

Poetry Series

Ravi Panamanna
- poems -

Publication Date:

2021

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ravi Panamanna(21/09/1956)

My pen name is Ravi Panamanna. Actual name is Subramanian A. I am a Science graduate. I graduated from NSS College, Ottapalam (1977) coming under Calicut University. I am now a retiree of State Bank of India and a resident of Palakkad, Kerala State. I am interested in Science, Philosophy, Art and literature. My living idols are Thomas Alva Edison and Swami Vivekananda. I like poems related to Nature, Philosophy and Human endeavor. Every man has a tale for our reflection.

Whatever strength that I have in the English language and English poetry, I owe it to my English teacher Smt. P C Satyabhama of my UP School era. She was both my English teacher and class teacher for three years at Anangannady High School, Panamanna, Ottapalam Taluk. The foundation stones laid by Kunjukutty Teacher and Madhavan Master during my Lower Primary era (Tharakan High School, Angadippuram) , Padmini Teacher - 4th standatd (U P School, Panamanna) and Sri K Ravunni Nair Master (HS Anangannady) are also not less important in this regard. Infact, it was Ravunni Nair Master who had initiated me into the world of Science, Philosophy and Malayalam Literature by his deep insight and very memorable classes - UP era. He was a class of his own. If my poems have touched your heart, there is no more a fine tribute than that which I can pay to these teachers of class who had kindled a lasting flame in me.

Ottapalam Taluk Library has also played an important role in pushing forward the reader and writer in me. Those boyhood years were really my surging years.

I have won some prizes in the literary field. Between 1994-99 I was regularly winning prizes both at the Zone and Circle level Essay competitions held by State Bank of India in connection with 'Rajyabhasha Samaroh'.

My published work: - 'A timeless echo' - by I-Proclaim.com-(Poetry) -Feb 2010. Search their Bookstore for details.

MY PRIZES SO FAR: -

1. Between 1994 and 1999 - 12 Prizes all in all both at the Zonal Level and Circle Level Essay competitions held by State Bank Bank of India Annually in connection with Rajbhasha Samaroh.

2. Poiesis Award International - (2014) 5th Position in the International English Poetry Competition conducted for 3rd Rabindranath Tagore Award 2014.

3. 2nd Bharath Award For Literature (2015) (For short story) - 1st Position.

I am also available at www.scribd.com where you can view my Malayalam documents as well.

Search the Google main page for 'Ravi Panamanna' for my various links.

My poems are also available on Youtube under the names Subramanian A and Ravi Panamanna.

Dear Poets, I wish to share the following views as expressed by our Poet Laureate Rabindranath Tagore. He was addressing a Convocation at Santhinikethan when he was conferred upon the degree of Doctor of Letters, HONORIS CAUSA by Oxforford University on August 7th 1940. He spoke the following words which is very much relevant even today.

'In an era of mounting anguish and vanishing worth, when disaster is fast overtaking countries and continents with savagery let loose and brutal thirst for possession augmented by science, it may sound merely poetic to speak of any emerging principle of worldwide relationship. But Time's violence, however immediately threatening, is circumscribed, and we who live beyond it and dwell also in the larger reality of Time, must renew our faith in the perennial growth of civilisation toward and ultimate purpose'.

Dear readers, If any of the poems has touched your heart, do let me have a feedback. Your valuable comments can certainly propel my pen to more vistas of life and finer aspects of poetry.

War And Peace

In the darkness of night
In the fading twilight
With a losing might
With a lowering sight

With a bundle of tears
As an embodiment of fear
With her kid, the dearest,
She hides in a forest
For the nightly veil to lift.

Guns make a whisker
Life is hard and precipitous.
Bloodhounds are wide awake
Her life is quite at stake.

She lurks among the shady wood-line
It is all an uncertain game.
In a moment she might perish
Over a wink everything could finish.

She is tethered, desperate,
Her kid might forever separate.
She hides behind a bush
Within her is a growing anguish.

She knows not the theories of war
She can only feel about the winking stars.
She knows not the theories of blasts,
But can only feel a feeding breast.

In the glimmering star-light
In the snarls of the barking world
She is tattered, in haze
She is making her way in haste.

Where is her searching covert?
Where is her final place to rest?
Where are the springtime birds gone?

In avarice and avenge, completely flown?

She is not angry with the clinking world
She is all but within a shrinking mold.
She passes into the night unknown, unsung,
A bundle and the kid, hanging over a sling.

In a trice she becomes a human race
In her tears I count countless refugees.
Their voices to humanity beg 'why so cruel
And make our life a pell-mell'?

The sky answer not their plea,
Their heart the winds carry across the seas.
But, in the cranking din drown their words
The world continues sharpening the swords.

Ravi Panamanna
29/11/1996
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Ravi Panamanna

A Poet's Sojourn

I reflect upon the roads
It was a long stride.
I reflect on the inns
Those were restless nights.

It was morn'
I began my sojourn.
There was enough mist
The roads were just out of sight.

Beyond the misty veils
There were enchanting dales.
Beyond the hills
There were sprightly rills.

That was my Elysium
That was my destination.
The pastures were a distant hope
The roads were up, shoe made a clop.

The pathway was a glen
It was singular and barren.
Here and there was an oasis
Now and then was gentle breeze.

Yet, the icy peaks rose high,
Beyond my foot and scale, I made a sigh.
The springs were heard afar
The fountains echoed afar.

Miles and miles I covered
Inns and taverns I left behind.
The moonlight poured silver across the dales
I dwelt upon those silvery shades.

It was a deep trance
I heard the rustle of silence
Springs began to dance
Poesy began to chime.

Ravi Panamanna
16/12/1996
xxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Ravi Panamanna

Morning Frames

Upon a leaf
A fly is in meditation.
The wind makes a whispering waft
And the fly listens to a divine lore.

Upon a tree
A bird is in long chirp.
He is inviting his pals
The distant meadows are the call.

Upon a leaf of grass
Dew forms a pearl, glossy.
The slanting rays grace the lawn,
All around, it is a blissful dawn.

When life around is in harmony,
Mind cannot be in parsimony.
Thoughts are fluffy and light
As the sailing clouds scale the peaks

Amid the lively moments
Plowmen are into their morning rounds.
They are awakening the fields,
They are preparing the grounds of life.

Seeds they sow, harvest do they reap,
Our granaries are made rich, welkin- spotless.
Our mansions are but their sweat,
Our gains, remember, otherwise won't be so sweet.
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

10th November 2020.

Parsimony: Stinginess
Welkin: The vault of the sky - firmament - heaven.

Ravi Panamanna

An Election Capsule

Here is a cracker
There is a fighter.
Here is a tongue twister,
There is a verbal flare.

The stage is all set
Everyone claims no defeat.
By throwing each other mud,
The scene is never vapid.

Abuse fills the air,
Index finger is raised against each other.
It is all a backbite with graphs and accounts,
Opponents are never given any rest!

More than our party's bards,
Your trades are on our cards.
It is a war of our truth and your cheat,
Until the end, it is a hard fight.

With our razor blade, our tongue,
Your throat is ripped to the root.
Our party has excellent orators,
Able to reel the masses turn asses.

And, on the conclusion of the polls,
With sureness we would retire to beds.
Then, with figures, it is all gimmicks-
A game of exit polls until the results.

A clear sweep is all our prediction,
For us, it is beyond fiction.
If the sway is against us,
We would swear "wait until the announcement";

Even after a sure defeat,
It would be a verbal fight, for, we are pugilists.
Parties can be destroyed but never defeated,
Wounded lions are never a vanquished lot.

08th November 2020.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Ravi Panamanna

Is The Moon Born With A Golden Spoon?

(We often carry the whims and fancies that other than us, the rest of the world is richer and happier and the sufferings are not meant for them. In other words, we often cling on to the idea that other than us, the rest of the world is born with a silver or golden spoon but, how far is it true? This poem is an attempt to discover the realities behind such ideas)

Rome was not built in a day.
Every edifice carries the hardest blows of umpteen hands,
Every feather, the tale of seasons and those blowing winds.
Stones, now glistening pearls and golden
Carry for eons in their hearth the torture of the lashing waves.

It is the concourse of tears, silence and endurance,
The hammers working, the din of the world grinding.
A twinkling star a diamond our fairy tales may coin,
A sauntering guy on the boulevard, happy and gay we may conclude.
Is the moon born with a golden spoon?
Discover her golden fleece and there you will find enough sunburn.

Ravi Panamanna 03rd September 2020.

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

Ravi Panamanna

The Tale Of Sunken Silence - Auschwitz And Bergen Belsen.

(Notes: - Hitler's tyranny. The massacre of Jews. Catching them from their secret hideouts and sending to Auschwitz and Bergen Belsen. Those concentration camps, those gas chambers ever vomiting the dictator's wrath of poison upon humanity. That history is an eternal reminder to all generations - 'wherever authority, be of any kind, cleaves, man clogs, he wages, nations collapse, deserts they turn, carcasses they amass) .

(In the Rabindranatha Tagore Poetry Award contest (RBT 2020) for the year 2020 conducted Jointly by Poiesis.com and XPresspublications.com, the following poem won the 5th position and thereby secured the POIESIS AWARD. Places 2 to 5 under RBT are known as the Poiesis Award)

Behind the curtains shadows moved, hearts whispered, life tempestuous,
Beyond the walls, the approaching steps, fearful, life a vanishing trail,
impetuous.

But for the sudden knock, apparitions standing, muzzles pointing, finally
wrapping,
Life was a dateless diary, a sway, an indefinite pause, clueless, a-whooping.

And, from their secret hideouts, surrendered, to the darkness of crypt,
As dead livestock, they travelled to unknown shores, mute and withered.
Clumsy, crunchy, frigid, arid, thirsty and feather hewed,
They arrived the chambers of death, their dreams stolen, tattered.

A loaf of bread, a sip of tea, no wash, no water, just a sprinkle!
A piece of wool to ward off winter, a loincloth and no more to wear.
In dark cells, oppressive dormitories, in frozen thoughts, beyond distinctions,
They met incalculable moments, nightmares following, in total destruction.

Morning muster rolls, standing nude, shyness vaporizing, shivering,
The dogs ever charging, no escape ever possible and tethering.
Niggling jobs, cloud of charcoal dust enveloping, suffocating,
Typhus life reducing, mothers and children parting.... bewailing.

Annihilation, of justice and humanity, the tyrant very pertinacious.
Auschwitz and Bergen Belsen - those furnaces ever pernicious.

Flames swallowing, blood hounds continually barking, demons dictating,
Millions perished, eagles militated, chicanery to the core prevailed.

They were impelled, to the vale of death from their gardens fairest,
For one reason - by chance of birth being birds of the same feather,
As different from the dictator's feather and flap, flip and stare.
My voices, my religion, only mine and mine - wherever authority, be of any kind,
cleaves,
Man clogs, he wages, nations collapse, deserts they turn, carcasses they amass.

xxxx

1. Impetuous: marked by force and violence of movement or action
2. Whoop: to utter the cry or call of an animal (such as an owl - symbolic of death)
3. Hewn/hewed: to cut with blows of a heavy cutting instrument
4. Tethering: the limit of one's strength or resources.
5. Bewail: to express deep sorrow/lamentation.
6. Pertinacious: adhering resolutely to an opinion/design.
7. Pernicious: highly injurious or destructive/deadly. (archaic) : wicked.
8. Chicanery: Trickery. A piece of sharp practice: Eg: resorted to political chicaneries.

Ravi Panamanna

Memorial Verses On Our Old Teachers.

(While addressing our old teachers, say at an Old Students' Meet, what can we really offer at the lotus feet of them but these verses filled with a sense of reverence and gratitude) ?

Respected Sirs,

In due reverence, deep veneration,
We ever cherish your golden association.
We are now afloat in reverberations,
And recall those pleasant times with all our affections.

From the scratch, to the immeasurable horizons,
Those sessions to us were marvellous revelations.
No regression but only a steady progression,
Heavens in real terms were in constant visitation.

As we left those foliage and springs,
Our inner treasures were priceless, on high strings.
Decades are flown, winds upon our ears now whisper,
And we, forever owe thee our lives and these memorial verses.

11th February 2020.

Ravi Panamanna

Ravi Panamanna

New York By Night: My Fair Lady!

At night, from the Observation Deck
The city is but a diamond necklace.
In every direction, in every inch,
Her vision is entreatingly very rich,
She is indeed a lass, My Fair Lady!

Look there! Her Statue of Liberty spires,
Look yonder! The Empire State lures.
Within a radial arc view three bridges -
Brooklyn and two others, star studded,
Hudson themes a rumbling song.

Just peep under thy toes,
The flap of yore is heard, the Wings.
The Twin Squares, fountains and a sprawling park-
The site of 9/11 Memorial in cataclysmic tears,
She, for a couple of decades silently bears.

Skyscrapers, golden bars copiously abound
To the incoming night lend a twinkling torch.
Dots of light in trillion adorn her veil,
Stars above twinkle to no avail.

Here I stand reflecting the scene,
Life plays a prolific theme under my feet.
From atop the world, over a hundred floors,
She is beauty crystalline caged in glass-
And a tourist fails not to remark:
"Fine and fine, not enough"!

By Ravi Panamanna
27th September 2017

Ravi Panamanna

The Ornate Glass Palace.

From the bridge to the gushing waters, in a flash,
Over a step he drew his curtains with a splash.
At the fall of night, to life and the passing delights
He made a final wink and to the vale of death, slithered.

A business tycoon, he chose his hour and fate,
To the grave followed not his wealth and pompous fetes.
Failing to meet the deadlines, end a bankrupt,
While in the throne, the Coffee King dug his own crypt.

Money he rolled, shares he pledged,
His ornate glass palace in the gale finally collapsed.
In that debris he finally sank, leaving behind soliloquies,
His ivory towers in that smalt of night, blew a parting dirge.

From the mountain of wealth to the dale of death,
One slip was enough, life closed yon beneath.
In a wink he was finished, wingless he fell,
Unknown and unsung, beyond all trails and travails.

05th August 2019

Ravi Panamanna

Life Doesn't End

Returning a glance, shrunken in the womb, □
Listening to a deep stir, with emanating sighs, □
Towards his home and grounds, winds and dales, □
Made a look whimsical and finally descended the steps.□

A town he reached, a room he hired, □
The plan was plain, ending life, yes - suicide.□
Life to him meant thorns, he was profusely bled, □
Death he sought, a release, the final gambit.□

Night was chosen, the hour was set, □
Diary completed, reasons clearly mentioned.□
Cyanide he trusted, records he believed, □
Freedom in a flash, he could no longer wait! □

Twilight was cast, birds returned homeward, □
Neon lights opened, The Town Square overflowed.□
Pageantry followed, the din continued, □
He slowly retreated, solemn moments rolled by.□

Across the street, in the thickening mist, □
Augmented a scene, tacit and resonant.
Breast feeding a mother was, bare was her breast,
Torn was her cloth, unkempt was her hair.

Two children skeletal, from a pitcher shared a loaf,
A rootless transient life, impelled by a drive.
The suckling baby, mother, the children - a frozen frame.
Spine it chilled, virtual thoughts it removed,
From a swirl, in one stroke he made into striking life.

xx

Ravi Panamanna

Music In Literature

Upon the ears of the primeval man
Nature descended in multifarious voices,
In rhythms and patterns,
In a language known to brooks and forests;
the sprawling meadows and the whispering winds.

He listened, attributions were made,
Logos, in steps were derived.
World was progressively codified,
Primal forms of language evolved,
Syntax followed, centuries witnessed.

Rhythms of nature metamorphosed-
Rhymes were gradually born.
Worded music opened a copious lore,
Verses leaped unbound from the primal heart,
In the wings of poesy, man was flown.

Words in unison followed scales,
It sounded a fine resonance.
Prose and poetry, in the liveliest semblance
Presented the music of language,
the very song of the elated heart.

That music in literature is an art,
A fine inlays work, a lace, a delicate craft.
There is a heart in every word,
A word in every heart,
Literature has a tone, mellower than the prodigious nightingale!

14/04/2015

Ravi Panamanna

Think Twice Before You Leap

(Never allow your life to be swallowed by vices)

From the dales
The springs are gone.
From the meadows
The birds are flown.

From the purposes of life
To the whirls, he is thrown.
From a responsible family man
To the streets he is finally drawn.

Bottles keep his days alive,
Streets provide him a nightly care.
His liver is almost gone,
His family is very much torn.

Yet, with some caring souls
He is back to a breathing space now.
In a rehabilitation center
He is slowly back to gaining grounds.

But, for how long? just imagine
Medicines are often time bound, I say.
So, think twice before you leap,
Else, you may dig your own grave and weep.

14th January 2018

Ravi Panamanna

Charlie Chaplin - Making A Living

(Peeping into his boyhood days
as I go around his places in London after reading his biography) .

As I pass these inns
I am searching for The Kid.
As I cross these London streets
I am into those whispering winds.

Peeps in through decades a sobering face-
From the window of the Pownell Terrace,
From the corners of the Kennington Park,
From the darkness of the Lambeth orphanage.

In the silence of that Oak Street home,
I am listening to a mother's hymn-.
And from these meadows I pass a glance-
Cain Hill mental asylum is a lingering pain.

A broken childhood, deepening sighs,
Divided parents, penniless days.
As I pass the Norwood, Han-well schools,
I am living the moments of his life.

As the West End wind kisses my chest
A lovable tramp whispers unto me, that
'Life is more than Making A Living;
Life is more than the charms of Limelight'.

13th January 2018.

Ravi Panamanna

Suffocation

Deep in the throat, there is a hook,
Something lurking, the truth, suffocating.
The values we carry we swallow,
A mask we wear before the world and move.

Within us, our values collide and sink,
The truth of the world we often miss.
May be the world is right, we are not,
Times are different, values too, I agree.

Yet, within a frame I discern a voice
Common to all, ageless and eternal-
The fountains of the heart, those flavors,
Haven't we lost them in the desert of life?

Why wear a mask and sink within, suffocating?
Is our truth so needle prick to the world?
The truth is, we expect a retaliation,
A challenge which we cannot stand.

Our language of deliverance, do we count?
Can we deliver truth in the listener's language?
While dealing with different levels,
We need different expressions for the same truth-
The world is heterogeneous, it needs different scales.

06th December 2017

Ravi Panamanna

A Post Script To A Friend.

I wanted to reward your soft words,
But, couldn't buy
the soft glow of the moon, or
the twinkle of the stars.

I wanted to give you something
for the affection you showered on;
But, I could not give you
The reviving shade of a tree, or
the cool still of a pond.

I wanted to pay for your loving care
But, how could I get
the bloom of a new bud, or
a balmy breeze for you?

I wanted to give you something
for your love and kindness-
the whole universe - yes!

I am not rich
and all that I have
is a loving heart.
So, here it is-
Friend, take it and
carry my heart wherever you may go!

25th April 1995

Ravi Panamanna

From One World Trade Center, New York.

At night, from the observation deck
New York is but a diamond necklace.
She is a lass in every inch,
Her vision very enthralling and rich.

Look there! the Statue of Liberty spires,
Look yonder! the Empire State lures.
Within a radial arc fall three bridges-
Brooklyn and two other, studded with beads!

Just peep right under your nose,
You can feel wings and the flap of yore.
Two Squares, fountains and a park-
The site of 9/11 lay in cataclysmic tears.

Skyscrapers numerous lay scattered all around,
Hudson, Harlem flow far below profound.
Along the Manhattan, The East River,
All add to the view grace and power.

Streets appear a stripe of gilded ribbon,
Dots of light adorn the night by trillion.
Manhattan by night is any tourist's forcing dream,
New York by night is anybody's ice-cream!

Here I stand enjoying the scene,
Here, my thoughts are prolific and serene.
From where eagles dare, over a hundred floor,
The world is a twinkling lore,
Very much a feast to the core and galore.

25th September 2017.

Ravi Panamanna

Soliloquy Of A Skyscraper.

Once I was not shadowed
I was not swallowed, not dwarfed.
I enjoyed a princely status,
Known was my name across the world.

Passing clouds greeted me,
Howling winds whizzed by.
Birds as they winged by
For a mountain peak, mistook me.

The tallest in the world,
A nation's pride, any tourist's awe,
An engineering wonder,
My days by Brooklyn I did really enjoy.

In the course of time
The wings of the city shadowed me.
I was swallowed, totally dwarfed
And my crown was finally lost.

Princely status
I no more enjoy.
'One among the tallest'
'Once upon the tallest'
I still enjoy.

But, status is always relative,
Mansions rise and finally reach the dust.
Yesterday I had shadowed a world
Today, I am but overshadowed.
Thus the cycle forever continues.....
Cradles forever follow and follow.....

23rd September 2017.

Ravi Panamanna

A Ceaseless Poem.

Everything smells so good,
Like the pinks and reds and yellows
Like old leaves and grass in the sun
The distant rain, noisy birds unseen,
The drifts of jasmine and honeysuckle.

The lake is serene, calm, a perfect circle
High grass, the whole scene buzzing.
A thin strip of beach borders,
Wavelets embrace the sands.

Here, on a turret perch a few sea gulls,
Share their day's musings across the waters,
To the yonder hills, waterfalls and dales,
And the tales told by the ever murmuring winds.

Everything feels good,
Like the dancing tulips on the Square,
The sparrows chirping all around,
The clouds painting over the western horizon
And the throbbing life on the patios.

Watching these bucolic scenes
I walk along the brick laden pavement.
Life is a scene after scene,
Ceaseless, a poem
That has a beginning but no end.

10th September 2017

Ravi Panamanna

The Poesy Of Life.

Winds of yore
Under that village tree
By that little brook
Very auriferous.

Villagers gathered around
Fanfare did sweetly resound.
Crops and cattle were our treasure,
In simplicities we discovered our pleasure.

Yonder that hill by that pool
Stood the native school.
The wisdom of the teachers taught
Our forefathers that the earth was round.

Beyond the skirts of the fields
where the clouds reposed on the hills,
Beyond the woods
where the floriferous scent not wafted,
Our sails measured no nautical mile
Our harvests reaped no crops vile.

The petrichor filled our ways and dreams
The lanterns lighted enough though dim.
Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in simplicity,
Our seasons were fine.

No borders, no fences
The wind was one chime.
Birds, a singular chirp
Meadows were for all folks.

Yet, the life had a cycle,
Waters, their course.
All days are not sunny days,
All songs need not be melodious.

The winds beyond the dales

Presented alluring tales-
Of distant lands and ports
Which heralded richness
Where life was auriferous,
Life, ever gorgeous.

An irresistible call that was,
Generations slowly made a passage.
Seasons missed familiar chirps,
Meadows longed for returning birds.

The woods waited for familiar steps
The brooks longed for old comrades.
The grounds yearned for their playmates,
The forest primeval, longing for the calls

Drawn by the bee line of life
Those generations disappeared oblivious.
Now, upon these meadows dwells another race
With another customs, a different vibe.

Wither life, wither the seasons,
Wither civilisations and eons pass.
Upon graveyards and dusted mansions
Streams will flow, sheep will flock,
Moon will send a joyous glance
and the poesy of life will flourish.

17th September 2017.

Ravi Panamanna

The Lessons Of War

Wars are fought-
In the name of races,
Religion, power, and fortresses,
For kingdoms and expansion,
For territories and legions.

Wars are fought-
To defend challenges, motherland,
In defense of ideologies,
In the name of politics,
To quench the ruling ego.

Thus the pages of history endorsed.
Peasants turned to refugees,
Soldiers became martyrs,
Their wives remained widows.

Kingdoms followed kingdoms,
Wars followed wars.
Treaties followed umpteen,
Civilisations disappeared in graves.

Time preserves the ruins,
Museums echo aloud a clamoring past.
From behind those glass cases
Does the Past forewarn us, frown, or
Throw a mystic smile unto humanity?

28th August 2017

Ravi Panamanna

Albert Einstein At Princeton

As he locked the door
Of their Berlin home
And descended the steps,
To his wife Einstein said:
'Take a very good look at it,
You will never see it again'.

The writing was on the wall
Fumes were in the air.
In his travel diary he scribbled:
'I am a bird of passage
And shall be flying...
flying for the rest of my life'.

The Nazi were crazy,
In a short while the Caputh cottage-
His Berlin home was ransacked.
His account was frozen
His papers were burnt.

He was then in States,
Life proved very fluid, mysterious.
Where appeared the end of cleavage?
Where were the dales void of gales?

After a cycle of life,
From Southampton on October 7 1933
He boarded 'Westmoreland'
'Auf Wiedersehen' he bade Europe
Never to see those shores again.

Wearing a wide brimmed black hat,
Carrying his violin case,
In ten days he landed the New York docks,
Liberty greeted him with her lofty torch.

Princeton he soon arrived,
A lease of life he now really enjoyed.
Arrived the Peacock Inn there

'Baltimore' offered him an ice-cream.

A new venture at the Princeton University-
The Institute for Advanced Study.
As one of her founding fathers,
He served there decades, illustrious.

While his office was set,
To the queries that followed,
His reply was an offbeat-
'A desk or table, a chair, pen and papers,
Also a waste basket to throw the mistakes'

First a few months at 2 Library Place,
Then at 112 Mercer Street-
For two decades very wholesome life,
Simple, peaceful, eventful, and historic.

Upon her walls hung the following four:
Faraday, Maxwell, Newton, and, Gandhiji.
Here, his wife Elsa breathed her last,
Here, his sister Maja spent her final days,
Finally, he too.... he too....

Among the Princeton streets
Often he lost his ways back home!
Driving was beyond his levels,
He preferred long walks.

A mountaineer across the Alpine range,
Once he had a miraculous escape.
Providence to life him brought,
Our world needed a genius, so bright.

Einstein desired no monuments,
Museums and landmarks.
Princeton preserves no trails,
Barring a few, hidden from searching eyes.

In the rear corner of a shop 'Landau'
His memorabilia is on display.
In a corner of the municipal complex

Almost unnoticeable his bust is displayed.

He led a simple life,
In a higher order of power he believed.
For disarmament he fought,
For science and peace he stood.

His home, now a private property,
Only a few can now locate.
For the world he is a figure iconic,
But beyond that, a true humanist classic.

19082017.

Ravi Panamanna

She Too Had A Reason To Cry.

She wept, the mother,
Daughter's marriage was a hybrid.
By the current levels
No more than a sudden pin prick!

Yet she wept, the mother,
The sudden sweep she couldn't bear.
From under her feet
Sands eroded in a fleet.

She wept, the mother,
She had duly forewarned.
Daughter did not bother,
She replied: I have finally resolved.

With just two witnesses
The daughter completed the process.
The world congratulated her and said:
'Really a marvelous achievement! '.

She still wept, the widowed mother,
She felt a deep torment.
Is love so blind and deaf
Or her daughter so inclined and adamant?

Did her tears have any tenor,
Only a tuppence the parental care meant?
Was her daughter carried away by storms
what the society considered concurrent norms?

Love, marriage, dating, and sex,
The mother in her could not reconcile.
Decades were painting a soft dream,
She too had a reason to cry and scream.

31st July 2017

Ravi Panamanna

Earnest Hemingway

Once a lion, a bull fighter,
An alcoholic, boorish oftentimes.
A flirt, an outspoken character,
An adventurer, an unbridled horse.

Undoubtedly a prolific producer
A master craftsman of words,
A gifted writer, to his credit
Many accolades including the Nobel Prize.

But, towards the end
Under the claws of phobias,
With paranoid delusions,
Wreck and rummage he ended.

'Tax deadlines are not met,
FBI is hiding behind every door.
Castro's people are smelling around
Writing becomes an uphill task'.

Penniless he imagined
Pauper and bankrupt he affirmed.
Knocks he often feared
All the world he felt a conceit!

Thus his delusions continued
Mayo Clinic he finally reached.
Many shock treatment sessions he withstood,
A few attempts of suicide also followed.

A cadaverous frame he reduced
A bundle of nerves he turned.
Innate calls ordained
Only echoes now remained.

But he succeeded at last
He finally blew out with a blast.
With a couple of shots
The fighter fought out his fate.

For whom the bell finally did toll?
Where did the brave Santiago finally sink?
'Man can be destroyed but not defeated'
Which endorsed this quote?
His pen, life or the trigger of the gun?

04th August 2017.

Ravi Panamanna

Night, The Elixir.

Plowmen homeward return
Boatswain makes his last call.
Travelers leave the trail
Lanterns throw a light pale.

Moonlight swiftly glides
Singular chirp remains.
Foot steps presently recede,
Stars soliloquize.

Upon the hills
Clouds repose.
Among the fields
A wind chimes.

Not a lark
Not a limerick.
Only blank verses,
Lovers drink the elixir.

In a wave of cold
Man wraps a single fold.
In a pool of dream
Man floats sublime.

07/07/2017

Ravi Panamanna

Ravi Panamanna

Come And Sit A Spell

Every park bench has an eternal call for you. Just lend your ears and you can hear those voices.

Come and sit a spell,
Take a gentle pause.
Enjoy the bard
The melodious bird
Life boils less hard.

Close your eyes,
Ice your piquant thoughts.
Feel the wind
Feel the waft
Life floats swift.

A child in you peeps,
Altruism unveils a scene.
You are now a feather
Into a momentary trance,
Into an airy delight.

You are in meditation,
You cross all trepidation.
You are on a flight,
Beyond the light,
Heart is now very light.

Come and sit a spell,
Tears you may wipe off.
Inhale the flora,
Pleasantries slowly embrace
The poet begins to muse.

My place has sheltered a vast-
Lovers past and present,
Couples of all class.
They sauntered here
Eons passed a multitude of miracles.

Stars are twinkling now,
In the veil of mist, I am alone.
Leaves are falling
Generations are whispering.

07/07/2017 -

Ravi Panamanna

Ravi Panamanna

Koeut Vorn Of Phnom Penh! All My Salutations To Thee!

The following verses have a reference to a paper report which had appeared sometimes in 1994. It was a detailed report on Koeut Vorn of Phnom Penh. He was a locomotive piolet who steered his train from Phnom Penh to Battambang, risking his life along the most hazardous route where Pol Pot's men were always at work with their loaded guns and bombs. I felt very much for this man and eventually, this poem was born. Date of the composition is 10th April 1994.

Koeut Vorn of Phnom Penh!
All my salutations to thee!
Between Phnom Penh and Battambang
Thou risk thy life as a locomotive piolet.

Your train is old,
The engine even older,
The brakes are improper -
It won't listen to distances.
With a metallic rattle, your train runs,
It is telling the tale of eons and beyond!

This is not the whole story -
Beware! along the railroad await those people,
Pol Pot's men, the notorious guerrillas.
Mines can explode,
A sudden attack can happen,
And you may eventually perish
unknown and unsung on the Cambodian plains.

Mind you, it had always happened,
Passengers had lost their lives.
Set your eyes! Pol Pot's men are at work
With loaded guns, round the clock.

Koeut Vorn of Phnom Penh!
All my salutations to thee!
Death follows you as a shadow,
Your life is more or less exact.

On Beauty

If the world is purely homogenous
Where is for beauty any chance?
When everything falls in the same zone
What more is life than a monotone?

The world, fortunately, is heterogeneous,
At all angles, we find a degree of difference.
Differences are compared, values computed,
Out of comparisons, beauty is born in our thoughts.

Thus, my wife appears less beautiful
She, in my eyes, is even dreadful!
Why? I note a difference, I begin to compare
I find the rest of ladies simply allure!

Discrimination leads us to the concept,
Beauty carries this psychological precept.
A process of elimination is often running aside,
Our preferences finally decide.

28th December 2016.

Ravi Panamanna

Just A Reminder

Preserve the Nature
Make thy future bright and secure.
Else, in store is a disaster
Man will end an impostor.

The winds are still soft,
Life is not entirely lost.
Just a reflection and thought-
Springs are once again brought.

Barren hills won't be any more
Fields to life will yield a crop.
Pollution will ultimately drop
And life will ultimately reap.

18th December 2016

Ravi Panamanna

Mahatma Gandhiji - Footprints

(The Father of the Nation needs no introduction to my readers. His life was one of sublime philosophy with sacrifice) .

Upon the sands of time
He hath left behind his name.
Upon millions of lives
He hath left a lingering voice-
Of peace and harmony,
Of love and universal brotherhood,
Of oneness of religions,
Of the art of non-violence.

And he witnessed rivers of blood,
He wept in silence.
When India was out of her chains,
He was walking alone in the Navghali lanes.

Across the borders, hunger and pain was the sum,
Bread meant more than freedom and partition.
Man was going against man
And faces of rage reigned supreme.

With the cries of parting hearts
Our borders echoed unto the sky.
And they parted with their kith and kin, lands,
Ever sighing over the rootlessness of life.
That was the beginning of our end,
That was politics and religion spoiling human life.

He sank into his deepening thoughts
And felt a sea-ravaging within.
'Did I lose my faith in life,
Did I win my experiments with truth? '

He thought of man and man
And the fences that man built around.
Between man and his religion
He found growing a thickening mist.

And he preached the spirit of the cross,
He quoted koran and our ancient lore-
To be patient and brotherly,
To be kind and dearly.

And he was paid for it,
He was shot to death.
'Hey Ram'! Followed out of his heart
And into the growing night, he walked in silence.

Upon the sands of time
We now hear his gentle voice.
It leads us to the temple
Of a rare human endeavor and guiding spirit.

The spring hath left the dales,
A season hath come to an end.
And the Einsteinian prophecy is true-
'That the future generations won't believe
Such a man in flesh ever lived amongst us'.

30th January 1994

Ravi Panamanna

Their Sweat Is Our Sweetness.

Rain or shine,
Their labours always outshine
More than our cozy rooms and revolving chairs,
More than all our ivory towers and peers.

Remember, for every penny that we earn,
To them, our life we really own.
Part of our wealth, if it doesn't to them recycle,
No Lord will ever listen to our hymns and supreme calls.

08th December 2016.

Ravi Panamanna

All The World Is An Open Stage

Night is gathering in,
The street has fallen into silence.
The pavement is getting crowded
And beggars are retiring to sleep.

They are falling into place,
What is their commonplace dream?
A square meal is their only vision,
A barking dog is their only companion.

To them all worshipping places are alike,
To them no god is different.
To them, our political war has no sense,
To them, this world is an open stage.

Beyond the stone pavements of the temples,
Beyond the gates of mosques and churches,
Their dreams do not reach,
Their arms do not stretch.

A mosque is fallen, a church broken,
A temple is blown - so what? any loss?
For them, no fuss, and no more a disaster,
For them, only the tinkling coins matter, make a stir.

05/12/2016.

Ravi Panamanna

Thought For The Day

Prices go up
Our life goes down.
Salaries go up
But our hearts go down.

Lifestyle has gone up
But our moral side is down.
Hatred is on the increase
Kindness is on the decrease.

Thus, we cruise along,
We are searching a shade.
We hope to be good
But do not open our account.

Where is our ancient torch?
Where is our sincere approach?
Where is our enlightened search?
Where is our world beyond definitions?

It was here,
It was with us.
On our sojourn
We lost it and now mourn.

In place of that torch
We have now a sharpened sword.
In place of that spirited world,
We have a sharpened word.

In place of heart
We move as a brute.
In place of an illuminated inn
We create a world of sin.

The Cross is not our path,
The Koran is not our faith.
Nor the ancient lore enlivens our spirit
And we fall into a pit.

With a widening vision
With a marked mission
We can reach our shores
We can get beyond our disasters.

Within our pupa
How long can we cope?
Life is an eternal call
Failing to hear, we are sure to fall.

05th December 2016

Ravi Panamanna

Pain And Our Innate Philosophy.

(We may have sublime philosophical views but in moments of torturing pain, our senses may overpower that wisdom. It depends on the degree of our body consciousness. The lesser the degree of this, the lesser we feel the torturing pain and the more our wisdom will prevail on. Great masters have actualized this. After all, we are mortals and yet we can alleviate pain with our innate philosophy. This is the core message of the poem) .

Rolling tears tell his pain
But all end in vain.
The world indifferently air:
"Lose not thy courage, just bear,
The Lord will certainly take care"!

When pain is pounding every cell,
Such a rigmarole, can it really console?
Be silent, just a pat is enough
Your philosophy, the sufferer already knows,
Pain overpowering, he is now under its influence.

"Speech is silver but silence is gold"
Masters have already told.
Silence can really convey,
Pain is kept at bay,
Ingrained philosophy has now a say.

To Christ and other masters
What it may seem for us disasters
In one breath they bore and much more,
Pain never touched their inner core
We, mortals within the realm of senses are simply torn.

XX

04th December 2016.

Ravi Panamanna.

Ravi Panamanna

My Baggage, I Leave Here.

Give me a flower,
A smile,
An innocent look,
A pat-
Millenniums melt,
Whispers remain,
I am into my solitude,
I am in a soliloquy.

A moment of joy
Is a memory forever.
I enjoy,
My memories are evergreen.
Beyond the rocky way
It is all a sprawling meadow.
My path ends here,
My baggage, I leave here.
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

10th July 2016.

Ravi Panamanna

Living Beyond The Barbed Fences

(Life is struggling within barbed fences. Is it not time we ripped away these fences for a fresher life?)

Where the winds blow not in mellower tones,
Where the springs visit not in ripening hues,
Where man is sharpening his ears for intruding steps,
Here, in this no man's land, life is but a pantomime.

My country and your country, my rules and thine,
My culture and heritage, your chieftaincy and clans,
Dales lie divided, man is within barbed fences,
Look at the birds - they are measuring the Poles in one sweep.

Histories can be many, holdings can be countless,
Views very much derisive, judgment one-sided.
Yet, the rivers can forge and meet,
See, life has re-surfed from ruins often times.

Wait not until it is dark and desolate,
Wait not until your life is an endless weep.
See, we are all travelers of the same train,
We need each other till the destinations are reached.

25/06/2016

Ravi Panamanna

Vanishing Horizons

More is becoming the devastation,
Where is our final destination?
Beyond the sobs and ceaseless sighs
Where are the delight and gracing peace?

Rhythms are getting lost,
Volcanoes are deep and erupt.
When life is defeated and destroyed,
How is the horizon of peace restored?

Mind is in perpetual war,
Boundaries are clearly drawn.
Life is getting flagged and flogged,
Our heart is getting finally clogged.

The din of the world is too much,
Life is losing the Midas touch.
Our scripts are poor and debauched,
Finally, we are blown and washed.

Where is our ancient lore?
Spirits and that fine chorus?
Waking only in hopes and dreams,
Or, getting drowned in endless screams?

25th March 2016.

Ravi Panamanna

The Pantomimes Of Time

It was my last wish
The winds of Dublin receive my ash.
For decades more than seven
I was on the playgrounds of London.

There was an alcove of love, deep and cool,
My native haunts often made whispering calls.
To my wife and son, I finally besought
On death, my remains to Dublin are brought.

The parting knell finally struck,
Final prayers I solemnly received.
From a jutting rock to waves far below
Parting glances, tears followed my course.

A slip and the urn fell upon the lashing waves!
Forever I was caught within that dark space.
Life is an Old Curiosity Shop, I thought
Our aspirations are often like paper boats.

In the whirl of currents, strong and defying,
It was for long an aimless wander, a great sway.
To East and East, my fate was clear,
To Liverpool bay, my ways were so sure!

Far from Dublin, my lingering dreams,
Here forever I got nailed, can't even scream!
Now, from the crypt I deeply reflect-
What is the anthem and anthology of human life?
The throbs of our heart or the pantomimes of Time? .

xx

(The poem is a narrative poem described in the First Person. A man, whose native haunts was Dublin, tells his wife and son to spread his ash over the Dublin Sea. He was for long a resident of London. He passes away and they carry his urn to Dublin. The urn got slipped out of the hands and the ashes remained within the urn. The waves finally carried the urn back to the London side and forever the urn got nailed under the Liverpool Docks. Now, he reflects on the compendium of life. What is the reality of our final wish other than the decisions

made by the tides of Time? This poem thus bears a message.)

Ravi Panamanna

The Tenor Of Man.

As he listens to the running brook,
He closes his eyes and the little book.
It lends a rich, melodious harmony
worth beyond all quotes and ceremony.

Upon the dales whispers the wind,
Upon the branches twitter umpteen wings.
He listens to the tales of the distant hills,
He is into the womb of a pregnant silence.

Life is not definitions, a set of rules,
Life is beyond purchases from shopping malls.
Remember, we are disciples, life, a teacher,
Let our tainted visions ever not us tether.

XX

Tether = Rope and cow by which grazing animal is restricted to a radius.

Ravi Panamanna

The Newspaper Boy

(A boy would appear at my counter from a textile shop for the issuance of DD for his owner. He would be seen drooping his head quite often and when I asked him for his dullness, he said that he was a newspaper boy as well and that he had to get up early in the morning for his livelihood. It touched me and I decided to pen on him. As I began this poem, the backdrop got changed to a place by the Ganges. Some kind of an unconscious drive.)

It is not yet dawn,
The Ganges is not yet awake.
Upon the distant hills
The wind is musing in dreams.

Chirpings are not yet heard,
The world is still wearing the veil of mist.
Moonlight is winking at every door,
Only a crow is breaking the silence.

In those filmy scenes,
A boy is wheeling for his bread.
With a cartload of newspaper
He is darting along every street.

He is thin and lean,
He is only in his `teens.
Yonder the rill and blossoming dales
Two eyes are waiting for his return.

A widow, the caring mother,
A couple of toddlers, cadaverous frames,
A thatched roof, signs of penury,
A square meal, to sustain life.

Plus, he does some errands,
A family bangs on his shoulder.
Daytime is spent in a shop
He is not safe even there.

A caged bird, silent sobs,

The Paroxysm

(Usually I find that our poets are handling such themes using plain and direct language, describing the act in detail etc., that can really go against the moral diction of the readers. It is always advisable to handle such ideas from subtle levels. What is more important is not the act but the impact of it) .

A scene –
A Highway battle.
A female dog,
A few male ones.

Male chauvinism,
The female is in paroxysm.
A bark, a meek resistance
And she loses the race.

No final escape,
A kind of rape.
The act, the aftermath,
She receives all wraths.

Barking world now recedes,
Numbness follows.
The pangs of life-
She receives without a decree.

Pregnancy, delivery,
The cycle continues.
The barking world continually thwarts,
Solace remains a distant dream.

Now, the scenario shifts,
Twinkling night unveils.
Behind many a drape too
Follows the same taboo.
xx

Ravi Panamanna

The Pastures Of Yore

Leaving a trail of lingering memories
A train is scaling distances far and beyond.
As it whistles through the hamlets
The pastures of yore are opening their chest.

These were his playgrounds once,
Taverns and sprightly dales
Life then was a gathering wind
Gallopings horses were the days and nights.

Those were like the wandering clouds,
Those were full of musical nights.
With a group of friends and orchestra
It was a feast from town to town.

From inn to inn, like a migrating bird
He went on whistling his ways.
From place to place, like a gypsy
He went on singing his ways.

For decades he was part of these thorps,
For decades he was breathing these winds.
He was to these dales and waters a living song
He was to these lanes a familiar footstep.

And the drift of life carried him afar,
To these winds he became a distant voice.
The singer was gone but the song remained,
The spring was gone yet the fragrance lingered on.

Ravi Panamanna

A Jigsaw Puzzle

With a couple of utensils,
A bundle of things, a sack,
A rusty box, a broken cradle,
And in sunken dreams,

With a couple of kids
In rugged clothes,
In cadaver conditions,
I saw a family at the station.

Where were they going?
Where was their final post?
What were behind their sighs?
What told their vacant looks?

I inquired - there was information
His mother was breathing her last.
There was urgency
To reach home at the earliest

It was a couple of days' travel,
They were crossing hills and dales.
Further the plains, beyond the ravines
They were challenging real distances.

A casual laborer, a contract,
A trench worker, rootless life
Sunny ways, toiling days,
Gypsy life and endless strife

But, from the deep skies
It was the call of the womb.
Winding up the contract
Now, it was farewell to these winds....

At last the train arrived
And they were on their wheels.
With a couple of lingering eyes
They forever left from my shores.

Alone in the platform,
I was in deep distress.
Will he see his mother alive?
Or ashes are awaiting him?

Man hath certain inevitable inns,
Man hath certain promises to keep.
He is facing many deadlines,
Life is forever a jigsaw puzzle.

XX

Based on a real incident.

Ravi Panamanna

Me And The World.

When I retire to bed
The Londoners get out for an evening stroll.
The Easterners are still snoring
And the far Westerners yarn after a sleep.

The Sun is lulled by the Arabian Sea,
He is in the womb of Bay of Bengal.
Over the Congo, he takes a last wink,
From the Pyramidal precincts, he begins his retreat.

Over the White House, he begins his ascend.
Over the Amazonian glade, he is young.
Arizonian trenches lay basking
And the Niagara Falls adorns a rainbow crown.

When I yawn after a night's break,
Japan opens their office gates,
Australians are busy with their lunch
And the Bostonians begin to dream.

When I take my office lunch,
The dawn kisses the waters of Thames.
The twilight hues embrace the Sydney's horizon
And the moon to New Zealand makes an enchanted kiss!

xx

25th December 2013.

This is a revised version of my old poem 'When I retire to bed' written sometime in 1993.

Ravi Panamanna

A Paradox

His eyes are set afar,
He is in continual search.
No rest has his telescope
The universe is within winking distance.

Light years to him mean nothing
Galaxies are now his playgrounds.
Like London and Oxford
He is plain of the secret of the universe.

He doesn't miss any distant earth
Celestial bodies are now under his feet.
He now can draw celestial voyages
Light years are just ordinary scales.

He can peep unto the Black holes
But often misses a human soul.
He is searching for a man in the firmament
But is a stranger to the man living next door.
xx

01st November 2013

Ravi Panamanna

An Endless Travelogue

Life is a sprawling travelogue-
Many birds
Many taverns
Many tales
Of whispering brooks,
Of trumpeting winds

Blooming dales are afar,
Birds are migrating.
Dales wait for their happy chirps,
Seeds wait for rains.

Seasons appear and disappear
Flowers bloom and wither,
Twilight veils the distant vales
And the lonesome pathway lay dreaming.

A Weary man crosses yonder hill,
He is now caprice of night.
Beyond the winding lea
His travelogue closes for the day.

Stars!
Those celestial travelers
Now cross my glen
And wink in silence.

This is an eternal travelogue
Whispered unto generations
Umpteen verses reach my ears
Every verse is a potential universe.

Ravi Panamanna

A Frenzied World

A train travel-
A stone
An intended throw
An unaware hit
A passenger is injured.

Another scenario-
A state wide strike
No conveyance
A pregnant lady dies.

Again-
An accident
A death
The vehicle is lit.

A motor cyclist
Spits while he rides
Somebody behind him,
An unaware victim

A college-
Ragging
Eventual suicide
Aghast life

This passenger,
That pregnant lady,
This vehicle
That somebody
The suicide victim-
Insignificant, passing dust

"After all, a casual affair",
We close our eyes.
We are not victims
So, we bother less.

I just ask you-

“Are you the wearer of shoes? ”
Then, the pinch will tell the truth,
The pain of the world is felt deep.

Ravi Panamanna

One Moment Is Enough

(Outwardly we may appear to be very calm and composed but in a single moment the devil in us can really play havoc. Read the following poem based on a report) .

A happily married couple
Young IT professionals
Handsome salaries
Life, an endless tweet

A beautiful morn'
Breakfast hour
The usual chirps
Soft and casual winds

Something triggered amidst
Gales began to gather
Volcanoes sprang alive
Land-slides took place.

An emotional rupture
A moment of total eclipse
In that complete darkness
She was stabbed, now a garbage!

His hearth was still hot
It burnt his thoughts.
It was a total sweep
It was now a useless weep.

He was left in the lurch
He bid farewell to all springs.
Suicide and no more-
He grabbed a length of rope.

But death spared him for a moment
Broken rope left him torment.
He was at his wits end
The claws of death were but firm.

For Whom The Bell Tolls?

THE DESTINY OF HITLER.

A splintered skull,
A blood stained floor.
A voiceless pistol,
The tyrant is no more.

The lion has left the den,
Peace now prevails over the glen.
The growl is far away gone,
Life has regained the tone.

The corpse is ruthlessly drawn.
An era is finally blown.
To that blazing pyre
Those silent gas chambers sing a dirge.

Don't you remember their strangled moments?
Don't you feel at heart a torrential rain?
What for were the tyrant and his company?
What for were those hunting and bray?

Where are those days gone?
Nothing has a permanent tone.
The world may be easily possessed
But in a moment, thou art also dispossessed.

An eagle meets his way
His life too has a sway.
Life is a boomerang,
Star studded decades are finally wrung.

Ravi Panamanna

Autobiography Of A Letter Box

Sighs and tears of man I witness,
The annals of life I too share.
Voices of humanity I do clearly hear
To distant dales I always carry a dream.

Whispering tales of love I can narrate,
Whimpering tales of life I can describe.
Between the worlds of darkness and light,
I have read enough of life and script.

Near a temple in a solemn field,
I am perching in the native haunts.
Under the sprawling shades, in gentle winds,
I have seen seasons and beyond.

Umpteen hands have poured in their treasure,
To umpteen generations I was their heart and throb.
But, in the forging winds of e-mails
Footsteps continuously recede,
Only singular taps and voices remain.

Ravi Panamanna

A Gentle Reminder

Life is an eternal flow,
It is often a catching glow.
Life is often a passing show,
Here, we are friends and foe.

Life is a stream,
Life is a monochrome.
Sometimes, it is a haunting scream,
Sometimes, it is a silken dream.

Many taverns we live in,
Many dales we go by.
Moments form an endless chain,
Moments leave in us singular sighs.

Life prompts many clues
We, but fail to grab those cues.
In the end, it is all an emotional heap,
Dales are lost and we simply weep.

xx

26/04/2013

Ravi Panamanna

Listen!

More molestation,
Life is in deep suffocation.
For our reckless behavior,
We are waiting for a savior.

When the news is spread
We are emotionally crumbled.
Out of it, commotion is born
Man is practically torn.

We are waiting for resolutions,
We desire governmental intervention.
But can laws enforce morality?
Can it remove brutality?

My comrades, just a moment,
You are carried away by a torrent.
Yes, instead of such emotional leap
Can't you exterminate the offender in one sweep?
XX

23/04/2013

Ravi Panamanna

Oblations To Gurudev Tagore

Oh Gurudev! Before the Sun
We too offer our oblations.
We too make our presence
But our reservoirs are less.

Yet, we are forging ahead
Life is perennial mead.
In that emerging dales
Our pen has all idiosyncrasies.

Every pen is a different river
Poetry is timeless, has a tenor.
All the rivers take different courses,
The ocean is the final witness.

Till our last breath
Voices will bounce and bequeath;
Verses then will begin to whisper;
It is all an endless chirp.

Oh! Poet Laureate
In our own way we do procreate
A world by the design of poetry;
This is only justice to our vanquishing life.

xx

08/04/2013

Ravi Panamanna

Life! Let Thy Velocities Speak Not This Much.

At ninety, hale and hearty,
But life has no warranty.
My graph began to finally confide
And to bed I gradually got confined.

My wife saw to my routine
And in a way I was fine.
My son was away,
Dollars led him his very ways.

Phlegm began to block my lungs
My days began losing their tugs.
My wife was yet hopeful
My graph to her appeared not deceitful.

She waited till my last breath
She troubled not her son until my death.
He was busy attending a conference,
Beyond Manhattan, his horizon was not enough.

An eclipse of a week was his request,
Till then, a freezer was my impending fate.
In his view that was very modest,
Okay – with life this was my last tryst.

I accepted, I had no other choice,
Immediate release was a remote chance.
When dollars have their say
Life can only sway in this way.

Till man is taken to the funeral pyre,
Body is a sort of nightmare.
For everybody, be kith and kin,
Such presence is not fine.

So was it planned, I reached mortuary,
Life seemed to be a sudden mockery.
Here, I am waiting for his arrival
Here, I am facing a great upheaval.

It seems to be an endless night,
In this dark cell, I lay and reflect.
"Am I only a parcel for the final dispatch?
Life! Thy velocities are copious, man is in a wrench".
XX

05th April 2013

Ravi Panamanna

A Leaf Of Grass

In a reckless moment
Pastures are gone.
Life remains so profane,
Man, what is your ultimate gain?

As the meadows are lost
Where is our toast?
For every drop and every grain
Man will undergo enough strain.

Where are the rain clouds?
Where are the shady groves?
Our axe has swallowed our roots
Greed has dug our very molds.

Whispering brooks
Singing birds
Rustling wind-
Life has enough in her fold.

Where is our last post?
Where will end our heat and dust?
Don't you see the sinking dales?
Don't you feel for a leaf of grass?

Life is very simple,
Nature gives us ample.
If our views are fine
Harvests will be done on time.

xx

03rd April 2013

Ravi Panamanna

Beyond The Tears And Turbulence

The funeral is over,
The country goes into ardent prayers.
Our brethren are in tears,
They could not save their sister.

While the heart is in such contemplation,
Volcanoes are deep in eruption.
The country goes into an agitation,
It is seeking governmental intervention.

With prayers, I also join the stream, □
I can clearly hear the scream.
Let our generations be free from rape,
Let them be safe from eagle's ghastly gape.

Here, I pause and take a deep breath
Let me a few points put henceforth.
Isn't too much to criticize the government
As if it is taking up measures so errant?

Politicization has been our weakness,
We are making every incident a mess.
While in a single file we should be moving abreast
Is it fair to raise our fist at every step?

Between the layman and the government,
His security is not a signed document.
When life has its own whims and fancies,
Can our laws fully save us from internal bruises?

Each one has to grow from thoughts profane,
Else, even god cannot intervene. □
Let us in the dustbin burn our insidious past, □
It is time we woke from our long hypnosis.

XX

Read this poem in continuation of my poem 'Zero in essence'. The poem has reference to the recently ghastly rape that happened in Delhi that culminated in the death of the victim and subsequent public agitation.

Ravi Panamanna

Gun Is Like Our Toy

Gun is like our toy
Life is shot at point blank.
With bullets under our belt
We have begun a new cult.

With the Bible on the lips
And the gun well under the grip,
The equation of peace doesn't tally,
Life is under a never ending sally.

Emotion is like a gathering typhoon,
Mind is like a restless baboon.
When arms are reaching such hands,
Man is only a fire brand.

Mind requires taming,
Else, life will be crumbling.
What is the net result?
Neither you nor I will exist.

Isn't it a callous situation?
Isn't it a precarious condition?
Man has reached the stars
But he is wreck-less at his internal wars.

Gun cannot ultimately save humanity
Yet, it is given all the priority.
Life is under threat and destruction,
Can we hope to bring a transformation?
xx

Ravi Panamanna

Zero In Essence

Recent heinous molestation-
Where is our salvation?
Man is becoming a beast,
Life no more is an ice-cream treat.

Man is becoming an unbridled horse,
He is becoming worse.
Can laws save humanity?
Laws cannot return the lost virginity.

If man cannot grow beyond carnal desires,
Life is zero in essence.
If impulses only prevail on,
Life, I should say, is completely gone.

Can't we see them as sisters?
Can't we treat them as mothers?
If your wife is lost in the same maze,
Won't your blood rush in a trice?

Who is taming the inner world?
Who is really caring our girls?
To be respecting the women folk
One need not have a high sounding talk.

If man is erring
Even god will not be heeding.
When religions are showing us the path
Man refutes it with enough wrath.

Such a wrath will burn our dales
Our sisters will be in eternal turbulence.
If our life is without any grace,
Man will perish beyond any trace.

xx

22/12/2012

,

Ravi Panamanna

The Recurring Disease Of Mankind.

Before the actual war
There is a mental war.
During a war
There is a heavy mar.

Nations battle
Life is unsettled.
Man is undermined,
Fate is already written.

War is an artless, cadaverous theme.

In quest of avenge
A war is fought.
In quest of peace
A war is defended.

But the streams are still away,
The dales are hidden in volcanoes.
The gales are still at work
The aftermath is a spell bound silence.

War is an aggrandized thought, but a grave-yard.

Peace treaties finally reach dust bins,
Peace is not a signed document.
Peace is a mental state
That is defined beyond our agreement.

Before any war
There are tears.
After the war
The faces are not yet exuberant.

War is a wart, a recurring disease of mankind.

In-between sighs and tears
Can a war bring in peace?
Or restore our poise,

Our lost horizons?

Doesn't war only tear humanity to pieces?
To more divided thoughts?
To the production of refugees
and to a more disintegrating world?

xx

Ravi Panamanna

Slain For Nobody's Gain

In a faraway land
He perished at brutal hands.
Upon the Afghan sands
He left a tale unto the passing winds.

In search of life and springs
He was in those windy dales.
To meet a common man's dreams
He was steering life day and night.

□

And, it was a construction-
A road unto life and better horizons;
He was part of a team,
A driver, plodding a better stream

And, he crossed umpteen hamlets,
Sleeping alleys and silent inns;
He slept in open fields
And enjoyed many a twinkling night

Tarry he was by very breath
But not weary in his depth.
Life to him was a running brook,
Common mirth embraced his throbbing chest.

And, in moments of solitude
He wrote verses of life and her plentitude.
They embedded a bucolic mind
And the hues of life were well blend.

Musing thus in the distant desert
Lo! He perished in a vain moment.
For no reasons within human bounds,
He was held captive by terrorists.

They have no theory vivacious,
Their moves are often less precocious.
Beyond the voices of gun
They fail listening to a whispering glen.

In a faraway land, swindled by time
A man was tethered to the howling winds.
Upon the Afghan sands
His trail of blood throws a common question-

'Where is common man safe?
Where are his dales and last tavern?
Why for man is often hunted?
And what for he is slain for nobody's gain? '
xx

17/11/2012

Ravi Panamanna

Conditions Apply

All relations are conditional
Our relations are not natural.
As our mind changes
Conditions also change.

Conditions apply to mind
Reciprocation is much expected.
You expect my behavior
You intend my moves.

But, my nature decides my locus
My boundaries are within my focus.
My perimeters need not coincide
And between us, there is a land-slide.

I may explain my part
You need not believe my answers.
You will conclude my intentions
You will stamp me as an outcast.

I then sadly realize,
Life is a puppet show of formalities.
Beyond wearing a purchased smile
I have no voice or any choice.

Who really loves anybody?
All the promises are farce.
Who is our real savior?
Neither you nor the world but only thyself.

Be unconditional,
Be selfless in attitude.
All the relations be then natural
All our endeavors be then fruitful.

Ravi Panamanna

In The Arms Of The Night.

Night! Thy embrace is a magic wand,
Without thee, what is all morning's wealth?
Night! In thy solemn twinkling notes
I am into my peaceful moments.

The distant dales are asleep now,
Not even a chirp, wind is quiet in the meads.
Brooks in the forests play the sweetest notes
A singular howl is the only rejoinder.

In thy wings I am into a land of dreams,
I am instantly taken to different streams.
Thou a visionary - have a premonition,
All the Future is in thy hearth, a real companion.

Come, the blessed barrier between day and day,
Lull me into thy deepest springs.
Oh! Dear mother of joyous health,
Let me in the morn' wake as a lotus flower
xx

08/11/2012

Ravi Panamanna

An Armed Guard

After serving our frontiers-
Braving the seasons,
Braving the weather,
Waging a battle,

He returns home-
A box of dreams
The warts of wars,
A cartload of memories

The gales are now over
But life is not yet over.
Growing family, stark realities,
Once again he is in the hunt of job.

Sometimes as a clerk
Often as an Armed Guard,
He begins his second innings,
He reaches a different inn.

Once again he carries his gun
Once again he wears uniform.
The dales are the same
But the role is now different.

Under his nose, his frontiers are fine,
Under his belt, the counters are safe.
He is always a dutiful guard,
Even at night, the vault is under his surveillance.

And he too retires one day
The hues of that evening slowly fade.
From the gales of roaring decades,
He now retreats to his native air.

But where are those pleasant dales?
I have often seen, it is a sad tale.
Hurricane lanterns witness his silent hours,
The paradoxes of life present the same theme.

Thus he crosses his last frontier,
He is now one with the timeless space.
Beyond the rustling wind, beyond the veiling mist
The psalms of life but remain the same.

Ravi Panamanna

A Case Of Pure Delight

Soon after the first night
If our girls enter the family way
Is it not a moment to rejoice?
Is it not a case of pure delight?

In olden days
This was the natural course.
But in these modern times
People have a different stance.

The world may talk in whispers
Wasn't the act too nipper?
Is it not even a disaster?
Honeymoon is not yet over!

Ask those who are childless,
Their answer will not be that callous.
They are praying for decades,
They know the value of divine grace.

Let the natural urges evolve our life
Else, `morrow may witness an endless strife.
If we postpone sowing the seeds,
Seasons may eclipse in winking speed.

Ravi Panamanna

The Tragedy Of Errors

In this corner
I stand cornered!
I am neatly packed.
I am finally packed!

From standing ovation
I am thrown to destitution.
From a glorious moment
I am thrown to this pavement.

The sad tale I shall relate
Hearing it, you may tell
Whom shall I retaliate?
Who will see my blight?

For a literary function
The city needed some elation.
A governmental body took the decision
To erect the bust of writers of erudition.

C V Raman Pillai included the list,
Without him, the mission was lost.
A sculptor was given the trust,
He began his long quest.

For a picture of this Indian Walter Scot,
Among the sites he made a holocaust.
At last he came victorious,
In the act, he was not capricious.

And he began his work thence,
He did really sweat for months.
The bust was ready for commission,
Not a brow raised any suspicion.

And at this busy junction
I began waiting for the inaugural function.
Till then, from the public eyes
I was hidden in a mantle piece!

The momentous hour finally arrived,
From the minister's eyes I was seized!
There was enough conjecture
That I was a different figure!

Yes, instead of C V Raman Pillai,
Dr. C V Raman truthfully greeted the public eye!
It was a tragedy of errors,
The sculptor had done this blunder!

What a tragedy!
In this corner, now I am nobody!
I was instantly 'sacked',
I was thus hijacked.

Now, I am longing for a re-birth
But at the moment, I am hearing dirges.
By overnight, I had met disgrace,
Who will now endeavor my presence?
xx
30/10/2012

Ravi Panamanna

Points To Ponder

More than marriages
Divorces are aplenty in this age.
What is wrong with our life?
Is it the husband or the wife?

Too much of planning is a reason,
Remember, life is beyond an equation.
It has a sense of unpredictability,
Accept it; else, marriage is a liability.

Do not expect beyond a point,
Else, in store is disappointment.
The husband and wife are two streams,
They need not form an ice-cream!

Allow for the sudden jolts and thunder bolts,
After all, man is not without fault.
Emotion is like a surging tide, □
After a time, it would naturally subside.

Do the spouses really love each other?
Often, they only expect from each other.
This is where both of them err
And drive their married life into a nightmare.

Wedded life has a real value,
Out of it good families evolve, it is true.
If a snake is wedded to a goose □
Where can be any bondage, co-existence and peace?
xx

31/102012

Ravi Panamanna

Sans Recourse

The long wait for life was over -
The days of despair were now expired.
His mercy petition, the final straw-
He lost, darkness began to grow.

He began his count down,
Death began laughing like a clown.
He was now stalemated, his story very terse,
He knew he had sans recourse.

In the condemned cell
Shadows entwined in deep silence.
As the days passed into twilight,
He was so sure of his imminent plight.

He now recalled his bygone days,
He repented for his wreck less ways.
Now, the time was too short,
Death, he knew not how to abort.

The clamorous voice began to follow,
In every direction life was now hollow.
He was torn to pieces
He wished he had some peace.

To an avenging fury he slowly fell,
To lunacy's clasps he wrapped up his dwellings.
He was now out of space and time
The dark walls only witnessed his pantomime.

Those were singular cries, very stark,
Volcanoes were ceaseless at work.
In quest was his sinking heart,
In search were his wandering eyes.

Finally came the appointed hour,
The proceedings began in long whispers.
Blind folded he began his last moments
Rains within poured out in torrents.

The pendulum between life and death-
What was the call of his sustaining breath?
A battle for survival or the fury against the blow
Else, the meek surrender to the imminent law?
XX

28th October 2012.

Ravi Panamanna

A Transfer

Is a re-plantation
A different situation,
A different mental condition

From familiar dales
To a different style,
It is an unwritten tale.

From familiar voices
To a different novice,
It is a game of dice.

Often away from home
A transfer is loathsome
Draining away the family tone

After an age
A transfer means a charge,
No extra allowance is an avantage*.

Yet, out of compulsions
Out of temptations
Man has a second consideration.

Sometimes, a promotion,
Else, a monetary profusion
And man is often lost in the affliction.

Sometimes, too resistive to implantation,
Glued forever to the same orientation
Man is lost beyond accreditation.

After all, a transfer opens new frontiers,
The taste of life can be different,
The un-trodden lanes may lead to peaks so brilliant.

New friends, new relations,
A transfer can bring in new dimensions,
After all, life is a Gypsy-like mooring.

XX

avantage = Advantage

Ravi Panamanna

The Tale Of A Golden Gun

(Here, I am not describing the political ideas of Col. Gaddafi but the rise and fall of his life from a philosophical angle. We have to learn a lesson from his life) .

The golden gun finally saved him not,
His own kingdom disowned him.
Stars and crowns fettered him down
And even a drainage pipe sheltered him not.

For four decades and more
Heavens were under his belt.
As a grand ring master
He met every growl in grand splendor.

His was an oceanic wave
Even the king became his slave.
And the wave finally swept
The very soil under his feet.

If the rule is by force,
The force will finally rule.
If the heavens are born out of storm,
Storms will finally purchase heavens.

And countless factions were born,
Groups began to fight.
Finally, it was a quest for survival,
Those misdeeds began to answer.

Then, for peace and lease of life,
Unto the world it was a long plea.
But the seeds were already sown,
The fate was already drawn.

And don't we still hear his last voice,
An imploration for life?
But, amidst the roar of the mass
He finally lost his face.

And in a market place and a cold storage

He lay for days as a thrown away garbage.
What finally saved his life?
Those glittering decades or his golden gun?

Oh! my friends,
Authority is like a passing wind.
When the wind is gone,
Rains are bound to follow.

XX

08/11/2011.

Ravi Panamanna

A Season Of Loving Tweet

</>Born in a distant land,
In an unknown dale,
These birds every season
Unto my shores make loving tweets.

Every year, without fail
They reach these fields, my window sill.
Every year, into my horizon
They spread their wings in pure delight!

Of the gentle brooks and endless plains,
Of the melodies of the distant springs,
Of the falling leaves and forest glades,
It is all a whistling tale!

Covering umpteen lands and the depthless blues,
They reach this riverside in a boisterous company.
With kith and kin under their wings
It is an annual meet of old friends.

They spend a holiday here,
They are here for a brief period.
Far from their native haunts
They too love these whispering winds.

And, weeks and weeks later
They leave this peaceful inn, my window sill.
Those dales are calling them back
Those seasons are keeping them alive.

Lending my ears for their happy chirp,
I am wandering along these banks.
Lending my moonlit nights,
My Silence is waiting for their annual visit
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Ravi Panamanna

A Slice Of Life

</>Upon the sands
Where the sea was a deepening Blue,
Where the palm grove made a shaded net,
I met them once.

They were four,
Were coming from afar.
They were enjoying the breeze,
Were looking at the Western clouds.

Rich in hue,
The horizon bore a rainbow form.
Those were really the melting moments,
That was a poet's lingering vision.

And they were reciting Wordsworth,
To a skylark, they opened their heart.
In the passage of sinking Sun
That chorus lent the twilight a shimmering charm.

From a distance
They seemed to a hilarious group.
When the truth was known,
I was shocked - they were all blind!

Upon the values of life I began to reflect,
Man and his endless quest made me a point.
No place is alike for a blind man,
He too has an inward eye.

XX

01/12/1997

Ravi Panamanna

God's Own Country?

The pangs of delivery,
The pain is universal.
For man and man eaters
Life has no different meanings.

It was the month of June,
Wind and rain, monsoon.
A cat, pregnant, in that season,
Ran across a lane at one dawn.

A momentous hour!
She delivered in the plight of hunger.
There – the kitten lay sober
And the pounding skies showered no flowers.

With no medical care around,
Having none to console,
In the wilderness of moments
Two souls solemnly communed.

And in the ruthless weather,
The kitten's game of life was soon over.
The mother for a moment stood lost,
Left the scene in a figure-less blight.

In the rain and the following night,
The kitten lay on the same pavement.
No one cared to bury the little one,
The din of the world cycled its own style.

The prowling crows had their feast,
They were at work that whole night.
And on the following morn'
The Municipal workers did the rest.

Abandoned in the street,
The kitten calls for our hand and heart.
Where is our empathy and sense of cleanliness?
Deeply buried in the ivory towers of life?

Ravi Panamanna

A Deep Reflection

Somewhere is the cry for bread,
Somewhere is the cry for blood.
And the party flags are fluttering high
Forcing man to wander too low.

Tongues are answering our life,
Guns are shortening our life.
Flags are dividing our heart,
Man is becoming a brute.

Where are those promises?
Where is our mental poise?
Where is the call of Indus Valley?
Who did steal the treasure of life?

Parties are in the first list,
Caste and Religion come next.
Both together form the political front
And the ancient treasure is practically lost.

Who removed from our 'Pledge'
"India is our Motherland? "
Who added instead
India is my country?

Country and country men
Never replace motherland and brothers.
A king should be a philosopher,
Else, the burial of our nation is sure.

If our politicians are philosophers,
Indus valley culture would bloom here.
Till then, we can only scream,
Our life would remain only a dream.

Ravi Panamanna

Color

What if the world were in black and white?
Simply a stream of white light?
What if twilight were colorless
And the morning sky so lifeless?

What if the dales do not wear green
And the blues of the sky not seen?
What if the stars do not twinkle
And our romantic world void of that wink?

What if the soil were not brown
And to a colorful delight, springs haven't grown?
What if the rainbow were simply a bow
And the moon not golden so?

Then-
The earth will cease to sing
And words no more will have wings.
The poetry of this world will die
And romantic hearts will remain dry.

Color is the animation of life,
Color is the very call of Nature.
To our hearts it lends art and grace,
God too has an artistic eye.

Ravi Panamanna

Beyond The Intellectual Warfare

The din of the world-
High sounding words,
Arguments so defiant
Never ending fights

Different truths
Different faiths
So many hues
Never ending fumes -

I am right
I always lead thee to light.
You are wrong
You always lead us to thorns.

I have only one god,
You have too many gods.
Mine is not idolatry worship,
It is the only true worship!

My god is the only savior,
Your gods are all liars!
Follow my path to prosperity,
Else, you are in danger, I pity!

Thus the fight gets on,
The world is neatly gone!
Where is the consensus?
Too much limited to our senses

Sun is sinking in the West,
Birds are returning to their nests.
Hawkers are returning home,
A day's labors are finally done.

It is falling night,
I am alone in the street.
Barking dogs answer the silence,
Beggars are dreaming of a pittance.

Ye, the never ending howling world,
Feel these solitary moments and reflect.
Stop thy intellectual warfare,
It won't take you to human welfare.

Be silent and working
Be prayful and not scourging.
Life is not a limited course,
A rustling leaf can teach you enough.

30th March 2011

Ravi Panamanna

Living With A Purpose.

What remains finally of us?
Ashes, wealth or status?
A few memories over a time
And our deeds - our living signs.

Even beyond our life
Our thoughts remain here.
In different degrees they are absorbed,
In many ways generations are inspired.

In the form of authors and poets,
In the form of singers and artists
We outlive our times,
Our deeds continue to inspire.

So, lead a lofty, creative life,
Be a hero in the strife.
Thus, make thy life meaningful
And future generations, very purposeful.
xx

20th November 2010

Ravi Panamanna

Voices

(What is the mould of our life? People of different streams, voices - different personalities. During our service life and otherwise, they contribute either positively or negatively to our individual life but on reflection, we can see that our biographies are nothing but a mould of these voices. Here, in this poem, I am presenting one such personality who was with me for over two decades during my service years at SBI Palakkad Civil Station and at SBI Palakkad Main branch. His peculiar personality fetched him more foes than friends. When he passed away, somebody remarked - 'An era has come to an end!').

Thou art gone
I am here all alone.
Upon the dales
The springs are so pale.

For a long time
Thou wert my companion.
We were one feather
We had many pleasant hours.

But, during those early years
We were in different streams.
Your voice was strident,
Your hues were very different.

But, later on we picked up,
It began to be a tasty sip.
You began to be soft,
You no more showed any clout.

Our territories we kept intact,
We showed enough mutual respect.
We had a nice time being together,
I pick up those moments and cherish.

Those Carom sessions I fondly remember,
Those chatting moments I dearly behold.
Those Bank Day competitions, your Quiz program-
I am driven to a timeless frame.

Beyond thy sunnier climes
There was a gracious voice in you.
Was it a philosopher, intellect?
Else, the glimpses of a good heart?

A bypass and a few more years,
Towards the end, your seasons were answering.
And, leaving behind a legacy
On that Ranchi Ashram, you breathed your last.

Looking back,
What is the mould of my service life?
A stream of voices, strident and soft.
As they trickle, I am flown into my past,
As they envelope, my biography is really cast.
XX

17th November 2010.

Ravi Panamanna

Ravi Panamanna

The Krakatoa Volcano

Every mind is a volcano-
The depth, the lava, the pressure
And the time of eruption only differ.

Some minds are more eruptive,
Some are less destructive.
Yet, within human behavior,
A Krakatoa is always possible.

Ravi Panamanna

Oh! The Passerby Of 21st Century

Oh! the passerby of twenty first century -
Spare a moment
To listen to my voice-
To the song of this passing wind.

Oh! the passerby of twenty first century -
Share a moment
of joy and sorrow -
of simple human experience.

Oh! the passerby of twenty first century -
Stop for a moment
In your too busy world
To feel the echo of a human heart.

Oh! the passerby of twenty first century -
Wait for a moment
To pluck a few flowers from me -
They are not withered as yet,
There is a faint fragrance lingering about them.
xx

10/12/1993

Ravi Panamanna

Our Election Scenes

The Indian election scene is becoming a big battlefield year after year. In olden days, the entire country went into polls on a single day whereas now, it takes more than a month to complete the same task. What does this indicate? There is a long fight among the parties. They have no trust each other. Parties capture booths. Polling agents have no respect for the polling officials. Voters create alarming situations during the start of poll to test the mental strength of the polling officials! . Nobody really thinks - 'for whom tolls the bell? '

XX

Till yesterday
The scene was different.
This village was a frying pan,
This was a big battlefield.

In the fight of elections
It was a clash of tongues and bombs.
In the endless world of arguments
Life was a bloodhound's trail.

Loudspeakers knew no rest
People had enough noise pollution.
Contestants had storming sessions,
Even tsunami had less proportion!

For the polling officials
It was a murderous role!
For the polling agents
It was a lawless day.

Amidst uproar and bloodshed
The election was conducted.
When the results were announced
The scenes were equally pronounced.

The defeated party did not accept defeat,
The victorious party was abused.
Ego played its part
Cobra's hood was very much alive.

In the poison of human thought
Life is driven to streams.
Volcanoes are still peaceless
Vultures are still hovering.

The stage is now empty
The streets are fallen into silence.
Only a few barking dogs
Make the night quite alive.

XX

28th October 2010.

Ravi Panamanna

The Hell's Gate.

Over the highlands
An eagle tears the sky
And scales the rocky mountains.
It glides along the Hell's Gate
And courses through the Rift Valley
With an indifferent air –
As the solemn notes of the land,
As the rustle of the wind
And the dust over a desert.

There- it scans an isolated world
Where romance is void,
Where appears a ghost in every angle.
There the music is rocky,
The wind always grumbling
And the dust quite snarling.

There- among these rocky plains
Dwells animal life in variety.
Pythons survive the wild winds,
Ostrich is a familiar sight.
Birds reign the wild skies
And wild whistles echo over the land.

There- Nature is in a wild mood,
The valley hasn't seen a man for long.
The sun climbs over the rocks
And sends an air of sigh for centuries.

Hell's Gate is the echo of the Rift Valley,
Heard across the Savanna Plains.
It is the sound of rocky wild life
Emerging as a note of survival
That proclaims to the world –
'One can be destroyed but never defeated'.
XX

28/07/1991

Beyond The Hammering World

Night is gathering in,
The street is becoming silent.
The pavement is preparing bed
And beggars are thronging in.

They fall into their place,
What is in their deepening breath?
A square meal is their only vision,
A barking dog is their only companion.

To them all temples are alike,
To them all gods are the same.
To them our political war has no sense,
To them this world is an open stage.

Beyond the stony pavements of our temples,
Beyond the gates of Masjids and churches,
Their dreams do not reach,
Their arms do not stretch.

A Masjid has fallen, a church broken,
Or a temple is blown -
For them, it is not a stirring news.
For them, those stony pavements matter,
For them, the tinkling coins are dearer.

XX

24/01/1993

Ravi Panamanna

Companionship

(Recently I happened to visit one of my old places, Angadipuram. I had started my schooling there. The deity of 'Thirumandhamkunnu Bhagavathy temple' is very powerful. After worshipping in the temple, I made it a point to visit my father's old colleague Mr. Udayavarman master. There, I witnessed the above scene. I was deeply touched by his tender care at his age of 80+. I reflected on the strength and importance of companionship in our married life. Our young generations ought to know about this strength. The beauty of Indian marriages lies in this strength) .

Serene and calm
He does his job with warmth.
With love and care
He does it with a sincere heart.

An octogenarian,
My father's dear and old colleague,
When I knocked at his door,
I witnessed the following scene: -

Laden with Osteoporosis,
His age old wife was in perils.
With her slipping frame
She needed much care and support.

And the husband was at the helm,
For him, it was only a natural passion.
No oceanic waves were in his eyes,
No sign of an earthquake on his face.

There was no home nurse,
He said that he could manage.
And he cared her well,
I witnessed the harmony of married life.

Decades of co-existence,
Enough bondage of love,
They were two bodies and one soul,
Without tears, he accepted life.

I remembered another episode,
A lady from the West once exclaimed –
'Sir, Thirty years of married life
And still living with the same wife! ? '

For them, marriage is cloth change,
An endless flight, an eternal dating.
Children witness their parents' marriage,
And they include 'my children, your children and our children! '

What is love? Only tender flesh?
For how long? Life will perish.
Companionship defines a frame,
It adds fountains to life, and foundations too.
XX

3rd April 2010

Ravi Panamanna

Ye Traveller, My Best Of Luck.

Ye traveller,
Thou art leaving the hamlet –
In search of springs
In search of lovely pastures.

And to miles and beyond
Thy feet, mind and heart stay prepared.
Thou hath never seen the world
Beyond these fields and gentle winds.

And a trunk box holds thy life,
Your future, a couple of certificates and the open sky.
Your mother prepares for the parting scene
And thee visit thy friends and exchange dreams.

And on the penultimate night
Stars are twinkling twinkling silently.
The winds are asleep at the distant hills
But a heart is drowned in solemn thoughts.

Beyond the window sill
The hamlet in the moonlight lay dreaming.
Faces appear and disappear
And the playgrounds remain ever inviting.

From the face
Thee wipe off the silver stream.
Within a bed of roses
Thee feel a thorn, a deep unrest sets in.

The dawn finally wakes up,
The endless fields lay in a silvery mist.
The wind is blowing soft
The bells are ringing low.

The village temple is visited,
Oil lamps are prayfully lit.
To the chirping birds on the turrets
A farewell glance is cast.

It is becoming time,
Relatives gather at the gate.
A calf appears in a dancing gait
And licks thy feet in vibrant love.

Leaves rustle in the wind,
Birds twitter all around.
Beyond the hills and distant rills
Thy train is now winding over the lea.

And from the nearest town
Thou entrain for the distant charming lights.
The clatter absorbs thy parting words
And waving hands slowly disappear from thy sight.

The winds are now gather speed
As the wheels begin to measure distances.
The hamlet is now asleep,
A lonesome bird is in a long trail.

And thou finally reach thy station,
Land before an ancient arch, thy destination.
She has seen many teeming generations
Cross her gates in hope and ardent dreams.

And a life is woven around thee,
An inn is within capturing sight.
Time is bound to gather roots
Life is bound to bear her fruits.

And thou merge with the streaming world,
Picking thy way, gathering thy grains.
Ye traveller, thou hath begun a sojourn,
I wish thee best of luck from my deepest core.

XX

21/12/2002

Ravi Panamanna

A Thought For The Day

Prices go up
Our life goes down.
Salaries go up
But our hearts go down.

Life style has gone up
But our moral side has gone down.
Hatred is on the increase
Kindness is on the decrease.

Thus, we cruise along,
We are searching a shore.
We hope to be good
But do not open our account.

Where is our ancient torch?
Where is our sincere approach?
Where is our enlightened search?
Where is our world beyond definitions?

It was here,
It was with us.
On our sojourn
We lost it, and now mourn.

In place of that touch
We have now a sharpened sword.
In place of that spirited world,
We have a sharpened word.

In the place of heart
We move as a brute.
In the place of a lighted inn
We create a world of sin.

The cross is not our path,
The Koran is not our faith.
Nor the ancient lores our spirit
And we fall into a pit.

With a widening vision
With a marked mission
We can reach our inns
We can get beyond our sins.

Ravi Panamanna

Jim Thorpe

(Jim Thorpe, Olympian / Football Player / Baseball Player Born: 28 May 1887
Birthplace: Oklahoma Died: 28 March 1953. He had to forfeit his two gold medals that he had won in the 1912 Stockholm Olympics in the name of having played base ball for money! Though these medals were finally restored after decades, he had already left these shores for his heavenly abode!)

From an Oklahoma home
I am hearing an endless hymn.
It is winter blanketing the streets,
It is the sun signing off to a long night.

The street lamps are opening their eyes,
A star is waking in the Western sky.
A lonsome bird is returning home,
Wind is whispering unto the rushing waves.

The theme is of lost dales,
Pleasant meads and a lingering tale;
Unto the pastures of glorious moments
An Ode recalls a sad event.

In Pentathlon and Decathlon
He had won two Olympic medals-
They had brought him accolades,
They brought him misfortune too.

To meet a square meal
He had chosen to be professional.
He had played base ball for money,
The world discovered and finally stole his honey.

That was the charge-sheet,
That finally brought him his fate.
He lost his golden possession
And for the rest of life, was in long rumination.

It was a long, unbearable wait,
It was but only a thickening night.
He was cleanly swept,

He, for long nights wept.

In the changing trends of time
He hoped for a restoration.
But it remained only a wish
He soon left his mortal cage.

From an Oklahoma street
I am hearing a dying heart.
A champion makes a final lap
Leaving behind legacy in the Olympic map.

After decades
The medals were finally restored.
But the champion no more needed them,
He had left the shores leaving behind a glorious theme.

Ravi Panamanna

Missing The Equation Of Life

In Mathematics

He is quite fantastic.

In a sense

He is a mathematical genius.

In languages

He is a gathering wind.

In a sense

He has a sharp tongue.

In intellect

He is explicit.

In a sense

He has a sharp blade.

But life he mistook,

He made an Addition mistake.

He got married

But soon divorced her.

As compensation

He lost a potential figure.

Where was his Integral Calculus?

What happened to his calculations?

Another error soon followed,

He got re-married.

The sums do not add still

Life is more or less a broken wheel.

What if you are good at Mathematics

But fail to equate life and perennial sources?

What if you are sharp and intellect

But do not feel the rhythm of heart? .

Ravi Panamanna

A Tale Of Our Times.

(The life of Howard R Hughes is phenomenal. He was born in Houston, US on 24/12/1905 and expired on 05/04/1976. He owned a number of companies and was the Chairman of Hughes Aircrafts. But his richness did not give him a peaceful life towards the end. Life is after-all not a question of material richness but a measure of richness of mind and heart. His life naturally compels everybody to reflect on the moral and spiritual values of life. Hence this poem has a purpose unto mankind. I haven't tried to shorten this long, narrative poem for the fact that the reader should get to the whole issue of how a man could dig his own foundations to ruin himself. Let us take a lesson out of his life) .

On board an air ambulance,
On way to The Methodist Hospital,
Unknown and unsung
He breathed his last.

His billions were a waste,
Richness could not save his life.
From the springs of yore
It was a reckless wander unto a recluse and beyond.

Once upon a time
The winds were blowing soft.
Long long ago
His seasons were normal and perfect.

During his prime life
He was an archetype.
A daring aviator, an indefatigable tinkerer,
He owned a flag carrying airline and myriad companies.

It was a huge take off,
A marvellous flight, sprawling dreams.
Hollywood lay under his very feet,
Billions lay in his golden pocket!

He could burn all his wealth
And still remain as an unquestionable king.
That was his word, command and affordability,

Those were his hay days, umpteen seasons.

When it is day light,
Twilight is in sure reserve.
When it is twilight,
Mid-night is not far off.

Man has his eccentric levels,
He has his strange moods and ways.
Within the world of his psychic bounds
Man often stands in isolation.

Beyond billions
Man is often a thinker.
It can lead to philosophy,
Else, to eccentricity.

Without a seed
A tree can't grow.
Without a spring-board
Man doesn't reach the depths.

And he plunged to darkness,
He drew his silvery curtains.
From the world of friends, wine and women
He ran to incapacitation and seclusion.

From the land of Uncle Sam
To Las Vegas he made an escapade.
There on the floors of Desert Inn
He built Maheu spending a fortune.

Those were his Penhouse years,
A decade and more, his eccentric days.
Yielded to obsessive -compulsive disorder,
The price was a prisoner's life.

He was a tortured, troubled man,
He lapsed into periods of lunacy.
In self neglect he wallowed,
In prison like conditions he survived.

He was hooked on to drugs
Empirin and Valium he took in excess.
Codeine and Morphine added,
He lived out of the world for a decade.

He was unstable, incoherent,
Often he preferred nakedness.
To buttons, metal snaps and zippers he had an aversion,
And rarely preferred a pair of drawstring white underpants.

Far from his blood gushing days
He reached appalling conditions of health.
Skinny, bare-assed naked man,
He sat on an unmade three-quarter bed.

Anemia, arthritis and a host of diseases
Took their seasonal peep on him.
Around him rotated four doctors
And his main trouble was constipation.

Once for three days in a stretch
He was in the toilet and made a record.
Occasionally propping himself on a chair-set
He could support himself while dozing.

That was the fate of the billionaire,
That was what was in reserve.
Was it a natural phenomenon or self created one
Is only a tale meant for our speculation.

He was six feet four inches tall
But short by three inches towards the end.
He had a pronounced stoop
And he reduced to a cadaverous ninety pounds frame.

And he no more shaved his face,
His straggly beard hung to his waist.
His long hair reached mid-back
And his finger-nails were two inches long.

The story of his toe-nails was the same,
It grew long and long like yellow corkscrews.

During those Penthouse years thrice he met outsiders
When he did elaborate barbering, clean up and clipping of nails!

He had a strange phobia -
The fear of contamination from the world.
His secretaries wore white gloves
And he used a Kleenex while holding a person.

And he carried, nay, clasped a Kleenex box,
It contained his syringe.
He took several shots of it
During a flight of six hours.

From Claustrophobia he suffered not,
His bed-room was the smallest on the Penthouse floor.
Stacks of newspaper and magazines scattered about the room,
It told of a man having an uneven breath.

His eye sight was bad,
He wore no spectacles but used magnifying glasses.
He called them as his 'peep stones',
They were windows of a shrinking world.

His hearing was also bad,
He spurned his collection of hearing devices.
He preferred people talking into his ears,
He tried to follow their lip-movements.

He drank only Poland mineral water,
It was bottled at the Spring of Maine.
From pint bottles he never drank,
He had his very obsessions.

His flying Dutchman-like wanderings,
From place to place, country to country,
It was not a layman's travel,
It cost him an estimated one fifty million dollars an year!

It was a confinement of an eccentric,
It was a billionaire's incalculable flight.
He no longer watched Television,
So he missed his days and dates.

An Endless Traveller

(Once upon a time bullock carts were a common sight on our Indian roads. Now, in the change of tide, these carts are swept ashore. Here in this poem, a bullock cart is recollecting its breezy days. The last eight or twelve lines apply to the nostalgic feelings of the reader as well. Thus, two planes of reading is possible) .

Once upon a time
When the winds were soft,
Among the endless dales
I was a common sight.

Once upon a time
When the winds weren't smoky,
Up along the roads
I was an endless traveller.

Endless clatter of wheels,
The pathways crammed under my feet.
With a song unto the flying birds
I wheeled on unto the distant markets.

From hamlets to distant towns,
Those were my breezy days.
When I arrived on the scene
The markets sprang to life.

Day and night, up along the road,
I was on an endless trot.
We were our cartmen's breathing life,
We were the breathing winds of the hamlets.

A flying bird followed our beaten ways,
A swinging lantern marked our pathways.
Rain or shine, our wheels were perfect,
Unto nights and beyond, we knew no rest.

For long I was the symbol of Indian life,
For long I carried her on my wheels.
It was a silent revolution on the Indian scene
My bullocks took her to glorious heights.

And upon the roar of the motor age
I was driven to my perils.
Before the clock of modern age,
My wheels picked up no pace.

And I disappeared over the winding lea,
My peaceful sojourns were now over.
Where is now the winds of yore gone?
Where is now my flying wheels gone?

From the corner of the world
I am dreaming of the distant dales.
I wish I had my wings
To pace along the forgotten avenues of life.

Ravi Panamanna

Contrast

When I am well
I forget the hell
And happily dwell.

When I am ill
I lose all my Will
And take some pill.

When I am rich
I have no itch
But two things make me sick –

One is the thief
Next is the Income-tax chief;
For the rest, I have no grief.

When I am poor
I knock at every door
And my legs are so sore.

But thieves I need not fear,
Tax I need not bear;
For the rest, I am in a life long war!

27/07/1991

Ravi Panamanna

For Whom Tolls The Bell?

I stand on the ramparts of an ancient fort
In a fleeting vision, all of past.
The galloping tones of a war
Echo from a scene, quite afar.

The sound of fury diffuses in the air,
The flying bullets settle to hues and cries.
The clamor of swords finally dies
As, many lives pant and silently pray.

Away from their kith and kin
They are in their dying moments.
An endless trample is heard,
At homes, depthless sighs follow.

For a king's greed and power
Women became widows!
For a ruler's stamp and mark
Children became orphans.

In silence, in these rustling winds,
I walk on these sprawling grounds.
The king is gone, the empire fallen
But the galloping tones are strong and very clear.

Doves twitter around picking grains,
Lovers move around in a happy frame.
From the turret hangs an old bell
And solemn reflections envelope me –
'For whom does it toll?
For whom does it toll? '.....

Ravi Panamanna

To My Young Wife

I am writing umpteen verses
And my lass dances in grace.
I am glancing at the twinkling stars
And they whisper all our secret themes.

On endless beauty doth I meditate
And I am within thy supple figure.
I am scanning the distant blues
And it is all thy blushing eyes.

I am in the vale of springs
And it brings me thy charming face.
I walk among the cool shades
And feel thy radiant smile.

A veil of mist now embraces me
And I am lost in thy soft kisses.
I lay in this flowing moonlight
And thy coldest spot I gently kiss.

The solemn notes of this night
Unto me whisper a tale of silken nights.
In strong, surging waves
We are tossed to blissful moments.

The last traveler is now gone
The slumbering world is preparing for bed.
Like us, the candle is burning
And my dreams are on an endless wing.

I look through the window
And see a lonesome bird on wings.
He sails unto the distant dales,
Upon the wings he carries solitary moments.

Time hath separated us
But not distance, I stress.
I am hearing your silent weep
Like the singular voices of the distant woods.

We are too young to withstand,
Pearl drops are whispering in the wind.
The candle is melting through last phase
But my pen has miles to go.

Like our wandering thoughts
Moon is wandering among the clouds.
And when thou art burning within me
The passage of this night is too small for my pen.

XX

The theme is obvious. Those who happen to live in separation due to force of circumstances can easily know the depth of this poem. May god bless them for circumstances to live together. This is my prayer.

Ravi Panamanna

The Course Of My Last Wish

(Man proposes but Time disposes. The final course of our last wish can be like in the following manner) .

It was my last wish
To be eternally lingering to the winds of Dublin.
It was my very reflection
To be in communion with my native soil

For long, several years
I was breathing the winds of Thames.
For decades six and more
I was on the playgrounds of London.

My native haunts were yet calling me
The days of iridescence were beckoning me.
There was a chest of love, deep and fresh
Ever flowing unto the shores of my bygone days

And it was twilight and the beginning of night,
I passed away and crossed the last stream.
Within the world of an urn
I lay waiting for my home-coming.

And I bid farewell to city lights,
To familiar corners and bosom friends;
I left behind all my springs
To be resting forever in the winds of Dublin.

And the momentous hour arrived,
I received my last prayers.
From a jutting rock to waves far below
A few tears followed my final course.

Out of the neck I nearly jumped
Out of the urn I nearly sprang.
I remained breathless and senseless,
And the waters of yore capsized my heart.

It was a long, impatient wait,

The neck was tightly caught.
It was a moment of despair,
Within the urn I was forever caught!

Into the roaring waters I was thus thrown,
The parting knell of the day made a solemn note.
And with folded hands and parting glances,
My wife and son called it a day.

All the voices ended in a heavy splash;
All the sighs melted in the rushing winds.
Behind me were the fading lights
Before me was the endless sky.

Upon the lap of strong currents,
It was for long, a floating life.
And upon the chest of tossing waves,
It was the start of yet another tale.

In the course of wind and whirls,
In the course of passing days,
To East and East my fate was clear,
To Liverpool Bay, my ways were sure.

Far from Dublin, my lingering dreams,
Far from the roots, much against my wish,
My crypt reached the Liverpool Docks
My fate had its own clock.

The docks were under expansion,
The foundations were being laid.
And a strong wave and a great sweep-
That was the last glimpse of the wild.

The docks forever swallowed my dreams,
My urn got nailed till the end of the world.
The waves became a distant murmur,
Life to me all seemed an unplanned game.

From the crypt I now reflect-
What is the compendium of life?
Between the lashing waves and the toll of time,

Where are man and the dreams of his last wish?

xx

Ravi Panamanna

The Transformation

(Recited at our 'Citizen SBI' two days interactive session on 10/11/2009. This two days workshop actually helps one to rediscover the inner personality and the perennial inner resources that lie dormant in us with which one can really meet all challenges in life. Ramana Maharshi asked us to find out the answer for 'Who am I'? The same question is also asked here. In a way, the theme of the poem is something universal and hence the importance for posting it for public view) .

As we leave these corridors
Our inner treasures are really more.
After these interactive sessions
We have now a perennial vision.

As citizens of this institution
We gather the spirit of transformation.
This is indeed a clear message,
This is doubtless an adage.

The core of our heart let us pour,
Hitherto prejudices let us into past throw.
Let our warmth reach every sphere,
Let us together, sincerely for the flight prepare.

Let us feel for our job
Let us not simply sit and sob.
Before us is a great challenge,
Let us imbibe the spirit of adventure.

Let us feel for the transformational values,
Let us, the citizens feel for a valuable world.
Each one is capable of flight, has his wings
And together shall we take our world to immeasurable horizons.

XX

Ravi Panamanna

A Village Temple

Sprawling grounds
The morning mist
A banyan tree
And the resting wind

Ringling bells
Blissful strike
Traditional chants
An energizing feel

Lighted lamps
A pleasing sight
Devotional songs
A prayful world

Vintage structure
A timeless boon
Garlanded deity
Deepening springs

The sandal paste
The presence of life.
Tulsi Teerth*
A refreshing experience

The looming silence
The chirping birds
The village air
Solemn notes

Here are the very roots
Life opens her wings.
These are spaceless moments
Man drifts to his own womb.

XX

Tulsi Teerth* - The water with Tulsi leaves. Actually, this serves as a herbal medicine. The concept of a temple really takes care of man's bodily and mental needs in every way. What we should need is a proper perception of these ideas.

Ravi Panamanna

Love

Parents to their children
Children to their parents,
The wind is the same
But the feel is different.

Brother to his sister
Sister to her brother
The heart is the same
But the beats are different.

Wife to her husband
Husband to his wife
The bower is the same
But the beauty is different.

Lover to his lover
Lover to her lover
The dale is the same
But the calls are different.

Man to his possessions
Man to his mansions
The song is the same
But the chords are different.

Man to his tastes
Man to his themes
The window is the same
But the peeps are different.

Love is one of condition,
Love is one of possession.
Love of this kind is a web
And leaves mankind in eternal sobs

A twinkling star
A baby's captive smile
The verses are the same
The readings are the same.

The presence of God
The presence of great men
The core is the same
The fountains are perennial

Ravi Panamanna

Upon The Lap Of Nature

A lonesome bird
A whispering wind
A solitary cloud,
Nature is a singular scene.

A running brook
Gushing falls
Breathing woods,
Nature is a singular voice.

Endless meads
Dancing shades
A grazing cow
Nature is a singular vision.

A ploughman's call
A melodious song
A barking dog,
Nature is a singular pulse.

A twinkling star
A silent night
A burning candle,
Nature is a singular moment.

A blossoming bud
A blissful moment
A graceful heart,
Nature is a singular mould.

A different season
A different mood
A changing hue
Nature is a singular feel.

Nature's themes are endless,
Variety simply countless
Yet, the impact is singular,
Thy pulses are thine alone.

XX

What is actually this Nature? Nature is our own living core. When we are on the lap of Nature, we are within our reflections. We are born out of this Nature and finally return to her elements. We owe our bodily and mental existence to these gross and subtle elements of nature. We are in eternal communion with her either consciously or unconsciously. Our core is peace and solitude. The rest is all a forced mask. This is why we turn to Nature now and then for an all round refreshment. A twinkling star, a flying bird, a passing wind, a running brook, a falling leaf, a burning candle, a silent night, a sailing cloud, a grazing cow... these present moments of glory in our life. They all represent the philosophy of our life. They boost our mental battery because on the lap of Nature, our thoughts gradually disappear and we become contemplative and meditative. Everybody needs this tonic. Nature is a beautiful lass. Nature is a good philosopher too. Let us open our eyes and ears and be ready for a floating experience!

Ravi Panamanna

Sab Ko San Mathi De Bhagvan

Among the streams of refugees
He was a boy of nine.
From the winds of Lahore
It was an exile forever.

He reached a refugee camp,
Life was that of a tramp.
Freedom at midnight was a chain
Hopes were nearly slain.

But in a stream he survived,
In a Delhi Haweli he gained his roots.
In the rehabilitation process
Time showered upon him grace.

At the Pahargung slot
His life presented a simple plot.
A small shop, a sparrow's nest,
For decades that was his living chest.

Woolen clothing and home appliance,
For people, the corner was a paradise.
Generations knew him well,
He spent his days in that gentle wind.

He was like a banyan tree,
His life was an open creek.
I was a regular visitor there,
When winter arrived, I needed his sweaters.

In his presence
My moments were graceful.
He would unfold his life-
A story of struggle and endless strife

On a dark day, a few years ago,
During the festival of lights
In a blast around that part,
Shedding blood, he left this rueful earth.

As I peep into his shop now
I see his widow, face very serene.
It is clear her silence speaks volumes,
It seems well she has pardoned the world.

As I leave the shop with candid feelings
A Bhajan reaches my ears.
"Iswar Allah Tere naam,
Sabko san mathi de Bhagvan*".

Iswar Allah...Bhagvan*= Lord, you are known as Iswar and Allah. May you give everybody the right kind of intelligence and mind.

Ravi Panamanna

I Am Driven To Silence

Once again a political war,
Life is getting marred.
Bombs are often blast
Shops by overnight are holocaust.

Flags are flying high
Man is but making sighs!
Soft winds are now gone
Human mind is torn!

I was in that place,
Decades reel in grace!
A beautiful country side,
Gentle hearted people, no chide.

Before my going there
A similar storm was over.
I was in a love dale
Life was a happy sail.

Five months and no more,
But vivid memories evergreen!
I cherish those days,
Into living moments I sway.

Now, as I read the news
I am driven to silence.
Where are those windy meads?
Turned into barren lands, instead?

My prayer is this-
Let life be ever blest.
Let blood ooze not out of lust,
In that alcove, I too had a nest.

In a village called Nadapuram (near Vadakara - Northern Kerala) I happened to

be living for just five months way back in 1981. This is a muslim populated area. The mosque there is ancient and very popular (Nadapuram Palli) . The architecture bears sure signs of an old Hindu temple. People are really loving. I can still recall those days with pleasant memories. Of and on political wars stage in that place but during my days, the winds were steady and calm. After the office hours, I used to go for long walks with my friends in that country side. As I presently read about the calamity that has taken place in that little town, my memories go back through decades and I am driven to silence.

Ravi Panamanna

A Graceful Lady

(Format 4444 5555 4444 5555 4444 5555 4444 5555 4444 6666 5555 word pattern)

Night was falling in
Birds folded their wings.
Upon the Irish hills
Winter was thickly crystallizing.

Upon the singular, frozen lane
Stars cast a beckoning glance.
The travelers are now gone
And the pathway lay forlorn.

From a corner farmhouse
A candle made sighs!
From the deep recesses
Prayers followed unto stillness.

A widow was in distress
A mother was in tears.
On the following castaway morn'
Her life was getting doomed.

Rent was her problem
Owner was her crucifier.
Auction was a reality
She was meeting inevitability.

Life was becoming a ghost
Meager possessions were getting lost.
Mind was on endless flight,
It was a burning night.

She knelt before Christ
She shed her heart.
Dawn peeped in soon
Birds took on wings.

Bailiff appeared on the scene

The public thronged in soon.
She stood in ardent prayers,
She held a sea within.

Soon followed the auction,
Possessions disappeared in seconds!
Christ rescued her at last
She was finally blest!

Upon Lord's picture fell innumerable eyes!
His graceful face stole the scene!
Thronging people fell on His light,
The world finally repaid her debts!

Life returned to modest streams
Love dales were long visiting.
Soulful prayers bless every life,
Graceful hearts are always answered.

XX

PB: - Kindly do not mind the length of the poem. The theme is all the more important.

Ravi Panamanna

A Note From Our Heart.

(This poem was recited on the eve of the retirement of our staff Mrs. Bilasini Vijayan on 31st Aug 2009. The poem is self explanatory) .

Upon these dales
We were one feather,
On a long flight being together,
In search of grains of life.

Upon these branches
We were one long chirp,
One melodious song being a harp,
In search of fountains of life.

The streams yonder,
The fields ripe and evergreen,
Those teeming winds,
And those harvesting seasons -

These were our endless meads,
Our throbbing heart,
Our happy days
And treasured moments for future.

Now, after a long season,
You are leaving these beautiful dales.
In search of further sights
You are preparing for a long flight.

It will be a long miss,
The dales are fallen into silence.
Beyond yonder hills
It is all a vanishing trail.

Here, within a veil of mist,
Melodious days return to our thoughts.
Here, within our diminishing circle
Your association returns as an endless whisper.

Graceful was thy benevolence

In A Nut Shell.....

1. Soul

I am a swift current
That enlightens consciousness.
I am an eternal tickle
Causing every heart to beat.

I am a wave of light
Born before the universe.
I am an indescribable field
Between consciousness and oblivion.

2. Open the door

Open the door
And fill it with ancient lore.
Bring in the light
And wake from an eternal night!

3. The contrast.

He was a cine hero
He could shoot four in a row.
One day a thief entered his house
But our hero ran like a mouse!

4. The sex bomb

She was an actress,
A sex bomb, a charming princess.
On the screen she made a blast
And a whole generation was totally flat!

5. Stress

We live under stress,
And are always in distress.
We are in search of peace
But our pathways take us to pieces.

6. Snake and ladder.

This is human life
Ladders may bless us our strides.
But beware, near the finishing site
A snake is waiting for us to bite.

XX

Ravi Panamanna

A Writer's Notice Board.

'I am engaged in writing,
So please be waiting.
Don't purchase my peace,
You are losing a master piece! '

23/05/1991

Ravi Panamanna

Our House

This is an ancient house
Whose walls are chiefly brown
The building blocks are bones
The windows – the sensory organs

The pipes are the vessels
The waters being the blood
The pump house is a marvelous device
That works for decades without rest.

The wiring net work is par excellent
No electronics engineer can duplicate.
The system is always alert
All the natural laws are finely knit.

The drainage is total,
For us it may all seem casual!
No repair is required
If our stomach is properly cared

A battalion guards the house
No nation has such a vast regiment.
It is very much a silent battle,
We can spend peaceful nights.

The house is our own,
This is a gift of our parents.
We owe a debt to our ancestors,
We are given the house to live in.

This is a fine construction,
Yet we need pay fine attention.
Living in tune with nature, body and heart,
We can play the finest part.

07/04/1991

Ravi Panamanna

My Little Brother

I remember the day
He was born.
It was in the morn
That he came on a sojourn
On a rainy day of June.

I remember the day
He for ever closed his little eyes.
It was twilight,
The stars twinkled in silence,
A candle was burning.

Thus his visit to this mortal world
Lasted but a few hours.
He tasted the breast milk
To know the sweetness of earthly love
And then returned to his heavenly abode.

There-in the hospital church yard
He was laid to eternal sleep.
Born in a different religion
That was his final destination.

Life is like that,
Every soul has a pre-destined ground.
From the shores of my little world
I am reflecting on the purposes of life.

25/06/1991 (I had a younger brother born on 08/06/1973 who passed away on the same night. My father was magnanimous who gave away the body to the church connected to the hospital)

XX

Ravi Panamanna

Inspiration.

It is like surf on the waves
That floats in the mind
And lives for a moment,
To vanish into nothingness.

It is like a gentle breeze
That floats over the dales
And embraces for a moment,
To travel into distant lands.

It is like a musical note
That ticks in the heart
And remains for a moment,
To melt into oblivion.

It is like a ray of light
That travels across the space
And disappears in a flash,
To leave the mental space so dark.

'Genius is one percent inspiration
And ninety nine percent perspiration'-
So said Thomas Alva Edison,
Truly said- that single moment is enough.

20/11/1985 (Published in our house journal Family Link)

XX

Ravi Panamanna

The Tick Of Sentiments.

Over the Western grassy lands
The evening sun sends a flying kiss.
My thoughts unto a distant land fly,
The sprawling meads of Scotland are seen,
The bliss of solitude is deeply felt.

Upon the lap of gentle winds,
On the backdropp of graphite hills,
I am seeing a singular hamlet.
There, a brook is whispering unto the dales,
There, a lonesome bird is in a long flight.

Presently a farm house is seen,
Soft, whispering voices are heard.
In the garden a tall, old man is seen,
He is taking his evening stroll,
He is breathing the soft winds.

The fog is thin,
The distant peaks are silver plated.
His dog is sharing the warmth of the hour,
His walking stick is making solemn notes,
His glances are following the twilight sky.

His blue, dark eyes are deep,
A distant thorp falls in its glassy planes.
Outlined by a thin forest
A rill flows closing itself under a red hill
Where stands an old estate bungalow.

In that far off hamlet
Where clouds sleep on mountain tops,
Where the sun rises among the hills,
His Love is in eternal sleep there,
He has left behind the chariot of his life.

I presently see a postman open the garden gate
And hand over a parcel- a brown packet.
On seeing the Indian stamps affixed on it,

The old man is excited, his eyes are lit
And flings open it in a trice.

A time-piece peeps out of it,
A tick of bygone era envelopes him.
A silent note of love is heard,
An oceanic sweep is instantly felt
And the old man emotionally embraces it.

The pageantry of memories begin their parade,
A heart lost in the dales of life is again found.
Glassy eyes of the old man overflows-
The bowers are once again alive,
The tick of sentiments is once again heard.

A monument of sublime love,
It is a piece of living memory now.
Buried in a far off dale,
It is a long, whispering tale,
The face of his dear wife unveils.

It is a poem worth elegant verses,
It is a clear whiff of his bucolic lore.
It was this time-piece that linked them
And who cannot treasure such living symbols of love?
Who cannot own it as his very heart beat?

21/06/1987.

Ravi Panamanna

Thou Art Blest

(Marriage blessings to a young couple) .

The winds are soft,
Spirits fly aloft.
The springs are around,
To heart and eyes grace is abound.

Life is blossoming,
Mind lay dreaming.
The vales are ever green,
Sun in rivulets gleam.

A nightingale plays her heart,
To dales she opens her wings.
Under the greenwood tree
Buds are opening their eyes.

Seasons bring in their gift,
Moments trickle a-swift.
Life wakes in melodious tones,
Soulful songs are born.

Life presents a note of grace,
Love is all in praise.
Thou art blest, thy generations,
Beauty is in all veneration.

Love birds! Sweet and dear,
May these moments be thine forever.
Behold in the chest all blossoming dales
And be sanguine till the end of the world.

9/11/2000

Ravi Panamanna

The Way Farer

Every festive season
He arrived with his toys and balloons.
For so many decades
He had been a common appearance.

Right through my years
He was seen in the same corner.
Right through the umpteen seasons
He had gone into my very horizon.

When the days were hot,
He would arrive with his lot.
When the festival was naught,
He would move to another spot.

It was indeed a sanguine world,
It was indeed a dancing world.
To us tiny tots
That was a pageantry of life.

With his balls and toys,
With eagerly looking little eyes,
My childhood hath laughed with him,
My boyhood hath grown with him.

Now my children enjoy the winds,
They wait for his arrival from the distant woods.
Every season the way farer appears and disappears,
He leaves a lingering trail behind.

But for the past few seasons
He is not seen around.
Is he lying ill?
Or hath he crossed the last hill?

The festival is now over,
The way farer is now gone.
Where are those toys and balloons now? -
Deeply buried in the garden of life.

15/11/2000

XX

Ravi Panamanna

Big Ben

Unto the passage of time
He is making an enthralling chime.
Upon the banks of Thames
He is for centuries a living theme.

For countless generations
He is a lasting approbation.
From the meads of yore
He is all a melodious lore.

For any passing eyes
He presents an imposing stance.
For a searching heart,
He presents a nostalgic delight.

The tick of time is well balanced,
He is mechanically well wound.
He is the BBC's hourly chime,
A feel no listener can really miss.

Outweighing the seasons
He has lived for one reason.
He has been tenderly cared,
He has been dearly loved.

From the heart of London
He is our Ben unto the stream of life.
Upon the Banks of Thames
He is our Ben living unto centuries and beyond.

xx

Ravi Panamanna

October 31 - 1991.

(Everybody has to face the following moments one day or the other in his life. Without positivism about future, nobody can practically get over those emotional strides. The following poem illustrates this aspect. The poem is my dedication on the eve of the retirement of my father-in-law. He is a person having enough poesy in his heart and rich values about life. As a Divotional Poet he was regular contributor to the magazine 'Bhakthapriya' (Published by Guruvayur Temple Devaswom) . Date of composition 28/10/1991)

The clock strikes five
And my sighs are gathering within me!
I close my endless files
And look at the distant twilight skies.

With an immaculate air
I descend my flights.
I take a last whimsical look
And behold all lost moments.

In serene, tranquil thoughts,
I close my pen, toss in silence.
'Morrows won't see me here,
I accept the wheel of life.

My long innings is getting over,
I am now backing to the pavilion.
This is my final appearance
And I hear a standing ovation behind.

Tea cups talk in silence,
My heart speaks aloud.
Lips follow a routine note
And the farewell scene draws the curtains.

Tear filled, I call it a day-
Overwhelmed, I have nothing to say.
I reflect on the endless avenues-
A fleeting experience- I see countless faces.

At me they all pour their heart,

Within me they all eventually dissolve.
An echo remains as an undertone,
The ripples gently shake my bones.

I am forever leaving this inn,
Here I had spent my countless years.
This was my bread and butter,
My sweat and life's portal.

Down the steps and into the street,
I merge with the din of the world.
Leaving the familiar way-side scenes
I am into my own dreams.

The sun has now gone down,
He will present me more inspiring dawns.
My heart is not sinking-
The stars are now twinkling,

I am off the town and its air,
The country road invites me so fair!
The moon whispers an endless poem
And follows me as a listening companion.

I reflect upon those inns
Where I had stayed during my sojourn.
They are now forever gone,
They are now only in my dreams.

I feel not weary
As if walking along the Sahara Desert.
Yes- I was to leave the inn this day,
Young tickets are waiting in the queue.

When old houses collapse,
New designs surmount them.
Our world is a big grave-yard
Where demolition and construction continually take place.

With the golden poems of life,
I now walk unto the distant shores.
My pen is safe in the pocket,

My springs are perennial beyond the thicket.

This is enough for me,
My days are surely warm.
The country road rolls under my feet
And I hear a distant temple greet.

With temple festivals around,
With spiritual books on hand,
With my pen continually flowing,
My winds are quite safe.

That is my next inn,
Those are my pleasant meads.
With a poem in my heart
I am sure I won't perish.
\$

Ravi Panamanna

Sage Vyasa

Oh! Poet of all poets,
Our salutations!
From thy pen
It was a divine flow
Embracing all eons.

From the remoteness of caves
Unto every deserted soul
It was a lingering call.
Like the timeless Ganges
Thy verses remain ageless!

Upon thy chest
It was an endless parade.
Life in all hues presented a theme
And epics were born -
To all generations it served a boon.

What a plot!
What a staggering stage!
What a mighty pen!
Verses flowed
Like a ceaseless spring.

And thy graceful heart
To us finally gifted
The tale of the Divine Spirit.
What a depth! Divine Song!
We are really blest!

Mahabharatham* shows the trudges of life
Bhagavatham* shows the need of spiritual support.
One shows the thorny path,
The other gives us the torch of life.
Divine harmony is the current of life.

Oh! Poet of all Poets!
Our salutations!
From the remoteness of valleys

Thou art still a living echo-
We place our works before you.

XX

Mahabharatham* - The epic in which all the situations of life appear. Life and mind is at war.

Bhagavatham* - The story of the Divine Spirit, Lord Krishna.

Ravi Panamanna

My Salutations

(Based on a weekend paper report which highlighted the story of Koeut Vorn who was a locomotive piolet in the Cambodian railways. He met a hard life among those endless tracks from the gorilla group of Poll Pot. I do not know whether this loco piolet is alive today or the terrorist group either. If he is alive today, may god bless him.(Date of composition 10/04/1994)

Koeut Vorn of Phnum Pénh!
All my salutations to thee!
Between Phnum Penh and Bă t Dâmbâng
Among the endless tracks,
A loco piolet, thou art at risk.

The train is an old timer,
It won't listen to distances.
The brakes are improper,
The tales of times are clearly sharp,
All the way a metallic rattle is heard.

This is only part of the tale-
Poll Pot's gorillas wait for a sale.
Mines may explode,
Blood can profusely shed
And the entire train might vanish.

It has always happened,
Those Cambodian plains witness no peace.
Beware! Poll Pot's men are around
And the guns resound
Swallowing life like a blood hound.

Koeut Vorn of Phnum Pénh!
All my salutations to thee!
Death is alive on these tracks
And any moment, quite unheard of,
Thou might perish in the wilder plains.

Thou art aware of it, accept it,

Dark days are in ample store.
What else is left for you?
This is thy bread and butter.

Pochenrong, Tuol Leap, Bat Deeng and Tbeng Khops-
Covering these restless zones
Thou at last arrive Bat Dambang.
Koeut Vorn! Till tomorrow's day light
Thou art safe, can now melt in the city lights.

'Morrow at six twenty
Thou wilt board the Phnum Penh bound train.
It might be thy last trip
But thou prefer not to think about it tonight.

Koeut Vorn of Phnum Pénh!
All my salutations to thee!
Between Phnom Penh and Bat Dambang
Thou spread thy wings
And carry out a mission sacrificing thy life.

Ravi Panamanna

The Winning Move.

Life is not a Tempest
Nor a Mid Summer Night's Dream.
It is not A Winter's Tale
Nor a drama to play As You Like It.

All's Well that Ends Well,
Life is a Comedy of Errors.
We have Great Expectations
We do dream of Paradise Regained.

We move our pieces Measure for Measure.
Alas! In the process Love's Labour's Lost.
We eat the Grapes of Wrath
And life seems to be War and Peace.

Sitting Under the Greenwood Tree
It is all An Enchanted Kiss
It is all A Tempered Wind,
And we forget The Elegy Written in a country church-yard.

Life is an Old Curiosity Shop,
Our past is our shadow.
Again, it is the same old story-
The Old man and the Sea,
The Higher Pragmatism,
The Lonesome Road,

And who finally wins? -
Oliver Twists or the Merchant of the Venice?

Shakespeare -Tempest, Mid-summer Night's dream, A winter's Tale, As you like it, All's well that ends well, Comedy of errors, Measure for measure, Love's labour's lost, Merchant of Venice-

Dickens- Great Expectations, Oliver Twist, Old curiosity shop.

Milton- Paradise Regained.

Tolstoy- War and Peace.

Steinbeck- The grapes of wrath.

Hardy- Under the greenwood tree.

Thomas Gray – Elegy written in a country church-yard.

O Henry- An enchanted kiss, A tempered wind, The higher pragmatism, The lonesome road.

Hemingway- The old man and the sea.

Ravi Panamanna

Atoor Bhasi*

(Atoor Bhasi was a comedian par excellence of Malayalam Cinema for three decades from the early 1960s. He was the son of Mr. E.V. Krishna Pillai, the columnist and satirist writer of Malayalam. Bhasi and Bahadoor formed a team like Laurel and Hardy and those decades proved to be really the golden era of Malayalam cinema. Bhasi passed away at the age of 59, on 30/03/1990. The following poem is a tribute to him) .

He tore our ribs
and cracked every nerve.
He took our breath
and lifted us from every wrath.

He made us laugh,
He made us cry too.
For decades in a row
He was celluloid's living pro.

It was a clean sweep,
It was all a magical leap.
Bhasi and Bahadoor played a team,
Like Laurel and Hardy, they were one stream.

And he is no more with us,
He has become an echo within us.
Lifting our heart light
He gave us an endless flight.

Laughter is the best medicine,
It is a refreshing experience.
He has given us enough,
We have become quite young.

Ravi Panamanna

The Same Equation

At night

When she unveils her body,
A fragrance fills the air,
He is into the coolest springs.

In a few moments

He is back from the torrents.
The whispering wind is still alive,
The fragrance hasn't left the vales.

From these singing dales

He thinks of those fire-flies!
They are born in moments
And soon to perish- what do they taste?

Childhood? Youth?

Sex and love?
A timeless age, the feel of rainbow,
And the whispering cascades of life?

Be it anyway,

They too yearn the springs of life.
As the moments crop their wings,
They too crawl for air and scent.

This is an endless quest,

This is the timeless zest.
Every breath is an urge to live,
Every beat is a hope for a dawn.

Ravi Panamanna

The Same Equation.

At night

When she unveils her body,
A fragrance fills the air,
He is into the coolest springs.

In a few moments

He is back from the torrents.
The whispering wind is still alive,
The fragrance hasn't left the vales.

From these singing dales

He thinks of those fire-flies!
They are born in moments
And soon to perish- what do they taste?

Childhood? Youth?

Sex and love?
A timeless age, the feel of rainbow,
And the whispering cascades of life?

Be it anyway,

They too yearn the springs of life.
As the moments crop their wings,
They too crawl for air and scent.

This is an endless quest,

This is the timeless zest.
Every breath is an urge to live,
Every beat is a hope for a dawn.

Ravi Panamanna

Balancing Point.

Thro' our teens
It is the story of our spleen.
Beyond our mind
Body grows as a magic wand!

It is a shoot out,
We are nearly out.
We begin to feel a tremor,
It is all very tremendous.

We are thrown over board,
Mind runs after the world.
When the body tells the tale
Mind is within a gale.

After the teens
The body is in focus.
Mind picks up behind
And gets into a full wind.

Between the body and mind
There is a race in life throughout.
During our old age
The race is just the reverse!

One out grows the other
To bring about a disaster.
When body is under control
Mind is also within levels.

This is the art of penance,
The body falls into stillness.
Mind retains its tenor,
There is no more any deflection.

Wisdom is the final light,
It alone is the pleasing sight.
Mind and body in balance
Lend our life all the grace.

Ravi Panamanna

Four Clerihews

The clerihew is a biographical and whimsical verse consisting of two couplets and a specific rhyming scheme, usually aabb. The poem names a well-known person /character who is introduced within the first line.

Sir Garifield Sobers
In one over
Hit six fours
Amidst spectators' roar!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Sir Garified Sobers
In one over
Hit six sixes
Amidst spectators' applause!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

God has sent you, sister
for us, brothers' immense pleasure
to no less a measure
than a golden treasure!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Against Sir Donald Bradman
There was body line bowling-inhuman.
Now we have a legalized bouncer
Human, clothing the tiger very nicer!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Ravi Panamanna

Wimbledon 1978.

(More than a poem, this can take any tennis lover to olden times and certainly refresh his memories.)

To opponents in Tennis
Borg was a menace.
Young Sweedish scored a ton
In the current Wimbledon.

No answer had Conors
To the Sweedish monarch.
Great was his bite
Thus achieved Perry's* feat.

Six-two, six-two, six-three,
Like a thunder-struck tree
Lo! fell the former champion
Against the accurate lion!

King* is the Wimbledon queen,
Missed a record by a hair line.
Couldn't surpass Elezebeth's
For a record twentieth berth.

From King to Tracy Austin
Are many, still Billy's a bee sting.
With her younger days' vigor
She is still a sharp razor.
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
(Sing the following names in a fashion)

ABC* and James Fillol,
Roche, Ashe, Nastase.
Simson, Stockton, Gullikson,
Stone and Gorman, Edmondson.

Moor and Masters, McEnroe,
Victor Amaya, McMillan.
Stan Smith, Hewitt, Ramirez,
Mayer, Tanner, Tom Okker.

Gottfried, Vilas, Gerulaitis,
Mcnamara, Alexander.
Wade and Austin, Cris Evert,
Cowley, King and Kerry Reid.

Betty Stove and Kathy May
Gerulaitis and Ruzici.
Sue Barker and Martina
Centre Court is proud of them.

10/07/1978.

XX

Fred Perry's* feat- Three titles in a row during the 1930's.

King* - Billy Jean King.

ABC* - During the 70's ABC was a popular abbreviation for Amritraj, Borg and
Conors. It was a popular trio on the winning streak.

Ravi Panamanna

A Green Foliage.

I was on the road,
It began to shower.
In search of shelter
I made a quick glance around.

By a fence
Were lined a few trees.
They invited my eyes,
They opened their foliage.

Birds were chirping,
Squirrels were creeping.
Flies were dancing,
A sweet aroma was encircling.

Shadows gathered around me,
Leaves fell over the place.
A green umbrella was above me,
An unseen hand was roofing me.

A nest was in the winds,
Little birdies watched the rain.
To the showering clouds
Their beaks played a whispering note.

Rain was hard
But it was brief.
Leaving the shelter
Once again I picked up the road.

Those trees are now gone,
That landscape is no more.
Yet, in the inward eye, I do hear
Those rain drops, the long chirps,
The whispering beaks, the quivering wings, and
I am swept into blissful moments.

Ravi Panamanna

At The Same Slot.

One more election,
One more selection.
One more fight,
One more stage to show the might!

'Matha Magic' goes on,
Graphs are meticulously drawn.
Channels give it all a voice,
They add colours so nice! .

People take it as an Acid Test,
They fume their chest.
Prediction contests are held,
People are into winning, kilos of gold.

To somebody goes the Maruthi Zen,
To some parties belong the reign.
One more election is finally over
But the country's face is once again sober! .

We are once again lost,
We are once again in the same spot.
Every five years, the same film is shot,
And find the same preview and post review-
It is always the same tale and slot.

Ravi Panamanna

When Fallen In Love.

When eyes meet
A spark is born.
Hearts are shaken,
Nerves are broken!

Dreams are born,
To an exciting world, man is thrown.
Sleep is gone,
To a sensation he is drawn.

A light glows within,
He feels he has reached the inn.
The seeds are sown,
Poems are born!

He is in a long flight,
He is in a world so bright.
He is near a spring,
He flies as if he has wings!

He meditates upon a singular face,
His life is full of grace.
He is caught within beauty,
He calls her 'so sweety'.

Pastures are seen,
He is full of wine.
Solitary moments are heavy,
It marks the beginning of lunacy!

She too is in the same mood,
They wish to meet in the woods.
Far from the maddening crowd
They wish to be in their own moments.

Thus, under the greenwood tree
They meet – gay and free.
In tune with the silent Nature
They let their love to its natural course.

Fountains begin to open,
Two hearts are in silent communion.
It is all a melodious music,
It is all a twinkling Space.

Ravi Panamanna

Thaj Mahal- A Theme Unto All Generations.

Beyond the lawns
Beyond the ramparts
Stands a wonder on marbles
Upon the lap of eternal winds.

Beyond the Royal mark
Beyond the twinkling stars
Lies a poignant dream
Across the sprawling sylvan meads.

Beyond the centuries,
Beyond the endless tears,
Lies the heart of Shahjahan*
Marking the fountains of love.

Upon the playgrounds of Krishna*
Stands an everlasting theme of love.
Bound by the waters of Yamuna*
Is a graceful poem sung unto every heart.

Here opens a charming dale of love,
Here ceases not the season of spring.
From the crypt is heard a whispering heart,
A theme sung unto all generations.

XX

Shahjahan* - The Mughal emperor who built Thajmahal in memory of his wife Mumtaz Mahal. It took over two decades to complete it. This was completed around 1650. This is one of the seven wonders of the world. Agra's historical soil holds this magnificent edifice. It is three hours drive from New Delhi.

Krishna* - The Hindu god who had spent his life on the banks of Yamuna. His Mathura, Gokulam, Brindavan are not far away from Agra. He is the embodiment of all grace and love.

Yamuna* - Thajmahal is situated on the banks of this river.

Ravi Panamanna

The Cradle Of Life

It was just another dawn;
It was just another wind.
The streets were empty
And the town was silent in her voice.

And in that thinning mist
I was on a morning walk.
Not many vendors had begun their day,
Not many birds were on the sidewalks.

The avenue lent a charming shade;
The breeze was kissing my chest.
The florists, the steaming samovars,
The waking scenes brought me an O Henry tale.

Life to me seemed a running brook,
That hour to me lent a charming lass.
Before me lay a whispering city,
Behind me was a bird opening her wings.

In those waking moments,
A wheelbarrow approached me in slow paces.
A woman was at the helm;
It was her morning rounds.

City's corners listened to her footsteps,
A basket and a broomstick told her morning tale.
And among these cleansing tools
Sat a child breathing the winds of life.

She knew no perils;
She was in the cradle of life.
The schedules of life troubled her not,
She was innocence personified.

Setting a deepening tone,
It was a lingering moment.
The barrow served her a cradle,
The clattering wheels, a lullaby.

Moments later

The age old scene disappeared from my sight.

From the pavement of waking life I blest-

'May the bud spread the sweetness of dales,

May the kid wither not in the winds'.

Ravi Panamanna

The Taste Of Death

The taste of salt is the pinch of life,
The sweetness of sugar, the wine of life
But the taste of Cyanide is death,
What if it were sweeter than sugar?

What if Cyanide tasted soar?
Death sentence is sure.
What if it tasted bitter?
The verdict is clear.

But the world hath a strange mind,
It is after the taste of death.
It doesn't search the fountains of life
It doesn't enrich her creative hours.

When the nature of Cobra is known,
Who may wish forfeiting his life?
If the taste of life is bitter
Can the sweetness of poison make it better?

There was a paper report several months ago wherein it was reported that a person from my local area who consumed Cyanide had tried to leave behind the taste of it in bit of paper before he closed his eyes forever. He could not complete the word. This aspect is the seed of this poem.

Ravi Panamanna

Shoes

Ring is to finger,
Bangles are to arms.
Crown is to head
Dress is to body.

Pen is to page
Paint is to brush.
Ink is to pen
Canvas is to a painter.

Hot is to summer
Cold is to winter.
Spring is to vales
Rain is to fields.

This is the order of life
This is the beauty of life.
All have a place
All have a purpose.

If the moon is hot,
If the sun is very cold,
The purpose is lost
Life is lifeless.

Shoe serves a purpose,
It serves our feet.
Comfortable is our walk
Safe is our travel.

It gathers the dirt
Our feet are not hurt.
Thorns prick and stones bite
But our life is on the safest shores.

A walk on our barefoot
And we forfeit our life.
Shoes do not prick our life
But we misplace them now-a-days.

Shoe is becoming a strong weapon
Any moment it can happen.
They are the missiles of the day
They find a wrong place, sure to say.

Are we not after a bad cult?
Are we not rendering a thundering bolt?
Let our shoes be in their place
Let them serve their age old purpose.

Remember Ramayana*,
Remember the loyal Bharatha*.
Padukam* served here a noble theme,
People were peaceful under the regime.

Let us inhale the ancient air,
Let us cry for the lost treasure.
Padukam once happily ruled this land,
Let our shoes not rule our hearts now.

Is this the right way to protest?
Is this the commonsense of man?
Today's Thrower can be tomorrow's Thrown,
And remember, the law and reason cannot change.

Ramayana* - An epic whose central characters are Rama and Seetha.

Bharatha* - Brother of Rama who ruled Ayodhya (literal meaning is 'A Place without any war') for 14 years during the exile of Rama in the forest, keeping the Padukam of Rama as the representative king of Rama. He did the consecration ceremony of the Padukam at Nandigram in Ayodhya which is known as 'Paduka Pattabhishekam' in the annals of history, which means the Consecration Ceremony of Padukam. It was not Bharatha but the Padukam who ruled the kingdom for fourteen years. This is the Indian tradition.

Padukam* - The word meaning is Shoes or footwear.

Ravi Panamanna

God

Among the books
I was in long search.
Beyond the lines
He was only an understanding.

Among the stars
I was in a long exploration.
Beyond the black holes
He was all a background radiation.

Among the micro world
I was in deep research.
Beyond the Quantum world
He was all an energy field.

In the laws of the universe
His intelligence was ever felt.
Within the mechanisms of life
His lingering presence was felt.

Yet, within the web of reasoning
I was an encircling bird.
Beyond the glimpses of truth
His pulses to me were faint.

Then I closed my books,
Put my pen down and cartload of knowledge.
I peeped out of my window
And decided to take an evening stroll.

I went out to the open dales,
New springs were seen, voices heard.
And in the whispering wind of life
His loving touch was ever felt.

I returned home, contended,
I realized the following truth.
God is intelligence behind Natural laws,
He is pure wisdom behind the movement of life.

Ravi Panamanna

Our Crumbling Mansions

IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO DIED IN THE WORLD TRADE CENTRE TRAGEDY

The sprawling twin towers,
Man's ambition and achievement,
In moments disappeared in the winds
To leave only a rising dust.

A world was shaken,
Striken was the stream of life.
It was a heart rendering cry,
A nightmare from the meads of life.

It was a moment of terror,
Life was in endless tears.
Upon the banks of Hudson river
Life was in toto smeared.

It was a great perish,
How can the world cherish?
And into deafening ears
How can a paining heart reach?

Where are our happy dales,
What is our future, co-existence?
If man is threatening peace,
Where is our hermitage-in the desert?

What I find now-a-days is that co-existence is becoming a harder concept. Man is under threat from his own fellow beings. This cannot happen. An individual is free to have his religion and views expressed but it should not harm others. Mutual respect is what we need for a better co-existence. Everybody has this idea in his head but the problem is that we expect to be respected in the first place before we started respecting the rest of the world! In other words, we apply conditions for our mutual respect. This is the difficulty. It should be unconditional.

Our Foundations

Life is an endless strife,
It is full of strikes.
By throwing stones at each other
We perish in the wilder winds.

Protest is our right
Rebellion is our might.
This is among people
And among the nations, war.

We build ivory towers
And wait for multitude incarnations.
Destroying heart and humanity
We live in a peaceless world.

It is indeed a boomerang-
Our own very sins return.
Stealing the treasures of nature
We live in persecution.

In the process we are lost,
We stand in a quelling thought.
In a crumbling tavern we live,
Our foundations are not enough.

Ravi Panamanna

From The Deepest Of My Heart.

One more school punishment,
One more oblivious death.
From the meads of pleasant life
A blooming bud was forever blown.

Under the blazing sun
On the open grounds
In torture was a ten year old girl
Her heart was profusely bleeding.

With bricks upon the shoulders
She was to hold the cross.
For more than two hours
The ordeal was to follow.

The passing world silently wept,
It had no answer.
Before an authorized world
Truth is often silent.

And under the unbearable cross,
The bud was finally crushed.
The punishment of the world was victor,
The ruthless hearts had at last a peaceful night!

Are we not hearing the singular cry?
Are we not listening to a whispering heart?
The dales are meant for all,
Let our axe barren not the land.

Teachers ought to be role models,
They are the sculptors of future generations.
If they are far behind in love and affection,
Where is the future nation under construction?

The poem is based on a recent paper report.

Raging

Raging is an age old tradition,
What means it more than human obsession?
And to the level of molestation
It hath taken life into destruction.

And our children are in tears,
They are like toys into pieces torn.
And the world hath crocodile tears
Leaving the afflicted everything to bear.

The solution is not external,
It is very much internal.
Laws cannot restore peace,
Laws blink before human nature.

Who is our sister, who is our mother?
Where is the call of our natural winds?
The doer hath always a justification,
But mark, the afflicted is in desecration*.

Where is our brotherhood?
Where is the season of perennial spring?
Where is the modern man, his wisdom?
Oh! Is he not still standing in square one?

Desecration* - Ruins

Raging has no meaning. We may claim that we are only trying to remove the weakmindedness of our friends. Let me ask you - how can you claim that others are weakminded persons and that you are the only person with a strong mind? Such a thought is that of a sadist. This is nothing short of curtailing individual freedom. Let me remind everybody who nurtures the idea - all of us know to take care of ourselves. Everybody is capable of it. Let us not intrude into individual nature and behaviour. We never can make it at par. Variety is always the design of Nature. We have to accept it. If you really wish to show others the right way, show the path of our great seers and never hammer others by your might. Thanks.

A Silent Witness

In this grave yard
Where ceases not fire,
Where ceases not lamentations,
I am for eons a silent witness.

Lone I stand on this rolling slopes,
Green fields lie beyond the silent road.
A distant whistle is heard
And I know the last train is also gone.

To so many parting moments
I am an emotional witness.
To every curling smoke
I bid a silent adieu.

Under my cool shades
Meet the forefathers of this hamlet.
And they whisper through my foliage
Unto the perching birds and passing wind.

No cry shakes my roots,
No howling wind wakes the dead.
Beyond the din of the world
All are equal under my sprawling shades.

Ravi Panamanna

An Exuberant Life.

Among the bowers
She made her nest.
Among the branches
She made her peaceful days.

Winds gifted her swing
Feathers prepared a cozy bed.
Flowers scented her life
And her long chirps woke up the dales.

More chirps soon gladdened the bower
The dales bathed in blissful days.
The family lived in happy hours
To my eyes, it was all a pleasant sight.

Leaves from seasons sheltered their life
Branches presented a hiding wall.
Yet, the twinkling stars lent a beam
Gracing their heart and eyes.

At my window sill, every morn,
The family greeted me with a melodious call.
It was all a gentle whisper
From the meads of exuberant life.

Ravi Panamanna

Life Is A Train

(When the body of a loco piolet is taken from his quarters, he makes a last whimsical look at his own life) .

As my body passes the gate,
A long whistle is heard.
As I begin my last voyage,
A train is heard at a distance.

And out of my coffin
I peep unto the rising smoke.
Long forgotten years open their wings
And make unto me a fleeting dive.

Crossing the pastures of life
I steered my train thro' countless seasons.
Standing at the helm of matchless distances
I brought home a whole generation.

And the rhythm of wheels was my life,
The rising steam was my very breathe.
With the flying meads I shared a song,
Unto the silent nights it was an endless prayer.

And crossing the rills and many hills,
Taverns and multitude Junctions,
I reached my last post,
I took my train to the safest shores.

Ravi Panamanna

To The Unborn

When I was in heavens
You were sleeping in me.
When I came to earth
You were waking within me,
whispering within me.
When I became wife
You began to walk beside me.

You began searching your form-
Through me and your father,
An ideal form to fit your soul,
An ideal time to blossom in this world.

Time destines the course
We are only the performers.
You are half in me
The other half sleeps in your father.
If the specific combination differed
You miss the ticket
To be born and reborn.
You are the gift of generations!

Ravi Panamanna

A London Trip

(One day during the wee hours of the morning I had the following dream and what happened at the end of it? Read. Date of composition 25/08/1987) .

Busy streets fled past me
Busy roads ran towards me.
As the thirsty eyes of a tourist
I was enjoying the scenes.

I was on the roads of London,
My heart danced upon my chest.
I was flying along the avenues
My white car was as swift as a glider.

Thames flowed gently,
London Bridge brought me the call of centuries.
A lone nightingale sat at Hampstead Heath
And Russell Park brought me memories of London Notebook*.

And Avon flowed carrying Shakespeare
Piccadilly Circus brought me soft memories.
Lake District was serene with Words Worth
And Chatham's grounds were alive with Dickens.

Big Ben rang deep under my chest,
Buckingham added a flavor to it.
At Tabbard's Inn I had my breakfast
And slowly proceeded towards Stonehenge.

I soon reached a level crossing
And heard the steaming whistle of a train.
It was a bolt and I woke up
To find my pressure cooker whistle in the kitchen!

London Notebook* - A travelogue written by S K Pottekkat

Ravi Panamanna

Certain Tips.

Date of composition 19th August 1993.

To a paining heart
Do not talk Greek and Latin,
It won't listen.
To the young ladies
Do not talk Einstein's Relativity,
They will turn their faces!

To a layman
Do not talk high sounding words,
He will blink.
Before others
Do not present your problems,
They have no time to solve.

The world
Doesn't meet individual requirements,
It is a bitter truth.
To show off oneself
Do not talk in a foreign language,
Others may equally return.

Ravi Panamanna

Separation

Time flicks away and
We separate
But to reunite in our memories.

Time ticks away and
We catch different trains,
Are virtually lost
But to reunite in our dreams.

The world is round
Yet we may not meet.
The world is wide
Yet we may meet.

The world is small
Yet we may be miles apart.
The world is big
Yet we may be so near in our thoughts.

Ravi Panamanna

Failure

It is like drowning,
It is a race against the wind.
It is a prize below bronze
And is happiness like death!

It is like a long walk
In the month of hot April.
It is like a season
Without spring over the dales.

It is like a musical note
Rendered in the wrong tune.
It is like a minister's speech
Everything out of context.

It is like a tempest
Making calculations wrong.
It is like a fall
Causing injuries to heart.

What are your expectations?
What is the actual result?
Find the difference
And that is your happiness or failure.

For minimum expectation
There is no maximum limit.
Know this axiom
And redefine your life.

Ravi Panamanna

When I Retire To Bed

When I retire to bed

Londoners get out for an evening stroll.

The Easterners will be snoring

And the Bay of Bengal is deep asleep.

Americans will be rushing to offices

And Africans would be having their evening tea.

The far Westerners yawn after a sleep

And the sun is young over the Amazonian glade.

When I wake up

Americans get ready to snore.

Londoners would be dreaming

And Australians would be taking their lunch.

When I take my lunch

New York City lies under a starry night.

Over Sidney, the sun takes a last wink

And marches on towards Europe.

Ravi Panamanna

The Voice Of A Mail Bag

(I have seen mail bags lying in dirt and filth at the Palakkad Railway platform. The following composition relates to a sort of autobiographical sketch of a mail bag. Those who handle the bags handle them very roughly and the following poem was born out of a feeling for the mail bags. They too have a voice as distinct as ours. Date of composition 13th July 2003.)

Here, in dirt and dust
I lay waiting for a man.
Here, among the railway tracks
I lay waiting to reach my destination.

Within me are covers and letters-
Dreams woven by pen.
Within me are valuables-
Promises to reach distant addressees.

I was on a long travel,
I was among a pile.
Pressed and shaken,
I was already done.

And from the train
I was mercilessly thrown.
And I was thrown among the tracks
As if I was a bag of junks.

And I swallowed plentiful dirt
I was breathless within a huge pile.
My comrades were breathing their last
We were victims of an indifferent heart.

The treasure inside me
Is a treasure not of mine.
Life on wheels and winds
Is indeed a life lived for the world.

From the remoteness of post office rooms
A message is carried unto you.

For a world noisy and violent
All the way it is a stoic smile.

Oh! Mankind, where is thy heart,
Mercy and springs of life?
I too have a voice and life
I too have an echo of your voice.

Here, in filth and dirt
I lay waiting for my dispatch.
Here, among the winding course of tracks
I lay waiting for springs.

=====
=====

Ravi Panamanna

The Feel Of Years

(The following poem was composed from the Guruvayur temple. Dated 24th December 1993)

The feel of years
Lies in the sign of change.
Landscape changeth,
Mansions destroyed
And new ivory towers are built.

The feel of years-
Lies in the sign of mind.
We were infants,
We were boys and adults
And our world was new every moment.

The feel of years-
Lies in the sign of human attitude.
We build a world
We experience a world
And we make our own mould.

Ravi Panamanna

Where Differences Meet In One Plane

Composition dated 24th march 2002

With a couple of utensils,
A bundle of things,
A rusty box
And a few more items,

With a couple of kids
In rugged clothes,
In poor circumstances,
I saw a family at the station.

Where were they going?
Where was their last post?
What were behind the tears?
What was the meaning of their sigh?

They were on their way,
They were crossing miles and miles.
Farther beyond the plains,
Farther the woods were their destination.

There is information
that his mother was breathing her last.
There is urgency
to leave his present work and reach home.

He was in this place
Engaged in a trench work.
The family during the sunny days
Was somehow meeting a staggering meal.

He has now wound up his things,
He has at the moment no other go.
From deep distances
It was the call of the womb.

At last the train arrived
And they were on their wheels.

With a couple of lingering eyes
They left from my shores forever.

I was alone in the platform,
I was alone with my thoughts.
Will he see his mother for a last time?
Or her ashes are waiting him?

The pain and pleasure
To rich and poor is alike.
Beyond the seasons
The poor hath to dig for his grounds.

This is the essence of life,
This is an endless strife.
Man hath inevitable inns
Where differences meet in one plane.

XX

Note: - inevitable inns mean pain and compelling circumstances of death where
all odd circumstances meet in one plane.

Ravi Panamanna

The Grain Of Life

Up along a knoll,
Is an ant struggling for survival.
In her mouth
Is a grain to meet her hunger and coming days.

To her lacerating frame
Is the grain like a mountain.
Yet, to meet her winter
It is all her treasure.

And in wavering steps
She climbs up with her morsel.
And to her silo
She is adding her dreams.

And in the process
She tumbles down with the grain.
The grain bounces off
And is lost from her sight.

Yet she searches for it,
This is her golden possession.
Sifting the surroundings,
She at last grabs her treasure.

Once again she meets her grounds,
She climbs up like a tireless mountaineer.
To her, this grain is the taste of her life,
But for us, is a matter of pica-yune* and no more.

pica-yune* - trivial or petty

Ravi Panamanna

Out Of Space And Time.

The poet sees through his father something beyond this life. He is now ready for his final take off from this world.

Between life and death
Life is a delicate swing.
Between red and green
Life is a brief orange shade.

Between here and now
Is a testing moment.
Among the endless dales
Is a gathering gale.

Among the endless passage
Is a breaking cage.
Within rising ribs
Is an escaping bird.

The stage is finally set
The bird opens her wings.
From the endless meadows
She is in search of her horizon.

Where are the fountains
Where is the final post?
Where is the mountain spring
To once again water the pastures of life?

Under the greenwood tree
My winds are eternal, free.
Among the cool shades
My springs are ever ceaseless.

There is grass all around
Birds make pleasantry notes
Here, all around the dale
My fountains forge ahead to winds.

Here the days and nights wake with me
Seasons sing upon my ears.
Feathers I pick-up of a living past
And I gift them to all waking dawns.

I am laid here forever
I am caged here forever.
This strip of earth and sky
These winds forever are mine, my breath

The stream yonder
Would wake me up every morn'
The scent of flowers
Would refresh my spirits.

The singular foot-step-
I listen, wait for a face.
With my winged friends
I share my moments, melting.

To the distant clouds
I leave a passing glance.
With the silent stars
I share my silent hours.

It is the fall of night
It is all moon-lit.
Within the depths
I feel a lingering dream.

It is a rising mist
It is a ceaseless thought.
I am in contemplation
I am in deep meditation.

Rain or shine
I am unbound by time.
I am this very nature-
Back to my own elements.

Under the greenwood tree

My grounds are eternal.
Beyond the passage of time
I possess this part of heaven.

Ravi Panamanna

The Winds Of Yore

(A postman recollects his winds of yore. He served the Koodallore area for a long time and recollects M.T* as a small boy who would wait for letters of his father coming from Ceylone.

This composition is dated 29th December 2004) .

Upon these hamlets,
Upon the winds of yore,
I have left my heart,
I have grown my roots.

These fields and these waters,
These beaten pathways and umpteen alleys,
Unto to me sing even in my dreams,
A sojourn of decades and more.

With letters and parcels,
With mails weighing hopes and dreams,
Among these hamlets,
For long years I was a traveler.

Rain or shine,
In all seasons and beyond,
Unto the heart of these hamlets
I was becoming a silent stream.

The ties were deep rooted,
The waters were cool.
In the oceanic passage of time,
Faces were my dearly treasure.

The tales of these hamlets,
In a way are the tales of my life too.
In the waking dreams of these winds
My beginning hath no end.

In the simple annals of these hamlets,
I too have an ample share.

A postman by trade,
I am to these winds seven decades.

And in the pageantry of faces,
A boy of five is very much alive.
Peeping out of the window, and to the endless river,
He would for long wait for my appearance.

Beyond the seas was his father,
Beyond my footsteps were his gleaming eyes.
And the letters bearing the Ceylonese stamp
Were unto his chest like a spring over the dales.

And in the course of passing decades,
He grew into the living voice of these hamlets*.
And his pen drew sketches out of these winds
To also include me in the passing stream.

More than that, with letters from different shores,
I was becoming the root of these thorps.
It was a confluence of life meeting the life,
Those were the days of more human bondage and gentle winds.

M.T*- His full name is Sri. M T Vasudevan Nair, the popular Malayalam writer, novelist, editor of 'The Mathrubhoomi' weekly, film script writer and film director. He has won many laurels in the area of films and his writings which includes the Gyanpeeth Award. His film scripts are the perfect works. He belongs to the winds of Koodallore, a small hamlet in the Palakkad District.

Ravi Panamanna

Feathers

The bird is gone
The tree is now asleep.
The waves are calm,
The tide is now over.

The room is empty
The traveller has gone.
It is all a whispering light,
The shadow hasn't left.

The flower hath fallen,
It was only dawn.
The sun was young
But it was soon twilight.

He too had a world,
He too had a lingering dream.
Before the bud was open
It was to meet the winds.

He inched towards death,
His world was no more lit.
Prayers served a passing wind,
Life was soon into broken strings.

The game was finally lost,
The heart sank into silence.
The bird hath finally flown
And a few feathers in the cage remain.

Rains are over now,
The valley hath fallen into silence.
And in the whispering air
A song of dreams allures.

Ravi Panamanna

Taverns Revisited

I see a frozen road
and pick-up my tack
To revisit my old inns.

There they stand-
Some in frozen mist,
Some in faded colours
And some echoing deep within.

In these inns
I lived once-
Had walked a long distance
To be what I am
To reach the dale of life.

Among the inns,
Between the milestones,
There is a story of pain,
There is a story of gain.

Along the road
I met umpteen faces.
Some pushed me into darkness,
Some pulled me towards light.

It was a long walk,
It was all my own experience.
And to all faces and hearts
I owe my life and phases.

Through the window sill
I see a frozen road.
A nightingale takes her lute
And begins a ceaseless song
unto my decades and beyond,
unto my silence profound.

Ravi Panamanna

The Winds Unto Me Carry A Song*

(Smt. M S. Subhalakshmy, the Nightingale of India, had spent her early days in the temple city of Madurai. She was living in Hanumantharai Kovil Street, a dingy street. I happened to read about her reminiscences and the following composition was born. Date of composition 26th December 2004)

The winds unto me carry a song* - 'Kaatrinile varum geetham' in Tamil.

I remember the house
Where I was born,
The narrow street, those temple bells
And winds of yore.

The wandering cows,
The florists, the hawkers,
The bullock-carts, the wheel barrows,
All made a different air.

And to the scene
Children added their share.
And deep in the chest
Is the fragrance of Jasmine.

The springs were ceaseless,
The meads, windy and evergreen.
And upon the lap of mother's Veena*,
My heart was a vibrant string.

My dawns were serene,
The bells played a divine music.
It was a becoming fountain,
It served the seed for all my winds.

And in the waking silence of stars,
Unto the depths of my heart,
I listened to an endless treasure
From my neighbor's radio.

That was my Pourboire*,
Those were my enchanting nights.
Those were my waking winds,
Those were my deepening fountains.

And from those roots,
In the course of spanning years,
I reached many taverns,
I crossed many vales.

Now, from the once rich dales,
The springs are almost withdrawn.
The bird, after her endless lute,
Is preparing for her last flight.

And from these times,
I reflect unto my own roots.
The winds unto me carry a song,
Those gleeful nights unto me bring a Videre* of life.

**

Veena* - A musical instrument (Her mother used to play Veena) .
Pourboire*- French- gratification.
Videre*- Latin- vision.

Ravi Panamanna

The Living Spirit Of The Holy Cross

Every Easter reminds us of the spirit of the holy cross. Let us imbibe the spirit and live peacefully and harmoniously.

Leaves are falling
Feathers are floating.
Mist is melting
And the valley lay dreaming.

Beyond the passage,
Beyond the heart,
Chains are clattering,
Voices are heard.

A cross is laden,
Whips are heard.
Blood is oozing,
Bones are cramming.

Crannied walls crumble,
Noises fill the air.
Eyes are streams,
Prayers into eternal silence melt.

And he is being nailed,
Upon the cross he is laid.
There- to the open winds and our closing skies
The sweetest flower is sacrificed.

Beyond our hearts,
Beyond our dreams,
Beyond our spaces,
But it opens its eyes.

Beyond our reach,
Beyond our mortal scales,
It blooms into a horizon
And leaves its lingering fragrance.

The cross is empty,
The cave is empty.
The bird hath left the cage,
There are only plumes left.

And- beholding them,
We cherish a dream.
We return our eyes,
We search our own heart.

Leaves are falling,
Heart is opening.
A candle is burning,
Centuries lay dreaming.

Ravi Panamanna

An Unknown Citizen

When I was born
My name had appeared in a Municipal register.
When I was dead
Then also I had appeared in a register.

And during my life time
My name appeared in a few more registers-
As a house tax payee,
As a professional tax payee,
As an income tax payee.

And I was wedded to a few numbers-
As a gas consumer,
As an electricity consumer,
As a consumer of municipal water supply,
As the owner of a house,
As a bank account holder,
As a credit and debit account holder,
As a staff of an institution.

And I owned a few numbers-
I had a scooter,
I had a car,
I had a mobile and telephone.

And I unfailingly remembered certain dates-
On which my gas was due,
On which my electric bill was due,
On which my son's school fee was due.

If I failed to remember these dates,
The board would take away the fuse,
The water supply would be gone,
The kitchen would invariably run on kerosene.

And I always remembered a few figures-
My running basic pay,
The corresponding DA
And all other perquisites.

And I always got by heart certain things-
Those circulars relating to my LFC*,
Those rules governing Medical Reimbursement,
Those circulars relating to various loans.

And a few more things too-
The annual holiday list,
My leave account,
My personal dues.

And I hoped to forget certain dates-
Vishu*, Onam* and other festivals.
They brought me an empty purse,
They brought me unpleasant memories.

That was my natural, little world,
Very much like our own spheres.
And when I died,
A few lines appeared in the obituary column-

That gave my right age,
The names of my sons and daughters,
Their status in life and something more,
An account of my sons-in law and their whereabouts.

And to ashes I reduced,
The waters of Ganges received me at Hardwar.
And the rushing flow swallowed me
Leaving no traces of my past and present.

LFC*.. Leave fare concession
Vishu*, Onam*- The festivals of Kerala

Ravi Panamanna

Pope John Paul II

His gentle character has always impressed me very much. My humble tribute to this Savant of Peace. This is an offhand poem composed directly on the computer. Date of composition 03/04/2005 on the very day he expired) .

From the pastures of life,
The Good Shepherd hath gone.
From the sprawling meadows,
The winds are now gone.

And heavenwards
Lambs send a beckoning glance.
And the passing clouds
Answer not their silent calls.

Where is the true cross? ,
The last post and anchorage now?
Where is the dale of love? ,
The spring and the cooing nightingale?

With his ethereal lute,
He enlivened the woods.
From the Cestine Chapel,
It was peace unto the world.

From Cravo to Cestine,
From a peasant to a Good Shepherd,
The flight was a long one,
The taverns were umpteen.

And under his care
The lambs were blest.
Over the winding lea
He followed them home.

And the lambs slept in peace,
Pastures were in their waking dreams.
And in the Brooklyn of life

They were on the lap of his gentle winds.

And he pardoned the lambs,
Cross was his true spirit.
And from the chains of Papal authority
Galelio was given a revamping life.

And the shepherd hath now left the vales,
The lambs are in search of springs.
They may see more shepherds
But where are the bygone comforting winds?

Ravi Panamanna

In Deep Tones

To re-marry may be an individual affair but to overlook the emotional side of our children in this context needs a re-examination. Children need much emotional security. Otherwise, they will end up as emotionally outbursting and insecure adults. The world has to properly understand this. In the following poem, a child asks his/her mother thus: -

When my dad was alive
Mom, thee loved him as thy own heart.
When my dad was dead
Mom, thee cried unto heavens and beyond.

With a stoic heart, thee unto me whispered-
That his memories were evergreen,
That his life was so inspiring,
Enough to lead us unto light and beyond.

But as time became a passing wind
Thou wert once again a bride.
Mom, thee hath now a husband,
But sure, I hath lost my dad.

Where are thy promises?
Where is my promised life?
A man may replace thy husband,
But is it a pinch-hitter* for my dad?

Pinch-hitter* - Replacement.

Ravi Panamanna

To A Migrating Bird

Oh! migrating bird,
In this branch
Thy hours are limited.

Far from thy nesting place,
It is a sojourn
In search of springs and copse.

Across the plains,
And into the windy dales,
It is a long flight.

And here and there,
Where the streams meet and depart,
A few nights are spent.

And thee leave the taverns,
Thy acquaintances, sprawling meadows,
To meet thy destiny yonder hills.

Here, among the bush and alcove,
We gather a few feathers,
Casting a glance unto the trail of thy flight.
Here, within passing life and dream,
We gather a few pebbles to feel the lost horizons.

This is the sum and substance of our acquaintances too. In our office we get new acquaintances and they leave us one day on account of a transfer or we leave them on our retirement and so forth. Our life is a sojourn for that matter. We will be leaving our native haunts. We will be leaving our cities. We will be leaving our circle of friends. The story thus continues.....

Ravi Panamanna

The Tale Of A Tainted Tenner

(As a cashier who has served a long term at various SBI Cash counters, I know the course of a currency note very well. Here, a currency note is narrating its own tale at the deathbed. It is now lying in the furnace of RBI office before the final take off to heavens) .

Before the flames finally lick me
I venture to reflect.
This is my final hour
This is my final tenet.

A press was my labour room,
A casting dye was my breast milk.
Under tight security
I sprang forth into the world.

Instead of a sweet name
I was only a number.
I was only a paper, a given value
My destination was the entire world.

And I was bundled, packed, dispatched
To reach a bank, various hands.
And I reached numberless pockets,
Purses of umpteen kinds.

I was a traveler in this world,
I had practically no home.
Both the prince and the pauper possessed me
And in the cycle of life, dispossessed me too.

One bought wine selling me,
The other, a square meal.
The intricacies of life are strange,
I am fit to man's any rule.

Here is a man treasuring me to his chest,
There is a man throwing me to streets.

Here is a man pick pocketing me
There is a man liberally donating me.

Life is an endless gamble,
I was in the share market for a long time.
It was a hoarding life
Those were my busy days.

End to end have I seen life
Deserts and oasis have I crossed.
Man hath battled in my name,
He hath drawn blood to pocket me.

I gave the world part of its needs,
Long sighs were often heard.
I have eluded many pockets
I did reach many inns.

Upon the watermark
I carried umpteen verses.
They were essays of the public
They were messages unto the world.

And the dust of the earth
And the saliva of man
And the unpteen folds
Broke my backbone and heart.

In a bundle for several times
My neighbors were fake ones.
Born in local presses
They were serving an underworld.

Once I reached temples
At other times, the red streets.
Different places and different phylum-
It was a travel beyond my scope.

Life was inodorous,
In a way, all the world was my stage.
Both the temple and the church were to me one,
No purse to me had any preference.

With no priorities nor any wants
I kept on travelling in this world.
The dingy air of the vault
And the open winds to me were the same.

Yet, time was telling its tale,
I was becoming old.
My backbone was for several times plastered
And I finally was confined to a dingy chest.

Within a cycle of time I was caught,
The passage of time to me was unknown.
I knew I was meeting my days,
I knew I wouldn't see many more dawns.

And one day my cubicle was opened,
It was like the gates of gallows being opened.
I heard my officials in whispering tones
And knew that it was a decree for my last trip.

Into a wooden box I was dumped,
Into a wagon it was hauled.
Those were the last rays of the parting day,
That was my death knell –a whistle and clatter of wheels.

It seemed an endless trip,
It was a death-like, long silence,
It seemed a distant burial ground,
It seemed a deep, grumbling sound.

And my box was finally unloaded,
I had reached the Capitol.
For the last time I was examined,
And the officials finally wrote me off.

I was punched and defaced,
I was properly murdered.
With a major junk of flesh gone,
It was my final dispatch to heavens.

I lay waiting and waiting,

Where was my release, my funeral pyre?
It was an endless torture,
Within RBI's* cubicle, it was an endless prayer.

Now, I am before a furnace,
Ney, it is my funeral pyre.
In a flick I am ashes,
In a lick I would be out of this world.

Two men are ready for my dispatch,
They are going through their rituals.
A list is being ticked out
And the passport is finally drawn.

And a tale is brought to my memories,
Once I was in Manikarnika Ghat**.
For a burial, I was paid-
I saw tears in the eyes of the dispossessed.

Now, it is my turn, my burial,
I see no breaking hearts around me.
Those who had possessed me, dispossessed me,
Those who had dispossessed me had forgotten me.

My generations are waiting in the press,
They are to follow my steps sooner or later.
Beyond the lick of the flames,
All is now a vanishing tale.

=====

RBI* - Reserve Bank of India

Manikarnika Ghat** - One of the largest burial grounds situated at Kasi
(Banares)

Ravi Panamanna

The Fragrance Of Words.

The fragrance of words
Is the music of heart.
The fragrance of heart
Is the lore of human culture.

Out of a noble heart,
Noble words are born.
Out of noble words,
Gentle expressions are born.

It is a ceaseless spring,
It waters our life.
It is a horizon-
Of peace and imperturbation

A man beyond all slang
Is a man worth listening.
He hath in store a treasure,
He hath universal brotherhood.

Words are eternal springs,
They are unwithering flowers.
They keep our life in gentler tones,
And waft their fragrance unto the world.

Ravi Panamanna

A Faint Whiff Of My Childhood.

A COUPLET OF PABLO NERUDA HAD INSPIRED ME TO COMPOSE THIS POEM.
COMPOSED ON 8TH OCTOBER 1980.

Oh beauty! Thy face is
Slumber and pale so deep
In the smalt of night,
In this silent hour.

Oh dreams! Thy rainbow feathers
I saw in my bed
Void of that golden hue
That once my years filled.

Oh song! So echoing thy strings-
Was so enchanting once.
Now with tears engrave on thy grave
An ode in this silhouette.

Oh sweet days! Why now weep
Fondling in silence with candid feelings?
That quiet little brook whispers unto me
Of our childhood avenues so sacred.

Oh my soul! Thou from the distant past
Bring me a faint whiff of my childhood.
You were my first delight, you gifted me
Umpteen poems to light my solemn hours.

Ravi Panamanna

Where Is Our Enlightened World?

TO ALL SINCERE HEARTS.

Where is our ancient torch?
Where is our enlightened world?
Where is our living heart?
Where is our lighted inn?

It was here
It was with us.
It was among the ancient caves,
It was on the sands of time.

During our sojourn
We have lost the lantern.
During our endless sail
We have lost the trail.

In the place of that torch
We now have a sharpened sword.
In the place of that enlightend world
We now have a sharpened word.

In the place of that lighted inn
We now have a world of sin.
In the place of that enlightened heart
We keep a living brute.

The Holy Cross is not our sincere path
The Holy Koran is not our sincere faith.
The living Vedas are not our true spirit
And we are scrambling in a depthless pit.

Ravi Panamanna

The Gift Of My Life

If a piece of ore of gold has a tale to tell the world, the tale may resemble like this: -

Far away from winds and peeping rays,
Upon the bosom of mother earth,
For ages I was a sleeping stone,
A golden mine for the hunting world.

And my gates for eons were silent;
No footsteps ever reached a mile so deep.
A dateless life was my fate
Moonless centuries were the annals of my life.

And one day a knock reached my doorstep,
It hunched my ribs; I was thrown.
Was it the gushing waters swallowing me?
Else, a gale crushing my bones?

Before me was a man made cave,
The first wind of life crept into my nerves.
And a man marked my premises;
He cut my umbilical cord with great care.

And I left my vales, dear home forever;
To gold I was eventually broken.
The flesh in me was gifted to a lass
And the rest in me withered in the winds.

Ravi Panamanna

The Law Of Nature

FOR EVERY CALAMITY, THE PRICE IS ONE'S OWN LIFE.

Gun was his strength;
A range was under his belt.
Tuskers were his prey
And sandalwood trees were his mint.

And he was the king of the jungle;
A picnic unto his territory was only a dream.
Within the darkness of woods
He was a Hitler of our modern times.

Whereas our harvests are rice and wheat,
His harvests were elephants and police fleet!
For long, by terrorizing a world
He conquered his own world.

And crores were under his belt;
We know not where this treasure was kept.
Where in the forest is a bank
Except the sight of snakes and riverbanks?

For every bloodshed
The price is one's own blood.
No thief is ever scot free,
From the law of life he can't endlessly flee.

And in a police fight
He finally ended his unconquerable flight.
Gun was his might
But, he too met a sad plight.

Ravi Panamanna

A Momentous Hour

AN EPISODE FROM THE LIFE OF JAGADGURU* ADI SANKARA. AT THE AGE OF EIGHT, HE LEFT HIS HOME RENOUNCING THE WORLD. IT COULD HAVE BEEN QUITE UNBEARABLE FOR HIS MOTHER TO LEAVE HER ONLY SON LIKE THAT. IN THIS POEM, I AM TRYING TO RECAPTURE THOSE MOMENTS OF DEPARTURE.

She was on an endless prayer;
Her child was on a spiritual quest.
He was barely eight
But was firm in his very step.

And her eyes were two streams;
Deep within she held all her scream.
Like a river hiding her depths,
She hid the winds of yore within her chest.

And the momentous hour arrived;
She wanted a promise from her saintly son.
During the hour of her death, in one breath
He should bless her eyes with his presence.

And with that promise** given,
He left his native winds.
Prostrating Periyar***, that fabulous river,
He signed off and carried a silent prayer.

The mother, from her doorway,
Without a wink witnessed the last scene.
Endless meads were calling her son,
To melting moments she returned.

Jagadguru* - The Teacher of the entire universe.

Promise** - On her death bed, Adi Sankara presented himself before her from a far away place in the Himalayas.

Periyar*** - A popular river of Kerala on the banks of which Sankara was born (at Kaladi) . Thekkady wild life sanctuary is situated on the banks of this river.

Ravi Panamanna

A Moment Of Self Realisation

AFTER THE EXAMINATION RESULTS. SOME OF US HAVE FACED THE FOLLOWING SITUATION IN OUR LIFE.

It was a moment of defeat,
A fall from all expectations.
It was a dip in the Jibralters,
A moment of self-realisation.

It was a moment of tears,
A sigh unto the passing winds.
It was a silent cry deep within,
A moment beyond the fountains of life.

It was a moment of self-repentance,
A moment of melting ego.
And in it melted all youthful vagrancies-
A lesson for the unbridled horse.

And he stood between victory and defeat,
A war that was not well fought,
A battle that was grimly resisted,
Those vacation days that were wasted.

But now, with a promising heart
He hath decided to get out of the woods.
He now realises the truth
That Rome was not built in a single day.

Ravi Panamanna

Prayer

She is the witness of the silent night;
She is the whispering song of the stars.
The wind hath left the slumbering hills
And life is all quiet upon the dells.

She is the key of the waking dawn,
The blossoming life and of the waking dales.
Softness the wind embraces leaves of grass
And the peeing rays lend a gladdening pace.

And thro' every living moment
She answers our life in peaceful grace.
To umpteen springs she gives us wings
And makes our sojourn a resourceful one.

And she tunes our inner space
To embrace universal brotherhood.
And she opes an endless fountain
Lifting our spirits to a wordless terrain.

Ravi Panamanna

Photos- The Windows Unto Our Past

WHO CAN FORGET THESE WINDOWS?

Beyond the flashes,
Beyond the countless clicks,
They are the windows unto the past,
A tour unto our own heart.

Within the endless rolls
Foregone meads are forever condensed.
Within colours and shades
A forgotten world is hidden.

And an album
To us brings in sweet memories.
Dales are revisited;
Fountains are once again heard.

And to those lost moments
In nostalgia doth we return.
And in the wings of time
We are on an endless flight.

In a fleeting moment
We realise we have crossed many inns.
Where are those whispering winds gone?
Unto our lost horizons or to the silence of our heart?

Ravi Panamanna

A Tale Of Sunken Silence

From inn to inn, for long years
It was a gathering wind.
From morn' to morn', for endless decades
It was toil beyond all tales.

A mother and a son-
They belonged to these winds,
They were for a long time a common sight
Doing errands in the neighbourhood,
Buying their commonplace dreams.

Theirs, a simple existence,
Theirs, a life within leaps and bounds.
Beyond their thached roof
It was all an open sky,
Their songs, but a deepening sigh.

Seasons ever told the same tale,
The meads received the same passing wind.
The same birds returned every season
And the world was peaceful within the bosom.

And when the streams were flowing quiet,
The dales whispering unto soft winds,
The son, leaving his mother to tears
Passed away after a brief illness.

She swallowed her pains,
Sold her dreams to the passing wind.
A withered frame,
She was a tree, hollow deep within.

And upon a temple pavement
I saw her once among the passing crowd;
She was in sunken dreams.
Beyond the voices of the surrounding world,
She was meeting her shadow with an indifferent air,
She was listening to the silence of her heart.

A Whispering Brook Is The Only Voice

In search of primitive voices

Left to wind and wilderness,
Left to the mercy of countless seasons,
Among these endless dales
Lived our ancestors.

And the skies roared unto their chests,
Seasons chiseled their life.
Nature tempered their winds
And the springs brought in waters of life.

Nature presented a corporeal voice,
They listened to her with the deepest heart.
Poetry was born out of it,
Language was born out of it.

From the caves unto these modern times
It was toil of countless centuries.
And upon the wings of time
Man left the bickering streams and ancient caves.

Now the winds are in a long search,
The ancient caves wait for their return.
But a solemn silence is the only answer,
A whispering brook is the only voice.

Ravi Panamanna

Reclination

This is the fate of most of the present day wives and husbands.

I have a world
You have a world, but
Where is our common world?
I have a mould,
You have a mould, but
Where is our common mould?

From our previous marriages
You have children,
I have children, but now
Where are our OWN children?

In the morning
You are due East,
I am due West, and
Reach different strands and coasts.

In the evening
You are due West,
I am due East, and
Reach the same gate, open the same door.
It is the same roof, the same bed,
But where do we finally recline?
Upon thy dreams or my throbbing heart?

Ravi Panamanna

Gone With The Wind.

We wage a battle for lands, power and money. Many decades may thus fly, resulting in only broken relationships. The battlers may eventually pass away and the lands may remain as no man's land. If we reflect on the issue, we would ask ourselves- for what purpose do we unnecessarily battle?

In the name of a hay stack,
In the name of a blocking pathway,
Here in this land a battle was fought;
Here in this land challenges were made.

It was a battle among the relatives,
Friends by overnight were foes.
Blood proved thinner than water
And soft winds were no more heard.

Springs unto the dales made umpteen visits,
Around the fields summers paid their annual visits.
With the owners gone, the inns were now empty,
The battlefield waited for the return of the battlers.

But they never returned,
They were dead and gone.
The turrets were now empty
And chirps were no longer heard.

Except for the hissings and barkings at night,
Except for the twinkling spaces of Jack's lantern,
The battlefield wears now a silent theme,
A solemn note sung unto the passing winds.

Ravi Panamanna

Mohammed Rafi - A Legendary Singer.

Mohammed Rafi requires no introduction. He is indeed a legendary singer India has ever produced. With his songs he continues to entrall many generations even after decades. He was fortunate to sing in an era when there were great lyricsists and music composers. He had a golden voice. His articulation was impeccable. He had a very noble heart also. Both as a man and a singer, he lived up to his values.

For our heart and lips,
For our solemn nights,
For our gentler moods,
Thou hath given us umpteen moments.

For our endless pastures,
For our endless raptures,
For our inner spaces,
Thou hath gifted us thy golden voice.

And we laugh and cry with thee,
We dance in merriment with thee.
And to solitary moments we return
To feelin fullness the richness of yore

Under thy wings
We are in eternal peace.
Within thy melodies
We are in perpetual drift.

Singers will come,
Songs will also come.
But thou art a refreshing spring-
The richness of yore and all 'morrow's..

Ravi Panamanna

I Wither Not As A Flower.

In kind remembrance of poets and writers of all times.

I wither not as a flower
I am a writer.
I fade not as the evening sun
I have a blessed pen.

I am the nightingale of the forest
Singing some verses of light.
I am a monk from the East
With a heart on spiritual quest.

Age cannot wither me
Nor custom stale my infinite variety.
I flow into a timeless legion
Embracing humanity as a flying pigeon.

15/02/1993

Ravi Panamanna

The Truth

If the heart is not noble
Man is only a devil.
If the mind is not a smiling moon
Man becomes a demon soon.

If the heart is not holistic
Man turns into sadistic.
If the heart is not a garden of love
Man is only full of woe.

01/01/1993

Ravi Panamanna

The Sojourn Of A Balloon.

She now rose into the sky
And vanished among the clouds.
She now floated in the air
And sailed unto umpteen dales.

Over the bridges and hedges
It was an endless flight.
Past the rivers and forests
She picked up greater heights.

The wind carried her on the lap
The clouds kissed her coloured frock.
The birds followed her course
And chatted with their newly found friend.

The sun, the moon and the stars
All greeted her in pleasant surprise.
She stopped nowhere for a moment,
She had miles and miles to go.

Finally she landed on a tree top
The leafy branches prepared a silky bed.
There she slept overnight
The forest played a solemn note.

Morning greeted her in pleasant mood
Wind was whispering so gentle.
The branches swayed a little bit
And she left her pleasant retreat.

She now left her mountain inn
She now flew for further dales.
She is now on timeless sail
She is now on endless trail.

17/11/1992

Ravi Panamanna

The Mathematics Of Life

If you add
Sorrows and happiness
The sum becomes the human life.
If you subtract
Happiness from sorrows
The net result is this living world.

We divide our joys
But not our sorrows.
Sorrows always multiply
Joys seldom add.

02/04/1991

Ravi Panamanna

The Flower Of The Heart.

This is one of my earliest poems. It contains a musical scale. Hence I wish to present this before my readers.

New born, new born, new born sweet
Lot of, lot of, lot of sweets.
Smiling, smiling, smiling moon
Are you golden, golden, crown?

Rainbow, rainbow, rainbow cheeks
Painting, painting godly grace.
Ringing, ringing, ringing smile
Singing, singing nightingale.

Blooming, blooming, blooming bud
Seeing angels dancing around?
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming rose
Thou art Nature's finest class.

Peacock, peacock, peacock dance
Virgo brings thee sweetest lass.
Butter, butter, butterflies
Knitting for thee rainbow dress.

Monkeys, monkeys Jula* make
Little queen for, for my child.
Snowy mountains, waterfalls
Rainbow ribbons for thee make.

Angel stars of forest night
Making, making necklace bright.
Hills and dales and forests stitch
Flowery, silky, dreamy dress!

Flowing, flowing, forest brook
Mirroring, mirroring moonlit frock.
Gentle hands of garden wind
Carries, carries garden cent.

Nature's cradle lulls thee sleep
Nature's songs are Brookhel tunes.
Happy, happier am I now
All my soul is filled with you.

Jula* - Swing

20/09/1976

Ravi Panamanna

Seasons

It is Spring

And the world is a bride.

It is Winter

And the world is her enchanted kiss.

It is Autumn

And the world is a sleeping beauty.

It is Monsoon

And the world is her melodious music.

It is summer

And the world is her stringless violin!

21/05/1986.

Ravi Panamanna

A Comedian

I can think, but
am not a thinker.
can write, but not
a writer either! .

I can sing, but
am not a singer.
can draw, but not
a painter too! .

I can run, but
am not a runner, can
laugh, and make the
world laugh too! .

21/05/1986

Ravi Panamanna

Love At First Sight

Love at first sight
Makes every heart feel so elate.
Love at first sight
Makes our world so bright!

It is full of romance
It is full of fragrance.
It is full of dreams-
A life as tasty as icecreams!

What is next?
Love in Tokyo,
An evening in Paris,
And a night in London.

And finally?
The winking eyes of marriage
And a divorce thereafter,
Or the doors of an abortion clinic?

20/06/1991.

Ravi Panamanna

A Road To Peace And Freedom

Man has to feel a sense of indebtedness towards people and the whole Nature. His life is a boon of this Nature and people around him but he lives as if his life is all independent and not inter-dependent. Man behaves as a thankless creature. This is the root problem. The moment we started to feel a sense of indebtedness towards the entire universe, we will become more kind and helpful towards the world around us. We will stop destroying man, property, human mind and this Nature. The effort of all religions is to bring the human mind to this attitude. All streams are not differences but only complementary functions. Till this wisdom dawns in the heart of human beings, there is no practical escape from this whirlpool. This is the clarion call of Swami Vivekananda.

We listen to this objective world
But not our inner, subjective world.
We have enough sensation
But no deep, practical vision.

We talk nonsense
And are after our senses.
We are sensitive
But not enough sensible!

We look at the sky
Our gods beyond light years lie!
Who pays a moment to look inward
To feel His grace and all rewards?

Ope the door
And fill the heart with ancient lore.
Bring in the light
And wake from a long night!

Ope the pages of epic
And become men of a rare pick!
Bring in the air of ancient sages
And stay alive like one human race!

Ope the locks of ignorance

And bring in wisdom- the fragrance.
Feel a sense of indebtedness
And see how the world is void of wickedness!

Ravi Panamanna

A Research

I do a research
On mass psychology.
Where shall I begin?
I know not.
Where shall I end?
Not beyond a monkey-
Bitten by a scorpion,
Drunken and very much lunatic
To be so sure!

25th March 1991

Ravi Panamanna

An Election Scenario

Here is a scream
And there is a gleam!
Here is a lead
And lo! it is all now dead end!

Here is an acute ache
And there is a happy face!
Here is a trail
And ah! he is on a happy sail!

Here is a cry
And there is a laughter.
Here goes a fire-work
And drab! somebody is under fire!

Here is a comedy
And there is a tragedy!
A party leads in many constituencies
And ouch! it is hung parliament once again!

And we spend every time crores,
Our democracy has become so sore!
One and three add to four always
But the acrobatics still find its own ways!

Ravi Panamanna

April 14- 1912

This was the fateful day when the Titanic met its disastrous end. This poem was composed years earlier than the film 'Titanic'. Date of composition 15th April 1992.

Here I lie-
Fathoms deep,
Deep in the heart
For decades eight.

Here I lie
Where light peeps not
Where the shores never meet
Where emotions still penetrate.

Here I lie
Buried forever
The waters engulfing
Many a dream.

Here I lie
On a voyage unfinished-
Afar from the Southampton lights
Never seeing Uncle Sam's foot lights.

Here I lie
With a night ever to remember,
The heavens opening in delight,
Many innocent souls hovering in high spirits.

Here I lie
Where a glacier loomed over the sea-
As a door unto the heavens,
As a gate unto eternity.

What was seen –
Was a lie that rose above,
Was a truth hidden by the waves and fog,

A moment reserved for me.

A bang!

And in minutes all was over!

I was torn into two

And the surging waves stood a silent witness.

Here I lie-

For decades eight,

Buried in waves

Miles so deep.

Here I lie-

Where fishes house within me,

Where the coral reefs lie far behind,

Where the ripples are ever silent.

Here I lie

Where human efforts went in vain.

The world has not forgotten me

And rises to offer a stoic salute now and then.

Ravi Panamanna

Autobiography Of A Seed

I am a seed-

I was a fruit

I was a flower

I was a tree

I was a plant

I was a seed!

Thus came the evolution

From a seed to a seed.

That was my life-

That was my beginning and end.

I begin once again

To end as another seed.

I repeat my cycles

All but to end as a seed

And to begin as a seed.

But in the process

I become many seeds,

Plants and fruits for the living world.

I am the essence of life

I am the spring of all generations.

Within me

My life is well defined

My growth is well set.

All future seeds are well preserved

An entire universe is ever present!

Ravi Panamanna

In Lingerin Reflections

Indian Postal Service has produced umpteen mail runners like this during its evolutionary period and this poem is a dedication to all these unknown mailrunners who had enlivened our hamlets by doing a selfless couriership. Now, the last mailrunner has also withdrawn from the scene.

IN MEMORY OF THE MAIL RUNNER AYAMU. He was a mail runner who ran with a mailbag upon his shoulders for umpteen seasons to my hamlet Panamanna from a Sub Post office three miles away. Six miles a day he ran by beating the seasons. He ran in the same route for decades, silently carrying the cross upon his shoulders.

The fields and waters of this hamlet,
The passing winds of yore,
Unto a fane*, face forgotten
Wait in deep reverence.

The knolls and those shady lanes,
The betony* the springs of yore hath seen
Unto a footstep, familiar but long lost
Wait in lingerin reflection.

The bamboo grove within their windy reeds,
The limner* beholding the picturesque past
Unto a frame, torn by the gales of life
Wait for the return of the native.

This thorp, while in the cradle of soft winds,
While she slept among the hurricane lanterns,
Hath for long seasons seen this face,
Hath for decades slept well under his couriership.

He was a mail runner of my hamlet,
For long seasons the carrier of her hopes and dreams.
And unto the heart of her living spirit
He hath left a lay for her surging winds.

Fane* - Sanctuary or a temple.

Betony*- A genus of plant

Limner*- A portrait in words.

Ravi Panamanna

A Perennial Flight That Life Is.

During the youthful period, most of us face the following situation when our friends would be leaving our dales in the hunt of a job. The precepitation is loneliness and a state of disappointment till we also begin to take on to our wings.

Upon these dales
We were one feather,
Being together,
One long flight
In search of grains.

Upon these branches
We were one long chirp,
Being one harp,
One endless note
In search of life.

The brook yonder,
The fields evergreen,
The melodious wind,
And these cool retreats -

These were our endless meads,
Our throbbing heart,
Our cheerful days
And moments designed for future.

Now, after long seasons,
My friends are in migration.
In search of springs of life
They are leaving these vales.

One by one
It is a long miss.
Beyond yonder hills
It is all a vanishing trail.

Here, within the veil of mist,

Melodious nights return to my dreams.
Here, within my diminishing circle
I am the only answering echo.

When my friends are busy on the fields
How can I miss the grains of life?
Life indeed is a perennial flight,
I too prepare for better sights.

26/02/2009

Ravi Panamanna

Books Are Immortal

Words are immortal. Man's consciousness is the living light.

As the waves of the sea
Books lead an immortal life.
Thro' the heart and hands of generations
They reach unknown shores and shelves.

And in those dark, dusty corners
They lead a silent, quiet life.
Their pages are worn out and torn
But the seeds are genuine and strong.

And in the appropriate winds and waters
They spring to life once again.
Voices are heard across the times
And the author or poet leaves his grave!

The reader slowly turns his head;
Casts his eyes across the old corridors.
The heart is feeling for a spring
The streams are searching their source.

Words are voices of the heart
They are the light of our consciousness.
The tides of time may swallow a book
But never buries her- man's quest is eternal.

Ravi Panamanna

A Radiant Light

IN THE LIVING MEMORIES OF VANI. DAUGHTER OF MY COLLEAGUE'S BROTHER,
SHE WAS ONLY 16. SHE WAS A BLOOMING DANCER AND SINGER AND HAD ALL
THE QUALITIES OF A NATURAL HEART- KINDNESS, LOVE AND GENTLENESS.

The bud hath closed her eyes,
Thou hath returned to thy earthy bed.
The bird hath left the dales
Thou hath left a lingering song behind.

The sweetness of thy presence
Is a ceaseless spring long after the season.
The fragrance of jasmine
Is deep in our chest long after the winds.

It was a glow, silent,
Melting the thickness of night.
It was a flow, steady,
Reaching unto the streams of life.

And, adding to our treasured memories,
Thou wert all the way, a radiant light.
It was the universal spirit
Flowing in and through all thy themes.

And breathing the Zephyrus,
Thou wert serving to eyes and every heart.
Life was beautiful but posthaste
And plucked thee before the appointed hour.

Ravi Panamanna

A Dumping Site

The autobiography of a dumping site

Once upon a time
I was a Flushing Meadow.
Within my endless bounds
Birds and winds rested on their flight.

But in the passage of time
Man's ivory towers swallowed my grounds
Leaving me to ravaging seasons.

And in the turn of events
I was a town's dumping site.
Whatever man threw into the streets
Finally reached my funeral pyre.

My charming meads were heaps of waste
Dogs and jackals hunted my grounds.
And in the eternal fire and smoke
I lost my meads- where are now those springs?

Instead of a flower-strewn hill
To passersby I am an unbearable sight.
Around me is hot wind, above me hot sun
And where are those whispering brooks?
Preempted into half cooked flesh?

Ravi Panamanna

Rushing Winds

IN MEMORY OF MY 8TH STANDARD CLASSMATE HAMZA

Standing before thy tomb
My winds are sharing my boyhood days.
Standing before my long lost friend
My streams are searching their source.

And the gates are thorwn open,
Before a classroom doth I stand.
Through the window peeps in thy face
And a bird is on his endless flight.

Iam gathering my winds,
My moments with you open their wings.
A smiling face flashes in my inward eye
And takes me to my dales once again.

For one year we were together
And then we left those dales forever.
In the passage of time afterwards
Among the city lights we met now and then.

Towards me thee had a loving heart,
Towards me thee had a soft word.
And now my fate hath taken me
To the shores of one of the deepest silence.

Ravi Panamanna

Beyond All Iambic Verses

A KERALA SCENE

Far from the maddening crowd,
Away from all Western winds,
Here is a printemps* hamlet
Upon the swing of winds

Unto the scales of our eyes
It is all a heartening sight.
Unto the richness of nature
Here is a window, a beautiful countryside.

Clouds are kissing the meads,
Butterflies bask in the dancing shades.
Ploughmen render a gladdening note
And the waking fields feel an enchanted kiss.

Here are our winged friends
Resting by a brook;
And their pleasant notes fill the air,
This is the sweetness of the hour.

She is a promiscuous lass
Wearing the face of bliss so serene
She is the poetry of Nature
Sung in grace, beyond all iambic verses.

Printemps* (French) - Means 'Spring'

Ravi Panamanna

The Unkindest Cut Of All

It is a common scene in these parts to see lorry loads of cattle being finally packed off in the following manner to reach the hands of a butcher. Is it not a sin to squeeze out their sweat and blood in this manner? When are we going to get out of our selfish motives?

In a truck, in a heap,
It is a silent march unto death.
They are dispatched to unknown shores,
They are within twilight zones.

They are packed, they are marked.
They are squeezed, their life ransacked.
Away from the meads and gentle streams
Unto sky, it is a tacit scream.

Silent are their eyes,
Violent is our vanquishing world.
And these quadrupeds in a few hours
Finally meet a butcher's dagger.

Soon they fill our palate,
Over is the long, losing battle.
Teeth and fork enter a long clatter,
A chapter closes behind a clamorous laughter.

Where are our whispering brooks?
Where are our patting hands?
Their milk is our very blood,
But in return, we draw their blood.

Ravi Panamanna

Melting Moments

Once upon a time I witnessed the following scene at a local hotel and this poem was born. If these house-flies had a voice, where would have been our ivory towers?

In a flash
The flies are to perish soon.
Drawn into a world of blue light,
It is a tremulous moment for escape.

They fly hither and thither,
It is all a frantic attempt.
And within the electric cage
They begin to feel a sense of ravage.

One by one they all perish
And reduce to a sparkling light and ash.
The others-those half dead
Struggle within a world of shocking load.

Within impossibility
They crawl for life.
Between life and death,
They are drawn to a silent depth.

And the pains of death
Hath a universal appeal.
It is a melting moment
Which goes beyond our ivory towers.

Ravi Panamanna

From A Crumbling Tavern

No nation prospers
If she loses her character.
Man has to be proper
Else; our days are to be bitter.

It is a man made plight,
Man is often not upright.
Wisdom- where is the internal light?
We walk into the darkness of night.

Holy books do we possess
But where is the Man so pious?
We bark at each other's belief
And press human mind into incalculable grief.

Who really tries to help each other
Than wish to remain in power?
Out of greed nations declare war
And make millions shatter their dreams.

Our plight is so bad,
Man is often sadistic.
If blood is life's only answer
How can man escape from terror?

Ravi Panamanna

Whimsical Look

That whimsical look-
How shall I express it?
When the lovers departed,
When we left our homes,
When we finally broke our roots?

A voice within deeply stirred
that made our horizons silent.
Something deeply we felt
that gathered our flown moments.
Something more than the words
that our tears conveyed.

We were swept by a wave,
We witnessed a tremulous wind.
And we left our taverns,
Leaving a sigh behind.

And for a moment we closed our eyes,
We held our years deep in our breath.
A bow unto all lived moments-
And we walked to unknown dales.

Ravi Panamanna

When The Winds Carried A Song

Upon the distant meads
Lay the sunflowers in a quiet dream.
On a station platform
I stood watching the scences.

An amorous note stirred the air,
Vendors ran in breathless speed.
Cart wheels rolled under my feet
And a magazine seller unto me pushed his stand.

While he made his sales
His lips followed tunes.
A couple of old Hindi songs-
And he threw me upon the shores of yore.

To a plane of sung away moments
He lifted my spirits.
To horizons lustrous but long unvisited
He made me a clean sweep.

There- I stood listening him,
He was feeling the winds deep within.
And he wheeled away to a corner
Pouring out the richness of his life.

Ravi Panamanna

What Winds And Seasons Dared Not

THIS COULD BE FATE OF NATURE WITH MAN AND HIS AXE

Once upon a time
This was a flower strewn hill.
Upon the lap of eternal winds
She was the visitation of springs.

And she was a pleasing sight,
Her grass was a golden treasure.
Herd of sheep, resting birds,
Shady grove- rich were her open meads.

By a stream she led a virginic life,
To the passing clouds she lent her dreams.
To moonlit nights she opened her wings
And for eons to peace she was wedded.

Seasons danced upon her chest,
Winds were gentle throughout.
But man and his axe- it left a deep cut,
Before his might, she met a miserable plight.

Half of her flesh is gone,
Half of her limbs are gone.
And there, she is breathing her last,
She hath only dust for all searching eyes.

Ravi Panamanna

The Twilight Hues

A TRAIN ACCIDENT AT KADALUNDI RIVER, KERALA, INDIA FOR THE MANGALORE-CHENNAI MAIL, SEVERAL YEARS AGO. AFTER THE RESTORATION OF THE BRIDGE, THE ILL FATED DRIVER TAKES HIS MAIDEN RUN. WHAT ALL THOUGHTS MIGHT NOT HAVE GONE THROUGH HIS MIND....!

As the train approaches the bridge
The driver, out of his cabin
Passeth a glance unto the river
And deep within closes his eyes.

Boundless he weeps, prays in whispering tones
And casts an eye over the passing clouds.
The rains are now over, it is twilight,
He listens to the tale of the passing wind.

Upon the bridge he stoppeth the train,
For a moment returns to himself and that rueful eve'.
Upon the waters he showers flowers
And in deepening sighs prays for the departed souls.

And his thoughts fly back, sees that eve',
Listens to the howling wind, sees rainy hours.
He was at the helm, the destined driver-
To be among a tragedy and disastrous scenes.

Now, as the train passeth over the bridge
He, from his cabin views the gorgeous river.
Beyond all ripples and whirls
The twilight hues are as silent as his very heart.

Ravi Panamanna

The Voice Of The World

What is the voice of this world in truth?

The voice of the world
Is a big noise-
Of praise and flattery,
Of promises that are never kept,
Of revolt and never ending violence.
Of ranks and dispositions,
Of the ways to become rich,
Of the utterance of peace and harmony.

The voice of the world-
Is not really the voice of our heart,
Is not so nice as we think,
Is not softer as we normally expect,
Is not above a class feeling.

The voice of the world
Is a big cry unheard-
Of shattered dreams,
Of hunger and pain,
Of possessed and unresponded love.

And the voice of the world,
Finally is a deepening silence!

Ravi Panamanna

Timeless Space

FEELING FOR THE SOURCE OF GANGES- MANASA SAROVAR

My eyes are blest,
Nature unveils her splendor.
My heart is light,
Nature speaks thro' her silence.

These snow clad mountains
Take my winds thro' centuries.
These waters pure and divine
Take my wings thro' eons.

And my spirit is elevated,
Timeless space embraces me.
And before me opens a door-
I am witnessing the glories of lord.

And the mist over the mountains,
The quiet birds listening to the streams,
The pines whispering to the winds
And the peaks rich with golden hue-

In a mood Iam swept away,
Iam listening to an ancient lore.
Into a stream of silence I return,
Iam back to my own womb.

Ravi Panamanna

The Wedlock

Beyond the bondage
Is a lingering thought.
Beyond the wedlock,
Is a whispering heart.

Beyond the meads
Is an endless horizon.
Beyond the woods,
Is a ceaseless chirp.

Beyond the sweetness of the day
Is the dale of love.
Beyond the taste of pastry,
Is the taste of life.

And I wish thee
A well knit, harmonious life.
May the winds be ever gentle,
The springs be under thy chest

Ravi Panamanna

Oh! Cradle! Cradle!

Who can forget the dawn of their life?

Oh! Cradle, cradle!

Pour forth thy melodies,

pour forth thy nocturnes,

pour forth thy motherly kisses.

Oh! Cradle, cradle!

Return my heavens,

take me in thy swing

to the land of angels and dreams.

Oh! Cradle, cradle!

I feel thy feathers upon my chest.

Who can forget the dawn?

Thee opened me the gates of life,

thee woke me up from an eternal sleep.

Oh! Cradle, cradle!

That was the beginning of a stream,

that was a bed of roses.

Take me upon thy wings

and bring me the sweetness of my yore.

Ravi Panamanna

Living Away From Springs.

IN LIVING MEMORIES OF KEATS, SHELLY AND WORDSWORTH.

Oh! My blind friend,
Thou art missing a great treasure.
Thou art not artless
But surely miss the beauty of the dales.

Oh! My deaf friend,
Thou art missing the real voices of life.
Thou art hearing the verses
But not listening to the whispering winds.

Hamsted Heath in thy case is a missing link,
Shelly to your heart is only an empty shell.
And the noble visions of Wordsworth
Oh! to you are less inspiring and waste.

Being romantic or not
Is thine individual perception.
To be in a desert or in the woods
Is thine individual choice.

But why disclaim all the richness of life
And be living as an orphan?
Oh! where doth thee stand, my friend
And be starving without a real heart?

Ravi Panamanna

A Tempered Wind

Transformation for man is really possible.

Once a gale,
A tempest of emotion.
Now a vale,
A happy sail.

Once a gush,
A roaring waterfall.
Now a gentle splash,
Quieting ripples.

Beyond temptations,
Beyond confusions,
He is now a tempered wind,
He is now a happy glade.

It is now a rebirth,
It is now a reflection.
Beyond doubt and reason
He values faith – the meads of life.

He hath reached the inn,
He hath seen the truth.
Life to him is no more a mountain
But pasturage, full of fountains.

Ravi Panamanna

The Feathers

What lies beyond the sunset?

Opening hues

Twinkling stars

A waking moon

Or a dreaming night?

What lies beyond our eyes?

A thickening mist

An inviting silence

An endless meadow

Or an eternal bliss?

What lies beyond our dreams?

A ray of light

An eternal blankness

An oblivious space

Or a timeless passage?

What lies beyond our life?

A funeral pyre

A dirge, a monument

A rebirth, the voice of the earth

Or the feathers we left in our cage?

Ravi Panamanna

When The Winds Began To Speak

Deep buried in the silence of time,
Left to the winds of yore,
In the wilderness of this desert
I was sleeping for centuries.

Between me and the passage of time
Eclipsed so many civilizations.
Between me and the present excavation
Many empires were smeared and smothered.

And as a skull and a few bones,
I am before you on a table.
Holding the breathe and without a wink,
Thou art busily writing my horoscope.

Deep in the sands of lost horizons
You are listening to the voice of my civilization.
In search of those missing links,
Thou art verily sweating thy hours.

But between the lines
You forget one thing.
Beyond the Space and Time
I too was a man just like you.

Ravi Panamanna

A Poem Of Flesh And Blood

A SCENE FROM A CHICKEN CENTRE. IF ALL THESE HELPLESS CREATURES
BEGAN TO SPEAK.....

The grills are open
and we are free to escape.
The skies are open
and we are free on our wings.

But we are flightless,
we are on the passage of twilight.
Squeals from behind shatter our dreams,
our friends are strangled to death.

An escape is a vain attempt;
we are living within a tempest.
The butcher's knife is on the go
and the imminent truth is very plain.

Any moment the curtains could be drawn,
we are already in the waiting list.
No more moments are glorious for us,
no more dawns are in our reserve.

The buyer's choice finally bangs our doors,
our flesh is measured, price fixed.
A squeal and a breathless moment...,
Our life is drawn by the hungry world.

Ravi Panamanna

#vôtre Affectueusement

AUX VENTS DE JEUNESSE DE L'HOMME

Un scintillement tiennent le premier rôle glissé à moi
Comme le regard enchanté thy.
Une pléthore de cumulent deux emplois
Balayé au-dessus de moi
Comme le baiser enchanté thy.

Une vague de la mélodie a rempli mon coeur
Comme la voix thy de bonbon à miel.
Une vague de solitude
Disparu de ma vie
Comme le thee a commencé à chuchoter chez moi.

Et maintenant, chronométrez doucement les écoulements,
Le hath de ruisseau a laissé les vallées.
Je vois un visage de sourire
Là où impressions d'angles de saturation d'un rêve,
Là où mes pensées ardentes dorment doucement.

Art de Thou hors de mes vallées;
Art de Thou hors de mes ressorts.
Pourtant je me sens contesté
Hath de Thee doué à mes vents de jeunesse
Une poésie de chuchotement pour le reste de mon séjour

French translation of 'Yours affectionately' to popularise the theme among the French.

Ravi Panamanna

#nach Diesem Grab

Licht nicht eine Lampe
Nach diesem Grab.
In es kann umkommen
Wenig fliegt.

Betrieb nicht ein Baum
nach diesem Grab.
In es kann eine Nachtigall sitzen
und singen Sie ein bejammerndes Lied.

Schreiben Sie nicht einen Epitaphen
Nach diesem Grab.
Es kann verbläßt
Im Verlauf des Führens der Winde.

Tropfen nicht ein Riß
nach diesem Grab.
In ihm liegt ein lebendes yore,
Iam gefegt in ein unbekanntes Ufer.

Jahreszeiten sind meine Freunde,
Jeder Frühling ist eine endlose Kaskade.
Hier sind die überschreitenen Winde meine
Der Dale der Liebe ist Synonym.

My poem 'Upon this grave' being translated to German to popularise the theme among the Germans.

Ravi Panamanna

#les Annales De La Vie

Aux cieus occidentaux
Elle fait son vol de matin.
Aux eaux de la vie
Elle l'ouvre dehors des ailes.

Thro' l'épaisseur de la brume de matin,
Il est tout un vol seul.
Sur elle ailes et coffre de palpitation
Elle porte l'appel de ses poussins.

Jusqu'à la veille, dans des pensées ardentes,
Ils regardent fixement aux cieus occidentaux.
Et à la vue de leur mère
Ils sont dessinés à un bonheur céleste.

Là après la lassitude d'un jour
Elle est de nouveau dans son arbre de châtaigne.
D'un jet éloigné et des champs venteux,
Elle hath a apporté les grains de la vie.

Et elle le partage avec ses poussins,
Les nourrit à la nuit silencieuse et se réveillant rêve.
Et, se sentant pour les hydromels éloignés,
Elle la ferme des yeux pour encore un autre vol de matin.

Translation of 'The Annals of life' into French meant to popularise the theme among the French people.

Ravi Panamanna

#sur Cette Tombe

Lumière pas une lampe
Sur cette tombe.
Dans lui peut périr
Peu vole.

Usine pas un arbre
sur cette tombe.
Dans lui peut reposer un rossignol
et chantez une chanson de lamentation.

Écrivez pas un épitaphe
Sur cette tombe.
Il peut se fanent
Au cours de passer des vents.

Baisse pas une larme
sur cette tombe.
Dans elle se situe une vie jadis,
Iam balayé dans un rivage inconnu.

Les saisons sont mes amis,
Chaque ressort est une cascade sans fin.
Ici, les vents de dépassement sont les miens
La vallée de l'amour est synonyme.

Note: - French translation of 'Upon this grave'

Ravi Panamanna

Michel Angelo

Along the avenues of Florence,
Here goes a man at the wake of dawn
Making no stir upon the passersby.
Along the silent streets
Here goes a man in the veil of mist
Not stirred by the waking scenes.

In a broad brimmed felt hat,
Within his dog-skin boots without socks,
He treads along a solitary figure.
All thro' the previous night,
With his mallet and tools,
He was in the womb of creation.

And, upon the blocks of marble,
It was an endless clang.
All thro' the silent night,
The goat grease candle was a silent witness.
And, if one sought his address,
He was to get a real shock.
Pieta and Sistine vault scenes-
He is the spring of the Florentine meads.

Ravi Panamanna

Nicholus Copernicus

A place wedded to long winters,
The Warmanian winds are sharp.
Her summers are short and mild,
The springs and autumns silvery frost.

A land of fascinating charm and beauty,
Autumn blazes her red and gold
Of the leaves and the purple hues of heather.
Splendid pine forest, dusky oak woods,
Lilies of the vale and pink and blue lupins-
Her landscape is like a magical carpet.

Her cold Northern blue sky is glassy;
The moon and stars over there are candid,
And the enveloping darkness seems so near and pellucid.
In the shimmering black velvet of the night,
Like a silver nail hammered into it,
Each celestial body is silently glistening.

Lying at a fork in the river Lyna,
From the turret of a house in Lidzbark Castle,
Unto the heavens a youth is in a silent communion
And to him they are whispering their age old tales.

Ravi Panamanna

Missing The Philosophy Of Life

Life is an oceanic sway
with umpteen hidden whirls,
Where, often is a separation
than a re-union,
Getting our shores into oblivion.

Life is an endless stage
with countless actors,
Where, often we miss our roles
and deliver not our dialogues,
Finally shrinking into a monologue.

Life is a humorist's paradise
and a pessimist's hell,
When, often we worry about
missing life at many angles,
Getting lost in the wilderness.

Life is a big banyan tree
with roots in the spiritual plane,
Where, often we stand under the shades
missing a deep breathe,
Missing the philosophy of life.

Ravi Panamanna

An Enchanted Kiss.

Far from my hamlet,
Far from my native haunts,
I am here- in a dazzling world,
I am here- on a land of endless parade.

After a long flight
I am amidst the charming Boston lights.
I am standing in a different world
I am feeling a different mould.

Snow is covering the land
Leaves are falling around.
It is all a solemn note;
Birds have left the dales.

Along the crescent walks
I am strolling all alone.
It is a quiet evening
And my poesy takes an enchanted kiss.

As I cover these avenues
I feel close to my heart and gathering winds.
Nature before me is a quiet lass,
And takes me thro' to my hamlet in all her grace.

Note: - My father-in-law had once flown to Boston and his impressions are
penned here by me.

Ravi Panamanna

To The Silent Night

Night!

Thee, a sleeping beauty –
across the blues
and over the endless dales

Night!

Thee, a soulful song –
of the forest nightingale,
across the slumbering hills
and over *Nila's silent whirls.

Night!

Thee, a dancing sonnet –
of the world of dreams,
from the depth of space
unto the silent stars
and melting into moonlight.

Night!

Thee, nature's fiddle –
playing the silver streaks,
sailing unto the shores of sleep,
trickling into the stillness air,
and lending the world
a stream of solemn moments.

Night!

Thee, a pool of dream,
gliding in the crescent moon,
where mercuric angels dance
when the spring girl of the forest
weds the little brook yonder
and brings a little archangel
to my parish little hut.

Dear readers: This is an old composition. This dates back to April 1981.

*Nila - Popularly known as the river 'Bharathapuzha' which is the living throb of

my state Kerala.

Ravi Panamanna

Thomas Alva Edison's Boyhood

During his early life, Edison took various jobs in a running train which ran from Port Huron to Detroit. The train had a halt of six hours at Detroit and young Edison stole these hours to go to Detroit Public Library and read scientific books. It was the beginning of a long innings. All generations should read his biography and take a leaf out of it. This is my earnest view.

Thomas Edison was born in Milan on 11/02/1848. On the threshold of his 151st birthday, I dedicate the following poem in his memory.

INTO THE SPRINGS OF CREATIVE HOURS - Edison defined Genius in this way: - 'Genius is one percent inspiration and ninety-nine percent perspiration'. My salutations to this wonderful man and scientist of all times.

It is dawn and the winds are soft;
St.Clair's waters are not yet awake.
Birds are just opening their wings
And a boy is hurrying into a nearby station.

Fruit baskets and paper bundles in hands,
With Parker's Chemistry deep in the heart,
He is into the portals of Port Huron,
He is into his dreams and streams of waking life.

The Detroit bound train blows her whistle
And he begins his breezy hours in the train.
At the moment he is a fruit seller
And between the stations he is in his running lab.

With a press and a lab in the running train,
History peeps unto his dingy cabin.
He is in the world of experiments;
He is in the workshop of "Weekly Herald";

Past Mt.Clemens and Smith Creek stations

Detroit Public Library brings in surging winds.
And he is into the springs of his creative hours;
He is into the dales of everlasting seasons.

Ravi Panamanna

The Dale Of Dearest Visions.

With a heart profound and deep,
With memories lush and evergreen,
A bird leaves a forest glade
In the force of life and winds.

From the vales familiar and beautiful,
From the horizons long possessed,
She is leaving the dale of dearest visions
In search of further wings and songs.

Deep in the forest glade
Her seasons were fresh and cool.
The winds were soft
Her days were a gift.

Near a gentle brook
Was her dwelling branch.
Life was a meditation,
Life was a communion.

Near the love dale
Was an ancient fort.
Yonder among the mist
Was a blue mountain.

For years over eighteen
It was a happy dwell.
The chirps around her
Were her own heart, glee.

Now she is leaving this glen,
Her friends, seasons, her own very breath.
Deep within is a living song,
Deep within is a cascade of life.

Ravi Panamanna

Thoughts Before A Divorce

A PLEAD UNTO ALL COUPLES - Let there be no divorce in this world.

You are leaving my dales
But not from my dreams.
All around me is a mist,
Love is whispering so listless.

What was wrong between us?
Can the passing wind answer?
We were poles apart
But every living moment now tells-
We were really one heart.

A paper can tear our life
And I no longer am thy wife.
I can't bear the thought;
Where are our springs gone?

I am thine
And you are mine.
But we have drawn a line
And stand on either side in pain.

What for? my heart is broken.
I realise- marriage is more than a flare
And a divorce is a painful affair.

Ravi Panamanna

The Tale Of Fallen Telegraphic Posts.

Along the sideways of these endless tracks
We are breathing our last.
Among the railroad stocks,
We are for many years dead and gone.

The days of telegraphy are over
And here we lay an abandoned lot.
As the leaning tower of Pisa,
We stand to beaten weather and wilder winds.

We stand wingless against the sky,
A few birdies perch on our fallen hands.
With a stoop and a lean sideways,
We forever leave the portals of life.

From station to station unto thy destination,
Once we had kept an eagle's sensation.
From end to end it was a tempestuous dive
And breathing our winds, the trains stayed alive.

And in the course of changing tides,
Our pastures were coming to a land slide.
And in the changing vignette of life,
We fell from the richness of our dales.

Once I was going by train to Mumbai and the sight of fallen telegraphic posts along the side of the tracks resulted in the above poem.

Ravi Panamanna

The Festival

The streets are never asleep,
It is festival all around.
In these passing winds
It is a living call from olden grounds.

From places afar kith and kin arrive,
It is once again a family reunion.
The feel is nostalgic,
The springs are very deep.

It is a clamorous week,
Balloons and bubbles fill the air.
People float as drifting rafts,
They are in their bosom winds.

It is all an endless wander,
It is all a fleeting vision.
The chariots roll their beaten ways
And in ravishment people are set to sail.

Carrying sweets and sweetness of the day
To places sons and daughters finally return.
Sitting in the distant bound trains
They sigh to behold the lost moments.

Kalpathy Temple Car (Chariot) festival is a popular festival. It has National importance. Kalpathy is a village within the town of Palakkad. Palakkad is one of the District Headquarters of Kerala State. Every year the festival falls during November. I live within beck and call distance of this Kalpathy village.

Ravi Panamanna

My Living India

Looking back
She hath a rich vedic treasure.
Looking ahead,
She hath vistas in every measure.

Upon the bosom of snowy peaks
She is resting her head.
Upon the waters of ceaseless waves
She is resting her feet.

In her playgrounds
Banyan shades are rich.
And the Ganges is a living theme,
Her waters to all clan sing an ancient lore.

Even beyond umpteen invasions,
After a long imprisonment,
She is a living mother
Whose breast milk is richer and sweet.

And unto the world
She hath a living message.
'May the entire world live in peace'-
Her ancient caves bless all generations.

Ravi Panamanna

Homeward Plods A Weary Ploughman

Beyond the window
Is the setting sun.
Beyond the fields
Is the spreading twilight.

Beyond the mountains
Is a lingering silhouette.
Beyond the seas
Is a becoming night.

The waves are ceaseless
The air is vibrant.
The voice of the wind
Is but an endless whisper.

Birds are returning homeward
And homeward plods a weary ploughman.
The curtain is getting drawn,
Shadows are cast over the dales.

This composition was done when my father was in a comatic stage during the end of his life.

Ravi Panamanna

The Winds Of My Alma Mater

TO MY BYGONE COLLEGE DAYS.

As I entered the meads after an eclipse,
Winds began rushing in.

As I visited the springs after a long time
A nightingale began opening her lute.

And from the rich and shady quadrangle,
I was thrown to a striking world.
Einstein and Edison bound my thoughts
And filled every inch of my heart.

I was breathing those winds,
The scientist in me was voicing again.
Those creative years from a long sleep
Stirred my mind to an immeasurable depth.

My friend Job and his 'Book Centre' in the town,
'Science Today' and those absorbing hours,
'Eureka'* and the flair for my pen
All stormed in fleeting moments.

And in those rocking waves
I was swept to unknown shores.
And in those drowning moments I realised-
I was perpetually caught by those youthful winds.

*Eureka - Children's science monthly published in Malayalam

Ravi Panamanna

Surging Winds

IN MEMORY OF MY FATHER

This is the end of my road;
The end of my sojourn.
Beyond the Nila, this fabulous river,
My dales are only the whispering fields.

Here, where the waters are ever cool,
Where Nature is calm and serene,
I am given an eternal rest,
I am given to my own roots.

Roots- I am listening to my winds,
Roots- my native haunts are not far off.
To these umpteen hamlets I belong,
To my forefathers' cradle I return.

Yonder in the North is a railway station;
The whistle of life is in perfect continuation.
Upon these banks is an ancient temple;
In these burial grounds is a languid silence.

These waters are my eternal theme;
These playgrounds are my perpetual call.
Here is the lasting whisper of my heart,
Here is the parting of my many decades.

Ravi Panamanna

The Most Unkindest Cut Of All

It is a common scene in these parts to see truck loads of cattle being despatched in the following manner to finally reach the hands of a butcher. Is it not a sin to squeeze out their sweat and blood in this manner? When will be the world out of its selfish motives?

In a truck, in a heap,
It is a silent march unto death.
They are despatched to unknown shores,
They are within twilight zones.

They are packed, they are marked.
They are squeezed, their life ransacked.
Away from the meads and gentle streams,
Unto sky, it is a tacit scream.

Silent are their eyes,
Violent is our vanquishing world.
And these quadrupeds in a few hours
Finally meet a butcher's dagger.

Soon they fill our palate,
Over is the long, losing battle.
Teeth and fork enter a long clatter,
A chapter closes behind a clamorous laughter.

Where are our whispering brooks?
Where are our patting hands?
Their milk is our very blood,
But in return, we draw their blood.

Ravi Panamanna

A Timeless Echo

Eons sleep within her
And seasons have left her virgin.
I am holding a pebble
And I am reading my own past.

Timeless dreams sleep within her
And whispers are distinctly heard.
In her heart to the core
I am feeling the winds of yore.

A cave man stands before me
And a giant lizard leaps at me!
I am reopening a tale
And a civilization resurrects before me.

I am seeing a distant dale,
I am listening to a distant stream.
And in the cradle of timeless snow
I am swept to unknown shores.

In the vastness of depthless heights
She was in the arms of clouds.
Now, from the meads of that silence
She is throwing a timeless picture unto me.

Ravi Panamanna

The Right Seasons

There is a time for everything-
To be born
To expire
To marry,
And to be a parent.

There is a time for everything-
A plant to flower,
A tree to bear,
A Spring to awaken birds,
A dale to blossom.

There is a time for everything-
A girl to be a bride,
A river to flow in full,
Snows to melt,
The summer heat to disappear.

There is a time for everything-
To get a pat and start,
To get a whip and go,
To get a face-lift,
To melt the shadows of night.

Seeds are deep in the earth,
Seasons take care of their sprout.
What may be a long, silent spell
Need not be in toto a death knell-
Time takes care of the swell.

Ravi Panamanna

The Flag Within Us

The blood is still hot,
A few have been shot.
It endorses our madness,
We are marching into darkness.

Our flags are flying high,
But our hearts are wandering low.
Knife to the present world, sure,
Is more than a vegetable chopper.

Many political victims are born,
Innocent families, to forlornness are thrown.
Who sees their ceaseless tears,
Who is prompting a cease-fire?

Man is on an endless feud,
Life has become so nude.
Where is our ancient torch?
Life is getting beyond repair.

There is a flag within us,
It is flagging our senses.
We are becoming too flagitious,
Our future at this rate is not prosperous.

Ravi Panamanna

Unto All Generations

Breaking the silence of night
She supplicates unto our eternal dreams.
Knocking at our doors
She whispers unto our meads and ivory towers-

Of peace that was never won by war,
Of promised lands never regained by guns,
Of the gentle winds never born out of fire and smoke,
Of the conquest of the world thro' the roaring missiles.

And there, in search of an oasis
She flees from a barking world.
As the naked truth of war
She scampers, lo! In her birthday suit!

A girl of eight,
All the way she is in a roaring pain.
In raised hands
She implores unto our endless nights.

Beyond her cradles and gentle winds
She is frantic for a fondling touch.
Knocking down all our vanity fairs
She is raining unto our hearts and all generations.

Ravi Panamanna

Bombs And Tombs

He blew a bomb,
There was an endless sob.
He charged his sword,
No more was a peaceful world.

He uttered enough slang,
From the world he received slaps.
To the core, he was a conceit,
The world was under his feet.

Blood for blood-
Often his sins returned.
And began the long reflection,
He was slowly into a transformation.

And no more was his life a vengeance,
His life was full of fragrance.
He played an amorous tune,
To every heart it brought lore.

A war upon man is a curse,
No injurious thought, let us nurse.
Man is but blasting bombs,
He is preparing countless tombs.

Ravi Panamanna

Where Are Our Pleasant Dales?

Man hath conquered the outer space
But not his inner, living space.
Science to our life is a boon
But our springs are remaining far behind.

Man's telescope scans the universe
But doesn't scale his inner verses.
To computers we remain ever hooked,
But to heart we remain not linked.

Our world is a narrow thought,
The ancient lantern, we have lost-
Of culture and booming heritage,
To mentally end up dry and savage.

Man hath reached out to stars,
But doesn't stop his earthly wars.
Somewhere, a bottle of blood is a must,
Somewhere, blood is drawn out of lust.

Man and his life are a boon,
We fight but to perish soon.
Where are our streams, our pleasant dales?
All are disappearing in an approaching gale.

Ravi Panamanna

The Builders

Past umpteen hamlets and coasts,
My train chases a flying cat!
Past the hills and depthless vales,
Her wheels catch the racing clouds.

She flies past a bickering world,
Precipitous scenes disappear in winking speed.
Deep flowing streams meet and greet,
Bridges rattle under my very feet.

Before those unknown men I bow
Who hath lent their heart and core
To lay these endless, solid tracks,
Linking these dales and distant lands.

Rain or shine, day or night,
They conquered the ravaging seasons.
Cliffs and ravines, woods and alleys,
They conquered all these immeasurable peaks.

To places and Nature, I am linked,
To these builders, I am indebted.
And in this whispering beauty, I listen-
'Tarry, my friend, these dales are ever green'.

Ravi Panamanna

A Legendary Traveler

Feeling for the winds of yore
The old man glanced at the fabulous river.
Sitting under the shades
He screwed up his beard in reflection.

And it was a silent march of decades,
A parade of seasons upon his chest.
And into the winds and rains of his past
He steered his ferry; memories ever green.

These banks were his cradle
These waters were his contented life.
From the age of eight to eighty three
This ferry was synonym of his life.

And across these banks
He ferried his pastures and dreams.
Upon these waters and winds of yore
He left a tale for the passing clouds.

Within the winds and the winding courses
He met his life with all affections.
Beyond these hamlets, these surging waters
He steered not his ferry and dreams.

Downstream a mile away
Hammers were already at work-
A dam was coming,
Roots were disappearing..

Hamlets began moving upstream,
Houses dismantled, carried upon shoulders.
There- in front of his old courtyard
He sat looking at the disappearing scenes.

Wooden walls began to creek,
The gambrel roof opened to howling winds.
And listening to the waters of yore
He slowly descended the steps.

Beyond the endless splash
It was all an open sky.
And within a deepening silence
He left his cradle as a legendary traveler.

Ravi Panamanna

A Benevolent Heart

Far from the maddening crowd,
Here is a man
Making rare inroads into life.
Far from the din of the world,
Here is a loving heart
Whispering universal brotherhood.

Far in the silent woods
He leads a peaceful life.
To the beckoning heart of nature
He lends a consoling hand.

And his monkeys and squirrels,
Winged and gilled clan is blest.
In the warmth of supreme love
He feeds them rice and grains.

And he spends his treasure,
Tailed and winged clique is safe.
And through their silent eyes
He sees the expressions of god.
Blest is his soul-he serves his heart
And where are our springs? very much torn apart.

Ravi Panamanna

The Deepness Of Motherhood

As I pass along these corridors
I am into an endless prayer.
As I leave this Children's Cancer Ward
I am in the womb of my silence.

Here, the vales are deep and dark,
Wind hath flown into distant dales.
Blooming buds eye for streams,
Twittering wings long for caring winds.

And thro' the window slit
The sun is throwing his last peep.
It is now becoming twilight,
The bells are tolling for yet another night.

It is a long, disturbing spell,
Mothers deep within fall.
It is a stirring moment-
A beckoning call unto gods.

Stars are twinkling yonder,
A rumbling sound is heard- of an approaching thunder.
Buds are waking into a dream,
In the trail remains a silent scream.

Upon the lap of Mother Earth
Buds are withering forever.
A dropp of tear chills their blood
And silently witness the deepness of motherhood.

Ravi Panamanna

A Weighing Breast For A Waking Life

It is a beating summer,
All the birds have left the dales.
It is a beating March,
All the rivers are dreaming for rains.

And in that sweat
I am listening to an endless clatter.
A track is being repaired,
Hammers are at work.

And under a shady bower,
Upon the lap of a swing,
A baby sleeps in soft dreams,
She is in the care of winds.

Her mother is hammering for life,
Sun is merciless upon her breast.
Now and then, she peeps unto the bower
And listens for a cry too supple for her breast

And the mother returns her eyes,
She is back into her routine winds.
Beyond a weighing hammer
She carries a weighing breast for a waking life.

Ravi Panamanna

A Glorious Life

From the meads of night
Stars are peeping unto a temple ground.
And upon a stone pillar
A solitary earthen oil lamp
Struggles through her last phase.

A distant bark, a singular footstep,
A sudden cry of a bird-
All the lamps are gone in the wind
But this delta of light
Solemnly torches the night.

Conically below her the shadow falls,
It dances in the wind.
Her bright yellow is now point red,
She is in a palmy battle with the wind.

The wind now leaves for the distant dales,
In a moment she returns to life.
For the benefit of one and two passersby
It has given her a lease of life.

And there- she lights the night dimly
Burning a better life than the distant stars.

Ravi Panamanna

The Banyan Tree

A hamlet and her quietness,
A temple and her serenity,
The fields and her windy meads
And a banyan tree centuries old.

Her sprawling foliage,
A passing life's secured roof.
Before their flight unto the slumbering hills
Winds take here a momentary rest.

And under her shady canopy
Gods witness eternal space and time.
Cows take a mid noon nap, and
A piper unto the blues opes his melodious lute.

And for fresh air and rejuvenating moments
A few passersby find here a resting place.
To beggars she lends her cool breezes
And to birds, her swinging branches.

And in the eve' the 'oldies' of the hamlet
On her stony pavements gather, life is a gentle brook.
It is now twilight, and within her closing notes
A solitary lamp burns unto the silence of night.

Ravi Panamanna

A Pilgrimage

Every wind of my hamlet
unto me tells a whispering tale.
Every visit to my hamlet
unto me is now a pilgrimage.

Her green meads, waters and fields,
Those shady lanes, that solemn silence,
Her glimmering hurricane lanterns by night,
Gentle reveries woken by the silent moonlight.

My cousins, those poignant vacations,
My ancestral house, those twilight incantations,
The temple, that long whispering stillness,
And the stars twinkling in quietness.

From the din of the world
As I pass unto these scenes,
A solitary chirp is visibly heard,
A movement within is deeply felt.

Now, as I take a dip in this river,
She embraces me like a fondling mother.
And her wavelets in silence ask-
'Where were you my boy all these years? '

Ravi Panamanna

Sylvan Meads

From the dales of my past
A whispering bourn is heard.
Beyond the din of the world
Waking fields are seen.

And to sylvan meads I doth fly,
My school days ope their wings.
Miles and miles flash before my eyes,
And corporeal scenes embrace my chest.

Sisters of the neighboring houses,
Teachers coming beyond my lane,
Boys living in the distant farm houses
Streamed into one beyond my fence

At par with the flying clouds
It was a voice unto the roots of life.
And our teachers from their inner recesses
Kindled light to meet the darkness of our future.

Those seasons submerged into our veins,
Winds were soft on the wake of our life.
And looking back to those good old days
It was all a treasure lending us a bucolic mind.

Ravi Panamanna

The Voice Of The Good Earth

I give thee my resources-
My winds and springs,
My fields and streams,
And a wealth of mines.

I give thee my dreams-
A place to live in,
A land to trod on,
A bower to rest in.

I give thee my seasons-
To make thy granary full,
To feel the hues of life,
To feel the living Nature.

I give thee my richness-
My undivided dales,
My wooded lands,
And my coral isles.

But a wicked seller thou art,
Trample the meads dividing life and heart.
Remember-Thou art blest for your need,
But not for thy overwhelming greed.

Ravi Panamanna

The Song Of The Open Road

Ye my traveler,
Where is thy meeting place?
Yonder over the dales,
Or beyond the rushing gales?

Ye my traveler,
How many taverns so far?
Only a few cozy rooms
Or umpteen open grounds?

Ye my traveler,
How many hamlets so far?
A few cities' buzzing streets
Or traveling among the village scenes?

Ye my traveler,
What is following thy lips?
A song unto the blooming buds,
Or a heart given to pessimistic mood?

Ye my traveler,
What is weighing thy bag?
A lending heart,
Or the pebbles of yore?

Ye my traveler,
Rest a moment under these shades.
Share thy tales, listen to the streams,
And glide along as the song of the open road.

Ravi Panamanna

Ship And Friendship

Ship is moored in a port
Friendship blossoms in the heart.
Ship is tossed by winds
Friendship withstands any wind.

Ship cruises along the sea
Friendship- the depth one can't see.
A ship takes you to many lands
Friendship shows you many wonderlands.

A ship carries tons of cargo
Friendship- strong and pure is void of ego.
A ship sails unto new horizons,
Friendship opens new horizons.

A ship is caught in ice-berg,
Friendship gets beyond all ice-bergs.
A ship sinks in the waters
Friendship gets beyond all Waterloos.

Ravi Panamanna

Obsequies

As he received the cheque
A bird struggled within his ribs.
As he encashed it
He had his umbilical cord cut.

For centuries that ancestral house was a cradle,
Generations lived under her wings.
And as a banyan tree
She served his hamlet for umpteen seasons.

Within her corridors
Life blossomed into timeless dales.
And her living spaces forever echoed-
'Charity begins at home'.

But in the cycle of time
She was left to forlorn winds.
And for long years, in silence,
She waited for her lost children to return.

And the perching birds were her console,
The peeping moonlight her nightly friend.
And now she is waiting her funeral pyre,
He has performed the last rites.

Ravi Panamanna

Yours Affectionately

A twinkling star glided unto me
Like thy enchanted look.
A flood of moonlight
Swept over me
Like thy enchanted kiss.

A wave of melody filled my heart
Like thy honey sweet voice.
A wave of solitude
Disappeared from my life
As thee began to whisper within me.

And now, time gently flows,
The brook hath left the dales.
I see a smiling face
Where dwells impressions of a dream,
Where my ardent thoughts gently sleep.

Thou art out of my vales;
Thou art out of my springs.
Yet I feel contended-
Thee hath gifted to my boyhood winds
A whispering poem for the rest of my sojourn.

Ravi Panamanna

Upon This Grave

Light not a lamp
Upon this grave.
In it may perish
Little flies.

Plant not a tree
upon this grave.
In it may sit a nightingale
and sing a lamenting song.

Write not an epitaph
Upon this grave.
It may fade
In the course of passing winds.

Drop not a tear
upon this grave.
In it lies a living yore,
I am swept into an unknown shore.

Seasons are my friends,
Every spring is an endless cascade.
Here, the passing winds are mine
The dale of love is synonym.

Ravi Panamanna

A Ticket From The Heavens

(The life of Padmashree K.J. Yesudas, the renowned Malayalam film singer of India is something phenomenal. It is part of history. He had a very humble beginning. The following poem relates to one of his early episodes. When he was called for a recording in Chennai during his early career in the 1960s, he hadn't the amount to meet the ticket fare from Cochin to Chennai and a man from heavens helped him with a ticket. Here I am trying to catch the spirit of that episode.)

The whistle is blown
The flag is finally flown.
And from the shores of yore
Begins a journey unto the hearts of generations.

Listening to the clatter of wheels,
Feeling for the distant lash of waves,
He cuddles up into a corner
Gathering within all the singing dales.

And the train picks up winds,
It is now catching up the clouds.
Out of the window he glances
And feels life as an endless dream.

Wheels play a rhythm
Hamlets whistle a song.
He hums unto the rising star
A tune deep out of his heart.

And he finally reaches the shores,
Meets the winds and waves at bay.
It was the beginning of an endless cascade-
A singer unto decades and beyond.

Behind and beyond the plains
Lay a thought of indebtedness,
A tale of sixteen rupees

A ticket from the heavens
A friend as large as the sky.

And reclining on his past
He now peeps unto his modest beginning.
The whistle is blown
The flag is finally flown.....

Before and beyond the winding tracks
Lay a throbbing heart,
A dream of soothing winds,
A song for all `morrrows,
A dawn for all dawns.
But that ticket from the heavens-
It goes beond all richness, pastures and melodies.

Ravi Panamanna

A Pilgrim Of Infinite

Unto the passing lights and evening hues,
Unto the endless waves of life,
He plays his Piccolo
To the tune of matchless olden times.

Against the sinking sun,
Against the waking moon
The Piccolo follows a song
And drops it among the passers-by.

It is a quiet eve
It is a river-side.
There in search of a comfortable night,
The piper opens his lute.

Under the umpteen stars
He spends his sleepless nights.
In the many corners of the city
He is an endless traveller.

A pilgrim of infinite-
He is caught by the wilderness of life.
But his countenance is serene
As the stillness of the scene.

There in the softness of air
He plays in heart and throb.
There, unto the moving world
He presents a momentous hour.

And I see an old couple
Wipe off their tears.
Away to the shores of yore
They are swept by the wholesome music.

And in his basket
They deposit a few Francs.
Beyond the tingling coins
A soulful heart is heard.

And the couple disappear into the city lights
Moved, relieved and really pacified.
Silently they sit at the dinner table
Longing for the winds of yore.

Late into the eve and beyond
The Piccolo player opens his fountain.
And away into his corner he shrinks
Emptying his richness into the world.

Ravi Panamanna

Seasons Beyond Count

Among these teeming hills
Mine was an endless pace.
Against the surging winds
Shoulders weighed my life.

Pacing along the ridge
I was living on the edge.
Along the course of edging rocks
Mine was a precarious track.

Under my arms pilgrims were safe
Upon my shoulders the cross made not a slip.
Umpteen hamlets and moonless decades-
Countless taverns did I pass.

From morn' till it was twilight
Mine was a breath-taking feat.
Unto the heights where eagles dared
Seasons carried my feet.

Now, screwing up my white beard
I am listening to voices long overheard.
Sitting under the slanting shades
I am into my streaming decades.

Where are those whispering brooks, temple bells?
Deep buried in the sedentariness of life.
Where are those pilgrims, companions, my travels?
A rumbling sound prevails over the dales.

Ravi Panamanna

My Hamlet

(My hamlet is Panamanna South, near Ottapalam)

Upon the lap of eternal winds
She wakes up every morn'.
Upon the bosom of starry skies
She sleeps every night.

And quiet are her playgrounds,
She is wedded to paddy fields.
And for eons and further,
She leads a virgin, reclusive life.

Far from the maddening crowd,
Her annals are peaceful.
To the flying birds and clouds
She reserves a poem upon her lips.

Her forefathers had simple dreams,
They were bound by her winds.
And with a richer heart
They made their granary full.

And under the banyan shades
Her temple bells toll in sweetness.
Harvest and a ploughman's call-
She is content with her springs.

Ravi Panamanna

The Annals Of Life

Unto the western skies
She is making her morning flight.
Unto the waters of life
She is opening out her wings.

Thro' the thickness of the morning mist,
It is all a lonesome flight.
Upon her wings and throbbing chest
She carries the call of her chicks.

Till the eve, in ardent thoughts,
They gaze unto the western skies.
And at the sight of their mother
They are drawn to a celestial happiness.

There- after a day's weariness
She is back into her chestnut tree.
From a distant stream and windy fields,
She hath brought the grains of life.

And she shares it with her chicks,
Nurses them unto the silent night and waking dreams.
And, feeling for the distant meads,
She closes her eyes for yet another morning flight.

Ravi Panamanna

Mother- A Caring Wind

From the moments of her ecstasy
Our springs are born.
In the garden of her love
Our life is a boon.

And unto our sweet dreams
She is a silent witness.
And to our twittering wings
She is a caring wind.

In the power of her silent prayers
Our life reaches the safest shores.
From the distant footlights
One heart is in a ceaseless flight.

And after a long exile
We return to our dales.
Two eyes are blest
One heart is in a silent throb.

And in those melting moments
The weariness of our windless nights is gone.
A lullaby opens her melodious lute
And to our sources we return in solitude.

Ravi Panamanna