

Poetry Series

**Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu**  
**- poems -**

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## Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu(10.6.1938)

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu (or Dr. H. Tulsi as she is known) , is the Editor-Publisher of the poetry journal 'Metverse Muse' and also the Founder-Leader of the 'World Renaissance for Classical Poetry'.

She has to her credit seven published poetry collections and her poems have been published in scores of international journals at home and abroad.

Umpteen Awards have come her way, both for her own poetry and her journal 'Metverse Muse'

Some of Dr. Tulsi's poems have been translated into a dozen other languages, including five Indian ones.

Her bio-data appears in many an international biographical work.

Her journal 'Metverse Muse' has been widely recognised as the World's PREMIER Poetry Journal in English. The latest (Silver Jubilee) Issue presents over 750 poems in Structured Verse by over 550 World Poets representing over 60 countries - apart from two Workshops Articles, TWENTY Book Reviews and many other features. It also carries the photographs of around 200 contributors and other associates of Metverse Muse. The photographs of the poets appear against their poems.

THOUSANDS of Readers' Comments of high appreciation have been received as 'feed-back' over the years. Just a few of them have been reproduced below. (They will be updated every now and then.

READERS' COMMENTS ON THE 25th (SILVER JUBILEE) ISSUE:

Mr. Norman Bisset, UK: I write to thank you very much indeed for the silver Jubilee Issue (March 2009) of Metverse Muse, which I have been reading with utmost interest and pleasure. Your task in selecting and editing 750 poems from 550 contributors from around the world, then arranging their layout and alignment on your personal computer was truly mammoth, and must have occupied you fully over a great many days and weeks. We are all in your debt. Your reward is the gratitude of your subscribers and the satisfaction in knowing that in Metverse Muse you have created a genuine vehicle for WORLD POETRY, for international friendship and cultural collaboration AROUND THE GLOBE. In this troubled world of ours, these are significant achievements on which you are

to be warmly congratulated. Thank you very, very much.

DR. R.R. MENON, INDIA: ... It is a stupendous job at any age, but a MIRACLE at yours! Kudos to you!

MR. BERNARD M. JACKSON, ENGLAND: To say that I am deeply impressed would indeed be the very mother of understatement for, to reduce my sentiments to the simplest of terms, the poetry world HAS YET TO SEE another poetry magazine of such fine content, expanse and quality. Yet again you have amazed and delighted your entire poetry family with a seasonal tome of such immensity, in every higher literary regard ... I shall, of course, be submitting my customary review in the very near future, and hardly need to enjoin that my forthcoming appraisal will indeed be a glowing testimony to the magazine as a whole – and to your own prodigious endeavours in particular!

MS. RUTH W. SCHULER, USA: I am enjoying reading the latest issue of METVERSE MUSE. I love your photo on the cover. Also your poems to Dr. Krishna Srinivas and Dr. Rosemary Wilkinson are very beautiful.... Your "Canine Feline Friendship" tale was delightful. And I appreciated your tributes to Sidney Morleigh, Prof. K.M. Kale, A. H. Delvi and Julie on page 95. I know I have so many more hours of delightful reading in front of me for your magazine is also a treasure trove of fascination.

DR. I.H. RIZVI (EDITOR: CANOPY) , INDIA: ... Everything from matter to printing and setting of matter is at its best! I marvel at the tremendous efforts you make in bringing out such a voluminous issue (Silver Jubilee) of your journal, with more than 550 poets with the number of their poems crossing 750! Indeed, Metverse Muse is not only the BEST journal of India but it can compete with ANY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL brought out from other countries of the WORLD. NONE of them is so voluminous, also, as Metverse Muse, among the journals I receive.... The setting of the matter has its own tale to tell. I think all the poets from India and from other countries will be feeling elated for being a part of Metverse Muse.

READERS' RESPONSES TO 23rd+24th DOUBLE ISSUE;

MR. BERNARD M. JACKSON, UK, (A member of the Parnassian Jury of MM) : I must, yet again, compliment you on your SUPERLATIVE achievement re: your FINE presentation of the current issue of Metverse Muse (Sept.2007 and March 2008) . Your exquisite Kyrielle on the front cover truly sets the tone for much of the literary excellence that features in this HIGH PROFILE publication of TOME-

LIKE proportion. Not only have you included the writings of many of these poets at your very own expense, but you have also continued to honour those highly respected (and even those little-known\_ MM members who have now passed away from this life – proof indeed, that Meverse Muse is essentially a 'family'-based institution. It is such a pleasure to be re-united with so many writers, internationally, in this very special way, and to know that over our many years of association they have remained loyal to the magnificent cause that you so readily and constantly espouse ...

MR. PETER GEOFFREY PAUL THOMPSON, (Editor: Rubies in the Darkness) , UK: ... It is a marvelous issue full of good poetry and I salute your endeavours, as always.

PROF. I.V. CHALAPATI RAO, (Editor: Triveni) , India: I have leafed through Metverse Muse. It is easier to count the leaves of a tree or the stars in the sky than the verses in the book!

MR. LES MERTON, (Editor: Poetry Cornwall) , UK: There are many stars in the galaxy. However, Metverse Muse is the brightest star in the galaxy of poetry publications. Congratulations!

MR. P.K. MAJUMDER, (Editor: Bridge-in-Making) , India: It is gratifying to note that despite your personal loss, grief and set-backs you are holding high the literary flag – your excellent journal Metverse Muse - which never compromised with quality and standard of literary works. Congratulations!

MS. RUBI ANDREDAKIS, (Editor: Creature Features) , Cyprus: I have read Metverse Muse and, as always, it is superb! Your work is amazing! ... You have done an excellent job, dear friend, in collecting all this stuff and bringing together all those people in this big family of world writers. Congratulations! You are great!

DR. MAHASHWETA CHATURVEDI, (Editor: Mandakini) , India: Indeed Metverse Muse is one of the BEST POETRY MAGAZINES IN THE world! Accept my genuine admiration for all this ...

MS. SANDRA SMALL, (Editor: PCOF Journal) , UK: Thank you once again for another BRILLIANT Anthology which I am enjoying very much ...

DR. LEO REBELLO, INDIA: ... 620 poems from 450 world poets, several articles, reviews, reports on poetry workshop and contests, news snippets ... the 260 pages compendium makes you one of the best chroniclers of our times. What an

eye for detail! ... You are doing excellent work in the field of literature, creative writing, uniting world poets and spreading spirituality through soul-stirring poetry ...

MR. ROBIN HELWEG-LARSEN, USA: ... You are an absolute wonder! I hope to visit India and – vast though India is, and crowded with places to see - if I have an opportunity to make a pilgrimage to Visakhapatnam, I will do so out of RESPECT and curiosity!

DR. C. JACOB, INDIA: ... I personally saw your failing health. I wonder how your dedication to the cause, - i.e., to salvage metrical poetry - and your spirit of sacrifice have been acting as a driving force in your case. I heartily congratulate you in this regard.

MR. NORMAN BISSET, UK: ... It is a remarkable compilation of verse from around the world, and your contributors have reason to be hugely grateful to you for undertaking the vast labour of editing and organizing the graphic layout of such an enormous body of work, and of implementing it further with comprehensive sections devoted to reviews, comments, projects, correspondence, workshop articles, bio-data and the like. You have founded a genuinely world-wide movement built on your contributors' love for, and the universal appeal of, structured poetry. And while the work you have undertaken is daunting, it is fully justified by the results you have achieved. To feature in this undertaking, in no matter how small a way, is both a privilege and an honour, for which we thank you.

DR. DEBIDAS RAY, INDIA: ... Anyway, it is a joy to go through the contents, which are well composed in structured verse and meticulously compiled ... Your poem "I Pray to Thee" on the front cover says it all – metrical verse NEEDS you.

MR. FRANK JOUSSEN, GERMANY: ... I have some experience in the field and can assure you that Metverse Muse is the most professionally and most beautifully made literary publication, which I know ...

MS. PAMELA TRUDIE HODGE, UK: ... Such a large edition and so much work for you. I am sure you know how very much we all appreciate your unceasing effort to promote structured verse ...

DR. KURT F. SVATEK, AUSTRIA: ... What a thick book and what fantastic results! I would like to congratulate you for assembling so many excellent poets WORLDWIDE with such a various world of thought and wealth of ideas ...

MS. GWEN DESMIER, INDIA: ... As usual, I couldn't seem to put it down! I will eventually read it from cover to cover ...

MS. CATHERINE CLARKE, NEW ZEALAND / INDONESIA: ...

I still remember how thrilled I was when you first wrote to offer me my life membership of Metverse Muse years ago, as up until then I had not known there was such a wonderful publication which brought together poets from all over the world in such a unique and special way. So I just love to receive my issues of MM and read all these marvelous works ...

MR. S. KRISHNAMURTHY, INDIA: ... The magnitude of this creation speaks of the Herculean effort that had gone in to publish this collection of poems and left me wondering whether anyone ELSE is capable of such an achievement other than YOU. From the beginning, every issue of MM progressively exhibited an ever-growing keenness for quality and maintained an immaculate presentation. Your poem "I Pray to Thee" is delicately gentle and compassionate in conveying the message to "straying bards". The contents of the double issue is a royal feast. It is amazing to see how the MM fraternity is rapidly growing under your able guidance.

MS. RUTH W. SCHULER, USA: (A Member of the Parnassian Jury of MM) ... It is a treasure-chest as usual!

DR. NITHIE VICTOR, INDIA: ... That your valiant efforts to champion the cause of metrical verse is steadily bearing fruit is seen from the increase in the number of pages of this issue as well as the number of poets contributing to it as compared to the earlier issue. I regard each issue as a milestone in the progress towards widening the reach of the classical form and weaning the masqueraders who present 'Prose' and 'Poetry' from ploughing 'deserts full of sand' in the vain hope of converting them into 'fertile fields'...

MS. DIANE SIMKIN, UK: ... It sits on my desk for me to dip into when I have a few spare minutes and is a very enjoyable and much-appreciated companion to my tea and coffee breaks. Many thanks for a wonderful magazine!

MS. MALA JANARDHAN, INDIA: ... I have noted the fact that the biannual journal is going to be made an annual one. – that will be easier for you to bring out, now that you have entered the septuagenarian years! But I have no doubt the QUALITY of Metverse Muse will remain as excellent as ever due to your UNMATCHED dedication – despite the longer wait for us readers from now on.

MS. CHRISTINE DESPARDES, USA: ... Though I did not have time to read the

journal on its arrival, I will do so soon, eagerly; (the layout looks TANTALISING!)

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MR. K.B. RAI, INDIA: .. You are a very hard-working Editor – of the Internationally RENOWNED and widely circulated journal Metverse Muse. A reading of the issue shows how minutely you care for every detail!

MS. JOY RAINEY KING, USA: ... You have done a splendid job again!

MS. LINDA KACENJE, ZAMBIA: ... I shall enjoy reading it and eventually it will be passed on to a village school where they do not have access to these sort of books. So it will be well used and appreciated.

MR. PAUL TRISTRAM, UK: ... I am already half way through it and am thoroughly enjoying it; it is fantastic!

MS. ANNE MARIE-LEGAN, USA: ... Kudos for putting another magnificent issue together!

MS. CLAIRE KNIGHT, UK: ... I feel honoured to be part of your publication (what a lot of work you put into it!) and part of your GLOBAL poetry family.

MS. HELEN FORELLE, USA: ... I know from my own limited publishing experience that putting out a publication of this kind with all of the information it has in it, is a major effort, and I appreciate having it in my collection.

MR. JACK BAUM, CANADA: ... Again, I am grateful that you have created a literary base for traditional poetry. Your creativity is to be applauded.

MS. ANNE KEITH, THE NETHERLANDS: ... I am much impressed with it and I think your publication is sure to exercise a beneficial effect on the direction of English poetry.

MS. PAMELA HARVEY, UK: ... I do admire and applaud your efforts to continue to show the real nature of Poetry, as different from the prose-like modernistic type which, however well-crafted, lacks the lyricism and flow of the older, wiser medium ...

MR. G.E. BAKER, NEW ZEALAND: ... Thank you to everyone associated with Metverse Muse. We are fortunate to have a magazine like this!

MR. NEIL K. HENDERSON, UK: ... Reading Metverse Muse 23/24 was quite an

eye-opener. Most of the UK names were known to me, while those of the wider international community gave a fresh perspective ...

MR. JIM SPAIN, AUSTRALIA: Well, what a MARVELLOUS package of reading arrived recently – namely Metverse Muse Sept.2007 & March 2008 along with “Symphony Weds Symmetry”!

MR. TERRY DAYLEY, UK: ... I have started to read it and once again I am totally in awe of the number and class of the poems there ... A monumental task carried out so well!

PROF. DON TUTHILL, USA: ... I would like to express my gratitude to you for kindly including some of my poems in your publication. It is an honour indeed!

MS. PAM RUSSEL, UK: ... I admire you for the amount of work put into editing and producing it!

MS. NAJWA M. BRAX, USA: It’s a joy to receive your magazine!

DR. JOHN LIGHT, UK: Thank you for sending me issue 23+24. Its vigour belies the journal’s long life.

DR. PREMA NANDAKUMAR, INDIA: ... As always, sumptuous, carefully planned, keeping to the chosen ideal. All this means a lot of work for you, most of it tiresome and mundane but your zeal is astonishing. The result is very good and I find great variety too ... You have brought out a solid volume with so much traditional poetry ... Even children’s poems, and your own strikingly crystallized poem on the butterfly and the lark. My hearty congratulations!

MS. ROSE STANTON, AUSTRALIA: ... Thank you for all the effort ad expertise you put into Metverse Muse. These are truly appreciated by me – and, I am sure, by many other writers of poetry ...

MR. DAVID AUSTIN, UK: ... A substantial volume containing a lot of talented writing which I will savour and enjoy in the coming months ...

PROF. NEER SHABNAM, INDIA: ... The book is one of the finest anthologies of poems and it is BEST in the sense of fixed form poetry, which is not seen in these days elsewhere. The book has become my teacher and guide!



# A Pessimist's Lament

Life, they say, is full of wonder;  
Mine is full of storm and thunder.

Life, they say, is a tuneful song;  
Shrieks discordant mine do throng.

Life, they say, with honey drips;  
Mine, my tears is made to sip.

Life, they say, in nectar wades;  
Sunk in poison mine is laid.

Life, they say, is heavenly bliss;  
Mine is mobbed by snakes that hiss.

Life, they say, is paeans' surge;  
Mine is but a woeful dirge.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# A Plea To The New Year (An Experimental Sonnet)

A Plea to the New Year (An Experimental Sonnet)

Welcome, New Year 'Nineteen Ninety Four'.  
At midnight, closed although may be our door,  
Have you not your magic master-key,  
From world's womb to timely set you free?

A babe yourself, our father you will be;  
Our matters for a year you'll oversee.  
Our life's boat, as Captain you will guide;  
Empowered you'll be to turn the very tide!

Our future when you draft and duly write,  
Can't you make it just a shade more bright?  
As Fortune's favourites let us be enrolled;  
Her gracious gifts, awhile let us hold.

With Health as bread and Wealth as water pure,  
A happy life for us, pray ensure.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# A Sonnet Plea To The New Year

A Sonnet-Plea to the New Year (An Experimental Sonnet)

Welcome, New Year 'Nineteen Ninety Four'.  
At midnight, closed although may be our door,  
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A happy life for us, pray ensure.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# All That Glitters Need Not Be Gold

Lo! comes Dawn, the Sky's morning maid,  
To rouse the Sun - still in slumber laid  
On a couch with satiny sheets of red-amethyst,  
And draped with mosquito-nets of gossamer mist!

As, slothfully, the Sun unlocks his eye  
(And captive Sleep, uncaged, away does fly) ,  
Twilight thankfully ends her part-time vigil:  
Relieved of charge, wherefor tarry still?

The Sky is now aglow with joy untold  
At husband's sight - bathed in molten gold!  
How soft and vast a carpet she has spread  
To cushion his feet through his tour ahead!

Clad in radiant robes of silver bright,  
The Sun, with gratis stocks of warmth and light,  
Sallies forth for rationing out in shares  
To all, their quota of his diurnal wares.

Behold the sky - as vesperal dusk ensues -  
Cosmetising her baby Sunset Hues  
And clothing them in brightly dyed attire  
For their evening jaunt with their glittering sire!

With what delight the bubbling Hues all gather  
And throng the Sun like whorls of coloured lather!  
They circumambulate with swirling frills  
And motley patterns weave with whirling drills!

But all that glitters is not wholly gold:  
The Sun's flaws his secret deeds unfold!  
No faithful spouse and, less, a doting Pa  
He proves to be ere going hardly far.

Ditching his kids by stooping low behind  
A mountain peak - so none may see or find -  
Into the Ocean's arms he soon alights,  
Behind the black screen of abetting Night!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Canine Feline Friendship - Part I

## CANINE FELINE FRIENDSHIP – PART I

Once our tom-cat brought to our house,  
As honoured guest, his feline spouse.  
Have some milk” he offered.  
“ Mere soup for me? ” she thundered.  
“For dinner go and get me a mouse! ”

Our poor Tom went, then, a-hunting;  
From kitchen to store he kept shunting.  
At last, a mouse he killed.  
Munching it, she willed:  
“Fish for supper I’ll soon be wanting! ”

Next, between our Fridge and me  
He shuttled anew, looking unhappy.  
Readily then, I served  
The fish for him preserved.  
Gobbling them up, “Bring Dessert! ” said she.

Egg-pudding, in my hand, he traced:  
Upon my knee his paw he placed,  
And begged “Some pudding spare”.  
I gave him all my share.  
Swallowing it, to his bed she raced!

On Tom’s bed – with cotton padded -  
Settling down, the she-cat added:  
“Your home is now the street  
Where, some day, we’ll meet.  
Now, off you go or else you’ve had it! ”

Our Tom’s travails, having seen,  
I could not help but intervene:  
“O Mrs. Cat, you are  
Cunning beyond par!  
Get lost and never more be seen! ”

The catty cat slunk away

But, at the gate, paused to say:  
"Let him have your house,  
But can't I, as his spouse,  
Within your compound, at least, stay? "

"Well" I said, "I wouldn't mind  
If you can, in our backyard, find  
Some place to make your home  
Or, at will, to roam.  
But you must leave your tricks behind! "

Having failed to bag the best,  
To terms laid down, agreed our guest.  
Morning, noon and night  
We let her have a bite  
Of food. No more was she a pest.

Two months, two feline mouths we fed  
With omlette, fish, milk and bread.  
One fine day, the female,  
With proudly upturned tail,  
Into our view, two kittens led!

'Non-paying guests' thus increased,  
Of finance we'd be surely fleeced?  
"Miaaw! Milk! " said one.  
The other: "I want a bun".  
The kittens' hunger was soon appeased.

Then, also fed had to be  
The parent cats – both he and she -  
"Fish and eggs, with rice,  
Would be surely nice! "  
They purred; and served they were by me.

One indoor cat, three outdoor ones,  
With fish, eggs, milk and buns  
Were kept supplied for days.  
We liked their playful ways;  
And watching them was really fun!

The feline folk enjoyed at will,

And made us happy too; but still,  
The loser was our Jim.  
We could not unchain him  
For fear he might, the kittens, kill.

Our canine pet demurred: "Whow, Whow!  
You seem to love me less, somehow.  
A prisoner am I or pet?  
Free I'm never set  
These days. What' the matter now? "

Our darling dog was re-assured  
We loved him most. "You've endured  
Undue curbs, we know.  
But since you are their foe,  
Shouldn't their safety be secured? "

Said generous Jim: "Not only cats,  
All friends of yours – be they rats -  
No foes of mine can be.  
Your surely do trust me?  
Pussies shall have my petting pats".

Relieved I was, and thankful too,  
For Jimmy's kind, broad-minded view.  
I knew that he was truthful  
As much as he was faithful.  
Dogs like Jim you find but few!

Hardly had I untied Jim  
When pussies raced away from him!  
Beckoning them, he barked.  
With half distrust, they harked.  
Matters looked a little grim.

Vowed Jim "Whow! Your friend I'll be".  
"You intend well, as we can see.  
To play with you, we'll come"  
Agreed the feline foursome -  
The cats as well as kittens wee.

First our Tom approached our Jim.



Well enough, our Jim knew him,  
For inmate pets were both.  
They sealed their friendship's troth  
By shaking 'hands' (their right forelimbs) !

The next to come was Mrs. Cat.  
An eyelid, too, she did not bat  
When Jimmy licked her face!  
Of fear she bore no trace.  
She even returned his friendly pat!

It was now the kittens' turn.  
No more did they need to learn  
That brave they ought to be,  
Like their mummy-daddy.  
Jim's embrace they did not spurn!

Thus, his words were not belied.  
They play, together, 'seek-and-hide'  
And freely frisk and romp.  
At times, with regal pomp,  
On Jimmy's back, the kittens ride!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Canine Feline Friendship - Part II

Canine Feline Friendship - Part II

(This poem was composed in 1995. My dearest Julie is now no more)

Meanwhile came our jet-black Julie -  
Priceless canine treasure, truly!  
One day, the thrown-out pup,  
At our gate turned up  
To join our pets' increasing family.

The mildest thing on earth, when mild,  
At times she turns unruly wild  
In play, when given a break!  
Offering a friendly 'hand-shake'  
She steals the heart of every child!

When checked for chewing her belts and buckles,  
She soon converts the checks to chuckles  
By bending her right foreleg  
(Our pardon as if to beg) ,  
And kneeling down upon her 'knuckles'!

Once her body has been oiled,  
she knows that water has been boiled  
In readiness for her bath.  
To the bath, she LEADS the path  
For being bathed - with tail uncoiled!

From 4 pm. is her time for play.  
To the terrace, with Jim, she dashes away  
The moment she's set free.  
But, after their jumping spree,  
She lets us know she's called it a day.

By taking her given place at the main  
Door, once more - where lies her chain.  
Sitting there with patience,  
She offers least resistance  
When someone belts her neck again!

As for the cats and kittens - oh!  
I really forgot to let you know  
The latest count of felines.  
By now they've swelled three times,  
The number I'd mentioned a while ago!

While playing still with Jim, they spend  
More time with Julie, their new-found friend.  
Such love she has, by nature,  
For beings of smaller stature,  
From stranger dogs, our cats she fends!

In time, when Julie became a mother,  
She suckled her pups and kittens together!  
No class or colour wall  
exists for her at all -  
Nor for Jim, their foster-brother!

They pamper so the felid batch,  
From off their mouths, when snacks they snatch  
Or when they share their bed,  
At pussies they ne'er look red.  
Our cats-dogs' unity has no match!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Facing Death

## Facing Death

'O hoary Age, of fear you bear no trace,  
Though dreadful Death you soon will have to face:  
With weighty years ecumbered,  
Your days are now numbered:  
A foot of yours is almost in the grave;  
How long can you the other hope to save? '

'If I was never cause for 'dread' to spread,  
What cause have I Death to ever dread?  
My work here is done;  
My life's aim is won:  
If God has further use for me above,  
I'll deem it but a signal of his love'.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Fate And Fortune

Fate and Fortune (A Triolet)

Two men called out, knocking our gate:  
'We sell sundry clothes and costumes:  
Reasonable is each one's rate'

Two men called out, knocking our gate:  
'We read one's Fortune and one's Fate:  
To buy, your Fate; to sell, our Fortune! '

Two men called out, knocking our gate:  
'We sell sundry clothes and costumes'.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Fierce You Are But Also Fair

Fierce You Are But Also Fair (About Death)

Never  
For ever  
Is man's breath:  
And, O Death,  
Not only 'age' alone  
But, you blackly own  
Many a shrouded courier more  
To summon to your dooming door  
Him whose life on earth you choose to end  
And, back to God, whose soul you wish to send.

At times, you pick and choose your victim for your call;  
At times, your wrath and rage en masse on masses fall.  
Famine, floods, disease, war - each your servile slave,  
Our masters are - our victors whom none can beat or stave.  
Some thorny lanes of 'thwarted love', too, you lay  
For hapless hearts, heavenwards to wend their way.

Fierce you are, O Death, but also fair:  
No palace nor a hut your hand does spare.  
All men, at last, you equal make:  
A task no power could undertake  
In this world, to do,  
Has been left for you.  
In death they lie -  
Low and high -  
Unsingled,  
Mingled.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Hall Of Universal Peace

This midnight bids farewell to parting year  
Who then, on chariot Time, his seat vacates.  
The New Year succeeds him as Charioteer:  
To drive us on, he's waiting at our gates.

But OURS the choice of paths and destinations:  
The Charioteer obeys but our instructions.  
We must, to reach the most coveted station  
Of PEACE, choose well-lit roads sans obstructions.

Such routes are those of Friendship, Love, Compassion,  
Justice, Pardon, Truth and Selflessness.  
The dingy lanes of Greed, Envy, Passion,  
And Conflict lead to woe and sleeplessness.

Let's ask the New Year, within time minimal  
To drive us to a common rendezvous.  
Let's there construct the Hall of Universal  
Peace, each person laying a brick or two.

Let it have Equality-spelling shape -  
The rotund one that God has given the world.  
Its doors with COLOURLESS curtains let us drape  
And let a HUELESS flag be unfurled.

Every year, let's add a storey more;  
Let its height increase step by step  
Till, at last, the threshold of its door  
Is face to face with our Heaven's doorstep.

This Heaven-on-Earth - man's own creation -  
Who helps to build of his own volition,  
Won't he find, after life's duration,  
Into Heaven above sure admission?

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Happiness

Happiness perhaps once had features  
Of a single, compact whole,  
But countless are the craving creatures  
Praying God some bliss to dole.

He therefore must have sadly shattered  
Happiness into many a bit  
And had the pieces widely scattered  
To give all eyes a glimpse of it.

So, those who wish to own a share  
Should not think it strain or stress  
To search around, with utmost care,  
Some dazzling fragments to possess.

A particle here, a particle there,  
To your happy lot may fall;  
Not any time, not anywhere,  
can you ever find them all.

However long, however far-  
Spreading your quest may be,  
Too many are, too tiny are  
The splinters all for you to see.

In common can you best enjoy  
Whatever happiness comes your way.  
With others if you share your joy,  
It well may stage a longer stay.

Give your neighbour just a half  
And see your pleasure grow double:  
Make your neighbour smile or laugh;  
You yourself with glee will bubble.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu



# I Need Thy Light

I Need Thy Light (A Villanelle in Tetrametre)

To distinguish between black and white  
Things of the world that go in disguise,  
O Lord, I sorely need thy light.

To pierce the masks, too weak my sight.  
Though ripe in age, I'm too unwise,  
To distinguish between black and white.

To clearly tell the day from night  
And cream of Truth from scum of lies,  
O Lord, I sorely need thy light.

Some say Right is mirror of Might;  
My mettle, to me, the power denies  
To distinguish between black and white.

At times the Wrong appears as Right;  
From its dark dazzle to shield my eyes,  
O Lord, I sorely need thy light.

Thou holdest Right at a great height!  
To reach that level help me rise.  
To distinguish between black and white,  
O Lord, I sorely need Thy Light.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# If Awry Our Aim, We Wound Others

If Awry Our Aim, We Wound Others (A Triolet)

Trying to hit nails on their heads,  
I just hit my own finger-nails!  
I rebuked my 'Aim' whilst they bled.

Trying to hit nails on their heads,  
'Don't miss the mark! ' to 'Aim' I said,  
But heard only the poor walls' wails!

Trying to hit nails on their heads,  
I just hit my own finger-nails!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Less Than Nothing!

Less Than Nothing (An Ottawa Rima)

At a 'Senior Citizens' Club', one day,  
There was an uproar; and during the row,  
In Tamil most members did have their say.  
Said Singh to Naidu: 'I could follow  
Nothing at all of these Tamilian's fray.  
But what it's about, I think you know?

Naidu replied: 'Less have I understood  
Than yourself: my version would be no good'.

Rejoined Singh: 'How can you understand 'less'?  
Less than nothing, can anything be? '  
Caught unawares, but showing no stress,  
Naidu reflected while sipping his tea.  
He then said: 'I've misunderstood the whole mess;  
And as you will surely agree with me -

Misunderstanding is much worse a thing  
Than not understanding; hence less than nothing.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Life's Sketch

Life's Sketch

May New Year's brush tinge anew  
Your life's sketch - drawn when born -  
With splendid shades of rainbow hues  
Or glorious tints of early dawn

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Marvellous Man

Marvellous Man (A Rondeau in Pentametre)

O Marv'llous man, what else can equal you  
In brawn of brain? The wondrous things you do  
in countless fields, can they ever be done  
By even the super-stars, the moon or sun?

You 'came', you 'saw', you almost 'conquered' too,  
Animate / inanimae things that met your view.  
Inventions you have made are not few!  
Nature's puppet-show too, don't you run,  
O marv'llous man?

Indeed, the best of laurels are your due  
For all your great achievements. I wish I knew  
How best to thank you. But let me ask just one  
Single question; and then I will have done:  
'When, if ever, will a 'human' evolve from you,  
O marv'llous 'man'?

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Never Say Die

Never Say Die (A Rondeau in Pentametre)

Never say die though hardships hound your head:  
They come not singly, has it not been said?  
These troubles are like social beasts and birds:  
They always come and go in flocks and herds,  
By no apparent leader being led.

So cower not but challenge them instead:  
They all will flee if only some have fled.  
To foil fear, Bravery's belt who gird  
Never say die.

Yes, triumphed they, profusely who had bled  
And yet, with courage, conquered demon Dread.  
Of such heroic persons haven't you heard,  
For whom Victory was the main watchword?  
So though you bleed, as long as you're not dead,  
Never say die.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# New Year's Gifts

New Year's Gifts (In Heptametre quatrains)

'New Year, O New Year, will you render us a favour?  
Only pleasant things of life as we can all savour,  
Please keep bringing for us, each and every day;  
Toil, trouble, stress and strain, do keep away! '

'While I come, pushing before me, the trolley of fresh Spring,  
Pulling behind me, Autumn's wobbling tow-cart too, I bring.  
Summer's bag of hot-stuffs is, on my right shoulder, hung;  
While, on my left, trembling old Winter's sling is slung.

Indifferent, good and bad things populate this earth.  
Life must have a meaning too, not merely mirth.  
Yet, Joy's ratio to increase, with HIS Grace I'll try  
And assay, too, with a smile to substitute a sigh.'

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# O Scientist!

O Scientist (A Rondeau in Tetrametre)

O Scientist, no more arms invent;  
To heal, not harm, your skill is meant.  
Old War's ruins await repair;  
For new ones wherefore, then, prepare?

Widows' wails and loud laments  
Of those whose homes are razed or rent,  
The orphaned, maimed, don't make you repent?  
From throes of woes your brethren spare,  
O Scientist!

Armour, instead of arms, invent,  
To even Nature's raids prevent.  
Construct a case with cautious care  
For housing Peace and all that's fair.  
Then will be your time well-spent,  
O Scientist!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu



# Opposites

Opposites (A Shakespearan Sonnet)

Within this world so complex and so composite -  
With various variances and selfishness -  
We often find that allied are the opposites:  
Bound they are by more than brotherliness.  
No 'victory' can there be without 'defeat':  
For one to win, should not the other lose?  
The 'cold' 'hot' becomes meeting heat:  
Into each other Opposites can also fuse!

'Life' is stalked by 'death' throughout its tread:  
Partners they, and yet can never meet!  
Wherever 'death' is born, there 'life' is dead:  
Thus Opposites are denied the meeting feat.  
They co-exist and fusion too, attain:  
Yet mutual strangers Opposites do remain!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Peace, Be Not Proud

Peace, Be Not Proud (A Reverse Davidian)

Evasive Peace, be not proud  
That world's entire wealth can't purchase you.  
Perhaps you'll not be bought for silver, gold,  
Sapphires, rubies, pearls and diamonds too.  
But dare you say, for LOVE you won't be sold?

Evasive Peace, be not proud  
That high you dwell, atop a towering tor!  
Like Bruce's spider, ceaselessly we will  
Try to heave ourselves right up to your door  
By scaling, inch by inch, your craggy hill!

Evasive Peace, be not proud  
That none can see or hear you; so no clue  
We have to track you down. But we can feel  
Your presence versus present absence too:  
Suffices this, your hide-out to reveal!

Evasive Peace, be not proud  
That you, At'lanta-like, can keep mocking  
Your chasers all for whom you're much too fast!  
Like shrewd Hippom'nese, your pathway blocking  
With 'golden apples', win we shall, at last!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Prosodic Poetry

Prosodic Poetry (Rhyme Royal Sequence)

Prosodic Poesy's tree, under the care  
Of Empress new, has gained a greater height;  
Yet scope there is for it to better fare.

By poets all, if reared and raised aright,  
Enhanced can be its height as well as might.  
A mite of manure mixed by each of us  
Can make its soil more salubrious.

If just some moments more we try to spare  
To shield our Poesy-tree from blasting blight,  
Its fruit will faster form, we are aware.

So let's root out, at once, the tares we sight;  
If left unweeded, vermin they'll invite.  
This might prove, to Poesy's health, hazardous  
So, watchful we should always be, like Argus.

Though this may call for patience rather rare,  
Before long, the load will become light -  
The profits of this pursuit when we share.

'Tradpoesy' proffers prospects that are bright  
To one who offers off'ces as her 'Knight'.  
So, volunteers, do board her De Lux bus -  
Wont to which, you'll find your journeys joyous!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Said The Sage

Said the Sage (A Villanelle in Pentametre)

'If we really wish for Peace' said the sage,  
'Before fighting with another nation,  
With our own defects a war we should wage.  
'Do as you'd be done by' goes the adage.  
From this, we should draw some inspiration,  
If we really wish for peace' said the sage.

'All thoughts of vengeance born of senseless rage  
Curbing, for our aims' fructification,  
With our own defects a war we should wage.

Into others' faults why should we rummage?  
Succumb we should not, to such temptation,  
If we really wish for peace' said the sage.

'In order to make her return-passage  
Safe, and free from all contamination,  
With our own defects a war we should wage.

We might manage, thus, to unlock her cage  
And gain for her 'Emancipation'.  
If we really wish for Peace' said the sage  
'With our own defects a war we should wage'.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Sisters 'Night' And 'Dawn'

Sisters 'Night' and 'Dawn' (An Experimental Sonnet)

Nocturnal feathered-fliers homeward bound,  
Furl their wings, their haunts having refund.  
They then their message hoot unto the sky:  
"The time for Night to sleep is drawing nigh".  
Blown out, soon, the astral candles are;  
Extinguished lies the lunar superstar.  
The Sky, then, upon her lap does keep  
Her daughter Night whom she rocks to sleep.

The cocks, now astir, begin to crow:  
"It's time, O Sky, for Dawn to herself show".  
The blanket black by mother Sky removed,  
Appears Dawn, with choicest charm imbued!  
Ruddy cheeks and lips and auburn hair,  
Blue eyes, pearly smiles -Oh! let me stare!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# The Body And The Brain

The Body and the Brain (An Experimental Sonnet)

Once, the body quarreled with the brain.  
The former sulked: "Proud you are, and vain!  
Although your perch placed so highly is,  
The plain and patent fact you seem to miss  
Is that I shelter you in part of me,  
For which kindness grateful you should be.  
Instead, all day you make me slog and work  
While, gloatingly, you command me with a smirk! "

"To slave your duty is, to drive my right.  
But often have you dared this norm to slight!  
At times you prostrate lie when, to your level,  
In pulling down my lofty seat you revel! "  
Complained the brain. 'We're quits" the body said;  
"To HIS own order of things aren't we wed?

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# The Butterfly And The Lark

The Butterfly and the Lark (Shakespearan Sonnet)

Much like a painted picture taken flight,  
With wings wearing yellows, pinks and blues,  
A butterfly on Flora did alight,  
His thirst to satiate with nect'rous juice.

Admiring him, upon a nearby tree,  
Behind the foliage-screen a lark did hide.  
The former froze with fear when, suddenly,  
The ominous bird with oggling eyes he spied.

'Too small a prey I am; do pity me'  
He begged. Then came a song-like sweet reply:  
'Feast enough for me has been your beauty;  
I've had my fill; for food no need have I.  
But, whilst I sing, will you not display  
Your glorious hues in all their bright array?

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# The Cherubic Child

A Child is made of all that's mild  
(Mixed with parts of all that's wild?)  
Spreading joy with smiles so sunny,  
Lisping words as sweet as honey;

With chubby cheeks and cutest nose,  
For lips two little buds of rose,  
With stars for eyes and silk for hair;  
Can even angels choose but stare?

It loves its bunny more than gold  
And lollipops (in paper rolled) !  
Give it but a simple toy  
And see its face bloom with joy!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu



# The Fiery Battle

The Fiery Battle (An Experimental Sonnet)

He stared me full in the face: I stared back.  
With wrath he flared: I too soon grew hot.  
Blood-shot turned his eyes: my looks turned black.  
We glared and glowered, face to face thus brought!  
But fiercer when he fumed, my palms went wet.  
The more I cowered, the more he towered with rage.  
His horrid heat made me bathe in sweat.  
Yet mutely, both, did we our battle wage.

Though soon he found his voice, his words he swallowed.  
His incoherent speech I vaguely followed:  
"Why hate me? Your server I am, no sinner!  
Don't I provide your breakfast, lunch and dinner? "

"O Fire, forgive me: I cannot stand your heat,  
Though delicious are your dishes, both hot and sweet!

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Those Olden, Golden Days!

Those Olden, Golden Days! (A Rondel of 13 lines)

'Those olden, golden days' she said,  
'Recalled can be only in mind.  
For ever they've been left behind  
And won't return, for they are dead.

We therefore can but look ahead  
At days to come, cruel or kind.  
Those olden, golden days', she said,  
'Recalled can be only in mind.

Those days of yore, to values wed -  
Though all the clocks we backward wind -  
Will stage no 'comeback'. None can find  
Them, eternally having fled  
Those olden, golden days', she said.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# To My Lost Gem Julie

TO MY LOST GEM "JULIE"

(Composed in the year 2006 and first published in the 22nd Issue of Metverse Muse)

No 'dog' were you for me; you were my family member;  
My darling dove you were, whom lifelong I'll remember.  
I know you loved me truly and understood me too;  
On getting the merest clue you knew well what to do!

Whenever I wrapped your ears in readiness for your bath,  
Straight towards your bathroom you'd always lead my path!  
Fidgeting not, you'd freely let me shampoo you,  
As and when required turning around too!

The bottle of your eardrops whene'er you saw me hold,  
You'd dropp down on your flank - without being told -  
To receive the drops into your ear more easily;  
And then change flanks, your other ear to offer me!

Should someone tease you, snatching away your favourite snacks,  
Rushing you'd come to me - each moment looking back, -  
Then 'nose' my knees and gurgle / grunt, with a paw pointing  
Towards the 'offender' by way of complaining!

When I myself to someone's pranks, at times, was victim  
Wouldn't you howl and howl your head off at her or him?  
Your 'guardian' was I but, as my 'guard' - night and day -  
You kept vigil, keeping harm out of my way!

But now no more you are, my most faithful friend!  
Our happy times together have reached the rudest end.  
No more for me the several signals of your love,  
Since still on earth I am and you're in Heaven above!

From outdoors when I return, you'll receive me no more  
With your typical 'welcome whoops' at the master door;  
Barring my way in, no more will you stand  
And raise your right foreleg, offering a 'shake-hand'!

Your love knew no limits; you shared it with felines  
As much as with humans and your brethren canines.  
Numerous kittens hadn't you suckled soulfully  
And frisked about with many a cat mirthfully?

Apart from me and other inmates of our house,  
You let our guests too - sans snarls or 'whow-whows' -  
Hold and pet your pups as soon as they were born!  
Your faith in all was such, of mistrust wholly shorn.

Along with your puppies you suckled kittens too,  
And allowed cats to play with them! You well knew  
No harm to them will even our feline fam'ly cause -  
By keeping carefully in control their sharp claws.

But now when our kittens by street dogs are chased,  
You'll spurt no more your 'siren screams' like one crazed!  
When Jimmy takes to tantrums, you'll calm him down no more  
By fondling his forehead with your soft and soothing paw!

Your last four months, able not to eat on your own,  
- Your bloated belly having become as hard as stone -  
Umpteen times, each hour, you'd ope' your mouth for me  
To spoon-feed you with liquids, despite your difficulty.

Cancer creates excruciating pain, I'm told;  
But not a single moan you uttered till you were cold!  
You hid from me your suff'ring lest I weep for you:  
At your selfless sufferance amazed were doctors too!

Though day by day reduced you were to skin and bone,  
Hearing not from you, at any time, a groan  
To indicate your subjection to intensive pain,  
Hardly could I believe that by Cancer you were slain!

Six days before your death, didn't you wag your tail  
When a visitor greeted you, pretending you were hale?  
Others in your plight would have whined and wailed.  
Your courage and composure unknown heights had scaled!

Although a 'country' dog not claiming any 'breed',  
In temper'ment and talents you matchless were indeed!

You were, O queen of canines, one in a crore!  
Your lovely life's story will soon become folklore.

With all our guests and visitors you were always friendly;  
All our cats and kittens you always treated kindly.  
A dog so good and gracious, so loving and lovable,  
More than 'one in a crore' can be - is it believable?

For over eleven years were you my prized possession.  
Oft I prayed to God to grant me the concession  
Of letting us be together for at least a few years more.  
But this was not to be; no points my prayers could score.

Miserable though I feel, at times I'm glad - realising  
That rid you are for ever of severest suffering.  
With liver, spleen and ut'rus all damaged beyond measure,  
Would hanging on to life have given you any pleasure?

In your final moments, when people pulled me back,  
Preventing distraught me from clasping you - alack! -,  
What supernal source lent you sudden energy  
To half lift yourself and crawl up towards me?

Your laying your head upon my feet your last breath  
To leave - I'll forget not until my own death.  
What surer proof of gratitude and loyal love  
Than this star salute of yours, O Julie, my dove?

In my heart you'll live though bodily you're no more;  
Of your many mem'ries my mind maintains a store.  
My dreams revolve around you many a blessed night  
When, of your living image I'm able to catch sight.

I often used to worry what will become of you  
Should I leave this world ere you could so do.  
This perplexing problem thus to solve HE chose: -  
Electing to grant you, first, everlasting repose.

Cruel though to me, to you kind HE was;  
Each clause of HIS laws, is surely free of flaws?  
In my care, Julie dear, though you were happy;  
In HIS eternal care, blissful you will be.

Farewell then - and fare you well. No more tears  
To shed I'll try. For those great eleven years  
At least that I could share with you, our Lord I thank.  
With HIM too, in Heaven, I know you'll highly rank.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# To Peace

To Peace (Shakespearan Sonnet)

O Peace! For ages haven't we invoked  
Your grace by chanting your name ceaselessly?  
We're sorely tired; our voices are choked:  
Must you still evade us mercilessly?

What will you accept as our libation?  
In vain we've offered you, at various stages,  
Of Faith and Hope a sweet distillation.  
'Labour' too failed to win you as 'wages'.

Ah! You're too precious to be won cheaply!  
For you costlier things we need to barter.  
We must place, one by one, successively,  
The rarest things at your holy alter-  
    These being Love, Sacrifice, Selflessness,  
    Compassion, Contentment and Generousness.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# To The New Millennium

To the New Millennium (Shakespearan Sonnet)

O Time's titanic offspring come to earth,  
A marvel is your own stupendous womb  
Wherefrom a thousand sons shall take their birth  
To raise, on Hade's immigrants here a tomb?

Are you the premier proxy of our Lord  
Send to rid, through your children's aid, the world  
Of all the countless apples of discord -  
By Satan being relentlessly hurled?

May your first-born be a War-exporter,  
Exporting War to Hell by fastest planes!  
May the next one be a Peace-importer,  
Importing Peace from Heaven by dove-trains!  
This wondrous ware could be our magic wand  
To exorcise all evils from our land.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu



# To The New Year

To the New Year

If Life be a Sea and you are a Wave,  
O kind New Year, will you not save  
Us from sinking, by letting us ride  
Atop your apex, taming the tide?

If Life be a Book and a Page you are,  
O neat New Year, let us not mar  
With blots and blotches, your fresh fair face,  
Nor waste, with blanks, you scanty space.

If Life be a Play and you are a Scene,  
Help us enact some roles that are clean,  
O noble New Year, during your term.  
Be fair sans favour, forgiving but firm.

If Life be a Travel and a Train you be,  
O New Year dear, please hear my plea:  
Carry us not, through rancid routes,  
To stalls that sell forbidden fruits.

If Life be a Game and you are a Ball,  
O smart New Year, fail not to fall  
In goals like Health, courage, compassion;  
Avoid such goals as self and passion.

I

f Life be a Prayer and you are His proxy  
Bringing us alms, O New Year, mercy!  
Place some crumbs of Peace in our bowls  
To feed our hungry hearts and souls.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Vanquished

## VANQUISHED

An uproar in my neighbour's yard I heard,  
Which brought me scurrying out into my own.  
A sad, unsightly sight it was that stirred  
Before my eyes – in all its crudeness shown!

I soon descried, amidst the pandemonium,  
A gallant horse with head lifted high,  
Incommoded by a bunch of hoodlums  
Who tried, with whips, his pride to mortify.

Revolted he and kicked with violent wrath;  
Ululantly loud was heard his neighbouring:  
And from his mouth, exuded foaming froth,  
With 'hey! s and ho! s' while beastly men were braying.

Mobbing him, all round, like bustling bees,  
With bridles, bits and reins in their possession,  
Trainers tried a sneaky chance to seize  
To harness him, amidst a flogging session!

Sanguineous streams soon started flowing  
While scourges lashed the horse relentlessly!  
I saw, aghast, that bits of skin were blowing  
Off, while humans sought ascendancy!

No more could I withstand this grizzly scene  
(Where man looked the beast and beast the man) :  
So back I went into my room to screen  
My eyes against this horse-mastering clan.

But lingered, still, a morbid, mental picture  
And thoughts that I would rather have forsaken:  
My restless mind started to conjecture  
What turn the show, next, door, would have taken.

My neighbour's new equine acquisition  
Had looked to me Pegasus come alive -  
For artists all a paying proposition,  
Their theme and inspiration to derive!

This captive horse must have left behind  
Hoof-prints of his boundless liberty -  
Setting sail, in poets' streaming minds,  
Ship-loads of prancing poetry!

With flowing mane and trail's flying tresses,  
Like wind he must have raced – fast and free!  
Now, here he is, entrapped in human meshes  
For coaching in the art of slavery!

Soon his broken will will be bridled;  
His freedom, soon, will find itself in chains;  
His princely pride, with cunning will be stifled;  
Unvanquished, not for long, he'll remain.

Lost in gloomy thoughts and reflections,  
Lost was I to how much time I spent.  
Now, apprehensively, for reinspection  
Of my hooved hero, out I went.

The ungulate no more was 'flying horse':  
That all his pride lay in disarray  
His lowered head and eyes did endorse:  
I saw him being meekly led away.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# We Welcome You

We Welcome You (In Hexametre)

O New Year, may I request you to throw some light  
On why you always sneak in at the hour of midnight?  
Is it the dread of being mobbed by motley mortals,  
Pestering you to pile up presents at their portals,  
Or metamorphose to mansions, their huts with Midas' touch?  
But why should this flimsy fear frighen you so much?

To learn how to tactfully tackle each indent,  
See the Speaker sail through 'Zero Hour' in Parliament!  
Thereafter, too, if none the wiser you become,  
Block your ears and band your eyes ere you come,  
Blindly scatter all your gifts, and lock your hands -  
Bothering not at whose door which thing lands.

When HE Himself - it appears - hardly cares  
What use is made, and by whom, of His own wares,  
Whoever can decry your aimless distribution?  
HIS hands alone hold the whole and sole solution.  
We welcome you, O New Year; you wish us well, we know,  
Whether or not you're able to wean away our woe.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# When Greed Outstrips Needs

When Greed Outstrips Needs (A Rondel of 13 lines)

When outstripped are our needs by Greed  
Or love of Fame our still outweighs,  
We rush along on mirky ways;  
All moral laws we cease to heed.

Traffic signals failing to read,  
At break-neck speed our aims we chase,  
When outstripped are our needs by Greed  
Or love of Fame our skill outweighs.

To harming others should this lead,  
So what? For Fame so strong our craze,  
The banner 'buy or bribe' we raise!  
We mind not making others bleed,  
When outstripped are our needs by Greed.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# When New Year Calls 'I'M Here'!

When New Year Calls 'I'm Here'!  
(With only ONE rhyme throughout the poem)

While the three little words 'Happy New Year'  
Again, like music, capture our ears,  
May bonny, bouncing, bright-eyed cheer  
Ring door-bells all and call 'I'm here! '

May all your friends and relatives dear -  
Be they far or be they near -  
Be robbed by Old Year of all your fears  
And, by New Year, be cheated of tears!

Away from hurdles may you veer  
And successwards your journey steer.  
With perseverance may you spear  
Ahead, throughout your life's career.

May Health's rosy face appear  
And Wealth's footsteps may you hear.  
May Hope, the way for Happiness, clear.  
May Good Fortune bring up the rear.

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu

# Who Are Mr. Sleep And Mr. Dream?

Who are Mr. Sleep and Mr. Dream? (An Experimental Sonnet)

Pray, who are Mr. Dream and Mr. Sleep  
Who different look between a peep and peep?  
Can dream a wizard be who, with his wand  
Conjures up a weird and mystic land?  
Or is he one of Aesop's proxy cousins  
sent to reel off fables in their dozens?  
Or could he be a fortune-telling prophet  
Pulling out our future from his pocket?

And who is Sleep? A tramp who's lost his way -  
Come to us within our minds to stay  
And rest awhile awaiting dawn of day?  
Or is he Peace - of Strife perchance born -  
Or just a blank sheet from Void torn?  
Or is he Death's foetus still unborn?

Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu