothing!

Less Than Nothing (An Ottawa Rima)

At a 'Senior Citizens' Club', one day,
There was an uproar; and during the row,
In Tamil most members did have their say.
Said Singh to Naidu: 'I could follow
Nothing at all of these Tamilian's fray.
But what it's about, I think you know?

Naidu replied: 'Less have I understood
Than yourself: my version would be no good'.

Rejoined Singh: 'How can you understand 'less'?
Less than nothing, can anything be? '
Caught unawares, but showing no stress,
Naidu reflected while sipping his tea.
He then said: 'I've misunderstood the whole mess;
And as you will surely agree with me -

Misunderstanding is much worse a thing
Than not understanding; hence less than nothing.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Life's Sketch

Life's Sketch

May New Year's brush tinge anew
Your life's sketch - drawn when born -
With splendid shades of rainbow hues
Or glorious tints of early dawn

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Marvellous Man

Marvellous Man (A Rondeau in Pentametre)

O Marv'llous man, what else can equal you
In brawn of brain? The wondrous things you do
in countless fields, can they ever be done
By even the super-stars, the moon or sun?

You 'came', you 'saw', you almost 'conquered' too,
Animate / inanimae things that met your view.
Inventions you have made are not few!
Nature's puppet-show too, don't you run,
O marv'llous man?

Indeed, the best of laurels are your due
For all your great achievements. I wish I knew
How best to thank you. But let me ask just one
Single question; and then I will have done:
'When, if ever, will a 'human' evolve from you,
O marv'llous 'man'? '

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Mr. Sleep and Mr. Dream

A Questionnaire (An Experimental Sonnet)

Pray, who are Mr. Dream and Mr. Sleep
Who different look between a peep and peep?
Can dream a wizard be who, with his wand
Conjures up a weird and mystic land?
Or is he one of Aesop's proxy cousins
sent to reel off fables in their dozens?
Or could he be a fortune-telling prophet
Pulling out our future from his pocket?

And who is Sleep? A tramp who's lost his way -
Come to us within our minds to stay
And rest awhile awaiting dawn of day?
Or is he Peace - of Strife perchance born -
Or just a blank sheet from Void torn?
Or is he Death's foetus still unborn?

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Never Say Die

Never Say Die (A Rondeau in Pentametre)

Never say die though hardships hound your head:
They come not singly, has it not been said?
These troubles are like social beasts and birds:
They always come and go in flocks and herds,
By no apparent leader being led.

So cower not but challenge them instead:
They all will flee if only some have fled.
To foil fear, Bravery's belt who gird
Never say die.

Yes, triumphed they, profusely who hd bled
And yet, with courage, conquered demon Dread.
Of such heroic persons haven't you heard,
For whom Victory was the main watchword?
So though you bleed, as long as you're not dead,
Never say die.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

New Year's Gifts

New Year's Gifts (In Heptametre quatrains)

'New Year, O New Year, will you render us a favour?
Only pleasant things of life as we can all savour,
Please keep bringing for us, each and every day;
Toil, trouble, stress and strain, do keep away! '

'While I come, pushing before me, the trolly of fresh Spring,
Pulling behind me, Autumn's wobbling tow-cart too, I bring.
Summer's bag of hot-stuffs is, on my right shoulder, hung;
While, on my left, trembling old Winter's sling is slung.

Indifferent, good and bad things populate this earth.
Life must have a meaning too, not merely mirth.
Yet, Joy's ratio to increase, with HIS Grace I'll try
And assay, too, with a smile to substitute a sigh.'

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

O Scientist!

O Scientist (A Rondeau in Tetrametre)

O Scientist, no more arms invent;
To heal, not harm, your skill is meant.
Old War's ruins await repair;
For new ones wherefore, then, prepare?

Widows' wails and loud laments
Of those whose homes are razed or rent,
The orphaned, maimed, don't make you repent?
From throes of woes your brethren spare,
O Scientist!

Armour, instead of arms, invent,
To even Nature's raids prevent.
Construct a case with cautious care
For housing Peace and all that's fair.
Then will be your time well-spent,
O Scientist!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Opposites

Opposites (A Shakespearan Sonnet)

Within this world so complex and so composite -
With various variances and selfishness -
We often find that allied are the opposites:
Bound they are by more than brotherliness.
No ‘victory’ can there be without ‘defeat’:
For one to win, should not the other lose?
The ‘cold’ ‘hot’ becomes meeting heat:
Into each other Opposites can also fuse!

‘Life’ is stalked by ‘death’ throughout its tread:
Partners they, and yet can never meet!
Wherever ‘death’ is born, there ‘life’ is dead:
Thus Opposites are denied the meeting feat.
They co-exist and fusion too, attain:
Yet mutual strangers Opposites do remain!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Peace, Be Not Proud

Peace, Be Not Proud (A Reverse Davidian)

Evasive Peace, be not proud
That world's entire wealth can't pourchase you.
Perhaps you'll not be bought for silver, gold,
Saphires, rubies, pearls and diamonds too.
But dare you say, for LOVE you won't be sold?

Evasive Peace, be not proud
That high you dwell, atop a towering tor!
Like Bruce's spider, creaselessly we will
Try to heave ourselves right up to your door
By scaling, inch by inch, your craggy hill!

Evasive Peace, be not proud
That none can see or hear you; so no clue
We have to track you down. But we can feel
Your presence versus present absence too:
Suffices this, your hide-out to reveal!

Evasive Peace, be not proud
That you, At'lanta-like, can keep mocking
Your chasers all for whom you're much too fast!
Like shrewd Hippom'nese, your pathway blocking
With 'golden apples', win we shall, at last!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Prosodic Poetry

Prosodic Poetry (Rhyme Royal Sequence)

Prosodic Poesy's tree, under the care
Of Empress new, has gained a greater height;
Yet scope there is for it to better fare.

By poets all, if reared and raised aright,
Enhanced can be its height as well as might.
A mite of manure mixed by each of us
Can make its soil more salubrious.

If just some moments more we try to spare
To shield our Poesy-tree from blasting blight,
Its fruit will faster form, we are aware.

So let's root out, at once, the tares we sight;
If left unweeded, vermin they'll invite.
This might prove, to Poesy's health, hazardous
So, watchful we should always be, like Argus.

Though this may call for patience rather rare,
Before long, the load will become light -
The profits of this pursuit when we share.

'Tradpoesy' proffers prospects that are bright
To one who offers off'ces as her 'Knight'.
So, volunteers, do board her De Lux bus -
Wont to which, you'll find your journeys joyous!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Said the Sage

Said the Sage (A Villanelle in Pentametre)

'If we really wish for Peace' said the sage,
'Before fighting with another nation,
With our own defects a war we should wage.
'Do as you'd be done by' goes the adage.
From this, we should draw some inspiration,
If we really wish for peace' said the sage.

'All thoughts of vengeance born of senseless rage
Curbing, for our aims' fructification,
With our own defects a war we should wage.

Into others' faults why should we rummage?
Succumb we should not, to such temptation,
If we really wish for peace' said the sage.

'In order to make her return-passage
Safe, and free from all contamination,
With our own defects a war we should wage.

We might manage, thus, to unlock her cage
And gain for her 'Emancipation'.
If we really wish for Peace' siad the sage
'With our own defects a war we should wage'.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Sisters 'Night' and 'Dawn'

Sisters 'Night' and 'Dawn' (An Experimental Sonnet)

Nocturnal feathered-fliers homeward bound,
Furl their wings, their haunts having refound.
They then their message hoot unto the sky:
“The time for Night to sleep is drawing nigh”.
Blown out, soon, the astral candles are;
Extinguished lies the lunar superstar.
The Sky, then, upon her lap does keep
Her daughter Night whom she rocks to sleep.

The cocks, now astir, begin to crow:
“It’s time, O Sky, for Dawn to herself show”.
The blanket black by mother Sky removed,
Appears Dawn, with choicest charm imbued!
Ruddy cheeks and lips and auburn hair,
Blue eyes, pearly smiles -Oh! let me stare!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

The Body and the Brain

The Body and the Brain (An Experimental Sonnet)

Once, the body quarreled with the brain.
The former sulked: “Proud you are, and vain!
Although your perch placed so highly is,
The plain and patent fact you seem to miss
Is that I shelter you in part of me,
For which kindness grateful you should be.
Instead, all day you make me slog and work
While, gloatingly, you command me with a smirk! ”

“To slave your duty is, to drive my right.
But often have you dared this norm to slight!
At times you prostrate lie when, to your level,
In pulling down my lofty seat you revel! ”
Complained the brain. 'We’re quits” the body said;
“To HIS own order of things aren’t we wed?

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

The Butterfly and the Lark

The Butterfly and the Lark (Shakespearan Sonnet)

Much like a painted picture taken flight,
With wings wearing yellows, pinks and blues,
A butterfly on Flora did alight,
His thirst to satiate with nect'rous juice.

Admiring him, upon a nearby tree,
Behind the foliage-screen a lark did hide.
The former froze with fear when, suddenly,
The ominous bird with oggling eyes he spied.

'Too small a prey I am; do pity me'
He begged. Then came a song-like sweet reply:
'Feast enough for me has been your beauty;
I've had my fill; for food no need have I.
   But, whilst I sing, will you not display
   Your glorious hues in all their bright array?

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

The Cherubic Child

A Child is made of all that's mild
(Mixed with parts of all that's wild?)
Spreading joy with smiles so sunny,
Lisping words as sweet as honey;

With chubby cheeks and cutest nose,
For lips two little buds of rose,
With stars for eyes and silk for hair;
Can even angels choose but stare?

It loves its bunny more than gold
And lollipops (in paper rolled) !
Give it but a simple toy
And see its face bloom with joy!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

The Fiery Battle

The Fiery Battle (An Experimental Sonnet)

He stared me full in the face: I stared back.
With wrath he flared: I too soon grew hot.
Blood-shot turned his eyes: my looks turned black.
We glared and glowered, face to face thus brought!
But fiercer when he fumed, my palms went wet.
The more I cowered, the more he towered with rage.
His horrid heat made me bathe in sweat.
Yet mutely, both, did we our battle wage.

Though soon he found his voice, his words he swallowed.
His incoherent speech I vaguely followed:
"Why hate me? Your server I am, no sinner!
Don't I provide your breakfast, lunch and dinner? "

"O Fire, forgive me: I cannot stand your heat,
Though delicious are your dishes, both hot and sweet!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

Those Olden, Golden Days!

Those Olden, Golden Days! (A Rondel of 13 lines)

'Those olden, golden days' she said,
'Recalled can be only in mind.
For ever they've been left behind
And won't return, for they are dead.

We therefore can but look ahead
At days to come, cruel or kind.
Those olden, golden days', she said,
'Recalled can be only in mind.

Those days of yore, to values wed -
Though all the clocks we backward wind -
Will stage no 'comeback'. None can find
Them, eternally having fled
Those olden, golden days', she said.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

To Peace

To Peace (Shakespearan Sonnet)

O Peace! For ages haven't we invoked
Your grace by chanting your name ceaselessly?
We're sorely tired; our voices are choked:
Must you still evade us mercilessly?

What will you accept as our libation?
In vain we've offered you, at various stages,
Of Faith and Hope a sweet distillation.
'Labour' too failed to win you as 'wages'.

Ah! You're too precious to be won cheaply!
For you costlier things we need to barter.
We must place, one by one, successively,
The rarest things at your holy alter-
  These beig Love, Sacrifice, Selflessness,
  Compassion, Contentment and Generousness.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

To the New Millennium

To the New Millennium (Shakespearan Sonnet)

O Time's titanic offspring come to earth,
A marvel is your own stupendous womb
Wherefrom a thousand sons shall take their birth
To raise, on Hade's immigrants here a tomb?

Are you the premier proxy of our Lord
Send to rid, through your children's aid, the world
Of all the countless apples of discord -
By Satan being relentlessly hurled?

May your first-born be a War-exporter,
Exporting War to Hell by fastest planes!
May the next one be a Peace-importer,
Importing Peace from Heaven by dove-trains!
  This wondrous ware could be our magic wand
  To exorcise all evils from our land.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

To the New Year

To the New Year

If Life be a Sea and your are a Wave,
O kind New Year, will you not save
Us from sinking, by letting us ride
Atop your apex, taming the tide?

If Life be a Book and a Page you are,
O neat New Year, let us not mar
With blots and blotches, your fresh fair face,
Nor waste, with blanks, you scanty space.

If Life be a Play and you are a Scene,
Help us enact some roles that are clean,
O noble New Year, during your term.
Be fair sans favour, forgiving but firm.

If Life be a Travel and a Train you be,
O New Year dear, please hear my plea:
Carry us not, through rancid routes,
To stalls that sell forbidden fruits.

If Life be a Game and you are a Ball,
O smart New Year, fail not to fall
In goals like Health, courage, compassion;
Avoid such goals as pelf and passion.
I
f Life be a Prayer and you are His proxy
Bringing us alms, O New Year, mercy!
Place some crumbs of Peace in our bowls
To feed our hungry hearts and souls.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

We Welcome You

We Welcome You (In Hexametre)

O New Year, may I request you to throw some light
On why you always sneak in at the hour of midnight?
Is it the dread of being mobbed by motley mortals,
Pestering you to pile up presents at their portals,
Or metamorphose to mansions, their huts with Midas' touch?
But why should this flimsy fear frighen you so much?

To learn how to tactfully tackle each indent,
See the Speaker sail through 'Zero Hour' in Parliament!
Thereafter, too, if none the wiser you become,
Block your ears and band your eyes ere you come,
Blindly scatter all your gifts, and lock your hands -
Bothering not at whose door which thing lands.

When HE Himself - it appears - hardly cares
What use is made, and by whom, of His own wares,
Whoever can decry your aimless distribution?
HIS hands alone hold the whole and sole solution.
We welcome you, O New Year; you wish us well, we know,
Whether or not you're able to wean away our woe.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

When Greed Outstrips Needs

When Greed Outstrips Needs (A Rondel of 13 lines)

When outstripped are our needs by Greed
Or love of Fame our still outweighs,
We rush along on mirky ways;
All moral laws we cease to heed.

Traffic signals failing to read,
At break-neck speed our aims we chase,
When outstripped are our needs by Greed
Or love of Fame our skill outweighs.

To harming others should this lead,
So what? For Fame so strong our craze,
The banner 'buy or bribe' we raise!
We mind not making others bleed,
When outstripped are our needs by Greed.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu