

Poetry Series

Harindhar Reddy

- poems -

Publication Date:

September 2011

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Harindhar Reddy (Sept/19/1983)

Harindhar Reddy was born in 1983 at a Hamlet near Nagarjuna Sagar in A.P. of India. His father is a farmer. He was a student of English Literature at Osmania University in Hyderabad. He is a teacher by profession, poet by heart and sensitive by nature. He is inspired by all time greatest American poets Robert Frost and Emily Dickensen. He has burning desire to become an established poet. He cherishes his own poetic lines - ' I am a CAT to rats; I am a TIGER to deers, I am DEATH to bad; I am LIFE to good; Yet I am a FRIEND to you' from An Erudite Scholar in the Garden of Eden (URL is <http://www.poemhunter.com/harindhar-reddy/>)

Harindhar Believes in the philosophy of 'rat-race' initiated by Selma Lagerlof in her story 'A Rattrap Peddler.The entire world is a rattrap offering cheese. Soon you and I are tempted to touch the bait with ease. End as trapped like a rattrap peddler. In so called age of technocrats, I live; you live like a cat on hot bricks without any aim waiting for judgement day.

Further, he strongly believes in the philosophy of Samuel Becket who once said 'Life is disjointed, repetitious, and meaningless wicket'. In 'the dog eat dog world, Life is a theatre of Absurd.

However, He is inspired by Wordsworth and John Keats. He regards nature as a source and resource for happiness. For all the living beings, Nature is a inspiration. He enjoys reading and writing nature poetry.

Works:

1) He has writing a chain of poems published in E-Book Publisher-PoemHunter.com. URL is <http://www.poemhunter.com/harindhar-reddy/>

A Dolly Bird (A Love Poem)

Daffodils, clear rills with musk-rose fills!
Tweet, Tweet! It's a feast to eyes of the green universe,
Her photographic smile, her youthful blooms!
With genuine style, her bosom blossoms,
She is an apple of my eyes, my heart says;
Jeepers creepers, a dolly bird is seventh wonder of my heart!

The beauty of a poem - romantic!
The beauty of music - sardonic,
The beauty of light rays,
The beauty of life says,
Yet it is the beauty of the love fulfills!
Holy mackerel, a dolly bird is seventh wonder of my heart!

Beauty is in her graceful walk!
Beauty is in her witty talk,
Beauty is in her nice voluptuous body!
Beauty is in her sleek smooth skin of my lady,
Her slender waist with tender heart!
Holy moly, a dolly bird is seventh wonder of my heart!

Above is small - a heart warm,
With natural aura, a pretty smile,
She's got class and she's got style!
With personality at top, a heaven's charm,
With the kind soul She's got a catchy heart!
'Gordon Bennett, a dolly bird is seventh wonder of my heart!

Harindhar Reddy

All Fools Paradise (A Short Poem)

An infant grew into a kid with joy
The Kid developed into a school boy
The Boy matured as a Youth,
The Same youth turned into a scholar
Ha! Ha! Scholar is climbing a ladder!

The Scholar became a poet bold,
The poet became a teacher for dollar!
The teacher flew a marathon, aftermath,
Having armed Ferric sword and shield of gold!
Ha! Ha! Poet is fighting for a ladder!

With the knowledge at his side!
Tomfoolery from the other side,
The poet fought a losing battle,
With loser as a title!
Ha! Ha! Ha! Poet is falling from a ladder!

In this world of plastic smiles with no emotions,
Yet smear their face with tons of lotions and potions!
In this world of artificiality, when the fools run a day,
Living with Knowledge is not a way!
Ha! Ha! Ha! The fool is sitting on a ladder!

Harindhar Reddy

An Erudite Scholar in the Garden of Eden

A Lion roared in the known University of simplicity,
Wizard of words and their deeds in the name of scholar profound,
A Hero of pep talks with his knowledge on topics of multiplicity...
A speaker of personality was found in our ground!
Great Scott! In this age of teachers come and go...
Thou shared thy Knowledge night and day in a famed way, so
Go, go and go, Amigo! Bow and bow, we bow!

Thou planted the seeds of knowledge, sprinkled with love and creams,
Harbored and nurtured those tiny shoots without any ego...
Helped us to grow and blossom to produce tomorrow's dreams.
Thou taught you and me with elixir of wisdom a year ago
With Midas touch, you made us happy as Larry...
Beating, shaping, night and day in May...
Shaping, beating, dust and clay in his way!

Oh teacher, Oh teacher! Radiance spread as you led;
We stood close to your side as happiness wed!
You lit the lamp of creativity of flood in our class...
With a special gift for learning and your appeal mass,
180 things not tied to the subject taught, you, a genius versatile!
You won our tender hearts with smile and in undeniable style.
Cherry – merry! Cherry – Merry! Are you Japanese flowering cherry!

"I am a CAT to rats! I am a TIGER to deers!
I am life to good; I am death to bad and cheers!
Yet, I am a friend to you and everyone" sang thou in the sun;
"Run to the east! Run to the west! Run, run and run,
Go to North! Go to south! Go, and go with desire to know...
Wherever you go, go forward! " Says sir with electric glow;
Glow-glow, flow-flow; flow and glow and a magic show!

Keeping professionalism at bay, leaving teaching etiquette in clay;
Thou made learning an enthralling game of cricket and tennis ball!
I am in class taking namby-pamby anatomy lecture in the dry farm,
Oh! I am so fatigued I cannot even stare at the schoolmarm!
Then I always had fun in your class, I just want you to know...
How the time has flown? Like a variety show!
Baseball, handball, football, your class is a sports hall!

It's the end of the year;
I am feeling very sad and stock still;
As it's time to say goodbye, tears fill...
"I how to teach the pigeons to coo in English,
I know how to make benches to dance in English,
I can instruct board to chant idioms" said thou;
Mania! Mania! English mania, remembered we, wow!

7) Oh! Students, oh! students, Are you born & bred with intelligence
You're friendly and awesome; fair and handsome with common sense
You say, you do, you smile with perfect timing in the sun...
And if I got to grade you, from me you'd get A1, yet it's not fun!

And I want you to know how I loved to be your teacher...
How fast the months did go! Oh, my dear!
Come to visit me when I am a tired creature!

I can't believe the end came soon like Tsunami
I hate to leave you and go to mysterious Island what a satire!
Remember all the fun we had only you and me...
Year ends; we must be apart as Elvis has left the building
Tears welled as I say good bye! Without willing
Always know you're in my heart
With tears in my eyes we depart...

Harindhar Reddy

Buzzing around Begonia! (Man Awaits to Meet His Doom)

Bombilating like fleas, bombinating like bees;
Philandering like donkeys, fiddling like monkeys!
Buzzing around begonia in pensive moods,
Huffing and puffing along the roads...
Earth is man's cradle, yet unable to handle,
Tut! He has to leave his cradle in a bridle!

With festinating and hotfooting, man is whizzing along!
By speeding up, and setting up, he is zooming along!
With barreling and hieing, he is cannonballing along
By racing and rocketing, he is rushing along!
By traveling and locomoting, he is pelting along!
Horsing around and playing around, he wasting his lifelong!

Valet de chambre, lured by machine touch
Humankind remembers! A myth is human touch!
Man is a myth now, oh! Einstein,
Technology is Frankenstein with a stain!
Man sold himself to money in a room,
Bang! Bang! Human gang meets its doom!

Professionalism is in hay, humanity is at bay and on reel,
Where is the zest? Where is the zeal?
Where is promptness? Where is the feel?
In the world of plastic smile, Where is human appeal?
Time is a healer, time is a dealer, oh my mate!
Wait and see! Nature games of fate!

With butterflies in his stomach man flies
Yet reaches nowhere and dies....
Nature is the loveliest and liveliest thing is a saying
So, surrender thyself to nature, hey! Trivial being
See the millions of species in the nature limitless!
See the thousand and one things in the universe ageless!

With quakes - things have gone downhill and slumps!
With tsunamis' bam - he is down in the dumps.....
Hailstorms and acid rains, human troubles amplified...
Eruptive volcanoes, conglomerating disasters problems multiplied,
Make amends with nature,
Otherwise prepare to ends of ye - a minute creature....

Harindhar Reddy

Buzzing Man Lost Himself in the Marathoon Race

Many Sundays ago - Sun is the god,
Stars are angels yet the moon is the lord;
Nature is the empire of plants and flowers.....
Trees and fruits danced in nature's showers!
Belting along, bucketing along in a long race,
Hurrying up and zipping up with a long face.

Things connected to original universe are supreme,
Flowing brooks, waves in the sea instilled hope in him,
Nature comforted primitive man;
Tut! the same cosmos is destroyed by so called modern man.
Belting along, bucketing along in a long race,
Hurrying up and zipping up with a long face.

Sunday changed to Monday,
Monday to Saturday, changes every day;
Hamlets changed to Towns in same way!
Towns to cities, everything changes for a new-way;
Belting along, bucketing along in a long race,
Hurrying up and zipping up with a long face.

There is no time to appreciate the god's creation
And understand sky's commotion in the life of apprehension
Trapped in artificiality, lost his future.....
Far away from nature, is this human creature!
Belting along, bucketing along in a long race,
Hurrying up and zipping up with a long face.

Traveling to the east, flying to the west,
sailing on the water and locomotion on the motor,
Worst at best, Bugging the nature for his best,
Man stop hurting nature and Quit harming nature!
Belting along, bucketing along in a long race,
Hurrying up and zipping up with a long face.

In the world, where east meets west,
You and I are told work without rest,
A poor life disc if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.....
Belting along, bucketing along in a long race,
Hurrying up and zipping up with a long face.

Eating fast food in hurry-bury!
Dating and rating with money in a scurry
Leaves you and me in worry,
pushes in to a corner, what a sad story!
Belting along, bucketing along in a long race,
Hurrying up and zipping up with a long face.

Get spirit from Dazzling sun soon
Get delight from Divine moon
Listen to birds' songs in the forenoon!

Far away from maddening crowd, in the afternoon;
Belting along, bucketing along in a long race,
Hurrying up and zipping up with a long face.

Man has shut the door of his mind....

Harindhar Reddy

Congrats, Sachin for Your Bradmanesque Fete!

Upper slash over slips and glorious cover drive,
Hitting over long on, picture perfect Straight drive,
Pulling over midwicket, Flawless straight drive,
Paddle sweep, reverse sweep, and made him popular;
Sachin! You won our hearts with first ever ODI double ton!

Records follow this man blindly and rewards,
Like Rajiv KelRatna, Padmabushan, Arjuna awards;
Patrotism was at its best in India before 1947!
But, it is Sachinism at peak by the time 2007!
Sachin! You won our hearts with first ever ODI double ton!

Bashing the ball all over boundary,
And hitting sixes that disappear in crowd like bird in the sky!
Hammering first double Century in ODI's set a benchmark,
With Driving and lofting his shots of trademark and a hallmark;
Sachin! You won our hearts with first ever ODI double ton!

Throwing caution to the wind yet playing flawless,
It is a feast for good to watch!
He owned the game, spared no one and no ball;
To surpass Coventry and Anwar Tendulkar turned on the magic!
Sachin! You won our hearts with first ever ODI double ton!

With short boundaries, nice cosy pitches is a happy sign,
In the name of Shewag, Petersen and Chris Gayle,
With their fame at helm, Lara and Yuraj tried in vain;
While fours and sixes rained, Sachin did it in style!
Sachin! You won our hearts with first ever ODI double ton!

He amassed 17000 & more runs in one day format.
He amassed 15000 and more runs in test format;
In his ODI career, he scored 48 hundreds,
In his Test career, he scored yet another 51 hundreds;
Sachin! You won our hearts with first ever ODI double ton!

See! He is Piling up records of plethora!
His name has become box of Pandora!
You won millions of hearts all across the globe,
And India Won world cup in 2011in the Globe;
Sachin! You won our hearts with first ever ODI double ton!

Harindhar Reddy

Doomsday Declaration (A Short Poem)

Suppose! If life is a hunting ground
Let the fate is the game of wild-goose chase
Yet you hunt and haunt the doom
Otherwise it will chase you like a demon and evil
And throws you like a devil!

Thou may be witty or chatty,
Thou may be filthy or funny,
Remind! Time is always canny!
Fate is a vixen and fiction,
Time is diction with affection!

If you waste your time now and no recover
Both time and tide wastes you forever
Weird seldom spares any body
Unpunished the immortal lord of fate

Fate laughs at people equally in turns
Now ten thousand shilling question is?
Gallant gentlemen and cute damsels
Still! Will you waste your time and yourselves?

Harindhar Reddy

Empyrean Power of Friendship! (Friendship Day's Special -2011)

(With heart and soul dedicated to Manas)

I thought our relationship is human and all
But it is not, a bit more.....
I thought our relationship is family and tall
But it is not, a bit more.....
It is bigger than Titanic Ship but not bizarre so I adore!
But at penultimate hour, I came to know it is friendship;
Ship! Ship! No cup! But it's only friendship.

Out of week days, Sunday is special!
Out of holidays, festive day is special!
Out of all days, birthday is special!
Out of all words, wisdom is special!
Out of national days, Independence Day is special!
Above all these, a friend is always special.....
Happy "Friendship Day" to all friends special!

True friendship starts with a smile,
Grows in chuckles, grins and laughs and a file;
It is innocent bud for a while.....
Don't forget, it blooms like a rose flower
And it flows like Nile with sublime power;
It sticks two hearts without a glue stick!
Click! Click! Our companionship is a huge click!

It is as deep as Bokhara Dell and Pacific Ocean but pure,
It is above all ladders, Eiffel Tower and sky, for sure
It reaches zenith of highest glory but not a test;
It is cherished as long as earth exists without rust,
It peeks right through every soul with lambent glow of trust,
Yet it's the billet to take rest and make the best;
List! List! Friendship is a must and a nest!

Our steady relationship is as meek as a lamb but no show,
Ours is no Nuclear Deal yet as delightful as rainbow;
Our bond is no James Bond! .
But it is greater than any chemical bond;
People say Vivekananda and Gandhi are great!
People say Krishna, Godavari and Ganga are great;
My friend you have surpassed all of them and a treat! .

It is as swift as an arrow and a hare.
It is as fast as the moving clouds and is rare;
It is sweet aroma of nebulous notions, as we enter;
It is as thick as fog in Delhi and in winter.
Our relationship is as great as ever and a glitter;
It spreads horizontally and extensively – Hey! Sire
Friendship is even in the air so never retire!

Hey! Musketeer, you're heaven sent for me to pick,
Hello! Sidekick, you are my cherry pick!

Ho! You may forget anything and ego!
But not ally, buddy, crony and amigo,
Pal, peer, fellow, chum and alter ego.....
Play mate, dorm-mate, and school mate
And ultimately, soul mate and who's my fate!

A light in the heart!
A quote on the board!
A note on the mind!
A boat on the sea! My friend
You and me, side by side
Country wide and a ride!
Ha! Ha! Ha! Friendship is no tide.

To speak with a friend is a splendid game!
So you and I often play it every day;
Friendship is a treasure to share and a chest bare!
Friendship is beauty, joy, grace, and a gift rare,
And true friendship develops to a great fame and name;
Feel! Feel! Friendship is Laxmi Mittal's steel!
Snatch it and catch it! It is all time human deal!

One bad morning, doomsday bell rang and sang,
The gentle game of friendship ended with a bang;
The thousand tears, I cried as he banned friendship!
Days and weeks of silent cries.....
Yet I failed to regain the lost friendship!
Shiver! Shiver! No flower but friendship is all power.
Alas! It cruelly ended in a glum hour!

I searched for a perfect friend!
I found only 'you' in the very end!
We retreated the game of friendship with addiction,
Soul of Friendship became a pool of affection.....
And it flourished like Indus valley civilization with diction;
Tong! Tong! No bang but our friendship -
Is going on hammer and tongs and what a surprise!

Harindhar Reddy

Everlasting Nature Is for You

Papal tree is for you and papaya fruit is for you
Coconut tree is for you and grape fruit is for you
Banyan tree is for you and banana fruit is for you
Almond tree is for you and apple fruit is for you
Nature is full of beautiful colors
Nature has heaven sent flowers

Blue Sky is there for you
Twinkling stars are there for you
Twilight moon is there for you
Shining sun is there for you
Nature is full of beautiful colors
Nature has heaven sent flowers

Rain is for you and rainbow is for you
Don't worry, clouds are for you
For everything, nature is for you
Be a bird watcher, birds are for you
Rain is for you and rainbow is for you
Nature is full of beautiful colors
Nature has heaven sent flowers

Nature is full of unraveled mysteries
Nature is full cultures and histories
Nature is full of flowing rills
Nature is full of growing thrills
Nature is full of beautiful colors
Nature has heaven sent flowers

Nature nurtures your dreams of utility
Nature shapes your personality
Nature, when you are lost in thoughts futile
Nature instills hope and source utile
Nature is full of beautiful colors
Nature has heaven sent flowers

Harindhar Reddy

Faraway From Madding Crowd! (A Short Poem)

I am safe in the mystic riddles and natural pleasures,
The sky is lit with Aladdin's lamps and universal treasures,
While stars are twinkling and junketing in a New York minute!
Whishing and whooshing! Whistling and whisking in the heaven set!
Walking in the Vale - proud, Faraway from madding crowd!

Firstly, I spoke to myself - a monologue,
Subtly, a giant star joined me - a dialogue;
Off the beaten track, at the heaven's lake is highlighting,
Mishmash, mingle-mangle yet nature is delighting!
Walking in the Vale - proud, Faraway from madding crowd!

Harindhar Reddy

Four Things Inspired Me!

Innocence is bliss,
Experience is class
Childhood is remarkable as ever
But half-knowledge is dangerous as ever

Youth is wine!
Love is a fine toy
Beauty is joy
But friendship is divine!

Selfishness is devil quality,
Jealousy is evil quality!
Egotism is unlabelled quality,
Yet Humanity is rare quality!

Stars tinkle in the sky
Moon shines in the night
Sun glitters in the noon
Man shines in the truth

Harindhar Reddy

Harriet is my Juliet! (A love poem)

When I am mood – frantic,
I just called up your smile-romantic!
Happiness filled my heart – melodramatic,
Harriet is my Juliet, I am her Romeo yet!
Cradle-rocks, Riddle-shocks, do cock-a-doodle-doo!

When I am brain-sick with work – hectic,
I just summoned your name – cabalistic!
Thrill filled my soul with meadowlark's music - cryptic,
Harriet is my Juliet, I am her Romeo yet!
Cradle-rocks, Riddle-shocks, do cock-a-doodle-doo!

Pop! Pop! I am in love with girl – nubile,
Hop! Hop! Shooting the breeze with Tata mobile!
She's stolen my heart with groundbreaking style,
Harriet is my Juliet, I am her Romeo yet!
Cradle-rocks, Riddle-shocks, do cock-a-doodle-doo!

Wow! Love springs a delightful smile on one's face,
ugh! Love brings a baleful tale for human race,
Love is a cradle – Shangri-La yet a riddle or a gorilla!
Harriet is my Juliet, I am her Romeo yet!
Cradle-rocks, Riddle-shocks, do cock-a-doodle-doo!

Harindhar Reddy

Heavenly Inspiration (A short Poem)

Days after days are passing one by one
As we flip pages, noticing none
Nothing is innovative and strange
As everything is monotonous without any tinge!
Yet, something new is always inspiring your tinge!

Passing time and moving clouds wait for none
Flowing ravines and ebbing currents waits for no one
Then why are you waiting for someone?
Suppose! You are waiting for a go-dot!
He never comes until the end and the rot.

Don't forget, small drops of make an ocean,
Don't forget, earth is made up of minute dust!
Remember, small ants might kill giant elephant
So never underestimate yourself!

Go far, father and farthest
Age is not a bar or a scar
Beyond the limits the best
Take the ladder, cross Eiffel tower
And reach the sky!

Life is magic pot of happiness
Drink the sea of joy oh boy!
Sing and dance feel and steal happiness
Joy and enjoy oh girl and boy bye...

Harindhar Reddy

Hello Sire! Preserve Nature! (A short poem)

She is a girl of silence and a gift of elegance!
She never talks or walks yet she is the symbol of colossal truth;
She derives strength from no source yet an ample resource,
Hence, She inspires us to express the universal truth to the youth.

And flowing brooks, gigantic Himalayas and seven colored rainbow
Are representing Wordsworth's Nature and of Coleridge's stature!
Rare aquatic antelopes and rabbits in teaming colours make me bow;
She's not a flirty nor a crafty girl, still she's the loftiest creature!

Yet population, pollution, deforestation, industrialization added frustration,
Resulted in global warming and depletion of Ozone, oh! It's sad to know....
Tsunami, catastrophe, volcano and earthquake added desperation,
Man has rat-trapped himself, so entire annihilation is not far! It's bad to know.

Thence, planet has smouldered till now but no more- make amends with her!
Save forests and animals and planet or meet the doom! Decide your relationship with her!

Harindhar Reddy

Hell's Bell's! 24/7-A Man Stuck in a Rat Race

A tiger growled in the known university with name hero...
Yet in unknown Wessex, a cat became rat so our hero became zero;
Downfall is thy property - with titles loser and alien, in the acid rain;
Dreamt of climbing to heaven, He fell with loud yells!
He went to hell in a hand basket: hell's bells!
Come rain or shine! Our teacher is in pain!
Hark! Hark! His life became dark...

From super Titan to cipher Saturn; a journey- wayward
From the winning horse to underdog, News update...
From behemoth-warrior to dark horse up to the fate;
Soon, I downed the ladder like a buffoon with broom!
My hopes are dashed as I'm white washed in graveyard;
Ten! Ten! Ten! I am beaten brow...
I ate crow oh! My bro! To and fro!

Rats belled a fat cat in the story famed,
Jumping Judas! Fat cats belled my neck in a glory blamed;
They canned me without cane but I don't know why!
They blamed without shame yet I can't ask why?
My wings are tripped yet I'm asked to fly high...
Splash! Splash! Squish! Squash! A white wash...
Down, down, my pulse rate is down and I frown!

Here many pupils come to play and took the Mickey,
School - a play ground with teacher as an object of ruth...
One always flirts with the girls; he, a harum-scarum youth'
Others go ape as if injected in a pump-up party gimmicky!
Joshing me like a bull in a China shop; the atmosphere is woolly,
Made the scholar a Doubting Thomas and Nervous Nelly!
I write verse in universe tut! Do you know my life is a curse?

Here I saw wolves in sheep's clothing in pupils' house;
Teacher, a Mickey Mouse so they played cat and mouse...
Made me a fraidy cat, with in two shakes of lamb's tail;
Teachers in big hierarchy can't punish; even school can't nail
With fear, they pass the buck to others in a blame-game
Who pulls the iron curtain is thousand pound gorilla in the room?
Mary, Mary, quite contrary, I am scary!

"I Walk and talk; I teach and preach Words and famed manners",
"Grunt and grumble; dribble and rumble" says blamed banners;
Once Mrs. Y made me Mulkraj Anand's Untouchable - Baka!
Once Mr. X. passed jeering remarks when I took tea in the atoll...
Merely Hocus-pocus, mumbo-jumbo with no matter at all!
I am sick yet I like stylish Spanish football Tiki- taka!
No thump - thumping- thump of music yet I am sick!
Ow, ow, ow! And woe, woe, woe!

Few weeks ago, I was a sky crapper and favorite wall paper,
I am crestfallen and became a tissue paper;
Hire or fire! I work for my mother's food!

Come hell or high water! I survive for my father's good,
Like it or hate it! I dwell for my livelihood...
For loaf of bread I came, yet, made a Muppet in falsehood!
I'm fed of rat race, yet I am in the sick race!

All the world's a stage, says Shakespeare...
And all the men and women merely players, here!
The entire world is a rattrap offering cheese...
Soon you and I are tempted to touch the bait with ease...
End as trapped like a rattrap peddler, says Selma Lagerlof with gloom!
I live; you live like a cat on hot bricks without any aim...
Boom, boom-boom, boom! Human race meets the doom!

Life is disjointed, repetitious, and meaningless wicket
Yet a theatre of the absurd, says Samuel becket;
"Woo, woo, woo! Listen, human face!
But the world, say, it is a rat race...
Where only the strongest survive, Hello!
It's a dog-eat-dog world", sings a fellow!
American Meshell Ndegeocello without a lie"

Sings Shakira "Waka Waka", this time for Africa,
With hilarity at High Mountain for FIFA world cup...
What a fun! Yet, pleasure becomes nine days wonder, yup!
All seas run in the end to ocean Antarctica...
But all humans bite the dust in the dusk, yet I
And they run the rat race without knowing why?
Hell and heaven, heaven and hell; lives end in a pell-mell!

Just like every Tom, Dick and Harry!
If you win the race, you are still a rat", Mary
Stuck in the rat race? So do, I! Sorry...
I'm trapped, you are trapped, and everyone is trapped in a worry!
In a trap we live - without knowing we enter and die...
Trap, trap, and trap! Laugh, laugh and laugh!
Hire and fire; fire and hire; life is a big satire!

Harindhar Reddy

Human Satire - (a very short poem)

Mulling over - with staggering steps, he - a toddler!
Pondering over - with heavy steps, he - a rattrap peddler!
With his soul loitering - with careening steps he - a Meddler!
Tarrying about with lurking steps, he - a doodler!
Ha! Ha! Ha! There's a path that leads to nowhere.....
Let's hire - satire - this man is trapped everywhere.

In the age of where east meets west
Humanity is under house arrest!
Handle the nature with kid's gloves
Beware, before it seals our fate, oh! Cyber slaves.....
Ha! Ha! Ha! There's a path that leads to nowhere.....
Let's hire satire - this man is trapped everywhere.

Harindhar Reddy

Hunger March in the Heartless Street

World has advanced in many days...
Yet in 21st Century poverty retains in umpteen ways;
Hunger glinted in his eyes...
He does begging and petty thievery, at the same time!
Cheeks were sunken and clothes were in rags but still, a crime!
Believe I swear in the name of god, my words are not lies.

I saw a rag picker scrounging for a coin in the garbage,
Though he is with bare foot who knows as bub, he is cute!
Owing to the troubles he met, made him mute.
He can fill the rivers with poverty's tears...
His eyes were pale and mouth opened for food cabbage!
One among is he, pleading and begging the passerby yet nobody hears.

The street is lighted with half naked
Bodies go begging down, the street and half fed,
From head to toe they're covered with poverty, yet
With pain and misery as their make-up set;
Hunger is present in their stomach and a rat's race!
And, it is vaguely seen on their face and a food race.

Labourers in construction breaking the stones...
And lifting the bricks while scorching sun is the witness!
They work bodily, resembles awkward dance of a heap of bones,
The skin saturates and swallows the heat, I bet
Leaving it dark as the midnight sky, oh! What a mess!
Their hopes are dashed; life is smashed of body's sweat!

The Mother weeps and father yells!
Sitting in the house of poverty and what-else!
Small sister sleeps and her little brother dies and I linger;
His father only stares as he is killed by hunger...
Why doctors only cure diseases and why not
Poverty - the biggest disease of all. Is it not!

Every now and then in newspapers, I hear
The death of a peasant or two, oh my dear!
Unable to feed family, life has become Herculean task,
Drowned himself in melancholy, under hunger mask!
Bogged down under wheels of Pressure, not to hide...
Due to debts of treasure, he committed suicide!

Lot of hunger and empty bowl without food is poverty,
Not having one more dress to take bath is poverty,
Sheltered, willing but failing to accommodate a guest is also poverty,
Mother's sick but cannot afford treatment is poverty,
If treated, prescribed but cannot buy medicine is poverty;
A mother's thought, 2 mouthful of rice with 3 children is poverty.

The fort of confidence is dismantled by poverty and frustration;
They can build castles in air though lack inspiration,
They simply look for food threw in dustbin in month of May!

They die while living, live in dying daily with their life of dismay;
Poverty is not crime but it is a curse and worse...
I'm brand ambassador of poverty and I endorse!

Don't show poverty as excuse...
God gave you brain and make use and bemuse,
No matter if you are born in poverty's slum-dom
While some are handicap blind, dumb, deaf and a cough;
You work and Strive dawn to dusk with inspiration, if
You make education oxygen of your life and your kingdom.

Hence, don't look up to someone or don't cry and cry;
Go far, father and farthest, Age is no bar so try and try!
Take all ladders, Surpass Eiffel Tower and reach the sky!
Remember one Booker T Washington and Abraham Lincoln
Became presidents of America, and poverty is won!

From in India to Cambodia and Georgia to Indonesia,
From Kazakhstan to Afghanistan, China and all Asia;
From Namibia to Zambia and Algeria to Nigeria,
From Uganda to Rwanda, Morocco and all South Africa;
Bolivia to Columbia, Guyana to Argentina and all South America;
Third world is resounding with Mania! Mania! Food Mania!

Harindhar Reddy

I Met an Unknown Traveller in the Woods!

Just peace, perfect peace prevailed with ease.....
While hearing to birds singing in the breeze!
A Soul is gratified with thrill!
In the world of my fantasy - a dreams fill,
I met an unknown traveller in the woods!

A man with a unique charm,
A Man with feelings warm,
A man made by character good,
Narrated me without any harm!
I met an unknown traveller in the woods!

While walking through the thorny bush -
"I am in trouble head to toe, hush!
I am broken in heart and mind! Shush!
I am moved into tears", said he in the bush!
I met an unknown traveller in the woods!

'My nerves are rattling with horror,
My head is throbbing with terror,
My blood is boiling with fear,
My pulse-rate is increasiing' said he, oh dear!
I met an unknown traveller in the woods!

Can I rise like a Phoenix from ashes oh dear?
Like Gandhi undid slavery in India?
Like Obama undid terrorism in America?
Like Mandela undid racism in South Africa?
I met an unknown traveller in the woods!

Harindhar Reddy

It Is Night Late, I Should Sleep...

I am a tree with beautiful flowers of bloom,
Google is a search engine...
With I unlimited RAM, I am a work engine
In my scheme of things, jucundity is at apex, wait...
It is night late, I should sleep...
Ruefully, I reconcile, repent and weep!

On leaving mother land of effervescent glory,
I did not know what is stored in doom?
Hitherto, They cooked my goose in a sad story,
Nonethess, They hooked me with cheese and bait!
It is night late, I should sleep...
Ruefully, I reconcile, repent and weep!

In the world of cannibalistic crimes and cyber rhymes,
I am metamorphosed into a loner in rabbit hole,
a sullen lyric - loner is a mourner, sings the soul;
Here, lies a man, no wonder he is dead in bed, sometimes!
It is night late, I should sleep...
Ruefully, I reconcile, repent and weep!

Harindhar Reddy

Live for Love, Love for Live, Love! Love! Love!

Love you in the morning!
Love you in the evening,
Love you in the noonday,
Love you all the way!
Live for love, love for live, love! Love! Love!

Winter and summer come and go
But true lover comes yet never go
Love tugs the heart string
Love ignites the soul to sing
Live for love, love for live, love! Love! Love!

I will give you the wind of my sky today,
I will give you the waves in my ocean someday,
I will give you the beat in my heart one-day!
I will give you the wreath of flowers everyday;
Live for love, love for live, love! Love! Love!

Love gives you inspiration
Yet love takes your life
Love gives you admiration
Yet love takes your animation
Live for love, love for live, love! Love! Love!

Harindhar Reddy

Love Shock! (Bitten by the Bug of Love)

She sported with floral design to lure.....
She strolls like Flora, the queen of flowers for sure;
She is a stylish girl of poses and fashion.....
See! My heart smiles with admiration;
Cool! Cool! She made me a fool.

She is amber and as cool as cucumber,
She walks like a swan.....
She is from Mona Lisa's clan!
She speaks like my fan!
Go! Go! I go gaga over her.

In paradise and in sunrise, I proposed,
She is a pack of surprise, I'm apposed!
To talk for the last time yet no romance.....
It's time pass game, said she! Forever no dance;
Tick! Tick! There is no lipstick but only a mistake!

She took me for granted still I admire.....
Hello! For her pride and prejudice, I lay in mire;
My life is jeopardized; as if, a dilapidated drum!
I'm pushed to corner even without taking rum!
Fight and fight! My life is a dark night!

She turned the tables and I should rumble,
Alarm bells are tinkling in my heart drive so I crumble;
Hello sire! I don't know how to vent my ire!
Just like every Tom, Dick and Harry, I retire;
Hail! Hail! My life is an adverse tale!

She likes popcorn and no horn.....
But I am lonesome and lovelorn,
Some! Some! I'm no more handsome.....
I'm out of sorts and of wits and I'm tiresome
Soon! Soon! She made me a buffoon.

Like a quick-sand, she sank me in black and white...
Like violent tempest, she sealed my fate with a back-bite,
Like an erupted volcano, she shook my heart....
Like an injured player, I am completely hurt;
Smash! Smash! Love is a trash!

Though I gave her, a red rose,
I rather became a blue-rose;
She is a twist in the tale of a horror flick!
My life became tamashah and I am sick,
I grow pale in the life of chapatti stale!

Life with her is thrill and drama accompanied by music!
Life without her is Titanic struggle and homesick;
Life with her is picturesque landscape and hello kin!
Life without her is Charles Moore's Plastic Ocean and dustbin;

Feel! Feel! No steel but she is my Achilles heel.

She switched on the sides and I'm done!
She is no honey bun but only a pun.....
Sea of dullness clasped my heart and it swings!
She stripped my wings and it stings;
There hangs a tale with wide spread pall of gloom;

If I ponder over and linger on and brood over,
I am out of context and no doubt to the core all over,
Tsunami, natural calamity, Catastrophe, earth - quake
Are all small before my love lake and a headache,
Soon I am waiting to meet the doom!

Harindhar Reddy

Mania, Mania, Love Mania! (A Love Fever!)

Her dress is red and light,
Her colour is fair and white!
Her bosom is Mount Everest!
Lo! I am under – arrest!
She arrested my youth of one and twenty!
Giving me fun at twenty and in plenty.

Her youth is grape wine and she, a supersonic plane!
Like an angel in a fairy tale, she came from heaven's lane;
She is so fine! And a happy sign
But no need to pay fine!
And I fear she will be mine...
She arrested my youth of one and twenty!
Giving me fun at twenty and in plenty.

She never served me with honey and manna...
But she is Prima Dona!
She is my bowl of cherries and musical fife!
While I'm with her, milk and honey flowed in my life,
She arrested my youth of one and twenty!
Giving me fun at twenty and in plenty.

Her apple cheeks are potato chips and a flute!
Her cherry lips are lilac flowers of sweet and cute,
Her dimple chin and spotless skin lit the lamp of love,
Her fragrant smile, a fact of file, My Jove!
I am brow - beaten by her canny looks!
And I am on tenterhooks...
She arrested my youth of one and twenty!
Giving me fun at twenty and in plenty.

Her fair and lovely face and charming style
Are credits of massive, yet I love her smile;
Her eyes are expressive,
Her ways are impressive;
I am not old wow! Clean bold am I!
She arrested my youth of one and twenty!
Giving me fun at twenty and in plenty.

Like heroine, I am addicted to her,
Like heroine, I admire her,
Like goddess, I adore her,
Like religious dogma, I accepted her;
She is a girl of splendour and I marvel at her.
She arrested my youth of one and twenty!
Giving me fun at twenty and in plenty.

Cricket buff! Computer buff! T.V. Buff! Movie buff!
But I am bitten by a yonder bug became a love buff!
For her, I became a poet busy...
For her, I became a maniac frenzy!
For her, I can sacrifice my life, blood and food in a hurry

But for her, she said sorry and gifted me a worry;
She arrested my youth of one and twenty!
Giving me fun at twenty and in plenty.

Sorry to say, I am no coward!
I became a Romeo wayward,
Maniac, psycho and slave are abusive in Asia! I fear,
Mania! Mania! Love mania but I'm not engaged in Sicilian mafia!
My train has sidelined the track for her grace...
See! I go gaga over her, so I'm in love race.
She arrested my youth of one and twenty!
Giving me fun at twenty and in plenty.

Control Freak! Entertainment freak! Music freak;
I am not a crank yet a love freak...
And I, at a crack, waiting for a break;
IT is crazy, Software's crazy, Indian navy
And a Political lobby but I, a love savvy
She is my cup of tea without any ploy or a toy
Sweet wind! Drive my love for her and with all the joy!
She arrested my youth of one and twenty!
Giving me fun at twenty and in plenty.

Lot of countries joined United Nations League,
Bunch of cricketers joined Indian Premier League...
Dear colleague! I too joined League, a Love League!
She arrested my youth of one and twenty!
Giving me fun at twenty and in plenty.

Harindhar Reddy

Melancholy in the Mystic Mood

With money and action, here lives an antagonist!
Yet why not our protagonist from East - who is a humanist,
With noble ideas - he, an eleemosynary philanthropist,
With soft corner in his heart, he, an altruist.

Tinge in the heart, on the face - a smile
With testimonials in his hands - a file
With wisdom in his profile!
Yet a sword of Damocles waited to nail.

He drank knowledge for tea and snacks
He ate vocabulary for lunch
He had idioms and expression for brunch;
Without any fault yet he packs.

With high voltage mental mill, I drill
Mystery shrouded his career still,
He knows, he is fighting a losing battle, yet he fights!
He knows verse can't help, yet he writes!

Tears rolling down his cheeks! What a pity!
His knowledge of words is in woods as he understood,
tore apart to ape the jug-heads in action for food,
yet trashed to parrot the flibbertigibbets in the nameless city!

In his hand - a broom, in his heart of gloom
The melancholy in the mystic mood
His soul rued.....
So, he hanged himself in a room.

Harindhar Reddy

Mysterious Sultan Without Dukedom

Every boy pokes fun at him,
Every girl mocks at him;
Who knows he is able?
But he is a beat constable!

Hello dear! No fear, I swear
To meet him is not pie in sky oh dear!
He has no crown...
But he is a Shakespearean clown.

Who knows he is a scholar of English spoken...
No doubt, he is sultan!
But he has no kingdom...
Nil stardom but full of boredom;
He has no hope ...
He is the Nawab of mis-hope.

My rented kings, happiness you bring, oh teens!
At the age of eight and ten
Oh, teens! You are just eighteens...
You know how to whistle
But life is a big puzzle.

He is so called leader,
None follows him but one,
Everyone misleads him;
He seems to be cool...
But you made him a fool.

See! He eats with a spoon
Ho! He is no business Tycoon
Lo! He seems to be a modern buffoon!
No doubt, he is a ruler...
See! You made him a cane ruler.

Hello! Sister, he is our Master
No! No! Mister, he is a jester;
So, Let us not stop him
Let us clap at him
Let us laugh at him...
We do not know about Badshah
But he is always accompanied with Tamashah.

Age will take you to glory
Or throw you in a worry...
Hey! I am so sorry!
Ho! It is a real story;
Let me give this cherry
Let us all feel merry.

See! Here is your Lecturer
A damn heartless man...

Ho! With his strange nature and tiny stature
He is a comical figure.

Harindhar Reddy

Oh! Humankind Relax and Slow Down a Bit

Living in a pigeonhole, human mind is crammed
Living in a cubbyhole, human heart is jammed
Living in a rabbit-hole, Human idea is burned down
Living in a cavern-hole, human soul is whittled down
Gloom-gloom, bloom-bloom, Humankind meets doom

Man is corroding fishes and collapsing fisheries
Man is foundering forests; trees are dropping like flies
Man is converting grass lands in barren grounds
Man is transforming Croplands in buildings four
Gloom-gloom, bloom-bloom, Humankind meets doom

From one side nature is exploited
Yet another side nature is polluted
Forest is the power house of evolution
Yet it is under extinction

Gloom-gloom, bloom-bloom, Humankind meets doom

Ozone protects earth from ultra violet rays and death
Yet by polluting, it is being depleted by human wrath
For his survival, ready to butcher 300 million species and more
Man is clobbering biological systems four
Gloom-gloom, bloom-bloom, Humankind meets doom

Mate! Wallow in the beauty of the universe, thence
Relax and slow down a bit; maintain ecological balance
Fellow! Listen to the music of wind and be wise
Pal! Feel musky aroma of flowers; otherwise
Gloom-gloom, bloom-bloom, Humankind meets doom

With wisdom enjoy nature's gifts
Why are you rushing with 3 shifts?
Why are you running in the path leading nowhere?
Calm down and natural smile otherwise, hear somewhere
Gloom-gloom, bloom-bloom, Humankind meets doom

Harindhar Reddy

Oh! Natural Beauties!

Earth laughs in flowers, flowers laugh in showers,
Sea laughs in fishes, fishes laugh in waters
Sky laughs in clouds, clouds laugh in rain, oh sire!
But man laughs in BSNL Towers and what a satire!
Nature is a wonderland; it is heaven's abode with elixir,
Thus, I wonder at this nature's splendor!

In the garden with heaven's flowers
Oh nature's gifts! You are funny little fellows!
Oh natural beauties, you are dainty little dears!
Come! Come near me, Do you hear me, my little fellows!
Nature is a wonderland; it is heaven's abode with elixir,
Thus, I wonder at this nature's splendor!

The woods are full of faeries!
As The trees are the lovers.....
The garden is full of angels without worries!
As the flowers are the lovers.....
Nature is a wonderland; it is heaven's abode with elixir,
Thus, I wonder at this nature's splendor!

Nature is admirable and inspirable.....
Nature instills hope and enlightens us all days;
Being thus prepared for us in all ways with.....
Good for food and made our life desirable;
Nature is a wonderland; it is heaven's abode with elixir,
Thus, I wonder at this nature's splendor!

Let me hire satire! Let me fire human ire

Harindhar Reddy

Oh! Salute to Wisdom (A Short Poem)

Do not grow your age either in fears or in years,
Do not count your time in minutes and hours,
Weeks, fortnight's months and so on;
Hello! Come on my friend, out of illusions!

But grow far in wisdom and knowledge,
Count your time spectacular achievements first,
And joyful movements best!
Hello! Come on my friend, out of illusions!

Harindhar Reddy

Oh, Father! –Feel My Untold Love!

At schooltime, my father left me at house gringo!
Yet I Kept my tender heart at home of lingo!
When I quested, for fate "he is right as rain"
Tender tears exploded like missiles yet in vein
Mother, oh mother, I am still your little son!
Father, Oh father, I love thee till I am done!

While I missed mother's love and father's stories
All the night I stood without sleep yet many worries
I asked the god, why two legs and hands!
Why not two bodies and two souls for errands!
Mother, oh mother, I am still your little son!
Father, Oh father, I love thee till I am done!

Sugarcane Juice, peanuts and berries!
Our green fields, summer holidays and holy tours!
When thousand memories flashes in mind, now,
How much I miss mom's care! How much I miss dad's love!
Mother, oh mother, I am still your little son!
Father, Oh father, I love thee till I am done!

The small buns you bought for me still smell good,
The grapes brought, coming from city is still my favorite food;
The fruits you brought me with roots; are they heaven sent?
Yet I didn't pay any rent pay as you are my parent!
Mother, oh mother, I am still your little son!
Father, Oh father, I love thee till I am done!

Do you know who my Mahatma is? Oh, my brother!
He is not Mandela, nor Gandhi but my father
Who taught me A to Z rather?
What to do and what not to do, I gather!
Mother, oh mother, I am still your little son!
Father, Oh father, I love thee till I am done!

When I think of all the things you gave to me:
Your sacrifices in food; love and affection are some to name,
The list goes endless and I fail to count what you gave to me;
with your heart, your mind, your energy and your soul of fame!
Mother, oh mother, I am still your little son!
Father, Oh father, I love thee till I am done!

You burnt yourself like a candle to give me light
Your deeds are never dull; your love is never pale
I count endless things you, an endless tale
All these you spent on me throughout the years.
Mother, oh mother, I am still your little son!
Father, Oh father, I love thee till I am done!

Now I am in foreign land tormented like an alien, I'm hurt!
I am sad yet I remember Rudyard Kipling's poem, 'If'
There father suggest 180 things to his son; What if?

I am not with you; yet your advices ring in heart!
Mother, oh mother, I am still your little son!
Father, Oh father, I love thee till I am done!

I cherish our relationship forever and a day,
Till earth exists and sun sparkles in every way,
Till Stars twinkle and moon delights I carry your name,
Till death may do us apart yet I carry all the same
Mother, oh mother, I am still your little son!
Father, Oh father, I love thee till I am done!

We are separated by boundaries narrow.....
Yet in my memories, I'm with as your shadow;
I may carry your fortunes for while.....
Yet I carry your hope for a mile;
Mother, oh mother, I am still your little son!
Father, Oh father, I love thee till I am done!

Harindhar Reddy

Poverty-A Poor Man's Lone Companion

When I went to orphan house I met lot of children
They didn't see their mother nor did their Father
They don't know about god and his kingdom
Yet, in their life frustration, irritation and annoyance dances
Vexation, desperation, and grievance romances
They die in living; they live in dying daily 24/7

"I have no source of income, yet tears come
I cannot manage my life but only rummage sings a boy
I'm touching the lowest glory as he is not a donor
I have no house but I'm poverty's honour
I know I'm suppressed when my rights are denied and no joy
They die in living; they live in dying daily 24/7

My heart melts like a candle and camphor
I'm a life to good and I will give food
I'm a friend to all sings man very tall he stood
As soon he climbed the ladder and latter!
He drowned all of us in water without any matter!
They die in living; they live in dying daily 24/7

Harindhar Reddy

Public, oh, Public! Jubilant Republic Day!

(Author's Talk about the Poem: The poem was written to celebrate the occasion of 60th Republic Day of India in 2010. Albeit, India got independence on 15th August, 1947, it became republic country only after the constitution came into existence for the first time on 26th January, 1950. In India all the people celebrate Republic Day with pomp and grandeur. However this poem pleads all Indians to think about problems, which Indian nation is confronting. It further asks all the Indians to be united and strengthen its democratic ideals.)

Happy! Happy! Republic Day
Wish you a happy Republic Day,
Public! Oh Indian public! Merry Republic Day!
See! We are welcoming you for the sixtieth time.
Ho! We welcome you unlimited times with a rhyme;
For the first time, like new born baby's day birth!
We all celebrated with a lot of joy and mirth.

Rani Rudrama Devi, Sarojini Naidu, and Janshi Laksmibai
Bal Gangadhar Tilak, Bipin Chandra Pal and Lala Lajapath Rai
Nehru, Mahatma Gandhi and Sardar Vallabai.
Subhas Chandra Bose, Bagat Singh and a sepai!
Chandra Sekhar Azad, Bakim Chandra Chatterjee and Bharat ki jai
Tipu Sultan, Alluri Sita Rama Raju were martyred and died
For the fighters killed, did the nation in pain cried.

And sacrificed their lives, now
In the hearts of people they live
Like gods in the temple, we love;
Like river their blood flowed
And like birds their head's flew and mowed;
With patriotism their bosom filled
They chanted Vandemataram when killed.

My heart raises and praises and yes!
My blood torrents and topples and I confess;
To thank and commemorate soldiers with a tribute
Who fought bravely and gravely, I attribute
War while China intruded and Pakistan barged
In Kargil war they died for Indian pride,
Salaam, Salaam, Comrade lal salaam! Comrade!

Here, a section of people embraced terrorism
Where we hear deaths of dowry-ism
Rowdyism became branded heroism
At times, youth romances with hooliganism;
India! Oh India! How can I celebrate?
Celebration! Celebration! Our life is in desperation.

See! Portions of youth are dependent
And Human Rights are crushed and bent
When patriotism lived on papers and not in heart
Corruption and hypocrisy did never depart;
Human trafficking and bomb blasting are common

And political exaggeration is also a demon.

They are raped for joy and burnt for dowry,
They are beheaded for love and in worry
Acid, the rarest gift to them by merciless men,
They are controlled and suppressed women –

Then, by so called cultured man, a buffoon and ever,
In the name of father, brother and lover,
Husband and son and everyone tortured her;
Liberty! Oh Liberty! Women are at atrocity.

While millions of darlings of Indian nation,
Literally starving and dying and exploitation
Scores of crofters are committing suicide and a pity,
Their death toll is increasing and no security;
Purity! Sorry no purity, what a rural impurity
With hollow ability, and no stability;
Poverty! Oh Poverty! You are our prosperity.

Community, religion, party, caste what all these and why?
Terrorism, antisocial elements, Naxalism and division die;
Republic, constitution, democracy, freedom – and I,
Let dreams, hopes, wishes and aspirations of people fly –

Politician! Oh, Politician! Don't be a psycho on deputation
Hearty appeal to work for the promotion of poor and nation
With destination! You work for the people's promotion
Happy! Happy! Republic Day,
Wish you a Happy Republic Day,
Public! Oh Indian public! Merry Republic Day!

(Attention all the readers! The poem is a patriotic one. The names mention in second stanza are freedom fighters fought for the Independence of India. The word 'lal' is a Hindi word for colour red, whereas, 'vademataram' (a Bengali word) became slogan for the freedom.)

Harindhar Reddy

Salaam, Salaam, Comrade! Lal salaam! (A Revolutionary Poem)

(Poet's Word: Dear fellow Amigo! This is a very revolutionary poem which has come from Marina trench of my heart spontaneously - like the flow of brook, when I read lot of novels and real life biographies of comrades, socialists, etc. who were (are) always immersed in battles of blood for betterment of the poor and down trodden sections of the society in various developing countries. I hope lot of writers read this and write their suggestions, comments and criticism. Wish a happy reading to all the COMRADES!)

I am a trumpeting elephant and high tide,
I am a galloping horse to ride.
I am a growling tiger and ready to collide!
I am a roaring lion with pride.
Hi! Hi! Comrade cheerio! Comrade
Hiya! Hiya! Comrade, bon-voyage! Comrade.

I am a thunder bolt!
I am a wonder volt!
They may have fire.
But I am a cease-fire and live-wire.
Tire! Tire! I never retire.

I am a hail storm and acid rain.
I am victimized comrade but not thrashed brain,
Hello! Hello! My name is revolution!
Solution! Solution! As your heart is pollution!

Marxist, Maoist, Castroist and I, a Leninist
Guevarist, Titoist, Trotskyist, and I, a Stalinist.
Naxalite, syndicalist, extremist, and I, a revolutionist;
Bolshie, commie, and radical; why? these words of spade bit!
Leftist, socialist, communist and I, a humanist fit!

Revolt is my style! Struggle is my file.
In battle, I am grown..
Maoism is my crown.

Fighting is my Label,
I am a red rebel.
I am in trouble and in double.
From here does my revolution spread.
As I wed blood and a rebellion dead.

I am dying spirit of my fellow comrades.
I am a lover of swords and Marx words.
I spill my blood in the dark deep woods;
Social change is my goal, I'm a tool.
Societal change is my soul, I'm no fool!

If I open my mouth war is not far.
As a child I did not slide on saar.
So far, I know only a war for heaven's sake
I can't sneak like a thief or slither like snake!

Hike! Hike! My life is at stake.

Hello! Hello! Fellow class!
I did not pass, I am mass, ma! Ma! Mass.
Karl Marx, Fredric Angel, Mao is my boss;
Gun is my friend and pen is my property.

I will fight and fight till I create history.
But I died in fowl encounter and under mystery.
Remember my words we cannot be calm,
Keep chanting, "Salaam! Salaam! Comrade lal salaam! "
You moved heaven and earth bye, bye comrade!
Let me bid you adieu with bon-voyage Comrade!

(Peculiar words and terms a list:

Saar = a thing made for small children to slide in schools.

lal = red colour in Hindi

Note: all the new terms used in fourth stanza like Guevarist, Trotskyist, Titoist, etc. are the words derived from famous the names of famed communist leaders of different countries and in different ages.)

Harindhar Reddy

Seven Wonders of the Ancient World!

Hanging gardens of Babylon built for his love Amytis - homesick
By Nebuchadnezzar - lovesick
The Mausoleum of Halicarnassus for her love Mausolus,
By Artemisia; yet both were destroyed by earthquake colossus;
Are the two wonders of the ancient world!
Yet Gibson girl is the wonder of the fantasy world!

Great Pyramid of Giza was built by Khufu - Pharaoh
For his sarcophagus is still standing tall beyond the sorrow
The Statue of Zeus at Olympia
Yet, it succumbed to the fire, hiya!
Are the four ancient wonders of the world!
Yet Gibson girl is the wonder of the fantasy world!

The statue of Artemis and a temple at Ephesus
Yet, deliberately burnt by Herostratus!
Colossus of Rhodes with statue of god Helios - named
Ptolemy Soter built Pharos Lighthouse at Alexandria till quake doomed
Are the seven ancient wonders of the world!
Yet Gibson girl is the wonder of the fantasy world!

Harindhar Reddy

Sorry Valentine! A Torrent of Love Doomed My Life!

With stunning charm, she is of a beauty batch.....
With gorgeous figure, she is a pretty match!
Though her face is cute as apple fruit
Her gambling eyes made me mute.....
She is my glass of wine, no logic!
And no magic! But love is all time tragic!

As she has stolen my heart in limelight
She became divine moon light.....
See! My heart became flowing River Hooghly
Oh! I'm elated; my heart is elevated yet a ball googly.....
She is my glass of wine, no logic!
And no magic! But my love is all time tragic!

When I gave her all gifts.....
She collected them without any rifts.....
As she forgot to gather my heart and what a humility!
Utility! Utility! In futility, I lost my ability;
She is my glass of wine, no logic!
And no magic! But love is all time tragic!

Tears welled from eyes and no excuse!
As heart is my support, I suppose to accuse;
She left me in the middle of the desert of half mad
Like an unknown passenger and a stranger; oh, it's sad!
She is my glass of wine, no logic!
And no magic! But love is all time tragic!

I don't know whether she won...
Laurels and admirers but I'm done;
She went on further and farther...
Sorry Valentine! For not being together;
She is my glass of wine, no logic!
And no magic! But love is all time tragic!

While love is burning my empire
She is stoking embers of hidden fires in me, she, a vampire!
Alas! I landed in no man's land and in fire
Yet in tantalizing problems and in dire...
She is my glass of wine, no logic!
And no magic! But love is all time tragic!

There is a trend set by fellow poets.....
Sing and dance and drink and sink to become idiots,
In the moments of saddest without any energy.....
So I too started with this mourning elegy;
She is my glass of wine, no logic!
And no magic! But love is all time tragic!

Scepticism, Hamletan in-action crept in me
Like snail, and my love is doomed and tsunami is she!
She likes lollipop! But I'm a big flop with this sullen rhyme...

Train! Train! No brain but love is all time human crime;
She is my glass of wine, no logic!
And no magic! But love is all time tragic!

Morrow! Morrow! No tomorrow.....
But borrow! Borrow! Only sorrow.....
Now, ten million dollars question is, why?
I don't know who am I?
She is my glass of wine, no logic!
And no magic! But love is all time tragic!

Harindhar Reddy

The True Legend-Swami Vivekananda

A spark from heaven travelled on to the earth in 1963!
He was indebted to mother for his knowledge of efflorescence,
Stating "brothers and sisters of America", he, a speaker of eloquence,
At Parliament of World's Religions in Chicago with eminence
Introduced Vedanta, Yoga and Hinduism in 1993!
Name and fame, fame and name, Vivekananda is his name.

He was taught by mystic Paramhansa Ramakrishna
All religious are true to reach heaven's abode, he preached
Service to humans is worship to god he a glory reached
Therefore, Vivekananda started mission Ramakrishna
One touch, one glance, changed his life by the guru, we are told
Name and fame, fame and name, Vivekananda is his name

He pioneered- Upanishads and Vedas for dinner
Bhagavad Gita and Mahabharata and scriptures hollowed;
Ramayana and Puranas are swallowed, he a winner
With prodigious memory, He, a genius in Manifold
"Arise and awake and stop not the goal is achieved" said thee
Name and fame, fame and name, Vivekananda is his name!

Swami is the India's nation-builder foremost,
He is philanthropist of all times with fame utmost;
He is a thinker of all thinkers of his right,
He is a philosopher to Philosophers with rare insight,
A leader of all leaders is he!
Name and fame, fame and name, Vivekananda is his name!

He is a leader of all Leaders as his name inspired,
All, he, a scholars' scholar with fame, youth aspired;
Yogi to yogis and Perfect Karma yogi and light of the world,
Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King are mystified
Nehru and Tagore, Chandra Bose and Prof. Right are also inspired!
Name and fame, fame and name, Vivekananda is his name!

In East and in West, he is the legends' Legend!
Misery is dependence, Happiness is dependence
He liberated lives all individuals with pity
He Practiced and pioneered the Doctrine of Unity
Pure, simple, sympathy are his words of great sense
Name and fame, fame and name, Vivekananda is his name!

Harindhar Reddy

Top Five Amazing Natural Wonders of the World!

Amazing people across the globe since folk law and myth matters
With rainbow colors, The Southern Lights or The Aurora Australis
Yet, mystifying array of vibrant colors litters the sky with glitters,
Lent by sun as a gift of wonder, northern lights or the 'Aurua Borealis'
Count 1 – Aurua Borealis is the only natural wonder of the world!

'It's a big hole, ' - 'the Grand Canyon' at Flagstaff in Arizona with soul
The 290-mile tear in the earth's crust, a wondrous sight to behold though
Cut out through a 6 million year long process by river Colorado
It isn't small to see, but only travel by hiking or by mule
Count 2 – Grand Canyon is the only natural wonder of the world!

'The Great Barrier Reef', thriving in the Australian land
Made little microorganisms called coral polyps – nature hails
Made up over 2,900 separate reef systems which forms 900 island
It is over 1,242 miles long and covers 137,000 square miles
Count 3 – Great Barrier Reef is the only natural wonder of the world

'Yellowstone National Park' – living in the United States,
If it erupts - weather patterns alter- pushing life on the altar, oh, no!
It can plunge the planet into a 'small' ice age, a super volcano
Yet it wonders us with lakes, mountains, wildlife natural beauties
Count 4 – Yellowstone is the only natural wonder of the world!

'Mount Everest' is the tallest mountain, surviving in High Asia
Formed by a collision between the continent of Asia and India
Ranging nearly 29,029 feet into the air it is close to space shell
It's a spine-chilling terror to climb Everest as 150 fell
Count 5 – Mount Everest is the only natural wonder of the world!

Attention Please: **** If your impressed by Five Natural Wonders, for the gratification
of soul and elevation of heart; just hit the poem, it will be treat to your senses *
Move on and take fresh breath with the poem, Top Ten Amazing Natural Wonders of
the World! *****

Harindhar Reddy

Top Ten Amazing Natural Wonders of the World!

Resting between Ontario and New York, Niagara Falls score
420 million years, breathtaking beauties of nature spark
Niagara Falls can get up to 202,000 cubic feet per second, a natural lore
Extended more than 62 miles, it, the most impressive landmark
Count 6 – Niagara Falls is the only natural wonder of the world!

Sitting on the border of Italy and Switzerland with distinct peaks –
The Matterhorn has the iconic image of the Alps with pyramid shocks
14,680 and 14690, challenging with deadliest north face from 1865
Though beautiful yet sang mourning elegy to 500 alpinists by 1995
Count 7 – the Matterhorn is the only natural wonder of the world!

Stretching from Grand Canyon to the Forest National Park Petrified
Reds, yellows, grays, and oranges on it – Oh, nature beautified
In Arizona, the most stunning sights - Acclivities and hills, Desert painted
Awe inspiring wonder with dinosaur tracks and prehistoric fossils sainted
Count 8 – the Painted Desert is the only natural wonder of the world!

The Badlands National Park, reserves 244,000 acres for nature splendid
Sharply eroded buttes, pinnacles, and spires blended
With mixed grass prairie a Fossil hunters' hypnotized
With camels and rhinos; seashells and turtle shells fossilized
Count 9 – The Badlands is the only natural wonder of the world!

With the flora and fauna, there is a flower island, for many
Yet named Mainau, located in Lake Constance in Germany
Palm trees and oranges flourish in the Baroque castle, a moralizer
With blossoms, shrubs, and trees - a natural tranquilizer
Count 10 – Mainau is the only natural wonder of the world!

Note: * Please read the poem for aesthetic pleasure about nature's treasure in the
poem named, Top Five Amazing Natural Wonders of the World! *

Harindhar Reddy

Unexposed Heart of Behemoth Banyan in the Natural Landscape

Birds chirping and singing near a brook and showers!
Daffodils, musk roses, daises and marigold flowers!
Hither come! Hither come! Oh my flowers! Don't escape,
Ho! Birds Ho! Trees; I wonder at this natural landscape!

Guava, Papaya, Banana, Plum, Mango and Palm are fruit trees...
Peepal, Custard-apple, Almond, Tamarind & Neem with cool breeze!
Birches and Carol, Teak and Oak, Devil and Temple are big trees;
Among them a very special tree is brave and bold...
In the forest! Isn't he, the eighth wonder in the world!

Long, long ago, there is a giant banyan, yon tree!
Stood there welcoming all birds free!
Robins and ravens, violent wrens and loons and we go
Blue jays and gold finches, kingfishers and a flamingo...
Magpies and meadow larks, peacocks and scarlet macaws are rare
Oh dear! Nature little jewels aren't lovely there!

When the birds make different sounds –
Starts with Clattering, crooning and honking;
Trilling and twittering, yodelling and throbbing...
Lo! Noises of birds and wow! Voices of birds of the nest;
Irresistible joy greeted the heart of Bunyan tree of the east...
Nature's orchestra is at its best!

The same tree is he! But not a birds' paradise,
No early morn chirps of robin, what a surprise!
Rug was pulled on its jocundity by lord,
And sprinkled cold water, an absurdity! Oh my god!
Without soothing sounds of nature, dead silence ruled...
With triumphant arrival of spring, tree is not fooled!

Spring brought its darling – a cool breeze and sang,
Tree fell into deep slumber...
For the sounds of leaves, twigs and branches and sang
Lullaby; as cool as cucumber, it, in the fantasy! I remember.

Mammoth Bunyan, in its dream pipe...
Scores of birds of all colours yet of similar type!
With usual and casual crows caw-caw to
Larks, koels and nightingales sing; canaries do...
Warble- warble -warble, they say!
Marvel- marvel- marvel at them, I say!

Parrots, partridges, cranes and sparrows call...
The Bunyan tree stood tall and is on roll,
Its joy crossed seven continents all...
Obsessed by joy and bliss, oh, the big bimbo!
Joins and sings a rhyming lyric, oh! A jet jumbo!

With the death of the wind dulcet!
Dying spring sang its final song with a sorrow set,

A sword of Damocles in the name of a season is stored,
The scorching, blazing summer stings,
Is he? The stereo-typed villain with red-alert sings
Dirge to dying spring to go and roared.

With the appearance of sparkling sun,
Big Banyan's Fantasy ended in a pun!
It woke up with rude shock yet not of its crime...
Alarm bells tinkled in the mind with a sullen rhyme!

In utter despair, charged with desperation and fire...
Decides to commit suicide yet no repair, in situation dire;
Took a Cup of hemlock to die not a nature's honour...
Tree was soaked in tears with a badge of dishonour!

But in eleventh hour, a glimmering ray of hope...
Halts the tree from death toll though nothing else to cope!
Yet, it is in dilemma of five oceans all and to probe!
Now ten thousand rupees question in its globe
Is? Will those birds of paradise come again, in line!
And rule the empire of mine?

Birds chirping and singing near a brook and showers
Daffodils, musk roses, daisies and marigold flowers
Hither come! Hither come! Oh my flowers! Don't escape
Ho! Birds Ho! Trees; I wonder at this natural landscape!

Harindhar Reddy

Valentine's Honour! (Lovers' Day Special - 2011)

I don't know her bio-data...
But she's my heart-data;
Beauty is her address...
She is in spring's yellow dress...
Oh! I salute her beauty!
A salute to her sweet heart!

I don't talk about property...
Yet smile is her hot property;
She likes Sachin's straight drive...
Do you know she's my heart drive?
Oh! I salute her beauty!
A salute to her sweet heart!

I'm not sure of her body language,
But expressions in known language
Failed to express her stellar appearance!
In mind is her beauty and fragrance;
Oh! I salute her beauty!
A salute to her sweet heart!

She is not music – Jazz yet my heart froze
And my ears are tuned at her;
She is not a dance – Salsa or musk-rose
Yet my eyes glued at her...
Oh! I salute her beauty!
A salute to her sweet heart!

Lo! My wheel is broken!
See! My globe is brazen!
Burfi, jillabi, rasgulla are sweet; she's my heart Mozilla!
She is sweeter than gullab-jamun; she's my heart villa;
Oh! I salute her beauty!
A salute to her sweet heart!

She hit my deck, I am clean bold...
As she is twenty-four carat gold;
She is as good as earth and I'm no spy...
She is not pie in the sky and no lie;
Oh! I salute her beauty!
A salute to her sweet heart!

She is no rock star or pop star but a glitter...
Yup! She's rocking the empire of mine, a glimmer;
She is a yummy ice-cream in summer...
She is a mind-blowing coffee in winter...
Oh! I salute her beauty!
A salute to her sweet heart!

She told me, you are a cool dandy...
So what! She is as sweet as sugar candy;
She prefers black, I proposed white...

And we gelled in black and white...
Oh! I salute her beauty!
A salute to her sweet heart!

Her age is sweet sixteen and fun...
My heart is blown! She, a honey bun!
Her beauty is intoxicant and day dawn...
Her face is fascinating scene and a love newborn!
Oh! I salute her beauty!
A salute to her sweet heart!

She ushered her lips and chuckles,
I'm saturated in joy and my blood ripples;
She is not queen Victoria or Cleopatra!
Yet, a modern Mona Lisa with magic mantra,
Oh! I salute her beauty!
A salute to her sweet heart!

She is like an apple sweet and simple...
But her Heart is temple and a source of ample;
She has wrought a wonder at one twilight hour...
And I am no writer – just a Valentine's honour;
Oh! I salute her beauty!
A salute to her sweet heart!

Harindhar Reddy

Ways of the Younger in Full Swing (-Bitten by the Bug of Youth)

Random of thoughts is his kingdom of Youth,
Irregularity is his regularity, what a rarity!
He speaks with vivified speed, yet with alarming clarity,
With the speed of a glider, he does his deeds,
These are the ways of the young men in full swing!
You and I should cling.

With a tag on his shirt – impulsive
With a trademark in his heart – repulsive,
With a gummed label in his mind – Brainish;
Without frankincense, yet some misguage and hurl – tarnish!
These are the ways of the young men in full swing!
You and I should cling.

Hear the bird songs and watch nature's beauty together,
Let the heart to leap like rainbow while sky is filled with stars,
Yet flowering plants inspire to do noble deeds!
See the wind blows through the trees, oh, search engine!
These are the ways of the young men in full swing!
You and I should cling.

Give wings to the fire in you and excel in performance,
Work with tons and tons of confidence;
Try and try until you reach your goal....
Move heaven and earth to reach your goal;
These are the ways of the young men in swing!
You and I should cling.

Mind is filled with ideas, Engaged in knowledge wars;
Train engine, bus engine, Mind is a work engine!
Run like a hare, live like a panther
Bitten by the bug of youth, you - a sleuth!
These are the ways of the young men in swing!
You and I should cling.

Harindhar Reddy

Where is Human Touch? (Man Sees Nature's Wrath)

Hurray! Hip, hip hurray! At the dawn of the era -
Man made a vehicle and it - a factoid,
Man made a television and he - an anthropoid!
Man made an engine, and he - a humanoid,
Man made a computer and an android.....
Man is ruling with ideas energetic!
Technology is at Midas touch, yet where is human touch?

Ouch! In the grouchy modern era -
For east meets west there is no rest.....
Devoid of gaiety, he avoids nature deity in the news latest;
For altercations and imbrications; he takes acid Test!
For global terrorism, hooliganism is at its best!
Man is ruling with ideas energetic!
Technology is at Midas touch, yet where is human touch?

Oops! Is he at the end of the era.....?
In dog eat dog world, he became a psychopath,
With a club and a pub, he is also a sociopath!
In the life of artificiality, he is not a naturopath.....
With tsunamis Earth, man's sees nature's wrath!
Man is ruling with ideas energetic!
Technology is at Midas touch, yet where is human touch?

Harindhar Reddy

Yonder, There Stood a Banyan Tree by Riverside! (A Nature Delight)

I saw wonder boys swinging on birches on the seamy side,
I saw tender girls swinging on birches in the nature wide,
Yippee! I told them let me have a swing of riches,
Woof! Woof! Now I dream of going back to birches
Human fortunes swing but not the birches; I like it that's why!
Bang, bang, bang, I can't go anymore, man is too busy.

Yonder! Stood a banyan tree by river side!
Whoopee! Where my father and his father played,
When young I and son played a game seek and hide;
My father died and his father died, Soon I may die!
My son will die but not the banyan; I like it that's why!
The artificial bell rang; I can't say more, man is too busy.

Yahoo! I met a tree in the nature's dime - oh, giant casuarina!
My sister & I played with mom & dad - a green ballerina,
Now, my tears roll down my eyes with a sullen rhyme - my heart marina,
It lives for donkey's years with branches limitless, oh, royal czarina!
Generations countless but not my kindred souls, I like it that's why!
Life has been changed; I can't think more, man is too busy.

The tree which moves some to tears of joy, oh! oh! oh!
For others, it's a green thing that stands in the way, ow! ow! ow!
Yet some others scarcely see nature at all, a powwow!
But to the eyes of the man with heart and soul, wow!
Nature is a wonderland; a delight in fairyland, I like it that's why!
Electronic bell is screeching; I can't feel more, man is too busy.

Harindhar Reddy