

Poetry Series

Raghavendra Nayak
- poems -

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Raghavendra Nayak(29 october 1987)

Raghavendra Nayak was born in 1987, October 29 at Sirwar, Maniv, Karnataka state. He was the eldest son of Sharanappa Dinne and Yallamma Dinne. He Has one younger brother, Shivakumar Nayak and Younger sister, Shilpa Nayak. He has studied primary education in native place, Under Graduation in Kuvempu University, Shivamoga with first class merit in 2007-08. He has also completed Bachelor of Education in Gulbarga University with Distinction in 2008-09. In 2010-12, he studied Master of Arts in English, passed with Distinction, in Central University of Karnatak(CUK) , Gulbarga. At present he is a full time Research Scholar in Department of English Under Dr. Lakhimai Mili in Pondicherry Central University, Puducherry. His research area is Ecology and Literature. And also known-structuralism, post structuralism, ecocriticism, Indian English Writing, poetry and novels teaching.

He has one year teaching experience(between 2009-10) as English lecturer in Basaweshwara Degree College, Sirwar, Manvi, Karnataka state.

He has attended and presented papers in national and international conferences on various fields in Calcutta, Chennai, Puducherry etc... He has written many poems- Ode to a Tungabhadra, A Scarecrow, A Cloudless Sky, Mirage, The Rainy, A Path Maker Fakir etc...He has also Written many articles on various areas.

A Cloudless Day In Eye

A Cloudless-Sky in Eye

.
Oh Almighty, shut the door of hell,
Just beat the chain of being's bell;
Make me sounds, bang me for silence
Is in patience, thy right-root glance

So Dummy! Thy has done and dared;
Thy innocence smile is too scared;
Ere lots of loaded feelings fake,
Alas! When she takes off rake.

No matter, no season is seed.
'T grew up but always hang on reed;
Bring me back from empty day, darker night.
Its wounded sight, please, heel me to show might.

Thy gentle sense touch'd my innocence
Heart is no fixed rate like patience;
Close! Close the door of eyes goal is eternal,
Sleep doesn't know very venue of my funeral.

I thought before the stars vacant
The vary color-sky, thou bold scent
Pat day by day, still swap in ramp,
Thy differ love like heavy dancing soul's lamp.

Thou tender-sight, silken-hair
Gentle care and share and sweet bare,
Make me to stay in joyless heaven,
Alas! When she turns into swan or hen.

None is dark and danger in wild
E' thing floated as sorts of second sight in world
Alas! Night and day is too dim, wry-smile,
Please! Make me to stay in cloudy-sky is so fertile.

God knows the truth of soul!
Can I come out of thou sight-bowl?

Fake me not, sweetly, make me root
To sleep, Let them know gentle-souls' toot.

Raghavendra Nayak

A Light Of The Day

The delight of thou fair
Is a light of the day-

The silent of walking waves
Are silent waking lips-

The hospitality of thou eyes
Are so in the arms of warms-

But then and there-

Thy fair- as sun and moon,
Thy love roar in the west wind
When lore rest in the east hand-

Thy fair-as morning earth,
Thy gentle lure floats in grey air,
When thy newly face as a fairy-fair,

Thy borne-as Venus' daughter,
Perfect pain is so fair
When thy acts as the ring of fire,

Raghavendra Nayak

A Path Maker Fakir

A Path Maker Fakir.

Let you dance before stop my breadth,
My mother and my love's love.
Let you show tears, if I am
Sleep eternal in your house.

Let you stop before angry, envy-
My gentle-heart and words spoils.
Let me start to gain ocean-love,
Before my sweat drop and touch her feet.

Let her seek pure art-rate,
Mine is unwounded and unpainfull heart.
Let it not die without show courtesy,
Her crystal-eyes ever meet ecstasy.

Let show gentle cheek and hip,
Maybe heart neither filled nor space to words,
Let to be reborn for sake of my ripe,
My heart wait as long as the sunshine.

Let you dance before stop my breadth,
My mother and my love's love.
Let you show tears, if I
Sleep eternal in your house.

Let bees to be dance, let it not be free,
My gardens have flowers and fruits,
Let leave to taste and waste not it is,
My pure-heart of apple fruit never drops out.

Let you not built a wall to LOVE,
But my heart has never tine-fence.
Let it be not to hide flows of feelings,
If it is, my pure-heart walks on tine-bed.

Let them to be awake and let to be move,
My Asian nations needs one like young & active,

Let you show lit of talent for nation glory,
My mind wants to be like YOU.

Let them ride before stop my breadth,
My mother and my love's love.
Let you show tears, if I am
Sleep eternal in your house.

The world always pained by sick-heart,
You have a medicine to wounded heart.
The Asian nation's walks else being of chain-
With empty mind and empty source.

Don't see back, don't stay back,
Step to alter, step to rebuild the world.
Let Asian nations altered by Asian-heart,
Let them alive, doesn't need Alien vanguard.

I'm a Fakir, path maker Fakir-
Step an un-trodden, left a stepped,
Not makes a foes, share with woes;
You only have a same key—Peace and Rest.

Let you unlock before stop my breadth,
My mother and my love's love.
Let me show sweat, if I were it,
Sleep is on your eternal tear.

Raghavendra Nayak

A Scarecrow

A Scarecrow

No-man of the people,
Except – I am

A friend of cows and crows;
Mines lean mean too bow

,
Try not to hike me near,
I am faked, dear...

Beware! Beware! Beware!
An old bitch's teeth are growing,

And a leg-less warm
Widely coming through threshold
Of the world-
Thin grey moustaches,
And slice thin bend body-
Put the full-stop in fate of lady-

Moving! Moving! Moving!
Hiss! Hiss! ! Hiss! ! !
With black-poison throwing,
Then light of the body of hers flying.

Aware! Aware! ! Aware! ! !
(I am too fear)
Graveyard gates open and demons dancing.

Oh! Noman, where're you...
Democracy de-parting,
Constitution firing,
Laws flying,
Justice de-moralizing,

Come! Come! ! Come! ! !
I am so dear,
Hug me; kiss me – I AM-

A steady stone of yours, and
A scarecrow of great-grave.

Listen! Listen! ! Listen! ! !
I am so barren-
Cat hiding,
Rat squading,
Ass racing,
Horse sleeping.

Save! Save! ! Save! ! !
Kick it, ditch it-
Temples rising,
Churches laughing,
Mosques mocking-

At rich gate... poor heart beside
Residing and prince-ly sleeping.

Oh! Run! Run! Run!
No – yet clear nuclear...
Country crying,
State asking,
Nation negotiating-
The earth...! The earth...? She once says-
'Goodnight, children, GOOD-NIGHT'

Raghavendra Nayak

A Silent Breeze At Auroville Beach

Nature, thou name teacher-
Teach me, silence & patience forever,
Thy silence is but pure peace;
But silent breeze broke at beach,
Thy destiny departs when tides rest.

Thy who made busy love
Made the same sweet pain,
Of flies me not, I'm wingless dove,
Let it smell perfume of the brain,
But be sure, mine tore rain.

Thousands of words were broken before,
But lots of feelings worried beside the ocean roar,
Earth mother! Take me to there,
Sun father! The divine dawn divide over me here,
But wretched of woes hanged at heart.

God! Take me to there with dreams & hopes
As lots of tides depart as love-ropes,
Often a day danced when the sun fully unblinded,
But night ignorant when the moon mourned,

Oh Mother! Thou care in the name of crimson ripe,
And shared not thou intoxicate lip,
Although the sweet honey struck at tongue,
But placid pain is always whirling in all lunges.

God! Bless me ever, thou childlike mild care,
But teach me ever trustworthy as You bare,
Thy care, thy share, thy bare-
And silent soul unmutes the eternal rest.

The daily dawn departs as demon days,
Bang me the chain of beings blooming bell (LOVE) ,
Thy name is the best of polite,
Then I am the master of patience.

Thy still bore beautiful Hyman,

Thou ever & never wore wretched heart,
Between birth and death raise me like phoenix,
Then I am the sign of thou eternal love.

Who is She-
Thy name nature &
Teacher of mine Butcher-heart

Raghavendra Nayak

About Thee (I)

(I)

Sweet air and water

Uncolored

&

Un-dodge.

So

&

So

Refuse & Reject

Power of desire & Men's miser mind

& walk with

Embrace

Wild
And
Wildernes

End is none

One for all

Raghavendra Nayak

About Thee (Ii)

Birth is rare!
That is too swear,
My hamlet is there
Calm & peace
Around and surrounded;
Wild & mild,
Bats & birds,
Cats & rats,
Dogs & donkeys,
Cows & crows,
Flora & fauna,
Me & monkeys,
I & you
Come, come & join, with
All love and affection

Raghavendra Nayak

About Thee (Iv)

Round is one,
One is rune-
Run ever &ever
Give it up, mother,
Thou mother is our mother-
Roar & roar & roar-
Until to last bear
Still is there care ...

Raghavendra Nayak

About Thee (Vi)

Pain is poison,
Poison is death,
Death is dark,
Dark is sleep,
Sleep is snake
(Snake is snake)
(Scorpio is Scorpio)
Man is all
Embrace
Was & is
No
More or less,
Friend! Father look'd for nest,
Thy already fled from the golden-rest,
Almighty, lock & give the medicine of mind
Is the light
Distract & depart
The dark
Is
Night ...

Raghavendra Nayak

About Thee(Iii)

My lord lies in the bed of red
In hill, I ought to make a shed;
Thou untamed-love rang silence bell,
And when mute the shadow of hell.

Raghavendra Nayak

About Three (Ii)

(II)

Idle-stone

Leaf-bone

Stand

In

&

Out;

Not steady & fire,

Of

Speak

Teach

Wisdom

Carry over and up;

Action

Reaction &

Effects...

To you, to all, to me

Is

Wilderness

Raghavendra Nayak

Everything For You, Hamlet

I prayer to thee, my lord,
Walk with me a few yards;
He left thee a greed glory
Shall I turn his joy into gory?
Shall I be with him or her?
But thy shall be mine a queen of hopes and dreams,

Hello, Hamlet, listen lost words-
Old foes; newly fresh woes;
Made him Hamlet's brother,
Sweet poison hangs thee out,
Felt him, as pain struck at throat
And digging and digging, not coming, until dooms days near,

Will you there at hell as sun's spot
Shall I be guard sweet Ophelia's lore
Or, may I be spread your glory of love,
Thy throne, when you're in deep, dark days.
Listen, lord, quite is madness of self;
Beware, a power bowed not, where the wind whistle.

Thy failed to get a false impressive death,
And mother's greedy and gloomy not yet,
Yet to me, yet to you, shall be bored it;
Thy eternal intimation of blooded love led down,
My imagination blazed under naked-fantasy;
But Horace and I tore a lot, for courtesy.

My love, wash me and make me not like him,
To be or not to be, but I am IN you,
My lord, delivered thee a long and long love,
Would I bow thou innocence smile,
Would I around thee for the sake of light
My lord, let me allow lighting an art.

Beware! When a vindication of art laughs at you

Raghavendra Nayak

I Ought To Make Good Green-Shed;

I ought to make GOOD green-shed;
Let live with wild, play with mild.
Thunder-tongue, lighting-sight makes me mute,
The busy sky is not yet tear &lay,
The very Silence & Patience make me peacefulness;
Love thee lot & loaded feels, rose only woes,
Let me stop to know thou fake-feels,
Crocodile-heart & lion-sight &boneless-tongue.
Let you remind unchain & timeless love;
His says-love can transpose to form &dignity,
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind-
Thy love swap tender goal of head &heart,
Love swirling not with fear, but with spirits,

Raghavendra Nayak

Mirage

I wish I had rule the beauty,
I wish I had thee, indeed,
Let know unconfined love duty,
Would you recall, when you meet –SWEETY?

All season are not so this season;
It is sprouting and flouting in my heart,
Thy shines the queen of flowers in my art,
Is Cupid sleeping or is there calm reason!

I sold and depressed by thou first sight,
It cause, always staying at Utopia site,
Beauty is thee, thy beauty is eternal,
To who know thou heart is simple...

I am bird-watcher &foe of insects and bees,
Her fresh -smile stood on her silent lips;
Mine trembling hand &dancing caught her hips,
My bunch of feels like a bunch of roses yet faded.

While thou talks and walks –
All crocus and tulip raise head beside a road,
All buds and daffodils' dances like a mad curls,
May spread fresh flowers on thou path!

Ye! Forget the all those thing woes and foes,
Those offers to bees and butterflies,
My heart always proffer are coming way,
Let you say – this is immortal art.

None is the world, thy is everything,
Give me a kiss of tender and delicate,
Give me a chance to open – Beauty- key,
Give me a life with you as long as the sunshine.

I swear not thou come & stay at dystopia,
I do not swear nor stay at Utopia
I oath thy smell is as cool as the true,
I pledged thee as soul as the Angels' perfume.

Every Drone stood for sucking flowers
But I know that flower is mine's property,
If I were thee, I'd ride the world of art,
If I were thee, I'd live as long as soul.

After all my hopes defeat and destroy
Thy already 'engaged' with someone;
My innocent heart yet crying and crying forever,
Full of mine tears rolled thro' gentle cheek.

A king should be died as a king,
A lover should be died as a lover,
My breath may stop without thou footprints,
But thy mute not as long as the dooms day,

Raghavendra Nayak

Miss. Cliff, Sister Of Ancient Young Mountain

She stands on the edge of the sea and says-
'Out of the land, No peace'-
The god of wind
And a place of virtue stands

By laughing leaf at green-tongue,
Talking with rocks and stones,
Beside a braid-scully cries
And white bone fires in the deep night

I perfectly preferred to a center
But drop out not an idea of wild wind;
Virtue, peace and silence muted

Yet soil and stone time to speak
Out for the result of soul rest
In the dark and deep holy Ganga
Is not as Oak and Holly

Where I live and learn in the fat forest;
Thousand tongues from trees,
Million words from streams and mountains
That just stood beyond the meadow and the window

Green-eyed mountains and yellow streams
Look like the Christmas cake,
Where the lore looked at the distance destiny
Dark woods bedded here and there break

Up the fat city is nothing,
Except Tower, Temples, Theaters-
But the fair country is everything;
Air, light, active, silence-

Be the lover of mountain and stream
Be a man, not to be a street-scully

Raghavendra Nayak

, The Beauty Of Crabs

Miss. Helen, the Beauty of Crabs

Shall I compare thee crystal eyes of the earth?
Shall I adore thee Venus' perfume of the birth?
Thy scent & rent of fertile fate over a forlorn!
Thy unrevised love & lore roared beneath the corn!
The night-watcher worried for thou intoxicate tonic of spirit,
Thy ever ere borne affection of war and worry orbited,
My silent silken valleys broken barrier of lore & love & lure;
Thy brighter & brighter than boon of the doom is dumb,
Lightly, oh! Lightly lamented the present is deaf,
I admire thee an odor of crystalize eyes of an angel,
I often digging & digging woes of space in words,
Beware! Thy single sight shaken the fate of thousands of sails,
But eternal aim as a falconer of falcon as an eagle emblem,
Huntsmen hunted lore as snow white dose on darling buds.

Raghavendra Nayak

My First Journey In Valleys

My First Journey in Valleys

O! My friends and foes,
Listen mine woes,
But these words are roes.

I born in motherland,
And grew up in fatherland,
But I played and joyed in fertile land.

Between breadth and tomb, I red Rome;
Full of horror and terror,
My land is so better and greater.

Between eyes and heart, I lit an art;
Very gregarious, Journey of Two Valleys-
It's so nice and greeny,
But full of rainy and funny.

On the top of light valleys,
Widely grew up as thou port belly-
Of soft laughing grass is mellow,
My steady fate hiding thou eyes-below.

I stood down, too down with silence
Is in green, but peace air;
Thy tender timber valleys broke balance,
And thou humble heart bear the heir.

Thou smile wear green and green
And vary rain roars round and around,
But sweet brown so crowned;
It seemed full of height and lights.

I gratified and rectified –
A deep and depth dark grass grew up;
I silently pat thro' tired air, heavy air.
Thou hefty breadth wrought me wrath.

The silent wind and the rain make unrest;
Thou tough valleys make strong plea,
I claimed, claim ever the best,
I stood on top like tired lion.

My heavy breadth & sweat float like flea,
My heavy breadth & sweat float like foam,

I under arrest the beauty of Timber Valleys,
(Thundering, lighting, raining inside & outside heart)
I looked at around and surrounding;
Hands in air, eyes closed, heart unlocked,

Words floated- Heaven, Heaven-
Oh God, this is heaven of all Alma,
Bring me not back, bring me not front,
Just stay on, stay back, and stay away.

Wind and rain opens heart and eyes;
My sight glanced beneath the well,
I ran and ran like west wind,
And finally I caught a spot is so swell.

Again noticed dammed daffodils' around,
I went and watched depth of well,
And can't measure the length of sell,

Hands and eyes tired and un-bore,
Thou gentle care & dare ever sore;
The best is rest is sleep, let me sleep like roar.

.

Raghavendra Nayak

My Lord, Light Peace And Prosperous

The world seems hasty and nasty,
When thy holds not peace and prosperous.
The world seems helter-skelter,
When thy dare not to hold rest.
The world seems dark and dim,
When thy holds not a light of love.
The world is evergreen and joy,
When thy laughs at heart.

When dark patches at heart orbited,
My love shines as art of lamp,
When my gentle love lays here,
The sun and the moon lit forever.
When a dark day banished in world,
My joy of heart floats in air.
When trees and tulips hang out,
Thy superiority of beauty beholds the world.

The world is wonder,
When thou joy of tears glitter in eyes-
The world is wonder,
When thy dance with lightning and thunder-
The world is wonder,
When thy laughs like a young ancient beauty-
The world is so wonder-full,
When thou days are mines.

Raghavendra Nayak

Sonnet

Sonnet

History is a dark and deep layer of pain, perfume of sins,
Loudly laughed at stone rascals names, by you and me;
A tender and timid word of his mouth never keeps away,
Worries were only left in the mind of Lenin and mine,

Indians hopes and guns are sinfully laughed at once,
Wait! When a power bows, then the wind also whistles;
An angry young beggar waits at gate, laughs over temple and power,
But my heart my mind must be needed rest on your tomb,

Every page is yet dark and dim, like empty cemetery,
We unable to dig over the truth of riots in the land of Mahatma,
But half happy half hope must be arisen like Jesus' cream,

You and I are uncomfortable and incommunicable, for blood red;
Cold blooded hand hangs out the power of riots like Hitler style,
Wait! Give up not stroke of tearing, already noble dream disturbed.

Raghavendra Nayak

The Elegy On The Death Of My Favorite Cat

The Elegy on Death of My Favorite Cat

On Feb 14th of stark-naked night,
My lovely cat hovered under time-wheel site,
Time wrecked pure pain in silence;
My violence turns off tears tides,

Thy silence is presence of wild & quer-y,
It ever broke barrier between love & lore,
Thy silence banged & tore-
Tore blasted boundaries of eyes, ooh, ohh, ohh...
And flowed like mad flood-
Mad flood over your hills and dales,
Trembling like trees and trunks
Die hard at heartless earth is hell
God! To bell, to bell for rest of this soul, rest of this, best of the soul...

Silence please, silence, its-
Make balance- of mental strength;
Against thou will and wish
Never fire until birth of peace of ash, woh, woh, wohh...
The shaded moon mixed up pain yet
Dark painted over restless soul,
Dim light dashed ignorance, nay;
Depart, divide, and dashed the demon day
Between thou shameful love & true lie, yeh, yeh...

Silence please! Silence, I am not violence-
Mam, taught me to fly, catch not lie,
Dad, No more, though fixed wings of fire-
In heart and worries and words-oh, oh, oh...
Thy rode and rode over innocence fair fate
Time taught each stroke of tears & pain
Painted everywhere-here and there;
Wings of woes float under rare sky, la, la, la...
O! I ought to need token of love key
And flee back with wings of fire, fire, fire.

Silence please! Please, silence!

My cat's soul surrendered to grave
My grief grew as thou ungentle brave, brave, so brave...
Love and lore banished by thou cruel patience,
God! Save me, the rest of life seize not to fake woes, oh oh...
Make perfect & peaceful world from foes,
The Cat, lovely Cat, departed for white worms,
Note it down on tomb-"peace in patience".
Patience is in silence of soul, unmute silence, please! Oh plz...

Raghavendra Nayak

The Lady Of Lake

The Lady of Lake

Thy wore silky brown-blows and a rose,
And walked with covered cotton sari in crowded street,
Languish and silence on crafted lips, but
Floated untagged hair here and there, and where
My rosy lips and thou cheeks rose and rose as a rose,
Thy clarity centers on chest, bright like diamond bracelets,
My inconstant mind and handsome hands trembled,
Eyes lighten; words thunder around the heart.
Thy silence beauty ever departed not, but quite in air
And light with day, dark with night;
Who she is- the singer of silence.

Undoubted day's departed ever
And never made alone in the banquet with gods,
Let me stay on and forward for eternal lore,
Thy light of love lighten in darken day,
And ever distance destiny divide not with thee, until finish ore;
I would shine as large as leaves of twigs,
Then thou beat the pain against heavy wind,
Thy story may tell back and forth as an eagle angel,
When love is out of intention and expectation;
Where it share pain and pleasure forever and ever,
Who she is – the princess of perfume.

Thy walk as pure as crystal clear of streams,
And shines like a star in couple color of sky at night,
My lady of lake laughs throughout seasons,
But there is no reason for love, for care, for bear,
Where my love sweeps not, weeps not, only joy left.
Thy care and bare, stay me back at temple fair,
Who she is- the lady of lake.

Raghavendra Nayak

The Rain And The Earth

The Rain and the Earth

Every nature is our teacher,
Let us learn to keep silence & nurture;

A heavy clouded sky dance over hills and dales,
Look at the dense, drop of smiles is so pale;

Thou spread green & fresh smell like groom,
As if it seems a newly couple room;

The vary scent of soil is soul of rose,
Floats and falls like a heavy snow's dose;

Kings & knights & queens run roar,
Thou heart is never shut the door;

Thy beam ever bright like cream,
Mine tender body ever dripped like dream;

A smell of soil digs in nose,
The very twig of leaves rose & rose;

Thunder & lighting & raining is youth,
Let you greet Her beauty is so smooth;

Thy fair & perfume never shade & fade,
But the soul of rose ever bade;

Thy wash the face of kid & sun,
And never give up us the bread & bun;

Clean & colorless water in streams,
Let us break hard fence against thou dreams;

Let hills and dales dance forever,
Stop, stop to build lakes & dams against river.

Raghavendra Nayak

The Wreck In Last Night

Thy born in the month of May,
Every morn & even sweet delight;
But thou mind swayed this & that way,
I caused thou tore in day and night.

Thy gentle share and care,
Make me fool! Thou absence is silent mind;
Sweet image & courage made me neither mad nor bare,
When thou love unlocked the blind.

Thy more distance and soft sight
Beaten me in heart through fair stroke,
I suffered and tore at heart in last long night,
My flowery feelings departed and broke.

Thy name is love and dare,
That's why I tear and scare;
God, stay you back, PLEASE, stay back,
And bless me, like one soul and two roles...

Thy enter into the world of empty emperors,
Then seems it, days and nights carve thro' golden (plate) ,
No place for ignorance when I superior of superiors,
Almost I am the son of Poseidon.

He and thou presence at heart,
So announce not the absence of first-at-sight,
Because sick at art dispatch and depart,
I AM THE ONE WHO SEARCHED at PERFECT GRAVE.

Raghavendra Nayak

Why I Love Thee A Lot

Why I Love Thee a Lot

I love thee a lot,
When I so hot.

Then I lightly removed the sweet sweat,
Beneath the dark sky above is the best.

Where lord made wrinkles at forehead,
And embraced- the fire of ring is thou bed,

So an eagle claiming of stark-naked mountain,
And wingless-time floats as fountain.

I stand at blazing nipple of rock,
I have ever been untold of thou shock,

And above the fate and fertile land,
Green, hurrah! Grew up, want to be command.

My lord! I love thee a lot,
When thy shines too hot.

The deep and dark thou twig dancing and laughing!
Here and there! No, only on fertile frame! !

Thy feels floated, hands louted by insane west-wind,
Within four muted walls of the temple's veranda.

My gentle care and bare made thee -perfect heir.
"Wondrous world, Beware! Mind-of-men is wild,

So arrest their rest in best of your solid hell-nest,
God! Then Make thee, the perfect superior of west.

Man, I love thee a lot,
When I caught and comfort,

My heart now humble thou best present,

I know Him; thy can't be absent,

As rain brandished the beauty of swan,
Please! Don't make me good enemy of swine.

Breezing and breathing at heavy air,
Lighting and thundering there, I didn't care,

Bequeath the wind spinelessly passed to care,
Because of thy sun-moon-love made me dare.

Friends! I love thee a lot,
Because, my lord made a cot,

Each stroke of snow dose borne the rosy lips,
Each strain of joy made thee so crazy mark on cheeks.□

My vigilant sight accursed and scared,
When wild like men burst the token of love scattered.

My love of nature is landed,
As if thy wit and lure branded.

Raghavendra Nayak

Wonder, The World Seems Wonder,

sss... sss...sss...ssss...ssssSS...

Wonder, it's so cool at noon,

Wonder, it's so hot at midnight...sss

Yeah, wonder, the world seems wonder...sss...ssss...sssss

I wonder why the world is around the sun,

I wonder why the earth is around the sun,

I wonder why the moon is around the earth,

I wonder why the heart around thee,

I wonder not, I love thee a lot.

You may wonder when thunder roar,

You may wonder when light shines across the world,

You may wonder when I pray for thee,

You may wonder when stars shut down,

You may not wonder when thy shines like stars.

Raghavendra Nayak