

Poetry Series

kishore rao rao
- poems -

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All Lives Are Not Success Stories

All lives are not success stories
some are stories of failures too.
all buds do not bloom to be a rose
some also wither away too soon.
all poets do not shine like Keats or Neruda
many pass away unknown unheard too.
all lives are not success stories
some are stories of failures too.

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Call From Faraway

Behold this bowl of water
This endless sea I see
The rising tide of crashing waves.
The frolics of seagulls
And countless seashells
Lying immobile on a sandy shore.
All fascinate and gladden my heart.
But I know a call from faraway will come
And to obey it, I shall be bound
To leave my home, my kith and kin,
To part with all that I have loved and cherished
To give up all that I possessed and called mine
Like a mad bird abandoning its own nest
I too shall fly away into the unknown
And though a hundred times you may call
I shall not come back
Nor heed your call
For once the call from faraway shall come
And to obey it, I shall be bound.

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Cemetery

all beginings end here
death and life meet here.
rich and poor
young and old
finally rest here.
a miracle it is
busy and enegetic men
having not a moment free
always achieving and working hard
winning great riches and fame
resting not for a fraction of time
lie leisurely resting eternally here.
like diverse rivers flowing crooked or straight
all end up in the sea
so too o morose looking cemetry
for all men and women
boys and girls
you are the final destination.
all beginings end here
death and life meet here.

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Clean Your Mind

bathing in ganges
i entered lords abode
clean your mind too
whispered the eternal.

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Doubt

salt in milk
crow among peacocks
thorn amidst flowers
spot on the moon
have the same place
as doubt in relationships.
they all spoil it all.

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Dream

dream is the pretty daughter of sleep
nightmare is her ugly sister.
the longings of the day
find expression in dreams.
the anxieties however
give birth to nightmare.
most dreams are in colour
some also come in black and white.
dreams can be romantic
dreams can be prophetic
dreams can be silly too.
in dream you can become an emperor
or a butterfly
dream is the daughter of sleep
but sometimes day also adopts her as his own
so we get daydreams.
do you dream
nightdream or daydream?
never mind dream well.

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Entrapped

the shining bait
the innocent fish.
the fluttering moth
the spiders web.
trumpeting tusker
with an elephant trap.
dark big eyes
enchanted smile
a weak throbbing heart.
all get entrapped.

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Fateline On The Palm

care to read
fateline on your palm.
wish to know
your destiny from your palm.
what will be future
happy or sad
who will be your mate.

if we are linked
linked will be our destiny.
if you and me
are to become us dear
then fatelines of ours
should also converge
somewhere on our palms!

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Healing Touch

after an oppressive summer
came july rains.
soaking the parched earth
covering her with green carpet.
startled drenched sparrows sought shelter in trees
and the cool breeze healed the world

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I Too Dance In Rain

yearning of parched earth
melts the heart of heavens
rain falls.

fragrance rises from the soaked earth
and greenery lies for miles.

intoxicated by an unknown bliss
peacocks dance in delight.

a varied world of creatures come to life
and with the unruly wind and under the noisy clouds
i too dance in the rain!

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Language

what is the language of love.
and what is the voice of dead.
do you the know the language of god
or for a change of man.
what is the language of hate
or the tongue of peace.
silence is the language of god
and silence is the language of all profound feelings.
so i offer you silence and speak in silence

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Life

Like lanes ending in bylanes
circles encircling circles.
shades of grey, black, red, blue, white
sometimes streaks of pure light.
people of all type interact
friends, lovers, enemies, strangers, kith and kin.
sometime grief, sometimes joy, smile and tears
fragile as glass, delicate as rose bud
perishable like a fountain bubble
is LIFE.

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Monologue

The sea has a great resilience
see how its waves beaten back by rocks
regroup and charge along the sandy shore.
but do we have this in us, dear
see how crestfallen you look
since pain embraced you yesterday.
wind pursues the clouds
so too affliction pursues us
do not tarry in your path
life is verily a mixture
of gold and dust
lets savour both.
its not necessary that what you love
you need to possess.
one can love and appreciate a garden
without uprooting it to carry along.
relationships should be
like a smile on the lips
not like a scar in the heart.
the night too is a great teacher
can you listen to its depth of silence
how lovely is darkness
you can even lose yourself in it.
how faithful are the stars
always following the moon,
let us be like the stars and moon.
the sea has great resilience
on her surface is all turmoil
but in the depths is absolute stillness
such nature we should have dear.
have you observed the fortitude of sand
trampled daily by hundreds of feet
it doesnt loose its texture or poise
lets learn from the humble sand
living with affliction
be not disturbed.
remember its not necessary
what you love, you should possess.

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Nirabhaya

a young flower of worlds garden
crushed by devils in human form
she was nirbhaya.
brave in face of devastation
brave in face of countless surgeries
brave in face of death
she was nirbhaya.
a signal to the world
let not human turn to beasts
society to impotency
and we to idle spectators
symbol of silent sacrifice
she was nirbhaya
a blot on our values
a smear on face of humanity
a burning light of memory now
she was nirbhaya.

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Presence Of Your Absence

the wounded sun limped to the west
his agony reflected in the golden red horizon.
evening descended from the azure skies
and sinking sun was no more seen.
gathering darkness announced the arrival of night
and with it tiptoed in softly loneliness and pain.
i felt the presence of your absence
like we feel missing of the rose in the garden
a silent realisation of something long gone
but whose absence is present forever.

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Silence

Can you breathe life into silence
dont you know silence has its own life.
filled with deep stillness.
have you listened to the silence of Night.
some say silence is like a whirlpool
it sucks in anything that approaches.
silence is the language of the dumb
and also of sages.
silence is profound expression of life
how to breathe life into silence.

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Simple Things Are Simply Beautiful

simple things are simply beautiful
nothing is sometimes more than everything.
a glance from her eyes
a small smile
a gentle touch
are simple but priceless things.
sitting simply holding hands
not speaking a single word
precious messages of heart get conveyed
life is lived not always in dramatic moments
but in simple innocuous elements of time.
nothing is everything
if only touched by someone you love.
simple things are simply beautiful.

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Strange Dream

from another time, a different dimension, she came
a stranger but familiar she looked.
her deep brown eyes, flashing smile, me felt, have wounded me earlier too
in some distant time some unknown land.
she gazed without any recognition
for a moment there was a total disconnect two unrelated disjoint beings
then like mist disappearing before daybreak
like moon revealed with passing of clouds
faint memory of a distant past came softly.
softly like floating of fragrance through sands of time, deep seas and forests.
we spoke in silence for long, then she left
and i awoke from my strange dream of her visit,
visit of a love of past birth, perhaps.

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That Which We Call The World

in this great carnival that we call the world
varied attractions exist
of multi colours and hues
some red some blue some black some grey
some plain blank white too.
magical images of people and events
appear and disappear without a trace.
how many tricks and acts people put on
on this great show we call the world
outward smiles with inner grief
say sweet words while inside venom resides.
where loved ones hurt and strangers support provide
a great wonder is this which we call the world.
some enjoy some suffer some laugh some cry
but none want to leave this big museum of makebelieve
which we call the world
seeing all wonders, appreciating them all
but getting ensnared by none
is perhaps the way of wise and sane
of passing through this great fair which we call the world.

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The Andamans

even nature reveals its real nature in some places
and one place is the Andamans.
deep down the sea
where waters are blue
and shoals of fishes one can see
lie the islands of Andamans
jewels in the sea.
green trees green bushes green everywhere
nature draped in green.
clean sandy beaches
virgin vegetation and forests very dense
with air so fresh and greenery so soothing
a living paradise in this polluted world
is one place Andamans.

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The Lunatic

Vacant eyes
eternal smile.
disheveled hair
month old beard
tattered clothes
naked feet.
clutching close to his chest
a broken doll.
what secret tale it holds
none can say.
stood he, by my gate
victim of cruel fate
a lunatic.

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The Messiah

in the city of the dead
came a messiah.
to give sermon to the deaf
and show light to the blind.
such was his insolence
and great was his perseverance.
so people burnt him up
for it is easy to burn a messiah
he doesnt resist and will only bless.
after which they built his statue in gold
for messiahs are to be worshipped only after death.
and this one had tried the imposible
to sermon the deaf
to show light to the blind
and awaken the dead.
gud they burnt him for who can us who are like dead, deaf and blind
long live the messiah.

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The Mind

The cause of bondage
the means of freedom
is the mind.
the creator of joy
and creator of sorrow
is the mind.
wind creates ripples in the rivulet
mind creates tremors in the life
. wise say leave the mind, become nomind
some say be mindful
other advise go beyond mind.
if this is too confusing
relax just dont mind
or mind the mind.
for the cause of bondage
the means of freedom

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The River At Night

the river at night fascinates me
her murmur and gentle flow
evokes multi images in my mind.
of dark blood coursing in my veins
of cosmic energy criscrossing the worlds
of countless souls silently journeying in space.
the river at night fascinates me
what depth she holds
what secrets she knows
numerous civilizations she has known
and perhaps has key of unknown.
who can understand her song
who can fathom her depth
darkness merges night and the river
and i am left in dark.
the river at night fascinates me.

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The Search

whose hands have has designed this unique creation
who is behind the myriads of existence.
who gives energy to the gushing rivers
who supports the stoic mountains.
who provides depths to the oceans
who makes eagle soar and lions roar.
is it a HE or a SHE
or is HE SHE
or is it a IT.
of HE SHE and IT
i shall search out
this is my search!

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The Shining Guides Of Heaven

stars, o twinkling stars
the shining guides of heaven.
stoic sentinels of the night
followers of the moon
pray, tell me what destiny has in store for me.
for desires are many
and dreams countless.
torture me not o diamonds of the sky
reveal me the secret so i too can shine.
the night is dark and the wind is scary
with you however it is still starry
me and my yearnings
desires and dreams
have drunk the elixir of immortality
ceaseless deathless
they go on and on
o natures little lanterns
speak up now
say wii my desires fruitify
will dreams realise
twinkling stars
lamps of heaven
twinkle on
no reply no answer

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The War Cemetery

Never in the world history
occurred such a bloody story
of so much blood shed
in so less a space.
of bravado and heroics
of death and disaster.
a distant story of Great War 2
who would scarce remember now.
of surging Japs, of blazing guns
of exploding shells, of spilling blood.
Hindus, muslims and christans
becoming a wall of corpses
in death immortalised their life
such brave and valiant ones
history of Kohima who wrote.
visited i this war cemetery
flowers and graves greeted me
18 years,20 years,26 years
how young how tender they died
for long i brooded and thought
and wondered of this epic war
as it would have been.
sudden shower from heaven
ended my thoughts
with a tear in my eye
and a lump in my throat
i bid adieu to the sleeping ones
who gave their today for our tomorrow
such was my visit
visit to the war cemetery of Kohima.

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Unexplained Venegenance

There are more than one ways to skin a cat
innumerable ways there are for torture
some inflict wounds with weapons
some hurt with words
some with smile
some with indifference too
her torture is unique.
she tortures with dagger of silence
just plain heaps of silence
unexplained vengenance of a different kind

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