

Poetry Series

Ratnakar Rout

- 107 poems -

Publication Date:

January 2014

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Ratnakar Rout (28th August 1961)

I love literature, in particular the poems. I am a bilingual poet, a storyteller and an essayist. I write in my mother tongue 'ORIYA' and in 'ENGLISH'. Usually my essays are based on poetry and present social issues. I am an amateur writer as my profession is something else. But creative writing is my passion. I have been writing poems etc. for last thirty years in spite of all my other engagements. During this long period, I have written around 800 poems, 50 short stories and many essays which are published in different periodicals and journals. Six poetry collections, three short story collections and one book on essays on poetry have been published so far by different publication houses. I love literateurs, poets as my family members and find pleasure and utmost satisfaction in their company and also interacting with them. I would request earnestly to all fellow members and guest visitors to read my poems and offer their valuable comments and suggestions so as to encourage and guide me for writing more and more better poems in future. I do not create poetry rather my inner self compels me to write down something at times and that is what the poetry is for me.

Works:

1. BISARNA PHAGUNA [ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS IN ORIYA]
2. ABASANNA APARAHNA [ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS IN ORIYA]
3. SARISRUPA O ANYANYA KABITA [ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS IN ORIYA]
4. PUNASCHA SAMUDRA [ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS IN ORIYA]
5. TUMA TUMA BHABA [ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS IN ORIYA]
6. SHABDA [ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS IN ORIYA]
7. MICHHA BISHWASA [ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS IN ORIYA]
8. PRATIMA O ANYANYA GALPA [STORY COLLECTION IN ORIYA]
9. BOUDI [STORY COLLECTION IN ORIYA]
10. SHESA CHITHI [STORY COLLECTION IN ORIYA]
11. KABITAR KATHA [ESSAYS ON POETRY]

A DEAD MAN WALKING

I suspect whether I am alive or dead
At times, I feel, I am dead, at times alive
I live alike the three monkeys of Mahatma
Since long, I have closed my eyes
I have willfully made myself deaf and dumb too
At present, I don't see, I don't listen and I don't speak
But I live and move as usual but don't react
To the incidents happening around me
I watch, even immovable plants react to the external stimuli
But I don't since; I have lost my will to react,
To show interest in things
And differentiate between good or bad
As I am almost compelled to look after my own affairs only
By no one in particular but the prevailing social condition
Wherein I live presently has made me confined
Like a tortoise, I am very calculative in my own movement
I crawl when I find a pasture land
And withdraw me at once when I encounter danger
On the face of an obstacle which puts hindrance ahead
I hide me in my own shell and snore calmly
As long as the impediments appear insurmountable
I am not bothered if my fellow citizens are in deep trouble
Over the years, I have withdrawn myself to my own domain
Every one should know that I am a lonesome, isolated
Detached and highly self-centered modern man Living
With you all in this first decade of the twenty first century
When everything mundane is available
At my door step to cater to my avid needs
Still, I am shivering in fear,
Shedding my tear now and then in seclusion
I have many unfulfilled desire to run after
In spite of that I have absolutely have no reaction
In any matter what so ever the situation becomes
Hue and cry, outside of me in the world,
Has almost restrained me in a self designed shield
Wherein, though I am visible alive clinically
But I am almost dead mentally, you can find me
Only my mortal body moves
From one end of the armor to the other
But it behaves mechanically as a robot
Being completely empty and vacuum
In absence of any consciousness
And in lacking the power of consideration
Now I live in it and move
Like a dead man walking in an abandoned castle.

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ACT OF HIM

In one fine morning
When the Sun was rising at the
Eastern horizon
The sky appeared stained with
Crimson red rays
As if the blood sprinkled from a slain body
Spread here and there.

A lone passer by I
Was engrossed with the memories of some one
Alike a saint indulged in yawning penance.
The busy roads were still on the lap
Have wee hours.

A curtain of fog hindered my distant vision.
Due drops were falling from
The entirely drenched leaves
Breaking the silence with a constant musical tone
On my return journey from a morning round
I was amazed with the sight of a tiny flower
Adjacent to my drawing room
Just bloomed from the bud.
Knocked at her sight I stopped
She baffled me in her beauty
My vision was lost for a while
I gazed and gazed at her
But could not move a step further.

A sense of belongingness made me motionless
My heart was filled with joy
And jumped up for that pretty creature
A rare feeling amused me within
Something got imprinted inside
A picturesque was carved in the soft rock
Easily malleable but everlasting and inerasable
How long did I behold, I know not
I glanced through and continued
But not impelled to touch
Such soft tender edge of the petals
Could I touch with my crude hand?
Could I pluck such an exquisite creation?
I looked at her and realized, as if
All the beauties of earth were mingled thereon
My mind failed visibly
Expressing them in words.
A naughty wasp appeared there
And murmured in her ears
From where I know not
The flower brushed her petals and woke up
With the soothing morning breeze
Like Radha was propelled by the mellifluous chord
Of the Krishna's flute

It appeared as if the love songs are sung
Hypnotizing the beloved for a moment.

The wasp flew up and down
Around the mother plant
Encircling his loved one
When it became silent everywhere
The situation came to his command
The cruel wasp concerted and kissed the corolla
The virgin heart of that flower sparsely
So passionately that she trembled
And became quiet after a while.

The wasp fled away
And got engaged to another one
She felt dejected or filled there after
Only she can tell.
I was bemused witnessing the magic of the nature
And felt indebted
To the magnanimity of the Great Creator
An inimitable feeling then filled my heart.

I questioned myself time and again
Who taught them the lovemaking?
Look! Such pretty creatures are so beautiful
And if acts of them could mesmerize everyone
How beautiful their Creator would be?

Ratnakar Rout

ADMONITION

The newly wedded couple while
Coming back from the weekly
Hat by a motorbike through
The dense jungle got horrified
Seeing a dozen of leopard like
Creatures were lying on the road.
They had no option left
But were forced to stop there
And encounter the situation boldly.
Immediately after the motor bike
Stopped there, to their utter surprise
Not the leopard like wild animals
But leopard coloured uniform clad
Persons having pointed guns at them
Pounced up and stood pride
Alas! They were none other than Red rebels.
It was known infested area of leftwing extremists
A group of rebels consisting of male and
Female comrades appeared from both
Sides of the jungle and encircled the couple
The male was a junior engineer
Working in a Govt Department and the
Lady a house wife trembled in fear
As if they would become senseless within a second.
The group commander asked the junior engineer
Why are you indulged in corruption?
Don't you see the poverty of the people of this area?
How do they suffer in poverty and starvation?
And how they are perished gradually
Owing to their ignorance and superstition?
We know, you had some assets
When joined here in the Department
A few months back. In the mean while
You have gathered whatever assets you
Need to have a decent life.
Since you are recently wedded
And a long life is ahead of you
Don't embezzle the public fund further.
This is the first warning to you
Or else you will be beheaded publicly.
You have absolutely no right to snatch away
The means of the downtrodden
Who has been suffering for ages?
In these hilly terrains for no fault of them
We have nothing against you personal
But we are keeping the entire accounts of yours
Since the day of you're joining here
Now proceed and take care of your future
With these words of caution
They all vanished within a minute
In the dense forest not causing any harm to them
The couple sweated profusely speechless

In that winter evening almost like statues
Looking at them sneaking in to the jungle
With a sigh of relief to their astonishment
As they were unbelievably left unhurt

Ratnakar Rout

ANGEL OF PEACE

They were bought from the market
Like cattle, dogs, horses, cats
And other domesticated animals
But unlike them they were not the pets
But used like commodities
They were caged, used, exploited, and tortured brutally
And cautioned not to react but to remain mute all the time
As if they were born to serve and tolerate all oppressions
They did the same as asked for the ages
And lived the lives not better than any prisoner
In any of the erstwhile concentration camps
Raised by the dictatorial rulers
They were the slaves, the aborigines of Africa
The land of God, heaven of the primitive and undeveloped people
They were the tool of mockery and caricature
And used for ape-dancing in elite parties
And were dieing uncared, unnourished, half fed
With fatal ailments in unhygienic dungeons
Even worse than the cowsheds
And were perishing like worms and insects
But the time is not cruel as human beings
It behaves fare with everyone
Before the volcano erupts it gathers mass
And momentum underneath
They were bearing all heinous atrocities on them
And grounded themselves firmly on the alien land at the same time
Like the uprooted seedlings planted elsewhere
Encounters the initial hiccups to get acclimatized
Adapting to the foreign soil
The seeds sown over the years, appeared to be lost in the oblivion
Sprouted proudly on the passage of time
The germination conveyed a message to the world
That a transformation is up-coming
It signaled the change of the world order
The order set by a few and thought of as sacrosanct
From which they derive perennial source of power
And rule over the under privileged and impoverished people across the globe
Gone are those days when upsurges here there
Protest and revolt were the order of the day
The unbending incessant struggle
Of the oppressed against the protagonists of racial discrimination
Have shaken their backbone and what ever as relics are left
Become the breeding ground for the reactionaries
In over coming all challenges the changes have occurred
And the torch bearer of the change has become
The symbol of emancipation of millions and millions
He is the hope of new age of the mankind
And the messenger of peace and non violence
He is one of the fortunate ancestors of countless
Un-fortunate aborigines who had toiled hard over the years
To root into the strange land
He ascended to the throne and lit an indomitable candle

To bring about a change for the humanity
With olive branches in his hand
And two doves one each on his right and left shoulders
He is moving towards the sun rise chanting "Chareibati Chareibati"
Still miles and miles of wild path is ahead of him to cover
And to see the age old darkness is wiped out at the new dawn.

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APPEAL

Come! Please do come
Hey! I am joking
You are here around me
And well within.
I live on your memories
Can you not do the same?

Ratnakar Rout

APPRECIATION

I was eagerly charged
Alone sitting cross legged
In a lonely corner of the park
The crowd swelled up
For an easy breath in relax
Anemic moon was looking like a legendary bow
Crumbling measurably in the midst of twinkling stars
Smart trees standing in heroic gesture
Were nodding their heads like the despotic kings.
The soft and tender touch of the northward breeze
Sank me in ecstasy.

I was unnoticeably lost in the atmosphere
And mingled in the crowd
Forgot to recall I had come alone
And would go back after a while
With my Himalayan ego
Burgeoning wishes, tainted beliefs,
Ineffable sorrows and helplessness.

Unemployed youths, desperate lovers
Dejected house owners, fatigued wage earners,
Playful kids, garrulous women and solitary girls
Along the twilight beauty all trapped my sight.
When one was cursing another man
Two birds fled away to seclusion
I came across the unending stream of vehicles
Looking like chain of light
Were running relentlessly
As if a galaxy of glittering stars in the sky
Were playing hide and seek with the
Nomadic clouds white and black
Of different shapes and sizes.

I felt me as a running vehicle
Which moves aimlessly in the messy crowd.
My goal is not set yet
What is my goal?
I also know not
I am like a restless cloud
A desperate destitute
An uprooted aborigine
I run, I move, I roam, I wonder
Why? I do not know.

At once I realized my entire dominion is lost
I am also lost in the oblivion
And I have no existence at all
I am not that I
And have reduced to a tiny dust particle in the mean time
And become as insignificant as the sand of the shore
I am a little herb, lost in the woods

And a dropp of water, lost in the ocean
I am reduced to a minuscule, constituent of a molecule
Either an atom or a proton or electron grossly invisible
And I am completely reduced to nothingness.

I discovered amazingly
All the mansions around were falling down
Collapsing like house of cards
Everything around disappeared
There was incredible stoic silence
And a reign of solitude prevailed everywhere
And I plunged in to absolute loneliness.

Suddenly I realized
I have become a part of that solitude
Am engrossed in deep penance
I discovered strangely
Some body's head is crushed
Under the wheels of running vehicle
A furious sound I heard
As if a bombshell exploded
I was taken aback and searched
The fact here and there
And what did happen?
It was nobody's head
I looked up and on, back and forth
And saw my shadow spread in the twilight
It was the shadow of my head
That appeared crushed
But in fact no head was found crushed
With this realization late in the evening
I returned back to my courtyard.

Ratnakar Rout

ARE YOU STILL THERE

It is a precious gift to the world
A stream of gratitude emanates
From my heart
When I watch her moving
Like a synchronized musical extravaganza
Which throbs the heart of many.

Nicely engraved cleavages
Artistically maneuvered curvatures and contours
Never raises the palpitation of my heart
And forbids the lust to reign the blood
I sink in to the perennial sea of satisfaction.

It fills my heart within
And propels me to realize
The blessings of HIM.
It is HE, WHO is the architect
Of the whole universe, I envision
The creator of the ugly
And the paragon of beauties.

I count the seconds after seconds
And feel to fall behind
And fail to keep the pace of time.
Time conquers me now and then
And leads me to a dead end.

Who knows?
Whether the journey begins again.
May be one millionth of a minute
Life of a water bubble is predicated
But I know not
When to meet my end
And when perpetual silence
Will embrace me to its lap.

Still I believe a few hours left
In my account.
May be for these hours
I anticipate enjoying your cordial company
And aspire to spend
The balance due preciousy
Sharing the feelings
And listening to the whispers.
Feeling the emotions
And touching the exquisite creation
To feel the glory of HIM
Trough the images he has created.
To live lively for the balance time
I am all along deterred by many impediments
And bundles of philosophies, jargons of 'ISMS'
Which have hindered me to realize myself yet

I require no more chains
No more bondages
No more advises of the priests and clergies.

My strive is to drown in your feelings
Through the well spread
And beautifully decorated
And passionately created
Picturesque, you have laid
Carving meticulously
In the crest of the Mother Earth.
For spectacular preview
I intend to be absolutely along
As a passionate beholder
And wish to pass moments after moments
Like an docile disciple
And a benevolent beholder
To its silent call.
With the imperishable images in my eye-ball
And the perennial touch of the soothing breeze.

Are you still there?
The insatiable question
Hunts me now and then
I promise, I will continue
Realizing your presence
Till the last breath
In every inch of ITS' natural canvas.

Ratnakar Rout

AT THE DAWN TODAY

At the dawn today
While counting my heart beats silently
Sitting in the lonely balcony
And looking at the
Glory of the Great Creator passionately
I was watching the soft music of the dewdrops
Falling rhythmically from the drenched
Leaves of the luxuriant trees.
At once listened the hypnotic
Whispers of some body
Which thrilled me for a while in ecstasy
Whose presence in this early hour
Of the day would it be?
May be of that someone
For whom each minute
I am dieing
Imaginary face of a well known
Stranger appeared gradually
In my mind
And pre-occupied me completely
All through the day.

Ratnakar Rout

ATTACHMENT

A dilapidated house
With crumbled roof
And damaged walls
Is standing abandoned
For a long time
Growth of parasite plants
All around
Cockroaches, snakes, spiders
Insects of different species
Live on peacefully there
Uncared, unattended
It ruins
As every one is
Crippled with the age.

With a broken heart
I am shifted to a new house
Marbled, glaze tiles fitted
With shiny surface
But I don't feel safe
As with the old house
My memories linger.

A sense of insecurity prevails
I was acclimatized
To the whole things around me
Is not it difficult to
Breed root again
Over a unknown place
Can I term it obsolete?
Can I shatter the relation?
Can I abandon the house?
With whom I had age-old relation.
Can I cease the attachment?
Till the swan flies away
From the temple of flesh
Leaving the apartment
Can I snatch away myself?
Till my mortal remains
Consign to ashes.

I cannot
And nobody can
Shiver relation with old one
For all time to come
When you quit
Make souls apart
Where you live for years
The same way you feel
When you depart from the beloved.

Ratnakar Rout

Believe me

Believe me, now-a-days
I am amongst much confusion
Which I had not ever had in my life
Still I prefer to maintain utter silence
I look calm like surface of the mid sea
As appears everything is in order
But, enormous current flows within
May be a strange volcano gathers its
Momentum underneath surreptitiously
At anytime from now it may blow up

Believe me, at times I listen from inside
Let the ground make ready now onwards
To bear its startling violent spells
Let every one be aware to face the catastrophe
That may at any time fall upon us

Believe me, things are not going well
As we all see and accept on its face value
Some wrong somewhere hinders the move
When delivers it behaves like house of cards
The fruits do not reach at the right place
The beneficiaries suffer and their waiting
Continue for ages for a better tomorrow
But a few, who matters despite such stark realities
Claims a full proof system is still right in its place
Which carters to the needs of one and all

Believe me, things are changing very fast
You wish or not anytime from now anything may happen
A skeleton in your cupboard may raise a slogan
A dead man may spring up from his grave
With a loaded gun and may make the grave yard
A place of dissidents' activities
They may too together convert it
To the burial ground of the reactionaries
How long voices can be ignored unheard
How long wishes of a few would prevail on
Situation is ought to change today or day after

Believe me, the honey bees here and there
Toil to build the honey comb unperturbed
Butterflies apathetic to the happenings around
Caress the flowers keenly
Breeze blows and seed sprouts
As usual like the eternal go of the world
And the winter sun hugs me lovingly as earlier
I see a ray of the morning sun brightens
The balcony of my apartment
The sight amuses me to my heart's content
I am thus hopeful. Believe me.

Ratnakar Rout

BENEVOLENT THEFT

I have been relentlessly trying
To erase you out of my mind
But you are so affable that
Have captured my mind entirely
And imprisoned me in the prison of your memory
Does not matter for you
I am awake or asleep
You are here with me all along
Either in my conscious state or in dreams
You have captivated my soul utterly since the day
I came across your adorable words
Blended with compassion, subtle feelings and loving emotions
I have nothing of my own now
As you have stolen away everything of me gingerly
A skeletal structure of flesh and blood
What else can aspire except
Dying each moment for your benign touch?

Ratnakar Rout

BODY LESS

At times I feel
I do not have this body at all
It has no mass but much above it
A little air flows quietly beyond any boundary,
It is omnipresent in the atmosphere
And present among countless air units.
Like each dropp of water in the enormous ocean
Ingredients of all of them are same, equal and identical
It wanders in silence for a while
But, its journey never ends there
It climbs up and up
When it surpasses the atmosphere
It lands up in a no man's land
Absolutely vacuum and contains nothing
Where every thing is indistinct,
Having no mass, no weight,
But has immense potentiality
And incredible strength
It gathers momentum in rest
Amidst all formless beings
In complete tranquil.
It becomes a part of the entire whole
A naught in a void.
That is the ultimate kingdom of truth,
Its eternal dwelling place,
Totally vacant, a thoroughly
Empty patch, border less
It is not affected by any hue and cry
Or din and bustles around
It rests in abode of peace, pleasure
And fulfilment with whole lot of such beings
And enjoys being one with the total 'HE'
It depends on 'HIM'
How long it has to dwell there
Then comes the time to move once again
It leaves the serene land of Lord
And enters in to the atmosphere,
Again that naught assumes a litter power
And it gets converted to a tiny air particle.
It marches down ward and takes a form before landing
And descends on earth with complete form,
The whole being gets arrested and confined in a skeleton.
All forms wind, water, soil etc. exist in one form,
One body consists of all of them.
It appears in a certain form
And formlessness has no difference at all
It is same for one and all
When I comeback to the visible world
And realise my physical existence
I am not my body; I am a body less creature
As all others are visible in nature
I can exist and exit at my sweet will

In this mortal cell and cease to ponder over
The worldly affairs, until I am liberated once again.

Ratnakar Rout

CAMOUFLAGE

For last couple of days
I have an impetus to ponder over
Peculiar obsession.
Any one questions me or not
I intend to express my intention.

What is that?
I am allowed to be alone
Where there is silence all around.
I would plunge into deep penance
And listen to the whispers
Of the loneliness and the voice of silence.

I shall realize the echo of
My heart and what is in me
In my conscious, sub-conscious
And unconscious self
And to read me
Who am I?
And am endowed with what
To unfurl the petals after petals
Of my heart
I would prefer dark to light
I know light camouflages one
With gala and etiquette
To manifest the hypocritical
Civilization and its mundane ideology

Darkness eats away all artifice
It encourages and impels one
To relax the swinging tentacles
Like an emancipated reptile
When he reads himself bit by bit in silence?

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CHAMELEON

When I was in throne
He was my morning alarm
My calling bell
Company of my morning walk
And a friend to share
The morning cup of tea.

He was a well-wisher
A caretaker
An advisor
And shadow of mine.
My guard
My Savoir
And my nose, eye and ear.

That throne no more embraces me now
As I know one day it ought to go.

My friend then has become
A rare commodity
Even a telephone call from him
Is a dream for me now?

I have ample time at hand to think
Whether he was a friend or a foe.
Who befooled me so long?
In the guise
I could not know.

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CHARITY

They ruled us for centuries
tortured us like slaves
plundered our valuables in one plea or other
brutally exploited our mothers
sisters, daughters and wives.
Polluted the wombs of our women
implanted illegitimate offspring
and engraved the scars in our soul.
We tolerated their oppression disorganized
for centuries. They pretentiously divided us
in to various splintered groups and exercised
their unchallenged authority on us.
Unbearable subjugation resulted in sporadic upsurge
and forged an unity among the various warring groups
Finally they succeeded in dividing our motherland.
At last they became the victim
of their own serious contradictions. But When they
left their so called colony, sown the seeds of ill feeling
hatred, despair and what not. Now they are showing
us sympathy to eradicate our poverty and backwardness.
They have become very benevolent of late
but are they really so compassionate for the distressed
or harbouring new method of exploitation in guise
requires an elaborate scrutiny of their design before acceptance.
A few survivors of the ordeals of by gone days
still recollect the heinous cruelty they had to
pass through who later on mustered courage
to wage nonnegotiable movement against the oppressors
to set them free and champion the cause of emancipation.
They are the forerunners of human values
their rights, freedom of speech and democracy.
This holy land suffered for centuries upholding
it's cultural heritage in welcoming them as guests
with the noble ideals of 'atithi debo bhabha'
which has been imprinted in their souls for ages.
The soil teaches the rest of the world to forget and forgive.
They have been forgiven in the meanwhile for their
past misdeeds and are welcomed again to this land of BUDHA
where CHANDASHOKA, the crown king of Magadha
gave up weapon and embraced peace
and universal brotherhood. Let them realise the benevolence
of this soil and vow to uphold the dignity of the mankind,
at least to erase the scars those craved in the blood of the people
of this land for generations to come and win the confidence
of the liberal present generation
for furthering the bilateral relations.

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CONFESSION

Confusion is the seed of relation
When relation grows
It breeds confusion
Only when one becomes
Some one of somebody
Can overpower confusion
And further the relation.

When unknown becomes known
A stranger becomes a relation
Culmination of confusion occurs
When at all there is no aspiration
From out of the existing relation.

And in fact it is the perfect relation
That lasts for many births
Yes, that is achieved
As of late I have discovered
What is my confusion?

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CONTENTMENT

Diversity is the law of nature
No two are equal in all respect
When one encounters someone superior
A sense of inferiority breeds within him
And the comparison begins.
Insecurity sprouts
And gives birth to fear psychosis
It preoccupies the mind utterly
The victim for his unflinching needs
Blames his parents, the family members and the Creator.

He never feels obliged for
The endowments offered to him
All the possessions appear irrelevant
And gradually he gets
Trapped by self created sufferings
Life becomes a burden for him
And looks dull and futile
He forgets to show gratitude to the parents
For bringing him to earth
And thank God for gifting such a precious life.

He fails to visualize the assets in his kit
A capable body with beautiful mind
And affable heart
Before casting aspersions on others
Is it not wise to look around?
And see how the people
With disability are struggling
Life and cherish to survive?
How tiny creatures bear pain to arrange
They're living and prolong life on earth?
Does one get contentment in plenty?
Is it possible to find some one?
Who has no wants at all?
And all his needs have been addressed to
One has to remember
Necessity emboldens individuals
To face the challenges in life
Translating failures to success and defeats to opportunity.

Ratnakar Rout

CONTENTS OF MY POEMS

At times I am puzzled and pondered over
What would be the contents of my Poems next?
On which subject I would
Rely for the structure of my poems?
I introspect and look in to me
And try to read me carefully
To me, I believe, I am a loner
A lone some person

I know me much better than any one else
Similarly each one knows himself well.
Do I know others truly and do
Others know me what I am?
We live in an intricate world. As we all know
Human beings are more complex than any other creature.

Each is an anthology of enormous poems.
Each is an epic himself.
Everyone is a collection of uncountable stories
And lives are full of drama, as each of us knows
Every one plays the role of either
An actor or actress in this life drama enacted here
It is difficult to read them and very delicate to handle

Since, I used to read myself, I know
The contents of me, as I have studied me thoroughly
I have ascertained by now, I am not a dreamer
I can not depict dreams of life only
I am pragmatic, a realist. Thus,
I paint the picture of the real world around me in my poems.
I decipher the day to day worldly life and living
Mostly I am narrating me
And my fellow companions in my poems.

The person in me takes the centre stage when I write.
He predominates my thinking's.
All my relations become the contents of my poetry.
I pen down events relating to me more and more
I am penetrating in to me and my inward look is getting
Sharpen day by day. Often I realize, except me as a person
I do not know much about others
When I am ignorant about something or some one
Or I have only a little knowledge on them
How do I dare to picture about that?
Thus, I am confined to me only. Of late, I believe
This lone journey will end smoothly and peacefully.
I would not have to come back here again.
Above all, what some one aspires at his exit
It should be calm, quiet, serene and pleasant
I do strongly anticipate my destiny
Propel me towards a happy ending.
Let my poems recite loudly all my feelings

As such after my departure on my convictions

Ratnakar Rout

CROWD

Mob rush every where
Entice the onlookers
Swelling up
Crowd in the sands
Crowd in the woods
Crowd puzzles everyone
The temple, the market
The road, the park
Crowd throngs everywhere
Though nothing enthralling is there.

As their thirst is not quenched either
A lone passer by quips restlessly at a safe distance
Witnessing the anxiety of the commuters.

Sound builds, sound breaks
Sound pollutes the atmosphere
Sound is God, which emanates from within
And enthuses the crowd
That sprouts of the vocal chord
And bearable to the eardrum
Can anyone stay peacefully at any place?
When crowd is unmanageable
And sound intolerable

Ratnakar Rout

DEAL

</>The negotiation ended within a few minutes
Everything was settled except the price
That took them a little more time to reconcile
At the end of the formal discussion
the mother swear in the name of god
to sale her daughter to the intending buyer
and she will accompany the bidder
after the final payment is made.
The daughter who was peeping at the door
had no option but to fulfil the wishes
of her mother. The history was repeating itself
only after twenty five years duration. This has
now become their family tradition. The mother
was sold by her sister-in-law twenty five years back
to a blind man for a consideration of a few hundred rupees.
That was the breaking news across the country
A lot of water has flown in the river in the mean while
Many changes have occurred over the years. Human civilization
has witnessed remarkable transformations and gone
a leap forward. But nothing has changed as it appears
for the under privileged. They are still languishing
in abject poverty, ignorance and illiteracy as such.
The mother, a commodity of yester years is unable
to come out from the striking economic compulsion.
Her impoverished condition has pushed her into a situation
where she is in a fix and a point of no return. She has no
alternative but to take the uncanny decision. Four children
and the blind husband constitute her family. No land,
no cultivation and the livelihood is managed on daily wages.
The family solely lives on the meagre income, quite insufficient
She has to give the eldest daughter marriage. How could she arrange
the minimum amount requires for the purpose of marriage?
She has no other way out but to sale her second
daughter for some consideration. The expenditure towards
the marriage of the eldest one would be met out of the
sale proceeds of the second daughter next in queue.
Do you want to purchase any one of her daughters?
If yes, kindly contact with her
in the following address for your convenience.

Bilasini Majhi
c/o-Raghu Majhi
AT/PO-Godandapur
Dist. Madhabapur

Ratnakar Rout

DESPERATION

A lone lady with disastrously visible fresh bruises all over
Caressing her wounds and cuts searching here and there
In her half naked body was a rare scene.
She with a broken heart, was living beneath a huge banyan tree
And at times was resting in an abandoned verandah
On stretching a portion of her half-clad sari.
She was desperately looking at the onlookers in dying eyes
As if pangs of sorrows have shaken her completely.
All her worldly belongings packed in a torn dirty cotton bag
Were kept in a corner of the desolate garage
While walking down the lonely road
I was conquered by my inquisitive instincts to discover her woes.
A victim of the childhood infatuations and treachery
She was deserted by her love when pregnant
And ostracized by the family and society
She had no option left but to run away from the village
Ultimately landed up in the town and lived on manual labor
Compassionately an old lady of the nearby slum assisted her
Giving birth a girl child.
She was dreaming a bright future ahead in the smile of the child
All her hopes shattered in a fateful rainy night
Like house of cards when she was picked up from the slum
And gang raped by the goons
And thrown senseless in a pitiable condition.
Like a bundle of used cotton in an isolated place of the town
The child with pneumonia succumbed to it
And passed away when she was recuperating in the hospital
The old lady, the only eyewitness to the incident was threatened
And ousted from the slum for wash out the proof.
She returned as a destitute from the hospitals measurably
Hopeless and found her no where but to opt for settling down
Under the banyan tree leaving every thing to the destiny
When there was no security at all for her
Why would she think about the security?
When life was full of sorrows and sufferings
Where was the opportunity to elude her agony?
She became a commodity to be used by any one
As and when required like a dustbin
She had no heart, no soul, and no mind, nothing
Only was left with the mortal body and looking blank
Became naive, impassive and unperturbed
The lonely lady was not seen there after a few days
But while passing through the road
She appears in my memory lane now and then
And her vulnerable and desperate look
Hunt me time and again.
Since then I am pondering over the matter
Why such precious human lives on the earth are behaved
As puppets in undesirable conditions
And waning unnoticed in the passage of time?

Ratnakar Rout

DESTINATION

My destiny has left me alone
As a lone pedestrian
In the midst of a solitary desert
I am eagerly thirsty
Quivering for a dropp of water
To quench my thirst
And to sustain my life.

You are a surprise, an oasis
Appeared hopefully in the form of a mirage
But since then I am drowned
In the ocean of confusion.
The site of the sea
Puzzled me like a golden deer
In the canvas
I observe wavy surface
Of a restless sea
And plenty of water
That steals my sight.

Madly I ran and ran
Searching step by step
To reach to the source
And to catch hold of my fortune.
But each time my hopes
Failed measurably
And slipped out of my hand.

My search, my aspiration
My endeavor and all my attempt
To reach the destination
Smoked out.
Still I proceed further
And march ahead.

A ray of hope of your presence
And my longing for
Searching you out one day
Keeps me move
I know not
Whether you are at all there around
But a feeling of your existence
Has kept me alive
And propels me to go ahead
Overcoming all impediments.

Ratnakar Rout

Destiny

The bud was very happy
like a kid who did not know
the complexities of the world
It was swinging its head gleefully
with the delicate touch of the soothing breeze
like the mothers petting enthral the child in her lap
The bud grew up gradually and
the baby flower opened up its petals
and witnessed the things happening around
alike the neo-natal baby opens its eyes
and looks around eagerly to see the world
It saw the moths, butterflies and
numerous insects thronged on there
who were moving encircling the flower
going up and down now & then
She had no attraction for the crowd at that time
But she was feeling an unique sensation in her body
She bloomed in to a flower and dreamt
someone would come to caress her
Her chemistry enthused her for a partner
She waited and waited but no one turned up
Though she was a paragon of beauty
and her fragrance was enticing for reasons not known to her
She could not get any one in her embrace unluckily
When she was dazzling under the morning sun
Dew drops on the exquisite petals looked like tears
Rolling down the eyes. That was giving an impression
as if she was weeping silently for her loneliness
Life became a burden for the lovely creature
when she felt desolate and uncared for
Instead she consoled her with a hope
that one day the dreams would come true
and she would enjoy the most desirable companion
But the dreams do not come true always
Adding to her deep agony colours faded gradually
and scar of the time were distinctly visible
on her exquisite appearance day by day
The petals appeared pale and weak
and started falling down one by one
She lamented and questioned time and again
Living in plenty and looking extremely fabulous
if fails to captivate others attention
and could not become a point of attraction
What is the use of possessing such beauty?
Finally a blunt stem was seen left
in the creeper to the utter surprise of the anxious beholders
who witnessed the sad demise
and perilous departure of an incredible life

Ratnakar Rout

DISASTER

We were together for some time
He was a good friend but a bad family man
He had his own rules in life. Thus,
did not care to take up anyone's advice
As a result, developed many bad habits in the long run
And his vices got him trapped now and then
Neither his wife nor children could persuade him
to give up his undesirable habits
All efforts of near and dear ones went in vain
to dissuade him from wrong doings
Day by day the situation went out of control
Eventually the unwanted that was to happen
as the consequence of the misdeeds happened
He was declared bankrupt by his bankers
The sudden blow of this unanticipated occurrence shattered him
He became emotionally devastated and suffered a massive brain stroke
And ultimately succumbed to that fatal mishap
His bereaved family members had no words to mourn the untimely demise
On the other hand they all were cursing their fate
As no alternate source of livelihood was available at hand
They worriedly started looking immediately for a makeshift dwelling place
I witnessed as a mute spectator to all such incidents
those so fast happened to the family of an errant friend
Who was so reckless in life and never careful
The misfortune that befell distressed the family entirely
could have been eschewed effectively with self restraint
and self realisation of only one man
That has been perturbing me again and again since then.

Ratnakar Rout

DISPARITY

A poor lady when could not clear up
Two rupees debt of a shop owner
Her husband was brutally strangled to death
After a brief altercation with the shop keeper
People were amused in surprising news
That an unknown lady keeping his anonymity has donated
Two and half crores of rupees to a temple
For conducting certain puja
Another woman poisoned her three children
As she failed to feed them due to abject poverty
As her husband was a paralytic patient
And unable to earn the livelihood
A tribal woman sold her daughter for two hundred rupees
For repay the debt of the money lender
After losing Job for the worldwide economic slowdown
Many People have lost their living
And some of them willingly jumped into the flesh trade
Numerous highly qualified young ladies have offered themselves
To work in adult films as no alternate living is available
The travesty of fate has landed them in a land of despair
They have no way out but to succumb to the prevailing situation
They become the tolls in the hands of time, silent and numb victims.
But the world is no dearth of wealth
When a minority possess three fourth wealth of the earth,
The majority shares only a negligible portion
Thus, I am always burning in serious contradictions within
And asking a question to myself
Why there is glaring disparity in God's creation?
When millions and millions are deprived of getting
A square meal in a day, many waste plenty of food out of fun.
What prevents us to bring a world order?
Where there will be no inequality but equitable distribution
Of the enormous wealth of the entire world
Among the people across the Globe
For end of poverty and emancipate the downtrodden?
But that never happens as many of us lack compassion and vision.

Ratnakar Rout

DISTRAUGHT WIDOW

He met an accident
While crossing the road to attend a family
Function in his uncle's house situated
On the other side of the road only at a stone-throwing distance
The parents following him could not save
But to see him desperately coming under a speeding truck
The truck left the spot at the same speed
And the parents carried their unconscious
Child to the hospital was bleeding profusely.
As the condition of the child deteriorated further
And warranted immediate advanced treatment
The local doctor shifted the patient to the district hospital
Preliminary treatment saved the patient
But he needed major surgery.
The civil surgeon advised the parents
Any further delay would cause them the life of the child.
The parents got panic and desperation devastated them
As they are poor wage earners and living on
Their daily wages, thus, penniless
The only child in a distressed condition was shivering
In grueling pain excruciating for any body to bear with
What to speak of the testing patience of the parents
Frantically the child was looking at the parents for help
The father consoled the mother who was weeping relentlessly
And praying for the blessings of the unseen power
To usher extraordinary kindness for spectacular
Recovery of her child. She knew
That unless there is some sort of miracle of the Superpower
The life of the child would not be saved. As
They can not bear the huge expenditure towards his treatment.
The father did not lose his hope
When surgeon handed over him the prescription
And pointed out the tentative expenditure to be incurred for surgery
He had a strong faith on the compassion of people
The perilous condition of the child and his yelling in unbearable pain
Propelled him to move from pillar to post for seeking help
But his entire attempt went in vain. He desperately met
All his known persons and many strangers for financial support
Narrating his woes but the meager amount
He received from a few was not enough?
He cursed himself as a father who is unable to bear
The cost of treatment of his only child
Who is struggling with life in an alarming condition?
And even did not muster courage to reach him
Almost in an empty hand to show his helplessness
The pitiable situation shattered his mental balance
And he preferred to embrace death
Than saw the dying child in the death bed.
The news spread like fire
And the dead body was taken for postpartum
And kept in a place which was only sixty feet away
From the bed of the child who was fighting to survive.

The mother was sitting completely motionless & speechless
Like a statue beside the son
No more tears were rolling down her eyes.
She was almost in a state of blankness
The last hope she had was smashed to smithereens
In one side the struggle of the child for survival
With the lofty hopes on the attempt of his parents,
On the other hand, the cruel hand of destiny
Snatched away his only support
She was in a state of complete despair
And looking at every body almost vulnerable
Who were all present around her to console?
When the chanting of the priest of the nearby temple
Was echoing the most revered Sloka quietly
"na jayate mriyate baa kadachit
nayam bhutwa bhabita baa nabhuyah
ajo nityah shashwatooyam purano
na hanyate hanyamane shareere'

Ratnakar Rout

ENCHANTED WOMAN

The septuagenarian woman was seen from the den
Peeping outside through the dilapidated fence
It could not escape the eye of the curious journalist
Who immediately proceeded to the shelter of the old lady?
While interacting with her the journalist marked
The absolute contentment with her as she was found
Cheerful during the entire period of the meeting
Her voice was clear and firm
She did not flutter at any point of time at all
And replied all the questions asked to her promptly
The journalist became surprised
Seeing the lady jovial was amidst abject poverty.
Almost an emptied hut having a little belonging
Was her only assets and there was no sign of peril at all
What is the secret of your happiness? The journalist asked.
My contentment lies in what I do have, she replied.
How do you maintain your subsistence?
I am getting two hundred rupees towards my Old-Age pension
I purchase 10 Kg rice for Rs.20/- per month.
Spend another 100 rupees towards my household expenditure
Wherein grocery and all other requirements are inclusive
What do you do with balance 80 rupees per month?
I save them. Pay as gift to my daughter.
Purchase essential things,
And supplement her during different festive occasions.
Look! I have no further requirement of anything,
I am happy with the meager income and assets
I do have in my possession.
The journalist could not believe his ears.
Probably this is the lowest income of a person
During his long public career he has ever encountered.
In spite of the least income she has no dearth of money.
She fortifies all her dreams with the amount
And remains happy all along
When people having plenty have no satisfaction at all
He thanked himself as his persistent endeavor succeeded
To find an enchanted person
Ultimately, he could meet the delighted woman
Who seems happy always having no sign of distress in her face?
With only a little amount of pension she remains happy
Unlike the other persons who are disgruntled even
With lofty sums credited to their accounts recurrently.
He recalled his experience with the woman
And bemused with the feeling
That wealth does not buy happiness all the time for someone.

Ratnakar Rout

ENDURANCE

A couple of years back
I dreamt of a pond
With exquisite contour
And stunning picturesque all around
Everything there was gratifying my imagination.
Amidst bloomed lilies it was calm and serene
The azure and wavy surface got imprinted
In the core of my mind and enchanted me all these years
One day the dreams came true
I started to live with the pond of my dreams
All care I took of the pond, the life and soul of mine
And it became the source of my survival
I visualised my fall with any threat to the pond
As the cruel hand of time draws scars on a pretty face
Similarly scenic structure of the pond was endangered
Gradually in the passage of time
The deposit of silt and growth of weeds over the years
Snatched away unkindly the unique glamour of the pond
Paving the way towards its virtual decay
I toiled hard to preserve the beauty of the pond
But all my efforts went vain as slowly and slowly
The pond lost its lustre and is in shambles at present
Might be aspiring to get back its youth
And fighting for its survival to enthral the viewers once again
I am also no better than the pond now.

Ratnakar Rout

EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING

The cloud covered the midday sky like a blanket
It was dark almost everywhere
The vibrant sun dared to smile through the thick cloud
Alike a daring brave man moves ahead
overpowering all his sufferings and impediments
Bad days never last long for him as he knows
The period of the bad time starts dissipating
since its appearance for the vivacious.

Ratnakar Rout

EXPECTATION

I know not who has said
Proximity creates love
There physical attraction predominates
The distant mountain is beautiful always
So as the relations from a distance
When no expectation exists
The relationship becomes perpetual
Then the touch of one
Touches the heart of some one
Personal likes and dislikes
Do not play a role
Only the feelings of love reign
Over both the heart and soul.

But in this mundane world
Can any one humanely
Over come worldly desires?
Let us forget all these jargons
And live the best at present

Ratnakar Rout

EXPRESSION

He appears smart
And happy
Who will guess?
He has a lot of pains.

While buzzing
He drank a few pegs more
And burst like a volcano
And throbbled like a child.

He has suffered a lot
The pangs of sorrows
Has torn his heart
He is burning in anguish within
His partner told.

Tears rolled down unhindered
The smart man shrugged
Do you know my future?
Crumbles.

Would you be happy?
Have you ever slept with that girl?
With whom the scandal runs
In your name
When your wife questions?

Could I show?
How much I love her
Still she raises finger at me
When rumor spreads.
Girls are possessive, you know.
Are all women alike?

Ratnakar Rout

FEAR

What do we call a person?
Who has no residence?
A man is found sleeping unperturbed
On the pavement of the main road
Leading to all-important
Institutional establishments of the town
How long has he been sleeping there
Is beyond my assessment?
But I used to see him daily sleeping there comfortably
I have not seen him getting up from the sleep even for once.
But I know this much that the place is not safe.
Once during assembly session
A Poisonous cobra appeared in the temporarily raised tent
Meant for the police on duty during midday
When several police personnels were present in the tent.
As hundreds of hectares of barren land
Lying unused having wild bushes here and there
Has become one of the major hideouts and hubs
For the dangerous insects and various serpents.
Commuters very often encounter them
After sunset when darkness embraces the earth
The animals pay unhindered visits
And are seen roaming around freely
In spite of all this the man sleeps carefree.
It appears as if he has overcome all fears.
Nothing disturbs and dissuades him
Resting on the pavement unsafe.
As it seems, he does not care or bother
For any apprehension. A destitute he,
Does not feel threatened by any situation.
A homeless who has no permanent home
What else does he think about life?
Except resting in an apparently lonely place
When all busy birds go back
To their nests after the days' toil
They are afraid of many things.
They feel unsecured and bothered
Though live in the secured apartments
Where there is a place to settle down
There is sense of belongingness
And fear of losing something
Who has no home, has no fear
Fear moves hand in hand
With the persons who are fully settled
He, who has home, is more deplorable fear
Which hunts him bitterly now and then.
Where there is affluence
There is fear of ruin, damage and destruction.
When some one wanders like a nomad
He does not bear a sense of fear
As fear goes away with the detachment.
Attachment creates bondage

Bondage creates delusion
Delusion leads to fear
And fear generates irritation
Irritation develops in to anger
And anger breeds to cruelty
Cruelty endangers the life and destroys the happiness
As a result, many unwanted things happen
In the life of a human being and in fact
In the long run makes the person its toll
Thus, the sorrows, unhappiness and the cause of death
May not be always attributed to any extraneous thing
But may be attributed to one's own fear
Which dwells within the person
And misguides towards the fatal end
Unwanted fear mars many possibilities of life
As to how one can overcome fear
It is time to learn from the life of the destitute
And enjoy the go of the life contented
Nevertheless, it is a learning experience for every one
To remain satisfied in life with what one has.

Ratnakar Rout

FEELING

Like the first dropp of rain
Touches the earth
The touch of some one
Touched some where in
The unseen petals of the hidden flower
Enchant the lone pedestrian
In the woods eternally
By its uncommon aroma
As an incense stick
Burnt sometime back
In a sanctum
And bemuses the passerby
With its' last left fragrance
Through a tiny outlet exists there.

It is raining sparsely outside
The beautiful odor of the soil
Pours into the bedroom
Emanated from the crest of the earth.
The untainted smell multiplies
With the falling of rain drops
And the feelings of the touch
Spread into the each blood cell
The rain turns to heavy shower
The feeling preserved in each
Cell grows within
Like a honeycomb grows by bees.
It flows in the bloodstream
Captures and hypnotizes
The hypothalamus.

There is no existence of anything
Anywhere except the feeling of touch.
A river flows downstream
To its only destination
Surrenders and mingles in the sea
Where there is water
No rain, no shower, no river
Appears further.

The feeling germinates somewhere
Grows to a full bloomed tree
And spreads to the entire Universe
Not curliness to any definite proposition
The touch is huge, unbelievable
And gigantic
Is that the feeling of love?
For one life only
Or for time immemorial
Or well above the compass of this
Mundane world.

When evening runs to midnight
Darkness swells up
The music of the showers
Breaks the silence all-round
But creates no hindrance for the beholder.
The feeling still prevails.

Ratnakar Rout

FEELINGS AT DEATH

Just before breathing the last breath
What one can ponder over?
He may recollect the ugliest encounter
He had with his foes
And the way he ditched her beloved,
Exploited the innocence of his wife
And the exciting moments he had spent with his friends
Behaved improperly with his colleagues
Indulged in infidelity with a woman next door
Plundered the innocent people abusing power and position
Ignored deliberately his kith & kin
Neglected parents in their old age
Recounting his adolescent days
Punishments given to him for his mischief by them
Alternatively, he may recollect the noble deeds done by him
The services he had rendered for the wellbeing
Of the public and the society at large
With an altruistic and philanthropic commitment
Or else he may go on repenting for his evil deeds
Till the last breath and apologize in silence to all
Who has suffered severely in life for his wrong doings?
He may also beg pardon to God
And seek forgiveness from HIM to rest his soul in peace
At abode after his departure from this mundane world.
He may wish to have a peaceful return journey
And loving embrace of death so as to meet a painless end
When his formless soul will get liberated
From the worldly body and depart the visible form
The 'panchabhuta' here will get mingled
And subsequently may return to the same form
He may visualize the after effect of his sad demise
And on this score the reaction of the people around him there after.
He may aspire to listen the chanting of 'Sloka'
Of 'Srimad Bhagabat Gita' or recall his memory
To recite the 'Slokas' silently which his parents had taught
Him in his childhood as a part of family tradition which passes
On from one generation to the next
Called as 'SAMSKAR' till he rests eternally on the lap of death
And that would find his soul liberated to attain 'nirvan'
"asato ma sat gamaya
tamashjo ma jotirgamaya
mrityurmam amrutam gamaya
om shanti, shanti, shanti".

Ratnakar Rout

FIRST TOUCH OF LOVE

The unkind scorching ray of the cruel summer sun
made lives on earth measurable
The unbearable sufferings of the people
was alike the condition of the climbing fish
in the hot frying pan. They were in dire need of cold
and conducive weather like the thirsty swallows
who make rounds in the sky awaiting
the onset of first rain. At last raindrops like
blessings of the Lord brought solace for everyone.
Slowly and steadily, soothing cold breeze started blowing
as if an unseen hand caresses the victims gently.
The touch of much awaited loving climate
implanted a feeling in everyone
of the first touch of love of their loved one.

Ratnakar Rout

GARDEN QUEEN

What a short spell of life
It lives
A night only
The snow-white tiny petals
Enriched with enticed
Sweet fragrance
Fill up hearts of many with joy.
It never bothers
How long it lives?
But keeps on serving many
That is my garden queen
The beautiful lovely Jasmine
The lovely aroma
Through the window panes
Divest my attention
And I am caught often at the sight
When it dances in tunes of the breeze
Spreading the sweet fragrance all around
Tosses its head left and right
Jumps a little up and down
And looks nice
It enlivens in me
The memories are imprinted
And engraved nicely
Like the dancing girls
On the colossus stonewalls of Konark.
Life has some moments ahead
Living has an uncertain tenure
Survival is interwoven with the time.
Matters littleLife is long or short
Matters what
Life is meaningful or not?

Ratnakar Rout

GO BETWEEN

Oh! Naughty breeze
Where are you hiding?
Come on and blow gently
Blow from the northwest direction
Your recent arrival news has reached here
Through the cuckoo's melodious tune
I know, you are carrying the charming messages
Of my love who is thousand miles away
And drowned in my memoirs
Why do you play hide and seek with me?
Putting me in serious anxiety
Here you know I am dieing
For her in each passing day
She has touched you lovingly
And solicited to carry the splendid touch
For transmitting the same to me cordially
Are you so crazy not to part with
The incredible touch and carry it with you all along?
Have you fallen in love with such a fabulous lady
And become envious to me to shake my heart?
I can't bear the delay further
Oh! Naughty breeze don't hurt my desperate heart so cruelly.
Come on and blow perpetually
To continue the perennial flow of feelings from my love
Don't stop for heavens shake any more, toss your head
Touch my quivering soul
And cuddle me passionately time and again
Till the sweet gentle touch and caress of my love
Are passed on to me ceaselessly.
Have you stopped blowing my dear in the mid way?
Please come quickly and do me a favor or else kill me
As I am unable to tolerate the delay further
Convey the whispers you are carrying all the way.
Waiting is very painful, you know,
It multiplies my owes relentlessly
And is becoming vulnerable day by day.
With the intoxicating touch of my love
Have you lost the path midway? I am in awe.
She must be waiting eagerly to get the feed back
As you know, she has a soft and tender heart.
Don't play with her affable emotions
She has no other way but to instill
Enormous confidence on you to render her a loyal service
Travel swiftly over coming all the barriers
Don't ditch her please as she is extremely innocent
Any of your treacherous move would ruin her utterly
And I know she cannot endure such awful pain
Her dreams will shatter like house of cards
And she will loose faith in life
The fall of such a lovable soul would be excruciating
Oh! My dear, travel fast, don't stop and communicate
Her whispers at the earliest

As you know waiting is always very painful.

Ratnakar Rout

Grass Speaks

The other day
a little tiny grass
at the farthest South-East corner
of the lawn told, look gentleman;
why do you shy away?
You are not alien to this soil
You are a stranger well known
You neither belong to this nor that soil
whether you are here or there
You are every where
You know or not,
the feelings of us you share
that we do care.

Ratnakar Rout

GRATITUDE

When one encounters some one superior
A sense of inferiority embroils within him
And comparison begins.
Feelings of insecurity prevail in the mind
And give birth to fear psychosis
It preoccupies him entirely
And for all the shortcomings
The victim starts blaming the parents,
Near and dear ones and the Creator
He never feels grateful for
The endowments available, thus
All the belongings appear irrelevant to him
And gradually he gets
Trapped by the self-created sufferings
As a result, for him life becomes a liability
And appears very dull and useless
But unfortunately he forgets to thank the parents
For bringing him to earth
And God for gifting such a precious life
He normally cannot assess the assets in his kit
An able body with all functional organs, a beautiful mind
And lovable soul engaged in his service now and then
Before casting aspersion on others
Is it not wise to look around?
And see how the people
With disability are struggling
Life and aspire to survive
How tiny creatures toil hard to arrange their living
And prolong life on earth?
Does one get contentment in plenty always?
When millions are striving to survive penniless
Is it possible finding some one in the world?
Who does not have wants at all
And all needs of him have been addressed to
Through the unseen hand of the benevolent Creator
As it is seen invariably widely
Want emboldens human to face the challenges
One has to consider this in life
For converting the failure to success
And the defeats to opportunity
As we all know diversity is the law of the nature
And no two are equal in all respect
Which is glaringly exhibited in the variety of the creations.

Ratnakar Rout

GREED

While passing through the street
Lined with enormous mansions
I used to look at the massive structure
Of a colossal monumental building
Which catches my sight impulsively?
Who would be the proud owner of the building?
I usually pondered. One day I had an
Opportunity seeing a portly figure
Making rounds in the courtyard
Accidentally, I met the man in a friends' house
After a brief introduction I came to know
That he was a civil engineer by profession
And after retirement has started a firm
For rendering services on consultation
A few minutes I got to spend with him that day,
He only talked during that brief discussion on acquisition of land
Building and property available here and there in the city
My friend later on told, he has property worth
Many billions, but he is not contented.
He is always after more and more accumulation
Though he is seventy plus. We had not met since then
When I curiously enquired about the man last week
My friend narrated the painful incident
Which had occurred with the man and devastated him
Hardly a year after our meeting
The man fell sick when the elder son was out of the town.
The younger one conniving with some miscreants got
The transfer deeds of the land and building signed
From the ailing father clandestinely
To the utter surprise of every one
For exercising the ownership over the land and building entirely
When the elder son knew the conspiracy
He had no option but to run after
Pillar to post to protect his position
The dispute over the possession of the
Building took an ugly turn. At the sick bed,
The man was subjected to severe torture and humiliation.
Neither two son nor their spouses look after the ailing father.
Every one started blaming him
For his indecisive behaviour
He was lamenting for the unprecedented development
And wailing on his traumatic condition
He cursed none other than himself for all such happening
And started repenting on his past deeds
But it was already delayed
Day by day his health condition deteriorated
At last the man precariously succumbed to his illness
The mansion is standing as it is there proudly
In the posh locality adjacent to the street I see
When pass by regularly during my morning round of walk
But the man is not seen there now a day
And he would never be seen there again

Ratnakar Rout

HEALER

Back to the school days
One day Doctor came for vaccination
To save the children
From the epidemic
If not nipped at the bud
Will be incurable.

The children trembled
Like frightened cockroaches
At last the peril came
A ghost like man appeared
With a sharp needle
The instant crunching pain is over
They distributed some white powder
To apply on the wounds
And disappeared.

Wounds healed up
Still the scar is there
It will perish
When the body disappears.
Is it invincible?
Or inerascable not known
Whether the disease conquered later on.

Like a doctor
You came
With no needle, no thread, no cotton
No gauge, nothing
You appeared
Engraved a unseen wound
Which does not bleed
But pains eternally within
Unlike a scar carved in vaccination.

It wakes up like
A bleeding wound
Sensitizes, bemuses and thrills
Heals at times
And at times exterminate
It pains and enchants.

You are the doctor
To heal up the invisible wound
Your images are well within
Is not it
The remedy is YOU

Ratnakar Rout

Here Is News

This is for everyone who is sensitive
Here is news, look very attentively, be alert
As things are getting worse and aggravating in each passing day
Needs your intervention and quick resolution
The news published in a section of press in the caption
'Another girl child found abandoned in Cuttack'
Reads as follows; 'Girls lose out in gender race,
Five infant girls were found abandoned
In the twin cities in the past two weeks
Reflecting the peoples preference for a male child
Taking the total tally to five during last three days
All are baby girls, no male child, not even one, why?
Only girl child, this is gender bias or what? '
In twenty first century people
Claim them highly civilised and advanced, as such
There is no difference exist between the girls and boys,
Males and females, all are equal
And if given adequate opportunity girls
Will flourish and excel to become someone.
When science successfully manufactures synthetic cells
Invent capsules and on the verge of preparing human clones
To enable human beings live eternally
And tries untiringly to further the Inventions
To make it happens that, nobody will die
Nobody becomes old, life is eternal
And youth is eternally rejoiced by everyone
How one could become so cruel and inhuman to neo natal baby girls?

Ratnakar Rout

I AM NOT THAT I

I am not that I
You saw the day before
A new man I am born each day
With a day break
Letting off my shells at bay
The yesterday is buried.

A new man I land up on earth
With a different chemistry
Blessed with biological evolutions
Beginning with cells to the nails
And enriched with new thoughts
Feelings and emotions, step by step
And moments after moments
Like the layers after layers of a
Newly built in foundation.

It's not easy to protect from inertia
Like hidden flame glows up
Like silent wind blow up
And like a lost seed wakes up
At times when a cross road is ahead
When a fix is in the horizon
When a worst battle is on its anvil
Then it overpowers the conquerors
Then it spreads its tentacles.

It gets encouragement from the
Implanted nostalgia
And the poor carrier crawls
On not-so smooth surface
Like a baby fights to stand up
In his crumbling feet.

This nexus forbids me to conceive
I am almost a different person today
And I shall be absolutely different next day
But all these happen
When I am that I, you see
A pool of blood
A skeletal structure
With skin and flesh
Beautifully sculptured and preserved
Like an empty pond gradually fills up
Like a sibling grows up day by day
Like a vessel pours in slowly and slowly
I grow up with the strange experiences
In each minute passes by.

Ratnakar Rout

I AM WHAT I AM

I am not what I am
I am not who I am, as I am known to the world
I am not attached to any material body
Still I rest in it for a while
I have no physical identity
But the name is given to my body.

As I am not known by that perpetually
I do not identify with the fragile body
Thus, I am ignorant of my real identity
I am a formless entity, I know
And appear like a transparent glow
Who can conjoin with it?
That one realizes in deep penance
Drifting it away from the perishable body

I have limited options
Like a pen drive I carry
All the messages encoded in it
Over the ages from birth to birth, in an endless journey
As I am not independent of my 'Karma'
That is my deeds in different births
When I enter in to a body
I carry the seeds of past 'Karma' with me
The moment I land up in a body
The seeds already sown earlier start sprouting
And the plant bears the fruits as such
Which I have to endure, appropriate and pass through
I am bound by my deeds
And ought to enjoy its fruits either good or bad

But I am independent of the physical body and life, I live
I am bit selfish as long as the body behaves
As the sole carrier of mine in the visible world
And remain fit to sustain me; I continue to stay in it.
Make it an abode and dwell in the temple of the body.
When it moves towards its end and appears perishing
I coolly leave it and watch its dissolution from a distance,
Visualize its departure and decay
Its deplorable end, expiry and fragility
Be a witness to its last rites,
Its unification with 'Panchabhuta'
And the distressed condition of its near and dear ones
I change the body like old worn out cloth
Ordinarily I do not make any choice of the body
Like wind I usually take the shape of the container
But at times the shape and size,
The look and appearance of the previous body
Are reflected in the current structure

I dwell in the body to act
Being independent of any worldly attachment

But the actions are according to the feelings
And events imprinted in the consciousness during the other life
Those had happened with the body in the previous births
Though, I am an onlooker to all such happenings
All along I am indifferent to them
To get me free from 'Karma',
The cycle of life and death and to liberate me
This body is my means to reach at my goal.

Time fragments created by men hinders
The perception of time
I am timeless and present eternally
When there is feeling and emotion I appear in a form
Take a shape and move when there is absolute
Vacuum and blank everywhere
Still I am present in nothingness
I contain the universe in me
I am not confined, I can move wherever I like
As I have no boundary I am omnipresent
Omnipotent and omniscient

I am neither a caste nor a creed, nor belong to any
Religion or any particular race or group
I am well within everybody and all are within me
No dichotomy, no discrimination, no difference
I contain all the data of the universe
When I am liberated from the body, cleansing of
All the attachments through self realization
When again I desire to come back with a form
I rest on my consciousness and it is built up
By my deeds like the super structure
Of a building is built in bricks
It requires deep devotion and meditation
Through which I wish to erase all the data
And make the pen drive clean
If I continue with the attachments further
The consciousness carries data from one form to another form
And they are the seeds of all confusion and suffering.
As I have no beginning or end
I have created the concept of time
And I have given it a name.

Time expires, time ends as it appears
But I continue here and continue
Till the end and even after the end
At times I contradict my own assumption
Does time expire? Does time end?
Time is my creation. Time never rests
It moves, moves and moves on
It is perpetual as I am
Time never stops, time never flees
I stay with the time, move with it

I am time, time is me, and time is mine
Time has no fragmentation
Time has no compartmentalization
It is not subject to any division
Time has no past, no present, and no future
It revolves, it repeats, it reappears
It mingles at a point, converges there
And emanates as and when required
As if from there it only evolves and spreads.

Time move is a perception that the people in this
Virtual world perceive & conceptualize
May it be the greatest ignorance?
When every thing moves with the time
How could time rest, stay unmoved?
I am the seed, the real seed. I germinate,
I grow the foliage, I blossom, and I bear the fruit.
I exist when there is physical presence of some
Or existence of no body at all
I am grounded firmly in vacuum.
My place is the limitless space spread everywhere
I only conjoin with 'HIM'
Who is the sole authority of this endless kingdom?
When 'HE' embraces, all my moves stop automatically
And I contain in HIM and everything becomes
Cool, calm, serene and adorable
There I am liberated and I achieve salvation.

I am neither young nor old
I have no age, nor am I bound by time
I am perennial. I never die nor live. I am immortal.
I am neither a king nor a subject.
I am neither an oppressed nor an oppressor.
This time I am a shepherd
The next time I may be a prince or a ruler
I am neither a criminal nor a philanthropist
I am neither a saint nor a servant, I am
Neither a monk nor a weird, I am what I am
I am a director, I only organize how a drama
For which some one is attached to be enacted.
I am the regulator, the prompter behind the curtain

Things come and go, I see. But I never depart
I am here since the time immemorial
I am nameless. But I contain all the names
Whenever I wish, I can take a name
And be known by that name
I am penniless, but at the same time
I possess all the wealth
This day I am a Fakir, the other day
I can become a millionaire
At the moment I am a poet, the other day

I can become a heartless dictator
I can become any thing any day I wish to.
For me, there is no frontier,
No boundary, no passport or visa.
I can swim, I can fly, I can walk, and I can float,
And I can do what I intend to do
I am what I am; I am here since the inception,
I shall be here till the end
I am soil, I am fire, I am wind,
I am ego and I am the desire, you know

I am what I am; I am what you are too
You and I are the same
I do not want to take anything from anyone
As I am already filled in
I eagerly aspire to share peace, love and affection
Remember, I am not the body but I drive the same
I am a perennial flow, I am an eternal glow, the 'OM', OH Me.

Ratnakar Rout

IMPACT

Breaking news in the morning bulletin
Caught my attention sharply
It was enough to disturb my quiet moments
And I could not peacefully sip my morning tea.

The dead body of the only earning son
Of a village farmer was recovered from a room
Of the low cost lodge of the town
He had no option but to commit suicide.
No alternate earning source
He could manage to arrange for last five months
Being a young software engineer
Who was retrenched from a Mumbai based company
Due to economic slow down,
That revealed from his suicide note left on the table.

He was brilliant and impeccable
The police recovered the body along with a few belongings
And empty pesticide bottle that was enough
To end a precious life
I saw the dead body in the TV
And became dumb. I was asking myself
Why did he take such an extreme step?
Could he not sustain life even though he did not have a job?
Why did he feel so insecure about his future?
And dared not to face the challenges ahead of life
Does life worth a job only?
The old parents almost torn in age and poverty broke down
The crowds got swelled up
And all were speechless.

The travesty of fate played its role mercilessly
That took away a blooming life.
A bud was plucked by the uncanny hand
Of the time before it bloomed.
But a question hunted me seriously
Who is responsible for this untoward incident?
Whom do we blame for this?
When physically challenged persons struggle life
And still in faith on their ability to survive.
A young engineer would accept the defeat in life is unbelievable.

When millions are wandering homeless,
Moving with empty bowls for sustaining life,
Countless children roaming with bulging bellies,
Skeletal human frame and desperate looks
Are deprived of two square meals a day
They fight with all odds in life and vagaries of nature
A software engineer could accept a cowards' death is unthinkable.
Could he be alone held responsible for his incident?

We talk now a day of a world order,

We believe globalisation is the panacea
Of all the remedies we have in the system
But what is its outcome today?
The poor is getting poorer day by day
And the rich becomes richer,
A few mints money and lives life on the heaps of wealth
The mighty reigns over the weak
They impose their views on others to satisfy their wish
When the system works to protect the interest of the strong,
The world order visibly crumbles down like house of cards.

When future appears bleak and uncertain
All hopes and dreams of younger generation smoke out,
They are disappointed and scared of the future.
The lofty dreams they have when appear impossible,
They loose their heart. The love, affection, family bonding
And prospects in life, all seemingly appear futile like illusions.
The attachment becomes weak day by day
They are not prepared to withstand the defeat.
The black shadow of economic melting down is widespread
Is it the beginning of the doomsday?
I looked at my daughter present beside me
With pangs of sorrows in my heart
Who was waiting to leave for her engineering college?

I was in search of words to console the bereaved family.
What message could I send to his parents?
As to how I shall mourn the said demise
Of the young technocrat at this moment
And console the relatives of the deceased
To have patience and not to lament further,
I am longing for.

Ratnakar Rout

IMPENDING MENACE

Unnatural deaths are the go of the world today
Human lives are weighed like commodities
and extricated unconscientiously for feeble gain
Why such indiscriminate brutal killings of human beings happen?
Though killing of a person destroys a family or two
still undesirable, unbearable, painful and mourned
But knocking down a tree furthers the annihilation process
of the entire civilization, even though
shockingly there is very little concern
Beware of the far reaching ramifications ahead.

Ratnakar Rout

INCARNATIONS

Like the treacherous nomadic cloud
Conquers the desperate sun
In the twilight hours,
The enigmatic night reigns
Over the innocent earth
Undefended at the sunset
I am confined within the four walls
When my visible world
Is plunged in to darkness.

Yes, I am caged and protected
Around a concrete jungle
Frictionless conch shell white marble
Is spread under my feet
To safeguard from unwanted
Wounds and cuts.

Do I happy with all these arrangements
I am a helpless creature
Not able to survive
Innumerable stings of thousand snakes
Bitten by serpents mercilessly
Now and then
I aspire to escape
And to encase deliverance
Redundant seeds planted yesterday
Germinate and bloom in to luxuriant foliages
And my helpless body throbs
With the motion of emotions
It turns the tide of the blood
And passionately lofty waves
Kiss the shore
The wild beast in me wakes up
And gradually I am encircled
With lustrous animals
The blood runs through arteries and veins
Violent and hot
Like the mountain stream
Run with boosted ego
During torrential rain
And the wretched man behave funny
When he becomes a have
With a sudden stroke of fortune
Being emancipated
From the desperate condition.

The insatiated desires
Coupled with lust and passion
Build a situation
When I see the images
Of pretty women and macho-men,
I see the off-skirt nudity

In the walls and window curtains
And in the empty houses in silence
I listen the whispers of paragon of beauties.

My heart beats hysterically
My searching eyes pierces in to everything
Desirable and un-desirable
When I go on losing battles
One after another
My aspire to encounter the bare bodies
And off-cloth images
Everything in its virgin contour
Which appear and disappear
Quickly from my vision.

In absence of the influence
Of any shadow from any where
Like the Himalayan ego covers up the mind
And finally swallows up the self
I do not wish to visualize at that moment
The artificial makes of the
Human endeavor
But I split in to parts my-self
And do not tolerate
My catastrophic aspirations
When the day break,
I become a victim and a tool
At their hand, the makers of
So called civilization
And where I am destined
To chant loudly the slogans
To dress up
To cloth up Against obscenity
Remember at the daybreak
I dress up my-self
And give this clarion call.

Ratnakar Rout

INDELIBLE INK

The presiding officer of the Polling booth
Was in haste as the intending voters
Queued up eagerly to exercise their mandate
He smeared the nail of my index finger
With indelible ink before casting the vote
After exercising my franchise I tried
To erase the ink as it disfigured the nail
And my finger skin down the nail.
But I could not make up my mind
Recollecting the childhood advice of my teacher
That which cannot be cured must be endured.
Since then whenever I spent time leisurely
I used to look at my finger.
Gradually the nail grew and the ink stained
Portion of the nail was replaced by the new nail
With each passing day the nail grew
And the tainted part of the nail vanished gradually
Like the present generation paves
The way for the generation next
Offspring's take the position of parents
And babies grow up as children and
Become youths later on. The nature moves on
So as the nature's ingredients, though
The process is slow
And ordinary people are unable to go along.
Keen introspection to the natural objects would
cast a reflection on the steady evolution.
When a visionary can see the changes in the ecosystem
Through his sharp vision, ordinary
Persons can not visualise the same.
One day I realised the ink marked portion
Of the nail has grown beyond the finger tip
It led me happily to remove the extra
Portion by a nail cutter as
The Creator eliminates the unsuitable one from the world
Things appear indispensable loose
Their importance in the course of time
They go out of the sight and are lost in the oblivion
As it seems, life on earth
Is like a blot of indelible ink on the finger tips.
It passes on slowly and one day
In every body's sight goes behind the
Curtain leaving each one in speculation
Where does hide an unseen hand
That washes out the redundant now and then
And who protects the cleanliness of our environment too?

Ratnakar Rout

INIMITABLE ENCOUNTER

When the setting sun in the western horizon
Along the mountain peaks
Was looking like a vermillion mark
On the forehead of a newly wedded woman
The foggy winter afternoon gradually
Plunged into darkness
The glow worms enkindled
Their vicinity and lighted the surroundings
Even though for a while
A stranger companion
Was travelling in my front row
In the crowded compartment of a down town local train
Her innocent look was matchless
A keen observer she
Candidly desired to have a glimpse of
The poem I completed a minute before
She read the poem
Complimented me time and again
A ray of smile caught her blushing lips
She seemingly got filled with contentment
As she was a student of literature
She was so engrossed
Finished the poem at one goes and asked now and then,
Have I ever read T.S. Eliot, Byron, Keats and Tennyson?
Like a curious child she wanted to learn, what am I
And intimated me what is she and where is she born
Let me tell you she was an academician.
Her inquisitive eyes at the moment searched something
And she naively got caught up to something or someone,
I noticed, and strangely she forgot to get down from the train
Alas! The train passed away the schedule platform
And she unfortunately missed the station
The eerie whistle of the passenger train
Could not even alarm her
And bring back her consciousness at that situation
The pregnant monsoon rain was almost merciless then
She realised after a long while
She was far away from her destination
When she edgily hurried
Everybody around her questioned
How could she commit such a grave mistake?
She remained speechless
And quietly got down from the train in a mid way station
Since then we have not met again.

Ratnakar Rout

INNOCENT VICTIM

She was like a serene blooming flower
When misfortune befell on her
Now she is dwindling in confusion to know
What is her identity? A Cambodian or Indian
Or she is a part of this humankind, a human being
A homosapien, a kid, belongs to the entire humanity
What is her fault? Was it a curse to be born in this world?
A child to the couple of Cambodian and Indian origin
How could the mother send a three year old child to India?
After the father deserted the mother
And left for his country leaving Cambodia, the native land of her
Neither the father nor the grand parents accepted the kid
On her arrival on whom she would have depended
The kid lived on begging finding no alternate living.
She grew up and became a prey of the intemperate father
And got physically exploited by the man & his friends
When she was six year old only and quite ignorant
Of the complexity of the mundane world
How could she unravel the knavery of the deceitful persons?
A victim of lust and passion of her father for two years
Which she finally divulged before the grand mother in an occasion
Where she met her in seclusion
Thank to her courage and temerity that she could dare
To disclose her ordeal before the grand mother
Who could at last realize the misery of the child?
At least good sense prevailed on grand parents after that occasion
The victim was saved from the atrocity
And brutality of the dreaded man thereafter
Law has taken care of the oppressor
At present who is languishing in jail
But what does the child get for her persecution
Would she get back her childhood and innocence?
Has the God closed his eyes or gone blind?
Or preferred to eschew witnessing the heinous crime
After all, what is her fault?
For what blunder she is subjected to such oppression
Mental trauma and physical torture?
Could she ever believe the human beings on earth?
When father tormented her on whom
She would have relied on for safety and security
When God is dead and nonexistent here, who else will come forward?
Extending support and security to her in future
Could she forget this misfortune as a nightmare?
Could any one erase the scars of despair engraved in her mind?
I am speechless, I can only lament quietly for the misfortune
And express my heartfelt love and affect ion
In such a critical juncture of her life
Can this short of atrocious act be prevented on earth?

Ratnakar Rout

INTROSPECTION

Now a day every body tells
You are looking pale
A shadow of grief has shaken you
What is the reason of sorrow?

I introspect deeply
To unearth the seed of despair
And am to know if the unfathomable emotion
Unconsciously sown in
Has depressed me.

That paves the way for my realization
The seed germinates in tranquility
Which is either planted through
A mellifluous chord
Or by the touch of soft tender word
The intoxicating look of an
Imaginary face
Implants a seedling to
Grow with luxuriant foliage
I am imbibed helplessly
By the graceful look
And enticing fragrance
The dreams never come true
With break of the day
It fades away
Leaving a perpetual imprint
Of the lovely wild flower in me

I strive to forget
And strive to live
To restore my agility
But like the full moon
My dreams conquer me
I am in chains and crumbling miserably
My crawling never ends
But it thrills others
And they shower me with mercy.

Still I desire not to forget
My memories
As I am well on these
And searching for them
Let that search persistently continue.

For you what I am, you see in me
But for me whether I survive or die
Is absolutely immaterial.
Come what may
I wish to rear these rare feelings
And emotions till my last breath.

Ratnakar Rout

IS IT THE WAY

A Jawan deployed to curb insurgency was abducted
and later on found brutally strangulated by the insurgents
The mutilated body was seen deserted in the desolate jungle path
He was the lone earning member of a poor farmer's family
On whose income the five member family was solely dependent
The body was brought to the native village in a cavalcade
for its last rites, the mother got fainted and went in to coma
When all others in the family screamed, the septuagenarian father
looked at the deceased body closely and questioned to the gathering
utterly blank, is it the way to raise revolution
and bring a change in the present political and social system?

Ratnakar Rout

LET ME SINK IN TO PERPETUAL DARKNESS

While walking down the street
Early in the morning for a walk
At once, I felt darkness everywhere
I still continued to walk through the dark
As if somebody immediately closed my eyes
Or suddenly I developed blindness.

I could not apprehend
What was happening all around?
As if a black curtain was spread
I realized.
My friend and foe
Critic and well wisher
Beauty and ugly
Clean and dirty
Everything good and bad everywhere
Went away from my sight
I was left alone
Horns of the running vehicles
Talks of the pedestrians
Sounds of the bullock cart and cycle rickshaw
Outcry of the drunks
Quarrel of the street dogs
And call of the hawker
Could not scare me further.
I did not bother
Whether they were far off or nearer.

I am safe now
Others see me and sympathize
Or ignore makes no difference
To see others and enliven
I have no interest any more
For me blasting of a mountain
Flowing of rivers
Melting of glacier
Eruption of volcano
Chirping of birds
Itinerant clouds
And garden full of flowers and fruits.
As the world around has plunged into darkness
Moonlit night, snow-clad mountain
And nomadic rain
Everything is same and equal
After darkness everywhere

I am not envious to anybody's
Power and wealth
I am not upset in anybody's achievement
I am not prejudiced by anybody's
Material wealth or worldly success
At this moment

When the world is plunged into darkness
I am blissfully left alone to my fortune
For weeping and shedding the tears in silence.

I am in a serious fix
It is not easy to differentiate
What is what
I am turned almost blind externally
Or unusual darkness reigns over the world
I wander here and there to uncover the truth
And have contentment.

Doctors opine the disease incurable
When dark continues to reign as it is
Can one dispel blindness at this stage?
I am in fix to know
Dark or light
Which one is benevolent?
As light is hurting me gravely
Let me sink into perpetual darkness
To know who am I?

Ratnakar Rout

LIFE MOVES ON

When castes and sub-castes deface
The fabric of the nation
The preamble of the religion
Is written in the innocent blood
The shrines are built in bones
Flowers cease to blossom
Wind do not blow and the
Spring never embraces the earth,
The life is unpredictably shattered.

When the vagaries of nature play mayhem
And seasons do not turn up in time
Lips shiver to kiss and
Lives become severely painful
Like the lives of the ill-fated commuters
In a capsized submarine.

The distrust grows between everyone
Friends are innocently ditched often
The pure minds are seldom seen, thus the
Loneliness shatters the heart and soul of each one
And in this critical juncture unknowns become known
And strangers are preferred to become companions
Amidst these entire adversity
There is silver lining in the eastern horizon
And the perennial flow of life never halts
It moves on and on.

Ratnakar Rout

LIVING

Life is to live
The way I think
Or the way others think it to be
I am in chains here
If I cross the so called limit
Set up by them (a few)
My character is maligned
What is then the character all about?
When living varies
From place to place
And from person to person
Is there any single parameter to assess?
Whether the same one is good or bad.

Even the commonest of the
Common standard possibly set
May not be adhered to
By all the creatures of the world
Of a single species.

I am a unique creation on earth
I do firmly believe
Amidst all the beliefs
Good or evil
I am to live this one life only.

So why not the way
I like it to be
When it does not bring misery
To my fellow creatures
Would it be wise?
To rest my believe
On nomadic clouds further.

Ratnakar Rout

London Bridge In A Stranger's Eye

Three and half decades past
a boy in far East at the shore of Bay of Bengal
when heard the London Bridge is falling down, falling down
he plunged in to utter remorse
why such a catastrophe is befallen
on the tormentors or the entire world is
on the threshold of annihilation.
Though he had a lot of anguish
against the perpetrators
who brought misfortune to the soil
he belongs to for centuries
and caused shedding tears from the eyes
of thousands and thousands of innocent mothers.
He wandered to decipher the reasons there of.
He had a childhood promise then
to remind the children of today of that far-off land
the misdeeds some of their fellow countrymen
committed for not less than three centuries
and took advantage of the innocence
of the aborigines there and across the globe.
But what a great surprise he encountered
to his dismay today when he watched the sight
in his unbelievable eyes as a mute onlooker,
London bridge has not fallen down till date,
instead is still going solid and as appears
it will remain still unyielding and firm as it is for centuries
and centuries to come to bridge the gaps
that exist between the East and the West.
The unknown child of the East is bemused
and taken aback with the marvellous preservation
of the antiquities and the reverence for the past.
The respect for the traditions and resurgence again and again
from the jaws of the debacle surprise the lonely spectator
who with inquisitive eyes visualize each of the items
which are preserved magnificently here and there.
Past teaches and enriches the knowledge to go further
and learn to rectify. The foundation for the citadel of
knowledge that was laid many centuries ago
has played an incredible role to bridge the relation
firmly time and again. Dynasties after dynasties
will come and go but the temple of knowledge
built beyond the dynasties in the divine soil will go on
bridging the gap among the nations and between
the East and the West in particular that the beholder envisages.

(This poem has been written in the hostel room(west) no.16 of Somerville College,
Oxford University on 05.01.2014 night while undergoing training from 4th to 10th
January, 2014)

Ratnakar Rout

LONE JOURNEY

In a lonely path way
Away from the crowd
Leading towards a land of
Natural vegetation, I
Reinvented myself
When walking down as a lone pedestrian.
I am not what I am seen around
My body like a shadow follows me,
I am moving much ahead of my body
And the body just moves behind
Like an automatic doll moves
With a censored command along the way
That is what actually designed.
I see the plight
Of my mundane body all along
How helpless it is?
Though this poor body holds
All my ego and vanity,
It gets little of my attention
When in peril I know
It is deserted desperately
Once the scheme of things are over
Or when it is unable
Of holding the burden of my emotions
It becomes an innocent victim
Of all my selfish design
All things I possess vanish
When the body departs
But I never extinct nor die
I never vanish
I move on and on, till I can.
Except using as a toll of my expression
What relation I do have with this body
It is destined to perish.
My visible form will mingle as a part
Of nature and loose its identity
For which I am known to the world.
But I would remain as it is.
A silent spectator I am to all such happenings.
I am neither bound by my consciousness
Nor the body, I possess.
But like all other worldly things in the nature,
The body decomposes deserting the consciousness.
That stays back,
With all the information it gathers
In the passage of time like a pen-drive
That stores the data in it.
The information is like seeds.
When soul lands up in a body,
The consciousness germinates to act upon
Like the seed gets germinated in the
Soil and starts showing the result

In births after births till the matter is complete.
It is like the dirty water that settles down
Through sedimentation on deposit of slit down below,
The water gets cleaned and becomes purified,
Similarly, when the consciousness starts yielding its result,
The scores of the past matters get gradually settled.
But I realise the past events are encoded out of the
Consciousness and connected
To me with its pristine serenity as a data-less pen-drive
Time ripens then to store the valuables in it.
A new beginning ushers a journey afresh
For me towards eternity
At that very moment I comprehend
That the new journey begins again
And I set out the journey alone
Nobody accompanies me all through my journey
Even I live in the midst of everybody.

Ratnakar Rout

LOVE FOR LANGUAGE

Sound denotes the tune
Tune shapes the word
Words sprout of strong feelings
Feelings have no limit, no boundary
But it is clothed by the language
Language endows with the identity
Identity confers recognition
Recognition offers self esteem
To the human beings in the society
Thus everyone has to devote time
and give all out efforts for protection
restoration and growth of one's own language.

Ratnakar Rout

LOVE IS BLIND

To avoid my loneliness
I am in love with you
I do not know
If you reciprocate
The same way
Only for once
Can you not tell?
I love you, too.

Ratnakar Rout

MEMOIR

Shivering the nerves of the earth
The cold breeze was blowing
In a chilled winter morning
The Birds were in the deep slumber
In their tiny nests
One timeworn wretched beggar
Covered in the rags was asleep
Beneath the lonely tree along the
Deserted street

With the embraces of your memory
Crossing the lanes and by-lanes
Down the main road I was
Moving desperately ahead in my morning trip.
At a turning where
The lane leads to the highway
A rare sight caught my sight
I stopped gazing there for a while
And walked out of the lane in hurry
Completely ignoring to remember the
Event at that moment
But do you believe?
Still that sight is alive in me
And hunts me now and then
Though long years have passed in the meantime
I take the same route very often
With a hope to oversee the sight once again
To my utter surprise
That lovely sight is never seen
But surprisingly that is still
Afresh in my memory lane
And hunts me now and then.

Ratnakar Rout

MEMORIALS

Who needs a bunch of plastic quoted?
Suitably contrived
And artificially designed decorated rose.
Though a property for life long
Can it overcome the passing time?
Know not when it deserts the world unfeelingly.
Like bin of putrid papers.
Relation may exist for short or long
For a day or for a night
But when the prolonged waiting ends
The thirst is quenched
The hunger is mitigated
When the heart is full
No inundation further appears
A calm quiet transparent stream
Flows candidly with a soft tune.
Kissing the sea passionately
It completely mingles
And a long journey ends.
To achieve salvation
In her lasting embraces
How far it travels
How long it waits
Like stone turned Ahalya
Matters not.
A scene ends
And a new episode begins
When Krishna moves to Mathura
In the cascade led by Akrur
The special envoy of tormenter Kansha
Radha remains the same Radha
An icon of love
Even Krishna departs
Does Radha wait for time immemorial?
As the return journey is not scheduled
The uncertainty prevails in the remnants
Of the mellifluous chord of
Krishna's flute echoed at the bank of Yamuna
The soil of Gopa
The benevolent shady trees
The pillars of the distant memories
Do adjoin to her woes and misery
To her frustration and curliness
Tears and sorrows further the grief
Or are those eschewed bravely.
But tears never roll down her eyes
Grief never smears the heart
An eternal bliss
The memorials of those intimate hours
Fill up her heart perpetually
Despite all twisted apprehensions
And predicaments

Because she is in love
And an embodiment of love
An epithet of love for herself
What more does one aspire?

Ratnakar Rout

MERRY GO ROUND

Who knows the longevity of the earth?
May be million of years have passed.
Million of years still to cover
Span of life on earth is like a tiny dot
As if a pebble on the shore of time.

One who starts from a point?
Unconsciously reaches to the
Same point again
Because the earth is round.
When looks back the time since long
He has covered
It seems as if he is not far off
From the point he has reached just now.

The past and present mingle
At a specific point
On the horizon of the mind.

A budding flower dreams of her own sky
Stars twinkle, sun rises
And beams of the moon thrill her
And emotionally sway her towards lofty hopes

Amidst many bemused onlookers
She whispers in the ear of none
At times the river misses the way
The sea remains far away
It follows a mirage
And at last meets an
End in the desert way.

The jubilant sea loses no time
To fall in love with some one
And desperately desires consummation.

The blossom in the long run
Embraces one and all
With intoxicating gale.
Every one volunteers to sink their boat
And drown for the moment emotionally.

The flower laughs heartily
And enjoys the sight of the
Aspirants queue.

Once again the flower puzzles
And commits the second error
Eschews the deserving
And prefers to the pretenders.

When time runs out of hand

The full-bloomed flower starts
Loving the petal one by one
And the bemoaned sun sets
At the western horizon.
And unconsciously reaches to the
Same point again.

Everybody deserts her
She then repents
And when in lonely silence
Goes back to the memory lane
Remembering the loved one.

Ratnakar Rout

MOBILE MENACE

Not very far from today
Only a few years back
When some one was asking for my
Cell phone, I was jealous
Not to part it with to any one
As it was considered very precious
Presently, I am bothered for my cell phone
I want to part it with some one
As long as he wants to have it
Since, I am tired of its undue interference
Where ever one goes he finds
People talking and talking only over their cell phones
They do not bother for any one or anything,
Even if for traffic, careless for their lives
As they move unmindful, create problems for
Other commuters, can ring up to any number
But when interrupted cut off the connection at once
With the expression, 'sorry wrong number'
Undesired calls disturb now and then.
Not a single minute is left with the persons
To listen to their inner-self in silence
Adolescents are mostly busy in
Their cell phones at home but not with the task.
Nobody has time to interact in person with other.
Cell phone has isolated each one from others
But has connected to some, one wants to have in relation
At times which seems extremely perilous
Parents lament that the children have gone weird
And on the other hand children suffer from serious isolation
When parents appear busy in cell phone conversation
That ends in superficial family bonding
Cell phone has really brought a reverse social change
Though, it has made the communication easier
And reduced the gap and distance
It has disconnected people from themselves,
Widened the gap among the kith and kin and the society at large
It may help in business expansion, may save some one
From the face of the imminent trouble
But it has eaten away in to the thinking process and creativity
It has destroyed the coherence of expression
And may invite disaster for future generation
Widespread health hazards may mar the tomorrow
A catastrophe may fall upon the human race.
I have developed a fear psyche for my cell phone
And desire to get rid of it as I am scared. As I realized
It has already ruined my placid thoughts and emotional feelings
I myself a victim of its so called indiscriminating indispensability
I consider, it is like fire
If one deals with it carefully and consciously,
It serves faithfully, if one misuses,
The out come may be disastrous
Cell phone was considered a necessity

For humanity before its abundance
But now it has become a mania
And poses serious threat to social and national security
And becomes an impediment to mental peace
'It is a demon, beware of it', may be the future slogan.

Ratnakar Rout

MOKSHYA

Narahari returned one day
To the utter surprise of everybody
Returned for what nobody knows
After thirty years of his self designed exile.
People gathered around him saw
No remarkable transformation in him.
He was as ordinary as other worldly persons
Dirty legs, unnourished heir, pale eyes and fragile appearance
With disorganized bundle of belongings
He had left the house in the twilight hours
Of an unfortunate day as he claims
Being propelled by the clarion call of the unseen
He left everything without looking back
No body knows where was he for such long thirty years?
Manu Dei the wife of Narahari lived on her own alone
Swallowing her owes all these
Years even in absence of any child
As they had no issue and the marriage was only one year old.
Manu Dei got the message that Narahari has returned
She would now enjoy the company of her husband
And no more continue as an estranged wife.
People also made many queries to confirm the
Identity while Narahari was sitting
Beneath the mango tree of the courtyard
On his return before any body got up from the bed
When it was almost dark every where
As the night had not departed then?
He answered all questions
When it was confirmed
That he is the same Narahari
Who has returned back?
People across the village thronged on the place
Except Manu Dei who was silently
As usual engaged in the own world inside.
On being asked why did he return after such a long gap?
Narahari replied that he desired
To meet his deserted wife once in seclusion
Though she was not appeared so encouraged
But came to meet him on others insistence
On getting the information of his request
After confining herself alone for quite sometime
In a closed room which she bolted from inside
To respect his desire she proceeded to the place
Being clad with a white sari
And attire like a Hindu widow
Narahari was waiting alone.
He got fumbled and suddenly woke up
From the seat when she entered like a goddess
And apologized her with folded hands
She was speechless, waited a while and sat
In the chair meant for her.
He came closer, tried to touch

Her hand and uttered, it was required for me
To meet you and beg excuse
Please pardon me sincerely
For my "Mokshya", as per the direction of my Guru
Or else I would not have come to see you at all.
Manu Dei withdrew her hand to a safe distance
And become almost motionless.
Did not even express any eager
To look at the man and to see his face even for once
She looked at the earth down her feet
Like a stone statue sat there for a few moments
And left without uttering a word
Might be pondering over to find the answer
Is "Mokshya" the substitute of selfishness?
How does one forget so coolly the promises he had made
When tied the bridal knot?
To what extent one can go for achieving "Mokshya" or "Nirvana"
She entered in to her bedroom as usual
As nothing has happened to her
She bolded the door from inside
And got plunged into silence.

Ratnakar Rout

MY UNASSUMING LOOK

My unassuming look
Fails to steal the sight of any one any more
Like the contours in the down hill corn field
Cruel wrinkles and unwanted ridges
Have conquered the island
And engraved their inerasable footprints
On its soil
My imperial head looks like a snow-clad hilltop
Gray beards appear as if sporadic snow-fall
And has cover the surface in patches here and there
Penetrating glance of my enormous eyes has become
Short of vision with out the spectacles.

I have mounted the steps of the age
Year after year on the time ladder
And to my plight I have become an uncle
To the younger generation
I feel pity at times
As in the mean time I have grown old
And becomes a senior citizen.

I am not that 'I' your subject of estimation
I am not the body
Normally you envision
I am not seen but require a body to live on
But look, I have no relation
Nor attachment to stay in unison
As to my wishes I leave the body
And never return to that once again
I am that 'I'
Who is neither die nor born
Who does not pass through?
The cycle of birth, growth and death
It is always the same element
The perpetual source of enjoyment
Always the same young and jubilant
An epitome of innocence
When you are engulfed in worldly bondage
A happy fish in the ocean hides in hibernation
And snores in deep slumber

A monumental awakening awaits HIM
When liberated through absolute detachment
A complete isolation breeds a situation
Where I do not live on my head but in heart
I am not occupied by pretence but innocence.

At that time you are not YOU,
The appearance you have
You are your inner-self
You are not the matter you are the atom
You are not the cell you are the nucleus

The shelter of neutron, proton and electron
You are YOU, your inner self
As I am now
When a shadow of realization preoccupy
A feeling sprouts in me
I am not some body
I am every body
You are 'I'
And I am you
Those every body are no body
As you and I know
You, they and I are not separate
From one another
We are one as of now.

No distinction, I mark
The whole universe embraces me
And kisses at my feet
I am like a neo-natal baby
Thrills everybody in my presence
Not through my words but in my silence
Through my innocent smiles
I enchant the beholders perpetually
With the images in different incarnations
As I remain young always
Even if I have grown old
After the same is intensely realized and read.

Ratnakar Rout

MYSTERY

I see in her a laughing doll
Her confident gaze
And ever-charming smile
Enthralls me as if two soft
Petals are tossing their head in the sweet breeze.

Many envy for her happiness and charm
As she is bestowed with good fortune
But I read often her very delicate to handle with
As she is drowned in her feelings
And like to sink into her breath.

A few nights intimacy
A few days roaming around hand in hand
And a few cups of tea shared together
Are not enough to study someone's mind?
Which remains unfeasible for thousand of years.

The beauty of the sea mesmerizes the sight
But it is almost difficult to predict
What are inside?
When it blows
And crosses the shore
Endangers the lives of the millions
And submerges the adjoining civilization at times
When wakes up from its deep slumber violently.
But I see in it a benevolent creator
It helps in building the exquisite landmass like the offspring's
And serves many generations.

But my perception varies
In spite of all her virtues
As an epitome of destruction
Can I unilaterally construe her?
My mind hunts to unearth the mystery.
How many mammoth seas are stored in her mind?
How many suns illumine her?
How many nights' sleep is required for all the dreams?
And how many moons are needed to enlighten her with the beams of bliss?
A simple arithmetical sum or calculation
Is not enough to ease out the issue?
Thousand of inquisitive minds have searched
For the ages to uncover the treasure in the passage of time
And not succeeded yet to collect the marvel.

She is absorbed in her thoughts
When she smiles lovably
A mellifluous tune emanates
When she sinks in ecstasy in a heartfelt union
She is she for me, an untold story
But that is the clichés I listen always

She is she, an unread palm
Which I try to read all the time
But fail to understand the delicacy engraved
She remains as such having the cool and deciduous look
I am not really able to glance or mingle my sight
When my loneliness speaks to me
I listen the voice of my won in silence
I listen the songs of my breath
She laughs and laughs and narrates
How she consumes her sufferings
And rests them in her cap?

She is a difficult calculus, thus
Needs my deep attention and care
To work out and guess
I am not the lone one who transpires this view
There are many others
Desire to work over time whole life
To conquer the truth and ascertain the precision
And the endeavor still goes on
But what is the outcome?
What is the truth they intend to ascertain?
Is there any magician's magic stick to do the wonder?

The nectar of smiles and the pain in weeping
When both appear similar on introspection
For which the Legendary Ram ran after
The golden deer knowing fully well
That he was running after a mirage
Does it bother someone who's in a different mission?

Together staying full life under one roof
Having one hearth and one kitchen
Embracing each other during the days of
Sorrows and sufferings
Eating out each others'
Sweet, salt and sour
Though reminiscences remain at the last breath
Do the couples understand one another fully?

What is stored in side her?
What are her feelings?
Those let her free or bind her
What are her confusions?
What are her realizations and emotions?
Those engulf her completely the entire life
Not able to find out them
I am baffled and in a serious fix
Who can honestly tell that he has discovered the mystery?

Ratnakar Rout

NEVER RELATIONSHIP ENDS

The midday was hot like a frying pan
I saw that day a gorgeous lady
standing on the deserted bus-stop alone
might be in wait to catch her home bound tram
or waiting somebody to arrive to fetch her from there
I looked at her from a distance and strangely got attracted
at the very moment but preferred to stay away from her sight
Next day she was found again standing there
under the scorching hot sun in that lonely hour
Usually during that time I used to take a break from my work
and go for having the launch in my home nearby
There after I saw her every day on that place
while passing by that desolate road waiting
for someone or the bus to arrive in utter desperation
I went on observing her daily movement there
and that recollected me the companionship
I was enjoying with someone for several years
One day the nomadic torrential rain was very cruel
It was almost raining like cats and dogs in that after-noon
The stranger lady was standing under the heavy down pour
and looking helplessly here and there for a shelter but in vain
I could not resist myself but to volunteer
to render her immediate necessary help
When I came closer to her to my utter surprise
She was none other than that some one
who was very close to my heart once
the dearest companion and true guide
during the formative days of my life.

Ratnakar Rout

NEXT TIME

It is not far off
From the sunset
Shadows have already
Begun to appear.
The game will be over soon
As we are in this belated afternoon.

The kit is packed
Articles are arranged in order
One or two spread here and there
Needs to be cared.

When the game is over
You appear in this delayed hour
Endowed with renewed vigor and vitality.
To play an innings further.

You appear smart and jubilant
To enthuse the audience
The only mission
To snatch the game to your favor.

How can I help you?
My dear, at this belated hour
Since the game is over
Look! I am pale and tired.
And need a quick departure.

Dreams are dreams
Are not fulfilled always
Games are played often
Don't get disheartened this time.

Let us wait
And participate in a better game tomorrow
Under the soothing sun
And gentle shower
Next time
To fructify the cherished desire
Oh! My dear
This time the game is over.

Ratnakar Rout

PASSENGER

Whistled the morning train
Like an elephant trumpets
And left for destination
Piercing into the
Grass green bed cover
Spread over the earth
In autumn
Smoke smeared the crystal
Blue sky.
Passing through the mountain tracks
The train went ahead.
In a midway station
A mellifluous voice from a distance
Chanted every one
Who the voice was?
A blind lad covered with
Rags appeared
Humming in a melancholic chord
Dedicated to LORD JAGANNATH

His heart, his soul
And his body in entirety was blowing
With the expression
The ecstasy of devotion
Passed away after a while
Leaving an echo in silence.
His anemic gesture
Left his image in my eyes
Though I have reached the destination
The voice still echoes in me
And I see him again and again.

Ratnakar Rout

PEACE THE PANACEA

Many have rendered homeless
Many have lost their near and dear ones
Many more have become destitute and incapacitate
This is the outcome of war which have been
Thrust upon the human civilization time and again
Today or tomorrow there will be an end to the war I envision
Many wars have been fought by now
What these wars have given us?
Ruthless killings of human lives, bloodshed
Ruin of families and destruction of settlements
Manmade catastrophe befallen on human civilization
Time and again has brought disaster to many innocent lives
Created ill feeling, hatred, intolerance and whatnot
Let us be aware of the disastrous aftermath of war
We have witnessed many such evil effects in the past
It is time to realise ourselves to bid goodbye to war
Who does not want peace? As we are taught
Peace is the panacea of all remedies
The human society encounters today
Let us join our hands together, celebrate and rejoice
The awakening of the humanity for peace

Ratnakar Rout

PLEASANT RIDE

The busy bird returns to its' nest at the end of the day
When the whole little world waits for him
With an adoring glance blended with enviable emotions
It gives up the social cover and relaxes
The darkness gradually conquers the earth
And when it retires in the lap of the mystery night
An exotic implausible dream keeps him
Pondering over the matter till the daybreaks.
The dream moves like a motion picture
Which he visualizes delicately
A reptile peeps into the cell
Through a sand hole
And notices another reptile snoring leisurely
It crawls inside crossing all barriers
Leaving its' whole body somewhere outside
And bolts the compartment from inside
An absolute silence prevails there
During the midnight hour
Both the reptiles get hypnotized
And lose them in a sea of passion
With mutual consent and deep attraction
A generous storm sweeps away
Anything self-seeking at this hour
All controls lose control
All bounds break
And all joints relax, together they
Immerse in the ocean of endearing feelings
And fight a consented battle all through
The sensuous darkness is not for ever, they know
In the next morning when the bird appears in its nest
Deeply engrossed in yawning penance like a monk
No reptile is seen around
Usually dreams seldom come true
But give pleasant ride to the dreamer.

Ratnakar Rout

PLEASE COME

I need not wish you physically
Beside me at this dead hour of the night
Let your tired body rest on the sheets of satin
After the day long incessant toil
When all others fall asleep
You come out of your body quietly
As you know, I have shed my shell long back
And am in wait for you
There wouldn't be any worldly interference
When we both will meet
In the absolute void
We shall spend a few hours
Together in each other's embrace
Some where in the universe
Then depart, to reach at our respective destinations
On return, to dwell in the mundane body
Before the dawn
I am waiting for you eagerly
Please come.

Ratnakar Rout

PLEASE DO ME A FAVOR

Oh! My lovely dreams
Oh! My dear feelings
Oh! My honeyed songs
Oh! My upbeat thoughts,
And every thing visible and invisible
That surrounds me
Oh! My dear & near ones
Oh! My friends and foes
Please do me a favor
Wish blessings to my prayers
And sympathize my bewilder ness
Read my emotions
And listen to my whispers
Identify my silence
And redress my loneliness
Amongst this din & bustles
Please do me a favor
Separating me from my self.
Do you know?
A miraculous thing has happened
Couple of days before
And after that occurrence
I am lamenting at times
And wondering the next moment
I am searching for something
What! I know not but I feel intently
There is absolute silence all around
And I am lost in the oblivion
And sunken in complete nothingness
I am in hallucination, you know!
And fully immersed
In the feeling of some thing or someone
Perhaps I am in profound atonement
I am non-existent presently
Like an amphibian in hibernation during the winter
I am calm, quiet and composed
Where perfect solitude is all around.
Cool does not sever the body any more
I am not frightened also
Whether I am dead or alive
I fail to differentiate between my self and me at present
Whether my self in me
Is already separated from I since long
From the day I have forgotten me
Being engulfed in a strange motion
Ordinarily which cannot be marked
Please do me a favor to identify me again.

Ratnakar Rout

POETIC VISION

They are born here like others
They do what others do normally
Apparently they are not uncommon.
But they do not think alike others.
They live on their dreams. They ponder over
Everything deeply what ever are available
Within their reach on earth and are accessible to them
But they behave indifferently at times.
While living here they present themselves
As if they are not here
They live with others but feel
They do not live with any one any more.
They made intimacy with solitude
And get peace in isolation. They
Hide them in seclusion and tranquil places.
Mingle them quietly in the beauty of nature in silence.
Identify them with sea, sky, wind, rain, flowers,
Woods, hills, even with various other tiny creatures
They consider as a part of nature
And dare to embrace the sea, sun and moon
At times they desire to get embraced by them also.
They wish to be among the twinkling stars
In the sky and caressing the sun
They intend to make love with breeze
And listen to its mellifluous chord
They hope to become perennial streams
And benevolent to all who are thirsty.
They aspire to upsurge as volcano
From the womb of the earth
And blast the mountains to pieces.
They can wish any thing and become what not.
They appear utopian and pursue that vision
They are who you know, they are
None other than the poets
Look! Who else will dwell on such dreams?
Here in this mundane world when absolute darkness
For grabbing every thing and every one
Is always in readiness behind the veil

Ratnakar Rout

POWER GAME

Time is running out
Everyone is in wait, impatient
The boss will arrive and give the advice
They will carry the commands and do their best
Message reaches the congregation time and again
Please have patience and wait further
Boss will definitely come and join the gatherings here
But time runs out and all attempts are going in vain
To contact the boss in person and know his preoccupation
Boss never comes still the waiting is on and goes on
Some are silent, someone dozes
And a few talks on this to that among themselves
The participants go berserk and become impatient
But to their utter surprise nothing happens
Nobody knows as to when the boss will come
Waiting never ends, Boss does not arrive
And indefinite waiting pains there everyone
When all had surpassed their limit of tolerance
Message reached, the Boss is embroiled with serious problems
As to whom he would choose to run the PRIs in forthcoming days
Seeing the wilderness of the congregation
Someone volunteered and asked every one
Gentlemen; please do have patience
And wait till boss gets out of the troubles
As you know the most difficult task of the Bosses
In this world is power distribution among the subordinates.

Ratnakar Rout

PREFERRED SILENCE

You blame me
As I do not venture
To raise voice against
Injustice, corruption and
Violation of human rights
Being a youth and a student.
You have expectations
At least the youths should react.

You would definitely appreciate my position
I am a citizen as you are
Of a developing nation
My roads are tricky
And future is uncertain
Amidst serious challenges
I need to survive with dignity
And encounter the social evils.

But the prejudice and nepotism
I find in all walks of life burn me within
At times though the mountain melts
The stupendous task ahead of us
Demands more dedication, patience and unity
There are golden rays in the eastern horizon
They appear from the womb of the darkness
You can see if you observe keenly
Getting disappointed at this juncture
Would mar all the efforts made so far.

Who does know?
Next moment things may change
I may not dwell on my emotions only
Snow may start falling
And eventually I may
Feel losing my spine.
Alike a feeble creature
Prefer to plunge into
Self-designed hibernation.
Like a naïve tortoise
I would restrict me to my Shells
To shield emergence of new moon

You blame me for my preferred
Silence and inaction.
But for once only
Try to realize my despondency
That keeps me woefully busy
Searching tomorrows' living through
Different uncertain engagements
Though a student and a youth
I am left to my destiny each day
And opt to live as such in apathy.

Ratnakar Rout

PRONOUNCEMENT

Growing old
And adorn with gray hairs
Why are you impelled?
To write on tender hearts.
Who knows?
That your heart is virgin
Mind is young
Dreams are many
And you need to fulfill
One after another.
But clutches have become weak
You know
It may break
Beyond the boundary.
There are five desires
To embrace
For satiating the needs
One encounter.
Can you become a toll of your own desires?
To further you're living
Or else how do you encounter them
Please do pronounce loudly

Ratnakar Rout

QUEST

Refresh your memory and recall
The admirable moment
We both first met
Like the meeting of a paramour and his lady love
You captivated me with the
Beauty of your spouse
But I was dragged and engulfed
In a strange feeling
And lost in the solitude
Gradually I became unsocial
And got engrossed in searching for you.
My quest for you is endless
Thou know not my predicament
You arrive or depart in the long run
For time immemorial
Waiting though very painful goes on.

Ratnakar Rout

REALISATION

Don't break silence
A reign of silence
That prevails all around.

A midst of solitude
Come! Sit blissfully
Without a whisper
Shut your eyes for countless hours
And listen!
Listen the rhythm of your heart
How it thrills for someone you love.
Is it the love for HIM?

Ratnakar Rout

RECOGNITION

Identity is to identify
Among a few
Who am I?
What am I?
And how am I.
I am not a religion
Not a caste or creed
Neither a race
Nor belong to any region
I am a homosapiens
A human, a person
Gods' beautiful creation
Look! This is my only recognition
I can boldly pronounce.

Ratnakar Rout

REMAINS

She was queen in many hearts
A paragon of beauty
Her piercing blue eyes
And intelligent look
Bestowed with
Silent poetic personality
Was envy of others?

She fell trapped in the grip of a
Dangerous illness
Which was chronic and fatal.
A ray of hope shines
In her quivering eyes
When I console her
And pray to God
For a long life and recovery.

She was on her crutches
Thin, frail and fragile
Like a blasted mountain
She was losing flesh and blood.
Bulging belly looked catastrophic
Deserted blunt eyes were speechless
She looked helpless
And shrugged
When I left.

After a month
I reached
There was silence everywhere
I searched for her
But she was no more
Can I forget her memories?

Ratnakar Rout

RESILIENCE

When waiting for a hair cut
I saw a rag clad lady baking cakes
Beneath a tree in front of a hut
Was sweating profusely
The summer morning sun was very cruel
And the humidity unbearable
The climate was unkind and harsh
An eight by eight feet hutment
Of polythene clad roof was looking like
A dungeon and housing a family of five members
A typical slum area of the market place
Where there was heaps of garbage here and there
Residents were accustomed to pungent smell and bad odour
A narrow passage was in-between the huts and
A tiny temple, the place of worship
That was the resting place of the market dwellers
The lady shouted at the younger son who had
Just finished his bath in a road side water tap
And he was completely drenched and bare
She too ordered him in local slang to convey the elder son
Roaming in the market carefree with birthday hangover
To take bath before the water supply gets discontinued at 8.30AM
And have a 'darshan' to the God on this auspicious occasion
Conveying the message he came back quickly
And entered in to the hut
The lady expressed artificial anger on him
And directed the youngest daughter to
Transmit her instructions to
The eldest son for taking bath and to come soon
Her husband while changing
His wet clothes on the temple varandah
Could not digest the rudeness of his wife
Repeatedly expressed by her on
The conduct of the eldest child on his birthday
He cautioned the lady mildly
The youngest daughter intimidated
In the mean while that her brother is
In waiting to take bath as the public water
Tap is over crowded. Restlessly the lady
Was baking the cake and doing
Other works in between with renewed enthusiasm
I was watching this fabulous birthday
Preparation of the entire family and became
Amazed at this matchless eagerness and curiosity
That is rarely found in the families living in plenty
It is always not true that people in lots
Will be happy always and people with
A little means of livelihood cannot enjoy life and live happily
It is the attitude how one accepts life
With what means one has in his kit.
I marked the insurmountable family bond
And mutual love and affection amidst acute poverty

Which are usually not seen in plenty?
The relation was pure, unadulterated
And minds were as transparent as morning sky
No hypocrisy, no artificiality, no back biting, nothing like
Unhealthy and unpalatable bickering were noticed
Looking at them I introspected myself
While waiting there calmly and felt
As if I have lost something very dear to me somewhere
But the very next moment I realised
I am endowed with immense pleasure
And have regained instantly some precious lost treasure

Ratnakar Rout

SACRIFICIAL LAMB

The general elections were around
One of the leaders of the area
With neck full of garlands
Was proceeding in a motorcade
Alike a victorious king marching in a victory procession
While moving ahead they reached a 'Devi Pitha'
Where a special 'Puja' was offered
A large crowd was waiting to see the animal sacrifice
And longing for the 'prasad'
With a believe that if 'prasad' is taken
During this particular 'Puja' celebration
All lives would be prosperous, smooth and happier
A sacrificial lamb was tied in a rope
At a distance in the back yard of the temple
It was grazing green leaves and staring at times
A garland in its neck was seemingly gorgeous
When the procession reached the temple
The lamb glanced at the leader time and again
Whom did a large crowd follow?
The crowd swelled up gradually around the temple
The lamb stopped eating and started bleating restlessly
Looking at the leader and appeared miserable
The crowd was witnessing both of them surprisingly.

Ratnakar Rout

SAVIOUR

Lovebirds fly together in pairs
They hum, chat and whisper
Never fight and quarrel
An understanding underneath prevails
None encroaches the track of other
No sign of ill feeling persists.

The Creator beholds
And enjoys the sight
His creatures are in peace
The Incarnation of love believes
Love sprouts in the heart
When His feeling only exists.
Hey! Why don't you?
Ask everyone to be in love.

Suddenly I woke up at the midnight hour
When it was dark and dark everywhere
The birds beside the bedroom window
Were chirping in the mango grove
I realized very strongly then
To this vulnerable world
Only the love can save.

Ratnakar Rout

SEARCH

The stunning party
Stole my look for a while
And carried away me completely
A soft, tender touch
Enlivened me suddenly
My piercing eyes caught
A paragon of beauty
Who threw a striking look?
With smile on her lips
Since then something
Has been imprinted in me.
Time and again ruthlessly
It touches my virgin heart now.
My search has been going on
To find her again
But in vein
Do you believe?
That is engraved deeply in me

Ratnakar Rout

SHADOW

When the caste tears
The fabric of the nation
The preamble of the religion
Is written in the innocent blood
The shrines are built in bones
Flowers do not blossom quietly
Breeze do not blow gently
Spring never embraces the earth lovingly
The life gets devastated
The vagaries of nature play havoc
Seasons do not turn up in time
Lips forget to kiss fondly
The living is becoming severely painful
Like a tumultuous voyage
In a sinking submarine
Amidst all these chaos
One thing undoubtedly happens
The distrust grows among everyone
And the relationship is in shambles
Friends are deceitfully ditched often by friends
A pure mind is seldom seen around
The loneliness dominates the mind and soul
And in the solitude stranger faces become
More and more affable
And they are preferred to as better companions.
In such a situation, life moves on relying on shadows only.

Ratnakar Rout

SLEEP

Sleep is my first love
It is dearer to me
Than any one else in the earth
It moves with me since my birth
When at death everybody departs
Sleep only dwells in me till my next life
It cuddles me, hugs me, fondles me
Embraces me and comforts me in its lap.
It touches me so smoothly, I retire and rest
With the caressing of its gentleness
It gives me strength and invigorates me.
It revitalizes me and makes me enliven and jubilant
Its presence switches off all my sensory faculties
And it suspends my entire consciousness virtually.
It makes me to forget all bad and good around
And sorrows, sufferings, pains and prejudices
It takes me away from the hue and cry
And din and bustles of the mundane world.
When sleep conquers me
The whole visible world of mine plunges in to darkness.
I leave every thing here almost like a dead man
And go away some where else
To rest in the abode of peace for a while
When I return again I wake up and arise.
Arise from the deep slumber
Arise with a new day, for a new beginning hale and hearty,
With much expected vigor and vitality.
Each passing day sows the seed
For a new day and new life
Sleep enlightens me and preserves my energy
It makes me to work relentlessly
And I work till bliss of sleep retires me eternally.

Ratnakar Rout

SOLANG; MY DEAR

Solang; I do not know
Whether I can come back once again here
But you will remain all along there in my memory lane
I can never forget you till my last breath
The warmth you showed to me on my arrival
Your cold breeze, the charming sunny morning,
The perennial stream, the snow clad mountain
All together enchanted me a lot, cleaned me off
My dirt for years was removed with a brief glimpse of yours.
I wonder who has made you so much beautiful, Solang.
Your nomadic rain, your luxuriant trees, yours serene
Untouched, unhurt greenery have mesmerized me.
The drizzling of your pregnant sky
Has imprinted the exquisite wonders in me
That will never erase in the passage of time.
I will never forget neither I can afford to
Your intimate embrace and the love
You showered on me in my brief stay here.
I think as if I am here attached to you for ages
And we two can never part in this life
Even though I go away leaving you here on seventeenth afternoon
But you will continue to live in my heart
All through the coming years
Solang; for your unflinching love and care
I will never forget you, my dear.

Ratnakar Rout

SOUND OF WORDS

When an untouched is touched
By the sound of words
A volcano erupts
A flash flood overflows
Submerging all bits and bounds
Dreams conquer to the state of mind unilaterally.

The emotions are shared
Through the chord of sound
When words fixate in penance
To exchange the motions of emotion
The words are not words then.

Impotent words dearth in feeling
Find shelter in hibernation
And are lost indigently in the oblivion
Amidst of absolute silence for a moment.

Feelings over power words
And reign over mind and heart
Words fail to react
And lament in the loneliness.

Time never waits
And waits for none
It goes out of hand
Questions remain as questions
Unanswered
Answers are still in the
Form of seed
Hidden in the womb
Of mother earth passionately
Longing for germination.

The telephonic contact ends
Though the chord of sound is
Disconnected visibly
Next moment thousand
Lights illuminate
And the exchange of sound perpetuates
Till flash flood reappears.

Ratnakar Rout

STILL A CHILD

We met
You greeted me
With a wrinkle ridden smile
And looked at me
In wrapped attention.

A few minutes passed in silence
I wanted to know
Have you have children.

You replied
You are still a child
As twenty years before.

The feelings are afresh
Which I drink every night
Dream of a fine morning
Is still alive
As you live in me.

Ratnakar Rout

STRANGER

A black curtain is spread
Night grows to attain puberty
Darkness embraces everything around
Dreams appear and conquer many.

Heart unfolds the petals
From the bottom of the sea
The jewels emerge one after another.

A reign of solitude begins
Bringing loneliness for
Well-known strangers.
For their same body
They desire.

Strangers are strangers
Till they meet or write
Strangers are known
The moment they react
Strangers are friends
When they exchange words.

Once the relation starts
It grows like wild plants
With luxuriant foliage
Swells up like a mountain stream in Rain.

It cares little
The bridges and dams
The obstacles and hindrances
And the bondage.
Know not
What is right
And what is wrong?
And spread in blindly like a wag
They fall pray to an ardent attraction
Value the relation unique
Where there is no expectation.

An absolute faith on some one
And an element of trust and belief
Is called Love
Or infatuation you may call it.

Ratnakar Rout

STREAMS OF THE NIGHT

The night was pregnant
With absolute darkness
It was raining sparsely outside
Amidst lonely silence
The stranger reached your
Apartment to give a surprise.
The doors and windows were
Bolted from inside
He waited and waited
And discovered a restless sea there
Azure waves appeared violent
How long the stranger
Could have waited out side?
The stranger knew not
What for you were busy?
Probably introspecting your self lovely
Through the darkness
He got in and saw a pond
A magnificent water body
Endowed with luxuriant growth of
Moss here and there
Found conch white marvelously arranged
Lily and moths passionately kissing there on the corolla
The marble moon was arrested
In the dark blue water
Dazzling and dancing with
Soft and tender waves
A dark dense majestic cloud was
Touching the horizon like a back drop
As if a bunch of black grapes
Was hanging from the creeper on the hill top
Two beautiful petals of blooming rose
Were nodding up and down gently
Being moved by the murmur of the tossing breeze.
Snow clad mountains were covered
With nomadic clouds
Like the dark spots visible in the full moon.
Along the precipice
An extended valley
Was spreading over large hectors of
Virgin bare land
Exquisitely designed with
Marvelous scenic beauty
Leading towards an undulated
Dense jungle terrain
As was manifested.
It appeared like an artistically
Maneuvered depression
In between two snow clad mountain range.
The pond was innocently calm
And spread over a decorated landscape
Blue waves were running

Violent inside the onlooker
The kisses of wavy water drenched him
And the pond became irresistible.
A wild reptile hiding like a dormant tiger
Suddenly appeared from the woods and
The thirsty animal quivered for a dropp of water
It sank eagerly into the water body
And rested a while there quietly
Quenched its insurmountable thirst and lust
And regained its' diminishing vigor and vitality
With insatiable passion
The petite creature was impelled by
Its sweet spring nectar
And continued sucking and biting through its'
Soft benevolent sting.
Alas! At once the wonderful creature
Turned errant and naughty
And vomited venom desperately.
The sky, the sea, the stranger
And the benign water body
Lost their existence for a moment and mingled as one
Who realizes then what is the real hunger?
A dropp of poison is enough
To pollute a holy pond
The entire atmosphere
The veins and arteries
The mind and heart
If any, got poisonous
For the momentary pleasure
Of the tiny creature and the pond
A fire broke out suddenly
And consigned everything to nothingness
Though extinguished after a while
Embittered the clear sky and
Swept away the poignant blue waves of the sea.
Wow! There was no trace of pond around
No clouds and no mountain strips
The stranger was still well on his drawing room sofa
And looking at outside to watch the
Dance of the rhythmic monsoon rain keenly
The streams of the night was
Still flowing in him quietly.

Ratnakar Rout

THE FLOWER BLOOMS

The cloudy sky is grudgingly reluctant
To let the sun appear fiercely
But the cloud never sticks to the sky longer
It passes away gradually leaving the sky blissfully clean
Similarly all ifs and buts vanish eventually
The heart gets filled up with passion
When adoring hand of one caresses
The searching hand of the other
The blood boils and emotions run high in the veins
The strangers become well known
And the flower blooms.

Ratnakar Rout

THE GAME IS OVER

It is not far off
From the sunset
Shadows have already
Begun to appear
The game will be over soon
I am already tired in this belated after noon.
The kit is packed
Articles are arranged in order
One or two spread hear and there
Need to be cared.

When the game is about to be over
You appeared
In this delayed hour
Bestowed with full
Vigor and vitality
To play an innings further
How can I help you,
My dear, in the last moments
Since the game is about to be over soon?

Look me! I am pale and tired
And need a quick departure
Dreams are dreams
All are not fulfilled always
As games are played often
Don't get disheartened
Let us wait to participate
In a better game tomorrow
Under the soothing sun
And gentle shower next time
To reap the cherished desire
Oh! My dear,
This time the game is over.

Ratnakar Rout

TOUCH

Din and bustles around
I am drifted away day by day
Longing for absolute solitude.
Desperately I was
Passing the hours
In the midst of loneliness
And pretty wild flowers.

Suddenly a touch smeared my heart
From an unknown strange hand
Whom I know not
A soft and tender touch
Baffled me for a moment
Really thrilling, enchanting,
Unforgettable.

The precious touch engraved a wound
Though healed up in the passage of time
Blotted a deep scar at a virgin mind
Which is active like a volcano and painful.

The offspring born in a midnight hour
A few months' back grows
My quest started since then
Still continues
For that imaginary naughty hand
Who roused me from the deep slumber?
Germinated the seeds of search
In a dried and barren soil
I am waiting for that hidden treasurer
Which may be available somewhere.
My search still continues.

Ratnakar Rout

TOUCH OF LOVE

Now-a-days
An intense feeling
Sprouts in me
Like the wavy mountain strips
Drawn up in an artistic canvas
And grounded firmly on the chest of the
Mother earth
With snow-clad heads
Embracing now and then
The floating bubbles of rain
As if the marble white bloomed breasts
Covered with thin white drenched Saree
On the body of a beautiful woman.

Those feelings are uncommon
The soft and tender touch of some one
Entices me since the day one
And inspires my morbid moments.
What is that feeling?
I know not
Though I try to forget
But could I afford to do that?
The feelings of the first touch
Will continue till the last breath
May be that is the unseen
Imaginary touch of love
Of some one I know not.

Ratnakar Rout

TRANSFORMATION

Among the windy deserts, barren hills,
Ruptured valleys and dried fountains
Arduous Macho men lead a nomadic life
With illiteracy, ignorance and superstitious beliefs.

No sufficient food, only some pieces of bread
And boiled eggs, even no wild roots
And mango kernels, they fight to live
And fight to survive.

Might is right where poverty preludes religion
Religion is twisted and molded to suit a few
And plunder many.

A few survives like legendary Shakuni
In the castle of Kabul and Kandhara
They raise Jihad to snatch the fortune of many
Others are silent spectators
Alas! I feel pity for those passive onlookers.

Witnessing these scenes
Which left lasting imprints in my mind
Really I am wondering
The suffering of the aborigines
In refugee camps has really baffled me.

The off springs of tomorrow,
The budding generation
And the premiums for future,
Like frightened cockroaches
Throw their glances to the food bowls
And wait eagerly for receiving the relief materials.

What is their future?
When thousands and thousands of destitute
Carrying scanty resources and shouldering uncertainty
Move aimlessly in an indefinite direction
Is it the march for Jihad? Under the adversaries
Are they longing for the conquest of the
Whole world?

The outcome of today's religion
Is to render thousands homeless
Slaughtering of innocent lives,
Swelling up refugee camps,
With damaging the social fabric
Is it called victory? Are you the real conquerors?
Oh' brave fighters! Forget the anguish
Forgive the Kafers, your so-called nomenclature
Look at the humankind and stretch
Your benevolent hands for eradicating the
Suffering of many.

Ratnakar Rout

TRAVESTY OF FATE

The middle aged maid, a graceful lady
was living in the nearby slum,
disappeared for couple of days
It was learnt that her husband had met an accident
and hospitalised unconscious in a hospital
with a brain haemorrhage
We remained in dark
as no message further was available
on the health condition of her husband
One day she appeared desolate
and started sobbing disastrously
All of us were taken aback seeing her emaciated situation
she had already shed her ornaments like a luxuriant tree
shed its leaves during winter
and was looking miserably bare
An ever smiling face used to appear
contented always in spite of tireless work
during the entire day had vanished
Since she was weeping desperately
I could not muster courage to look at her pale grim gruesome face
The rustic, illiterate lady had no other source of income
but to live on as a wage-earner
The only security she had her husband
who was also a manual labourer
But the cruel destiny played foul with the distressed lady
and snatched away the little help she had
and put her in such a gruelling state
from where she had no escape
The husband's companion was her only solace in life
that God even did not tolerate
A strong, stout and athletic man suddenly passed away like
a bubble of water in everyone's view
After the awful incident the shaken maid accompanied by her daughter
who was almost a kid started coming to work regularly
Perhaps the child left the study half way
due to propelling poverty. At times
she was expressing her agony before the land lady
and working ceaselessly to keep herself engaged
One day the maid was seen tutoring the child
as to how she would wash the littered
and soiled utensils and make it clean
I just watched and watched the pitiable state of affairs
speechless from the seclusion and became deeply aggrieved
observing as to how the travesty of fate is playing
its game with the impoverished and innocent.

Ratnakar Rout

TRUTH TRIUMPHS

He had not seen him nor with him
there was any interaction
But the tabloid editor went on
publishing malicious articles
against him, even delved in to his
personal life twisting the truth
He tolerated patiently and did not
feel in haste to react or comment
The news spread like wild fire and gossip
against the innocent person
started in the locality by the people
who relied on the aborted news?
And dared to ridicule him
Gradually people came to know the fact
They were taken aback and pondered as to how
a person who lives on pride and self esteem be bad
The integrity of the editor
was questioned almost by every one
He realised the blunder committed by him
Some people who were disgruntled on the person
for his bold official action had
approached the editor to malign
the image of the person for petty obligation
He succumbed to the allurements and could not
with stand the temptation but became
a victim of their malafide intention
He did not care for the public opinion
But could not answer to his own conscience
As he caused damage to a righteous person
He repented and decided to end the relation embittered
One day landed up gracefully in the chamber
of the person and begged to forget
what has happened for his misconception?
The remorse did not end there
more he met the person, more he became
apologetic and solicited pardon
In the mean while the tenure of the person
in that place in question came to an end
While winding up the establishment
the editor reached the place after a long interval
and requested the person to join a dinner
tonight hosted in his honour
The person who was almost grieved
amazed for the relationship with the editor
that once again established afresh
And immersed in himself with the realisation
that ultimately the truth triumphs.

Ratnakar Rout

ULTIMATE DESIRE OF A FELLOW POET

We have not met yet, since
We stay thousands of miles away, I know
Pangs of sorrows drown you every moment and
Impregnate your words with emotions and subtle feelings
And allow them to move like lightening
To pierce into the quixotic souls, thus,
I meet you in your words
They conquer my heart at the first glimpse
And start reigning impulsively
I feel akin to your agony
And intend anxiously to be with you
To share your sufferings
As my mortal body
Is far away from you
Any physical existence beside you is impossible, you know
I am a formless divine entity as you are.
Since the moment your melancholic words touch me
I start realizing you at my heart and interact
With you in subtlety where forms
Play an insignificant role
You are here with me now and then
Very well present like a twinkling star in my mental horizon
You take any form I wish
And appear before me when ever I desire to meet you
Beyond this mundane world
As long as one continues in his physical shape
The worldly attachments are all-around
They tie him down externally and
He ignorantly succumbs to the ambush ordinarily
As a hapless prey and continues in
Complete illusion till self illumination enlightens him within
Since the boundless soul is independent of bondages and delusions
The relationship perpetuates and never ends
With depart of the physical body.
One needs to give up his anxiety for the body
That would shed its petals in the course of time
And look alike a disfigured painting
Once drawn artistically on the canvas of time
Are we not anxious for the immortal soul?
That never fades its color on the passage of time
And continues to blow as it is for ever
Each of us takes birth here alone
And go back also as a lone pedestrian
Mostly unsung, unwept and lost in the oblivion at the end
It is beyond any one's imagination during blossoms
Before we depart and set out
Our return journey towards the ultimate destination
Let us for ever mingle together in the kingdom of words.

Ratnakar Rout

UNIFICATION

A lonely bird was desperately
Roving in swarming sky
The nomadic clouds like the procession of a victorious king
Were conquering all the nooks and corners
The tired sun was returning home
Down hill in the western horizon
And ardently striving to mark its existence
But its' passionate endeavor faded gradually
Like the heroic come back of a
Wounded soldier before its' last breath
It shadowed the entire surrounding with radiant rays
And had finally swallowed by the most fierce rain.

I was no better in a crowded train compartment
Than the little bird, the feeble little creature
My back home journey was much enviable
I was fervently drowned in loneliness
My thinking isolated me,
My 'self' from among many
Alike the forlorn bird in the evening sky
In that twilight hour amidst absolute silence
Though many others in the desolate sky
Mutually sharing their experience
And expressing them explicitly
Through sweet chirpings
Were returning to the destination in flicks
As if a group of soldiers were marching the victory procession
Or like river flooded into the villages
And submerged the whole lot that came on the way.
But the lone bird could not join any of the flicks
As if for all time to come
He had lost the way and left alone
Might be his destiny was shaped that way.

It continued wandering here and they're in the vast sky
And didn't find the path.
What was it searching for?
My thoughts went wild
It touched many horizons
And unfolded many mysteries
Untold stories it read
Obsolete destination it visited
Abandoned places it searched
Many relics it gathered
Significant footprints it studied
And pondered over the lot reflected in the mind
Though I was quietly sitting in my compartment
I was not within and roaming all around
What was I looking for?
Where was I actually at that point of time?
I was not that 'I', physically present there
My mortal body was very well in existence

But I felt conjoined with the lonely little bird,
The setting sun, the pregnant rain and everything.
I got unified with the entire universe slowly
And my endless journey went on.

Ratnakar Rout

UNKNOWN

You are a stranger
A benevolent volcano
Erupt instantly.
Flow like an innocent stream
With a rhythmic jingle
A perennial melodious tone
At regular intervals
Attract the passers by
That sounds like 'Love'.
Your anatomy is still a fable
You are not known
Not seen
Not touched
Though well known through words
You are still a stranger.
Touch of a few words
Have touched so deep
At the bottom of the sea
Has carved a niche on the crest
An invisible wound
Is active at times
The power of the words
Are mammoth and insurmountable
Words bridge the searching hearts
Then an enduring relation is built
Overcoming all the obstacles
A unique unison appears.
The words blended with emotions
Are very potent
Are they the words of 'Love'?
The words play the key role
To germinate, to build, to grow
And for its' complete damage
Leaving the relics of the bastion.
A dynasty springs up
And a dynasty crumbles also
Words are 'Brahman'
Are omnipresent, omnipotent
And omniscient
Alike the CREATOR HIMSELF

Ratnakar Rout

VISIT ONCE

Oh! My well-known stranger
When you will listen
I am no more
The imaginary face
You are in love with
To shun your loneliness
Is no more
Unfailingly visit my graveyard once
I aspire nothing but your presence.

Be honestly oblige to rejuvenate
To keep me alive and afresh in death
After the sad demise from the earth
Really I wish your support for my rebirth.

Ratnakar Rout

Warning

The newly wedded couple while
coming back from the Weekly
Hat by a motorbike through
a dense forest got horrified
seeing a bunch of leopard like
creatures lying on the road
They had no option left but to stop there
and face the situation boldly
Just after the motor bike stopped there
to their utter surprise
not the leopard like wild animals
but leopard coloured uniform clad
persons having pointed guns at them
got up and stood pride
Alas! they were none other than the red rebels
It was infested area of the leftwing extremists
A group of rebels consisting of male and
Female comrades appeared from all
sides of the jungle and gharaoed the couple
The male was an engineer working in a Govt Department
and the lady, a house wife trembled in fear
as if they would become senseless within a second
The group commander asked the junior engineer
why are you indulged in corruption?
Don't you see the poverty of the people of this area
how do they suffer in poverty and starvation?
And how they are perished gradually
for their ignorance and superstition?
We know you had some assets
while joining here in the department a few months back
In the mean while you have gathered
whatever assets you need to have to have a decent life
and a good bank balance misappropriating the public money
Since you are recently wedded and a long life is ahead of you
don't embezzle the public fund further
This is the first warning to you
or else you will be beheaded publicly
You have absolutely no right to snatch away
the so called destiny of the downtrodden
Who suffered for ages in these hilly terrains for no fault of them
we have nothing against you personal
but we are keeping all the accounts of yours
since the day of your arrival. Now you two may proceed
They all vanished within a minute in the deep forest
The couple sweated profusely in that winter evening
and standing almost like statue were looking
at them sneaking in to the jungle swiftly.

Ratnakar Rout

WHICH SELDOM COMES TRUE?

When the busy bird returned to its nest late
Its whole little world awaited him
With an adoring look
The interior of its abode was sensuous
It shed its attire and relaxed
A reptile arrived there and peeped
Into the nest through a sand hole
And saw another reptile snoring
It crawled into the shell crossing all barriers
And bolted the doors and windows from inside
The bird turned to a wild reptile after a while
During that mid night hour
An absolute silence was reigning there
Both the reptiles got hypnotised
And immersed in the ocean of desire
With mutual consent and deep attraction
A steamy union swept away all their conscience
All controls lost control and all hurdles faded away
In that sensually charged darkness
Both the reptiles mingled together gradually
And consciously fell prey to the undesirable situation
In the next morning the bird was in its nest
Deeply immersed in yawning austerity & penance
Nobody else was found around then
It was almost a dream in deep slumber
Which seldom comes true?

Ratnakar Rout

Xmas Yearning

To endow me with your unconditional bliss
And unravel the absolute truth in me
Shed my veils at your incredible presence
Alike the benign sun cleanse the winter fog
To bless the desolate earth
In such an auspicious hour
What more a longing soul can aspire?

Ratnakar Rout

YOUR STOIC SILENCE

Your stoic silence at times
For the reasons best known to you
Usually difficult to apprehend
No reasons in fact to attribute
For the sudden change over
From a rhythmic jingle
Of a lonely stream
To a stunning silence.

Like an irresistible fountain
In the mountain terrain
You are garrulous
And enchant everybody by your
Sweet rhymes.
What impels you to plunge in to?
Absolute silence at times
Like the amphibian rests in hibernation.

An azure deep sea befools every onlooker
By its serenity everywhere
No waves, no sea storm
Nothing of that sort perturb its surface
But disappoints each other
What is inside to read and presume?
The men have devoted generations.
The sky is enriched with pregnant rain
Is it possible to measure?
How much water it contains?
Like the mountains enriched with
Stones, gravels, minerals and what not
It is really impossible to predict
What is inside and underneath the monstrous mountain?

You are that azure sea
That mountain, a massive structural design
Of the Creator on the canvas of the mother earth
That pregnant rain
Which has shadowed the sun?
And conquered the sky without much pain
And that blank blue sky
Still it is to be known
What exactly it contains?

You look catastrophic
And unreadable
When you are completely drowned in the
Calmness and stay alone in silence.
I am frowned to encounter the situation
In mystic innocence
As the frightful time ahead, I know.

Fountains, moonlit night, snow-clad mountain

And nomadic rains
Everything is same and equal
As the world around has plunged in to darkness
Any body does not influence me
Material wealth or worldly success, anything
At this moment, Look!
When the world is plunged into darkness
I am blissfully left to my fortune alone.

I am in a serious fix
It is not easy to identify
What is what
I am turned blind
Or unusual darkness reigns over the world
I wandered here and there to unearth the truth
And bag happiness.

Doctors view the disease is incurable
Darkness will prevail on as it is
Can one dispel blindness at this stage?
Howa can I know?
Night or light
Which one is great?
As light is painful
Let me sink in to
The perpetual darkness
To know who am I?

Ratnakar Rout