Indira Renganathan

Poetry to me is music and a healing therapy for mind and y is my passion. 'Thus Sings My Heart' as I call it is a compendium of my poems that reflects my heart.
Dedicated To Emily Dickinson

Me a poetess wrote a poem &mdash
Just wrote and felt proud &mdash
But Emily, my dear sweet poetess &mdash
When read for my sake my poem &mdash
For several times &mdash, several times &mdash
And suddenly vanished far &mdash
All my pride too vanished &mdash

"Several times" could mean &mdash
First to begin with - &quot;! ! &quot;but to end at- &quot;0&quot;
Only that - I could infer

Note: Reason for Emily Dickinson's use of dashes
(taken from the internet)

1. Emily's dashes give you pause to receive the enormity of what she is attempting to convey,
they link separate realms in her mysterious landscape.
A curtsy or quick intake of breath as she unveils her gem.

explains how she would verbally pause or how she would finish a thought.

dash or Mdash is sometimes made with two hyphens i.e -

Indira Renganathan
"Your Eyes".. Said He

"Your eyes" said he "are two fish that play
In the sweet ocean of my deep love"
"Thanks" said she.."hope sweet ocean of love
Turns not brine to out pour from my eyes"

Indira Renganathan
A Beating Song By A Drummer and his Wife

She- "I will not sing a song
For you are always wrong
Beating me and my gong
With a stick for so long
For singing the same song"

He- "I will not sing a song
For you are always wrong
Beating me and my gong
For singing the same song
With the same stick so long"

Indira Renganathan
A Birthday Celebration

What it means...
Life is dead by one more year
or
Celebrating
The revisit of the birth date
With no resolutions

Born today a baby
That knows not that
Today is its birth day
Surrounding folks celebrate much

Cakes and chocolates
Highlight
The subsequent years
Partying customarily

A horde
Of friends and relatives
A man sixty
Amid much elation
By rituals
Atones first for his so far sins
While in wait his wife
For the sacred knot next

He repeats this
Turned eighty too
May be more sins, more fear
More like a little girl
Wife aka grandma accepts her
Wedding knot by him
Third time by chance of luck

Counting is
An invitee’s
Ennui
What it means..

Indira Renganathan
A Blessed Day (Song)

Morning rises with a blessing 'good morning'..good
Morning moves on wishing you a 'good day'..good
Daytime chores end wishing you a 'good evening'..good
Evening free and happy wishing you a 'good night'..good
Night in sweet dreams sailing hoping dreams come true..oh
This is how a day is defined, all is well and good..oh
This is how the lord has blessed us, all is well and good..oh
Praise Him for His blessing oh praise Him for His blessing..oh
Thank Him for His blessing oh thank Him for His blessing..oh
This is how the lord has blessed us, all is well and good

Indira Renganathan
A Brooding Syllogism

All doctors are gods treating
birth to death via life
Ramaswamy is a doctor
Ramaswamy is a god

All gods are doctors treating
birth to death via life
Dhanvantri is a god
Dhanvantri is a doctor

Doctor be the God
That God can not conquer Hades
God be the doctor
That doctor can not do away with Death
Never can surpass his destiny
The human

Indira Renganathan
A Broom Song

I sweep this way, I sweep that way
To gather the clutter right way
I sweep this way, I sweep that way
If only I'm held the right way

I sweep this way, I sweep that way
To welcome the Lord your home way
I sweep this way, I sweep that way
It's all how I'm used the right way

Sing brroom, brroom the right way
I shall make your day a heyday

Indira Renganathan
A Child's Prattle-1

When you stood before me with a stick
"You're the little Krishna with a flute" I said
"No no, I'm the teacher" you said
"Oh, I thought, 'police'" I said
"No no, I'm the big Krishna" you said
My dilemma "a kiss or namasthe to Krishna?"
But that stick scared me..
"I surrender oh Lord" I said

Note: This is about a grand mother's imagination of conversing with little Krishna the Lord adopting Him as her grand child

Indira Renganathan
A Child's Prattle-2

In the middle of night
You woke me up
"I want butter" you asked
"At this hour?" I asked

Tired out my groggy body yet
Lifted me and got your need
But you..flipped it off
To the ground that I skidded
Crying "Krishnaaaaaa..."

Just then bedazzled
I felt a timely support
Was it you in dazzling blue?
I looked for the little boy
No, not found...
My dilemma.. "was it real or a dream...?"

Note: This is about a grand mother's imagination of conversing with little Krishna the Lord adopting Him as her grand child

Indira Renganathan
Sudden sudden visits you pay me
On that day too
When I was a little dozy
"Graaaaannn.."shouting you popped in
All on a sudden shock
Threatening....! Shocked..! !
But just in a while
I was back to my self
And laughed aloud
But Krishna, you stopped and
Began gazing
"What are you looking at?
It's empty and toothless even"
I said
"Still, I see everything" you said
And laughed aloud clapping
Now I started gazing
At your sparkling smile
"What do you see? "you asked
"Your lovely smile" I said
"So, You are not Yashodha"
You said and vanished
My dilemma...
"Am I not up to her? 
"Am I not staunchly devout? 

Note: This is about a grand mother's imagination of conversing with little Krishna the Lord adopting Him as her grand child

Indira Renganathan
When I was waiting for you
In utter haste, you delayed
Helplessly left my heart lone
Restlessly muttered jittering
"You cheated me Krishna..
You cheated me Krishna
After feasting on a series
Of all that you crave for
Hosted by me
You cheated, you cheated"

"Graaaaann.." rightly you entered.
"Why's that self prattling now"
You asked. I scowled..
"Is it this, your way of favouring
Why, why you took away my Love
Leaving me forlorn and alone
A series of loss and now my Love
Leaving me forlorn and alone

You paused my howling
With your tender hug
"Gran.." you wiped my tears
"Isn't your Love my love too..?"
At once you vanished...

How can it be...?
"Your Love my love"
My vacillating dilemma
Haunting me timelessly

Note: This is about a grand mother's's imagination of conversing with little Krishna the Lord adopting Him as her grand child

Indira Renganathan
A Child's Prattle-5

'Found out at last..
May be I think too much..
Found out at last..
O' God,
You are the most best
Sadist..! yes it is true
Gave me the extra eye
I chose to be good
And still want to be so
But You made me helpless
Snared me in conflicts peaceless
My extra eye
I do realise You are the controller
But why this way...?
Won't You stop torturing the Good
Won't You let the Good be good..?
Intolerable to live shamed
Albeit being good
May be I think too much'

That day as I was mulling over
Muttering such heartfelt wording
You came in.
'Whom were you talking to'
You asked
'God' I said..
'O.k, talk to me now'you said
'Ha, You are a little boy
Mine is a big issue..matchless'I said.
'Little boy..? matchless..? '
You once vanished.

My dilemma this time mused..
Long and longer time...
Then suddenly, sharply...
O' Krishnaaaa...I cried
Feeling hangdog and guilty
Of my nescience
How will I face little Krishna
The biggest Lord when He comes
Will He come..? Hmm..I sigh
My dilemma goes on

Note: This is about a grand mother's's imagination of conversing with little Krishna the Lord adopting Him as her grand child

Indira Renganathan
A Child's Prattle-6

My folly kept pricking
Too prolonged my heart
Awaiting His presence

Those interim days
Kept haunting me guilty

And punishment sometimes
Means silence from the other
So too from my baby God

I kept calling Him until
He came at last on a belated visit
with His usual cry 'Graaann'.
My soul felt filled

'How are you gran'He asked
'I missed you thoroughly
Are you angry with me'I asked

'No, no' He , felt relieved
'So..'He in fear that
He might vanish as usual
I disrupted quickly to say
'Krishna, I have a request'
'Yes gran, go on'He said

'I'm old enough and
You know my time well
I will not say 'will you be'
But say 'I want'
You be with me
Till I breathe last
And always after that too
Drown me in your bliss
In your Vyjayanti, your Bansuri too
Please don't leave me alone'

Krishna thought a while
'You see graaan...' He dragged
His witty eyes said it all
'Yashodama will be waiting for me
I will tell her and
At once will return'

He said and gone..
And me..
Broken..

Note: This is about a grand mother's imagination of conversing with little Krishna the Lord adopting Him as her grand child

Indira Renganathan
Life's a mystery
And its creator, too mysterious
And I'm not a mystic at all
Fettered by cosmic link
To meet Him
After all an ordinary old woman
Looking out for a kind heart

With aching time
Months divine kid
Didn't turn...But then
A hallucination enfolded me
I began perceiving
His heavenly presence often nigh
Child Krishna..
Played, pranked, prattled
With all His music and dance

But lo, my sarcastic fate...
Soon my ecstasy was called lunacy
And my heart terribly needed a balm
Perhaps for that reason surprisingly
Little boy came with a stick
On a bright day

'You Krishna'I exclaimed
'Yes gran, your Krishna' He said
'With the stick again..? 'I asked
'Yes'
For a different cause this time'
He seemed to proclaim something
'Hmmm, anyway, you've come, I'm happy'
I said
'Gran.. I have a salve for you'
What's it..? '
'why don't you sleep in Bhumatha's lap
It'll do good to you'
In a short silence
A truth broadening His big eyes bigger
Even mine in amusing surprise
'No need of a cot gran..'He chuckled

'Yes darling I do oblige'
'And.. do remember your promise
Be with me from now on'

'Oh graan dear, not from now'
'Then..? ' sometime..'
He shrugged His shoulders like
The big Krisna just to vanish next

A meaningful silence shrouded

Ah, no more dilemma..very much sure
'My little grandson
That celestial child
Will definitely arrive in time'

But my ecstasy...it's ever lunacy
As I try to sleep on the ground

End

Note: This is about a grand mother's's imagination of conversing with
little Krishna the Lord adopting Him as her grand child.

Indira Renganathan
A Cinema's Aftermath

That movie was
About 'in-laws' clashes
Back home he said
'I keep sky high
my parents'

She felt happy
And quipped wacky
What about my parents?'
'Sky and beyond'
He answered

'Irony?' for a tyranny
She set out angrily

Indira Renganathan
A Collapsed House Rebuilt

In that top corner of the house
A cobweb swaying in breeze
What made the breeze become the wind
A foul play..it blew butting blind
Chasing the wind now cobweb in a play
It's His mercy the spider back on way
Behold, he is weaving again his house

Note: Thank you PoemHunter for selecting my poem 'A Collapsed House Rebuilt' for the Poem Of The Day..thanks a lot for this honour

Indira Renganathan
A Day With The Lord

Wake up o'Lord, it's winter's vernal shine
Dawning to be consecrated with mercy Thine
Whilst yet a darkling sky's in full moon shine
In tardy treads it's pinking too fine
As Thou asterism Arudhra is on to sign
Conjuring melodies of cooing birds pine
Invoked Margazhi-matins intensify to combine
Intending for anointed ablutions aromatic divine
Wake up o'Lord, wake up

Then it means to be sanguine more
Sacred bathing mounds in variety to pour
Shiva is fresh and feasted to score
Follow now His jaunt of cosmic chore
Prime at Dharukavan blissful, He dances to roar
Surrender the rishis, their nescience to implore
Repeats His cosmic dance, Pathanjali to adore
On Thai-Poosam for Vyagrapada once more
Illimitable expeditions has He all more

Vital, vigorous, fervent He's the cosmic force
Blest or blazed all from His source
Fiery that He seeks more a bathing course
Cool on Maasi- morn of a chathurdasi-repose
Ere full moon amid sacred ablutions He glows
Freshened Lord doesn't let us doze
Awakens the light in wide awake those
On a Maasi-night whole His blessing flows
Thence the trumpet of His marriage-grandeur blows

Watch the merry Lord ecstatic, samsaric
Performing to the core of our blood rhythmic
Reddened to be Ratnasabapathy dynamic
Refreshepd of yet more ablution fantastic
On Thiruvonam in Chithirai bombastic
Noon -bathing rhapsodic naps to be melodic
That the Lord emerges to be characteristic
On Uthiram in Aani all majestic
Blessing us whole in evening symbolic
Now time for the slumber-surrender-darkness
Nescient night whilst seeking refuge vivacious
The Lord forbids its ignorance gracious
Bathed anew, aglow with effulgence
On Chaturdasi in Aavani propitious
Sequel- Poornima all with her godliness
While leering fledging cupid-arrows
Rapturous Lord resorts to further ambrosial ablutions
On a Chaturdasi in Purattasi nighttime magnificence
Shiva is all content with the whole cosmic force
Unto Him retires our woes and wishes
Unto Him Poornima wanes, waxes, wanes

Indira Renganathan
A Deepavali Song (For Children)

"On the eve of Deepavali
Let's all have a nice dinner"
They all sing together merrily
They all sing together merrily
"Happy Deepavali happy Deepavali
Happy Deepavali happy Deepavali"

Papa says "I want kheer kheer"
Grandpa says "begin with soup soup"
Grandma says "no no, &quoute juice juice"
Big son says "I want some tikkas"
Big girl says "some potato fries"
Little sister says "I want pizza"

"Ha ha ha ha" all're laughing..

Out from the kitchen mamma comes
Says "no exotic eating
on the eve of Deepavali
Be traditional with onion sambar
Potato curry, pappad, vada, rasam
Kheer and halwa, ofcourse with rice"

Crying loudly's little sister
Papa comes up consoling little sister
Takes her to the pizza shop after dinner
"Happy Deepavali happy Deepavali"
They all sing together merrily

---

On the day of Deepavali
Prior to the dawn so wakefully
All rise like the new sun early
All rise like the new sun early

Remembering slain Narakasuran
Freshened of a Ganga Snaan
Feeling free of an evil
Attired colourful of a new cheer
Wishing one and all the best
They all sing together merrily
"Happy Deepavali happy Deepavali
Happy Deepavali happy Deepavali"

Lights and lamps all lit bright everywhere
Deepavali rises firing crackers
Laughter bursting jubilation dancing
Mamma calls in everyone for breakfast

"Ha ha ha ha" all're laughing..

Idli dosa vada pongal traditional
Sambar cutney kichdi upma additional
Paratha poori sauce and sabji national
Sweets and snacks all multinational
They all glut and gobble, glut and gobble
Till no space left in tummy for lunch

Happy Deepavali happy Deepavali
Visitors and visits continue
Firing crackers continue
Food and festivities continue
Year after year, year after year
Deepavali too continues
"Happy Deepavali happy Deepavali
Happy Deepavali happy Deepavali
All sing together merrily"

Indira Renganathan
A Fevered Poem

So, whoever is ill, my dear friends
Don't let the fevered thoughts go away
Gather them to treat with proper words
To set them right in rhythm anyway
One, two, three...line by line as they stand
Refresh and fine-tune them to display
Beats from their hearts a harmonic band
No more febrile they..yet fevered they say
'A Fevered Poem' of their cordial chords

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother 24

Chamomile, (German chamomile, Matricaria chamomilla)

Of your mistaken identity for crysantheum
Vendors local were ignorant here once
Elapsed speedy time to prize your esteem optimum
Chamomile, to feel great real of your ambiance

Of sunlike a shape Aster-grouped, you're propagated
Albeit you're in slender rising, for your strong usage
Head up seemingly energised, harrowed center prettified
Chamomile, wonder is your muti-purposive visage

Of your ilk utile occidental alone, needs it be seizable
The wared orient urging for you all-medicative, calmative
Extracted decocted to infuse in health sizable
Chamomile, a concoction of you and me..imperative

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother 25

Kozhakkattai Mandarai(Yellow Orchid Tree, St. Thomas Tree, Yellow Bell, Bauhinia tomentosa)

Very much unassuming an appearance..
Sometimes plain, sometimes black throated
Plausibly to threaten a disturbance
Insects, birds when circling hunger bloated

Mandarai, but your golden smile bright
As that of sun around, why then you droop
Indicative, meditative for sore throat
Like Shiva your blackened throat, why then stoop

Ah, your bilobed leafy claps acknowledge
While humming granny grinding chutney of them
You are how much purposeful without wastage
How much useful is your adorable optimum

So, you're my pooja flower Mandarai
Soul linking me right spacewise
Soaring me to celestials to go high
Sure you're handy in every my utterance

Indira Renganathan
Poovarasampoo (Indian tulip tree, Portia tree Thespesia populnea)

Who decreed that you're the king
Deny but would I say the queen
Lissome petals yours for flimsy fluttering
Crumpled even in gentle breeze but to preen
So motherly your maroon eye much beckoning
Crooning while bole of your medicinal gene
Tripping patterns of a rhythmic drumming
Leafy hearts shaping up a supportive scene
Who decreed that you're the king..Poovarasu
Deny but would I say the queen..Poovarasi

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother 27

Kozhi Kondai(Cockscomb crested, Cockscomb Plumed, Silver Cockscomb)
(Celosia argentea var. cristata, Celosia argentea var. plumosa
Celosia argentea var. spicata)

Sisters here aren't similar in semblance
Aren't in shades, shapes albeit beautiful
Crested, plumed, silvery but in loamy sameness
They're parading in garland-like circle
Shaking their strong veined leafy hands
Proud are- - one with her clusters of crested style
Next with a plumed do of feathery looseness
Third on upright base of a silver-smile
Celosia sisters on march feting healthful colours
Dulcet breeze, ever the voice over of their carnival

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother 28

Kodi sampangi, (chambangi, Telosma minor, Telosma cordata)

Yellow-green pale in subdued hidden silence
Sparse and scarce and slack you're this day
Of mechanised life moulded of machines, mindless
Man to remind and commend you to world of today

Yet of your fragrance divine in evening bloom
A rare beatitude hued creamy in dulcet nightfall
Leafing hearts supporting along the vine as you groom
Bewitched people some treasure you in closer hearts

Salient, sanative cupped perfume uncupped you spray
In grip of a hardy trunk as you blossom in clusters
Of culinary exotica too, Telosma, what else than 'Hurray...Hurray'

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother 29

Nagalinga Poo (Cannon Ball Tree, Couroupita guianensis)

Rare you look with protecting serpent multi-tongued
With your leaves serratein secret guarding
With your fruits in unkempt dangling steadied
With your bold bole outspread in eyeful watching...

All for what oh, perianth pink and red and yellow
Ah, that secret of a cosmic whorl around an axis
In your salving heart so moist centered to glow
Yes, yes Nagalinga, Shiva..Truth of vast cosmos..

And no wonder you're the flower for the Lord
Scented from the providence special and ritual
Soft and soothing lofty for heart and mind
And all surrender, no wonder to you so habitual

Indira Renganathan
My Flower Series

I am not a botanist, but an admirer of nature specially flowers. For the following series of flower poems, I did refer a lot. For that matter wherever I went I looked for the area flowers pressed and preserved them for my study and review which has helped me a lot. I humbly dedicate these flower poems to the Mother of Auroville. I hope my efforts will be appreciated and remain a useful reference. I repeat I am not a botanist.

Indira Renganathan

Thaamarai (Indian Lotus - Nelumbo nucifera)

She's the heart of an elemental body
Soft, soft and soft in healing peace
So deep in mire and muck sown muddy
Yet triumphing petaled in manifold blossoms
Pink and blue and white refreshing and sunny

She's the heart of an elemental body
Soft, soft and soft in gospel silence
So deep in twirls and swirls of mayic petalody
Yet triumphing petaled in enlightened bliss
Bright and right and straight to the Almighty

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-10

Shenbagam (Magnolia champaca, Champak)

It was a juvenile hello, very juvenile, remember..?
In the precincts of a temple with my father
First time when we met I breathed a wonder
As you smelt elysian...all long of childhood yonder

Why my father in haste but prevented then..?
That my heart 'd bleed, so no more on..?
Knew not then..knew not to reason then
Know now that you're a dart from Manmathan

And even more now know I my dear flower
That your aroma is joy perfumed more
And your skill of curative ilk lot more
The wishes done under your shade, ah, clever

A heavenly dazzle with fragrance rich and longer
Golden in colour and chromatic and tender
Characteristic your tapered petals so much stronger
Artistic on sacred hair-dos as such a splendour

As if ready to shoot tepals cupping tensed
You are elegant and reasonably spirited
A special highly tantalizingly aromatized
All by tall bole up to be noted structured

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-100

Scarlet Cordia (Cordia sebestena)
Beach Cordia (Cordia subcordata)

Who's elder, who's younger
I don't know for certain
Who's taller, who's shorter
Sure I know for certain

Beach Cordia, so what if
On short trunk you are
But with orange motif
Sheeny leaved you are

With tiny pregnant fruits
Ambience is so enriched
With your orangy clusters
Immense peace bewitched

Ah, only moderately tall
Scarlet Cordia, yet true
Tubular clusters enthrall
Flowered with scarlet hue

Spring and summer toned
Orange lot more darkened
More with fruits charming
More with them as scenting

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-101

Neelambal(Blue water lily, Nymphaea nouchali)  
Vellambal(neytarkilanku, Nilofer, Romanian White Nymphaea alba)  
SivappuAlli(Red Water Lily, Nymphaea rubra)

All Alli as known here  
Common yet so special  
Lot more special here  
But Neelambal especial

Adorable white for Vaani  
All red for ornate Laxmi  
And for whom is Neelambal  
But to Shiva in special

Many petaled red or rose  
Rubra round-leaved toothed  
Wide leaved and fan-veined  
Alba white yellow-stamened

Notable Neelambal beautiful  
Broad-leaved veins notched  
Blue-petal-charisma eyeful  
Soft centre yellow-torched

Natural is no flora trivial  
All Allis are so spiritual  
So much so alsomedicinal  
That is the pride celestial

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-102

Masipachchai, Mugwort, Indian Wormwood,  
(Artemisia indica var. nepalensis, Artemisia asiatica)

Fertile green festive and favourite  
Much matter the leaves of 'Pachai'  
Variegated lot of Artemesia-delight  
But temple gods' most coveted is 'Pachai'

Short and salient fragrant and sweet  
Medicated my garden scenting sanative  
shrubby perennial, with dark green treat  
Buddy flora tiny pale such formative

With the hundred and one in strung zest  
In enchanting bliss with the following  
Monitor o'Pachai enlaced with the rest  
To make all a garland in divine touching

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-103

Thiruneetru pachilai, Vibhuti Pachilai
(Ocimum basilicum, Sweet Basil)

Look, she too joins to flavour
Smiling at each other ambrosial
Her leaves stuck to woody server
In whorls tiny flora of sweet basil
Curative culinary sacred aromatic
Hark, entwining through how well
Intangling hushjoining together
Help making of a garland wonderful

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-104

Maru (Origanum majorana L.)

Here joins a flash of scent
Taking us to a divine abode
Straight from the Lord’s heart
Must've been she, Maru an ode

For hers is aroma indefinable
Divinizing this earth in heaps
Spreading her branches amicable
Far and wide with tiny leaves

Headed her flowers burring errors
Freshened our minds hurrying
Serving sanity be her sacred cause
Here Maru be added in all cheering

Indira Renganathan
Tulsi, (Holy basil, Ocimum tenuiflorum)

Watch, o' hitherto flowers
Here comes She from Him
With providential prowess
And you all sing your hymn
She treats you all bound
And you all inhale hmm..

Such is Tulsi, her range
Ovate leaves perfuming
Toothed margins strange
Green or reddish calming
Sanity supremacy deified
Lakshmi, Krishna outrange

Clustered flora circling
On hearty bracts spiked
In wonder all whispering
As she ties you fastened
And treatedyou let not
Tulsi, away your gathering

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-106

Marikolundu(Dhavanam
Artemisia pallens Walls.)

Behold, all spellbound
In surpassed fragrance
Flowers of this garland
Stuck in added affluence

Marikolundu, she's the new
Beyond crores of heavens
Born and traversed through
Pregnant with aroma heavens'

Grown on earth with leaves
Pairs pinnasect, pamatisect
Perfuming sweet in opposites
Flora golden like her scent

Now glued together strung
All sunk in curative aroma
A song in dulcet mood sung
Stay on Davana, stay on Davana

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-107

Vishnukranthi(Evolvulus alsinoides)

She's cool like Krishna's smile
Soothing alleviating so timely
What woe can invade the soul while
As Krishnashe's herefriendly
She's Vishnukranti slender sweet
Leafing her perennial favour utile
Those flowers here greet her fondly
Shying her flora azure worthwhile
Clothed her leafing clinging firmly
Hardy rooting confirming all the while

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-108

Kathir pachai (Pogostemon patchouli)

Do you not think she's ordinary
Realised, 'll say extra-ordinary
Calm and soft in sheer simplicity
Yet in great demand of utility
Here is joining our flower group
Kathirpachai to make a floral-troup

They're busy making the garland
Kathirpachai to final-knot grand
Ovate her leaves with strange scent
Forgetting earthly needs here bent
Herself stooped to a divine task
Purple-white her flowers along bask

A murmuring hush between each other
Caring deep their work for the Mother
Kathir is fastening all so proper
In right pull and tangle and order
Garland is ready with great ardor
Adorned in distinction by the Mother

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-11

Arali(Nerium oleander)

You're too composed, meek and mild..
In gentle diffusion and secret spread
When your aroma rises around
In search a passer-by bewitched

Pink or red, single or double petaled
Glistening glory yours he astounded
In divine mood you're specially offered
By the surrendered to Durga and the Sun God

They say you're toxic in clusters fringed
Are you angels from heaven to earth expelled
Of fear I guess you're toxicant to self guard
Your use and medicament yet the known utilised

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-12

Sangu Pushpam(White Butterfly Pea- Clitoria ternata 'Alba', Clitoria ternatea)

Unto the Lord all by nature's blues
Hued with our queries..bespeak on
Ominous worries all.. freak upon
Retreat then blessed with azury smiles

Awaiting in whitened blossom is your sister
Pinnated maidens  preambling a specific sacrament
Rooted in climbing uses, like sister is sister
O'blossoms of Sangu, fill my hands of pooja-heart

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-13

Vetchi, Idli poo(Ixora coccinea)

It's their paradise I find all and well
Multi-coloured and sized dwarf and tall
Sponging pally in a gentle breezy dwell
Palming multi-fingered 'come, come'say all

It's their decor I see all over and abode
Mindless to picking mindful to hugging I adore
It's their decorum of guarding of a healthy mode
I feel a glow in a swish all over and more

Faced palm crowned in a heart of colours
Sundries she and she and she and so on
Bunchy, bushy in clustered merry gregarious
Adorn 'Vetchi' morn and Muruga, a triumphant dawn

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-14

Roja, Panneer Roja, (Rose, Damask Rose, Rosa x damascena)

Roja is divine and deferent
Defined to be heaven's descendent
Ambrosia and aroma of her outfit
All set in her purposive heart's kit

Azur and other side darker exempted
Colours she be yet not attempted
A-one beauty, an ace beloved
Fragrant Roja ever a favoured

Aththar and Gulkand, panneer and vinegar
Rosy-rosy Roja's all serving rigor
Countless her qualities, enduring her vigor
Yet ended to me in a doubt of figure

Those leaves serrated and prickles all over
Out of fear for predators are they there
O' Rose of heavens, crush of humans..beware
Custodian is the Lord you pray with care

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-15

Thazhampoo (Ketaki, Screwpine, Pandanus odorifer)

Your speculated fall was not a fall
But a legacy with lassies' plaited elegance
*Albeit punished by Shiva huge and all
For a disputed lie on Brahma's impatience

Perhaps gravitating props made you root strong
For our usage your nature fragrant aplenty
Darling flower, while 'thorny-dusty' is no wrong
Aromatic ultra figure yours is an ivory warranty

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Note: *Why Thazhampoo not used in Siva worship:

Siva Purana Episode:

Once it was decided that Brahma would go up (towards the sky) and try to find the head of this pillar of Light (Shiva) and
Vishnu would go down (under the earth) to find the foot of Shiva. Brahma then assumed the form of a swan and began his journey into the sky.
Vishnu on the other hand, assumed the form of Varaha (wild boar) and bored through the earth to descend into the very depths of the world.
The two of them went thus on their quest for thousands of years and even still could find no end to the pillar of light (as light has no limit).
After proceeding in their quest for so long, the two of them got tired.

Vishnu decided to end his search (becoming humbled) and proceed back to the earth. At the same time, Brahma saw a Ketaki (fragrant screw pine - Pandanus Sativa, kewra in hindi and thazhampu in tamil) flower slowly wafting downwards from the sky.
He stopped the flower on its way down and asked it where it was coming from. On being questioned by the creator, the flower replied that it had been placed at the top of the pillar of fire as an offering by a devotee and had fallen from there.
Unable to find the head of the pillar, Brahma decided to end his search and instead use the ketaki flower as evidence of him having reached the head.
Both Brahma and Vishnu came back to the earth in the end and when asked, Vishnu replied truthfully that he had been unable to find the feet of the fiery pillar even after a very long search going to the very ends of the universe. Brahma on the other hand (to prove his superiority over Vishnu) lied by saying that he had in fact reached the head of the pillar of fire and that he had brought the ketaki flower from the top as proof of having reached there. This false claim angered Shiva and he revealed his true form and then cursed Brahma that he would have no temple dedicated to his worship as he was undeserving (as a result of his falsity) and he also cursed the ketaki flower that henceforth she shall not be used in the worship of Shiva (as she had given false testimony when questioned).

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-16

Sarakondrai(Golden shower tree, Cassia fistula)

A week ago you shocked me of your bare chassis
Bathing denuded totally in aerial refreshment
You looked to me somewhat undone in my hypothesis
However of a presumed renaissance I forethought

What a magic! you got done day by day blossoming
To this day in grape-bunches of racemes long and golden
In tall height you're branched all around amusing
Multi-eared with fluorescent florescence heaven-done

Cassia, you just cannot be of a common nature
For your fishy nap per anum is highly seasoned
As if from the big bang is your flowering structure
No wonder, your medicated decoration is well endorsed

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-17

Marudaani(Henna, Lawsonia inermis)

Inconspicuous on a tiny branchlet a tiny angel
Yet conspicuous with bunchy angels around special
Wing and winged her stamen and sepal four ordinal
Where from, you guess, is she nascent original

Marudaani..droplet of heavenly perfume she is
Most intense and inviting is her sacred redolence
Mirroredflawless in her leafy guard glabrous
What for, you guess, is she born much wondrous

Marudaani..all patternedwith a loving heart
Flowery, flowery velvetty nature to impart
All her care of scented nursing fine and smart
How then, you guess, you're drowsy by Henna's floret

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-18

Vaadaamalli (Globe Amaranth, Gomphrena globosa)

Stiff and stern and sturdy a gem
Buttoned to a globular rhythm

An ideal of empurpled deep wonder
Gathered ball of a wisdom-gender

Symbol souvenir of sisterly passion
Selected for Nepali brother's affection

Decocted treat for a gripe infantile
Blog of bundle ever to beguile

Freshened femina, Vaadaamalli long
Freedom preaching in united throng

Unscented yet no debar of hue
Arresting grandeur approved true

Note: *Bhai Tika Worship of Brother(Nepal)*

Tihar also known as Deepawali and Yamapanchach or Swanti, is a five-day-long Hindu festival celebrated in Nepal and the state of Sikkim the regions of Darjeeling and Kalimpong in India where ethnic Nepalese have their presence.

The fifth and last day of Tihar is called Bhai Tika or Kija Puja. It is observed by sisters applying tilaka" or "tika" to the foreheads of their brothers to ensure long life and thank them for the protection they provide. It is believed that Yamraj, the God of Death, visited his sister, Goddess Yamuna,
on this day during which she applied the auspicious tika on his forehead, garlanded him and fed him special dishes. Together, they ate sweets, talked and enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. Upon parting, Yamraj gave the Yamuna a special gift as a token of his affection and, in return, Yamuna gave him a lovely gift which she had made with her own hands. That day Yamraj announced that anyone who receives tilak from his sister will never die on that day.

Sisters make a special grandly for their brothers from a flower that wilts only after a couple of months, symbolizing the sister's prayer for her brother long live. Brothers sit on the floor while their sisters perform their puja. The puja follows a traditional ritual in which sisters circle brothers, dripping oil on the floor from a copper pitcher and applying oil to their brother's hair, following which a seven-color tika is applied on the brother's forehead. Next, brothers give tika to their sisters in the same fashion with an exchange of gifts. This ritual is practiced regardless of whether the brother is younger or older than the sister. Those without a sister or brother join relatives or friends for tika. This festival strengthens the close relationship between brothers and sisters.

In addition to these, Newars make colourful Ashtamangala mandalas and recite chants and procedures in accordance with Tantric rituals. Along with the seven-coloured tika, sisters provide brothers with Sagun, sweets, Makhamali (Gomphrena globosa)garland, and a sacred cotton thread of Tantric importance, similar to Janai thread meant to protect their bodies.

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-19

Kondrai-(Sarakondrai, Mayil Kondrai white, red, dwarf red red and yaloow, yellow, Manjal Kondrai, Perunkondrai- Golden shower tree, Indian a fistula Flame Tree, Royal Poinciana, Delonix regia, Peacock Flower red, yellow, Caesalpinia pulcherrima Siamese Senna, Siamese cassia, Senna siamea Cassia glauca LAM, Delonix elata (L.) GAMBLE- All Gulmohar family)

I need to remain amazed in awe Ye, dear cousin-flowers of Shiva Ye need to remain bloomed ultra For I do need your feast fiesta

Wait till I fetch my folks all here Wilt not but shade shaded in cheer Wide and varied and canopied sincere Red and yellow all lighted superior

And for my folks when asked in special Poinciana, ye fan in flaming red and swell Tall and striking in four-petaled settle Buffing ferny leaves supporting in full

And for my folks when asked specific Mayil Kondrais, ye, younger sisters terrific Stalked intense for belittled flowers pacific Breeze an ever green show of yellow-red magic

And in mindful heart for my folks when asked Sarakondrai, ye sway your chandelier basked Glittering golden on support ofa woody red With all purposeful service of a treat readied

And for my folks in distinct speciality Ye, Manjal Kondrai, caress in bowing tenacity Crowned in racemed yellow on an axised beauty Pinnate leaves pining oblong and mighty
Andye, Perunkondrai, in greater heart  
Swing and sway and hush in touching beat  
Beating against arthritic beat in full feat  
White to yellow on a greeny spread support

I need to remain amazed in awe  
Ye, dear cousin-flowers of Shiva  
Ye need to remain bloomed ultra  
For I do need your feast fiesta

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-2

Madurai Malligai (Jasminum sambac, Gundu Malli)

Rubied of the twilights the loam
Redolent of the Malligai grown
Circumambulating aroma aromatizing the zone
City of Meenakshi for Malligai well known

Charmed of pleasance, Malligai’s elegance
Even superjacent Muruga raving with diligence
Queen of night as wafting with fragrance
Scene of love to the moon in florescence

Manured of a godly land rich
Made of pentapetaled Malligai much
Trading of the blossoms even abroad reach
Malligai’s puissance divine as Meenakshi such

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-20

Mullai(Jasminum Auriculatum, Jasminum Molle)

I opine you of my mother dear Molle
For you're characteristic to allay
The bothered unabated heart's assay
In clover bushy scenting it, hurray

I opine you of my sister Molle dear
Pruned to bloom abundant here near
Scandent in trifoliated support higher
Pruning me to blossom brighter ever

I opine you of my daughter dear Molle
Healing cooling against summer's play
To gods and goddesses in needy display
Stellar Mullai seated in my heart's inlay

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-21

Frangipani (Plumeria, Pagoda tree, Temple tree)

Vibrant more than that water-fall
Where at Kumbakarai I met you first
Your fragrance while bewitching around all
I saw a whirling nut downfalling next

I could guess perhaps it was messaging
That you're pink and red and white
Elsewhere true to my aromatic guessing
Yet cream with curled up beauty perfect

Only the heaven-perfumer can interpret
Of what magic you're scented this much
Of what magic you sit conical upright
On a magical sappy support that much

I remember I saw countless whirling nuts
Gyrocarpus, dancing in joy aero-dramatic
Nothing but to Frangipani, your redolence
Danced to rest on your leafy roughness chick

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-22

Nila Sampangi(Rajanigandha, Mexican tuberose, Polianthes tuberosa)

Those are the icy drizzles of mount Kailash
All the snowy flora-fragrance on earth
A mystery-blossom in silent hush of a swash
NilaSampangi, such one is you of great mirth

What if I say you’re spiked..it's just true
Supported bulbed to spread and blossom
Long leafy perennial spiked only to accrue
Sacred chaplets penta-poly-petaled festive awesome

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-23

Bougainvillea, Great Bougainvillea (Bougainvillea glabra, Bougainvillea spectabilis)

Too foreign, farther, may be empyrean
Dropped strewn an origami streetwise
Scandent on walls treeing with extra-mien
Watchful vigilant bracted with catchy colours

A godly-make papery easy to flee apart
Yet to root a scarecrow of thorny spines..
She’s Bougainvillea, a stout sentinel stalwart
Inodorous fauna-peril, perennialguard of pet-designs

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-3

Nandhiyarvattai (CrapeJasmine)

She's a dancer in group
Skirted all by sheeny greeny troupe
Gentle sway in gentle breeze
Her razzle-dazzle dance to gentle whizz

She's mercy waxed with whitened glow
Sapped in secret love with sun's blow
Petaled pentad in milky glue
Wonderful splendour, night's fragrant view

She's a sacred bloomer, appear all year
Handy ever for a pooja worshipper
A daybreak friend you meet the first
Soil tolerant super Nandhiyar, the foremost

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-30

Pavalamalli(Nyctanthes arbotristis) .
Parijatam(Gardenia jasminoides)

Ye darling flowers, I need’d to put in
How much, how much efforts ye know..?
Ye and ye both mythologically akin
Ritually robust, tell me yes or no..?

Yes, Parijatam, ye never been Pavalamalli
Ye Pavalamalli, only you've been Parijatam
Confusedly puzzling out a tiff literally
Between Satyabhama and Rukmini of a conundrum

Not by Pavalamalli but by your name sole
Ye, Parijatam from heaven to earth
Shrubby strengthy fragrant lengthy seasonal
Here but huge aeonian in farther Bharath..

Ye, darling flowers, in my heart heavenly both much
Handful of Parijatams in leathery leafy support
Waxy white to match Pavalamalli sweet so much
Scented with a sindhur-heart, true, close to my heart

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-31

Brahmakamalam, Nishagandhi
(Orchid cactus, Jungle cactus,
Night blooming cereus, Dutchman's Pipe)
(Epiphyllum oxypetalum)

Who knows, may be she's on a penance..
In silent bloom in nightly spiritual exile
To self hers alone known of her presence..
But I hunt and wait in all her secret while

In eerie hours rising slender her u-neck
Bearing seemingly her musing closed face
Awaits from its leafy platform a beck
As I try awaiting Nisha's florescence

My patience's prediction there she blooms
Flashing perfuming stunning rich all around
Like a goddess attired from heavenly looms
Bleaching my mind, heart, soul fully deterged

Spellbound! all words of wonderment retreat
Booming Bijagarba re-impregnated in awe
Symbolised therein the microcosmic portrait
A pollen forest and a spider stigma as Brahma

'Behold in repeats', decrees my conscience
I see and perceive insatiably wide-eyed
Brahmakamalam with dynamic mutiple petals!
But lo, what destiny before the Sun she's to end?

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-32

Thanga Arali, Manjal Arali
(Mexican oleander, Yellow Oleander, Lucky Nut
Thevetia peruviana)
Swarna Pushpam(Yellow bells, Yellow trumpet,
Yellow-Elder, Tecoma stans)

How can it be else possible
While you both are divine
For yellow oleander plausible
Yet having lucky-nutty poison..

Swarna, tell me how come slender
Yet pull your support all down
Bewitching with a belled splendour
For us yellow bells as well known

Of similar colour and persona
Puzzled of which is Manjal Arali
No puzzle but we know now in awe
Thevetia, Tecoma friends we agree

Coloured of same tinge by Lord's wish
Differed a bit of shape in leaves
Grown to a shrubby tree to enravish
For pooja with you our prayer heeds

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-33

Lavender, (English lavender, True lavender
Lavandula angustifolia,)
(Feather-leaved Lavender, Lavandula bipinnata)

She’s a queen from far afar
An allayer for heart as nectar

Lavendula sisters are many
Known in common only came to me

Just came as a guest on a visit
Got implanted in mind the best

Purplish hale on spikes in whorls
Purple pale petals up in flutters

Why she cringes to sharp leaves
May be, helps herself, saves fragrance

Yes, her scented bulk proves her ilk
Our mind and body not to sulk

Just a breath of hers I breathe in
Pain free I’m taken out of sin

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-34

Gazania(Gazania rigens)

'Along your path or wherever
I'm there to brighten
Colours sheeny you desire
Ambiance you like to lighten'

'Oh Gazania, sweet you are
Pretty petals single or double
Sunny shape around sunny disc
Sure to flash-splash you're'

'Sure, sure, no delay then
No thought I'm petite
In close at night even
Powered with leafy upright'

'Oh Gazania, so good you're
Yearthrough you'll be all
Pasturing lively and goodly
To grow and glow here you're

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-35

Yellow Jasmine, (Italian Jasmine, 
Jasminum humile)

Atlast, I've found her 
Long-lasting fragrant 
Pentapetaled brighter 
Of a Jasmine, so anticipant

Yellowy, godly rewarding 
Daughter of Himalayas 
Willowy angularly branching 
Shrubby with pinnate leaves

Of a Jasmine so anticipant 
Of respect and worship 
Inviting charm and scent 
Medicative sure a godship

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-36

Zinnia, (Common zinnia
Botanical name: Zinnia elegans)

Zinnia, big and small and colours all
Single and double and semidouble
Zinnia of dwarf and medium and tall
For borders or pots cut and whole
Zinnia, no trouble in low, medium soil
With oval leaves rough yet beautiful
Zinnia, its essence to lighten the soul
For it's from sun's flowery sprawl

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-37

Orange cosmos, Yellow cosmos
(Kosmos, Cosmos sulphureus)

As scorching stress melancholizing
Behold, the mercy of the blesser Sun
Bestowing flowery placidity tranquilizing
Cosmic Kosmos orange, yellow to stun

And yes, I agree with the eased heart
A wallow in bright and dulcet lights
Cousins wild and lush in floriferous art
Darting along In breeze in full florescence

Slender stemmed leafing pinnate
Waltzing and humming and appraising
Birds and butterflies to affiliate
Friendly cosmos no doubt surprising

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-38

Decorative Dahlia (Dahlia)

They all parade to my awe
Chamomile, Cosmos, crysanthemum, Zinnia..

I need to set my vision right
'Best is who? ' I'm to elucidate

In vain I accept my inability
As all are queens of high beauty

Wonder what to do..'step back? '
'No'..a command takes me aback

Dahlia, all beauties in one..
With all her sisters in a run

Dahlia, Queen of queens by norm
As if Sun himself in her form

A discus of plentiful florets
Glowing illumed on her face

Leafy bracts helping her throng
No doubt she can be head-strong

So, I declare Dahlia the best
Smile leafing from her tuberous root

Indira Renganathan
Carnation (Dianthus caryophyllus)

Here is the mistress of gardens
Overseeing all way all over
In admiration me a blade of grass
Upping tiny head watching her glamour

And you join to see Carnation
Wonder struck, wanna be gifted
'Godly pink, by sacred dictation
Scented too! '...scream thrilled

'Nice florets in a cyme together
Hey, look, more' you continue
At red, yellow, white green more
Topping at the pink grand mother

Numbering more some stamens peep
Whorled in shy meeting you
In subdued modesty leafs steep
From sunned alkali we accrue

You spin around the flowers
With emotional coherence in awe
Unaware, stamping me to shapeless
Sensed flower but calms my 'aaaaaah'

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-4

Kanakaambaram (Firecracker Flower) (Crossandra infundibuliformis)

Her glory stands out apt to her name
Golden glitter so attired of high fame
Ethnic yellow, orange, pink around whole year
Extra blue, magenta, white special as December

Nature’s Origami of a godly craft
Natural splendour albeit a scentless art
Strands sisterly weave on dancing braids
She is long fresh despite her papery petals

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-40

camellia, (Japanese Camellia
Camellia japonica)

She's not rose but roselike
Fake rose yet so goodly good
Shrubby tall trusty, majestic..
White and red and purple as hued
Added pink she stays authentic
Grey-brown bark she's supported
With shiny greens in soil acidic
Camellia, child of asiatic land
A legend and charismatic lyric

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-41

Bottle brush( Callistemon viminalis, Callistemon salignus)

To me They're all from heaven
The celestials' hair tassels
Or panache used and thrown

Here to grow in treed elegance
Sunny from base hale and moist
To lush inviting florescence

A squad of flowers shaped brushy
Filaments of red or creamy white
Pregnant with pollen strengthy

Forming round and woody fruits
Timely to blast along the bark
Scented Leaves and all that suits

Bottlebrush to host for the bees
Birds while waltzing circling
Competing honey-sucking insects

Chucking picking-plucking folks
Their work for art and decor
Away to pursue with their works

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-42

Wallich Geranium(Geranium wallichianum)
Geranium Buxton Blue(Geranium wallichianum 'Buxton Blue')
Roundleaf Geranium(Geranium rotundifolium)
Small Geranium(Geranium pusillum)
Trailing Geranium(Geranium procurrens)
Meadow Cranesbill, Meadow Geranium(Geranium pratense)
Black Eyed Geranium(Geranium ocellatum)
Nepal Geranium(Geranium nepalense)
Himalayan Geranium(Lilac Cranesbill, Geranium himalayense)
Don's Geranium(Geranium donianum)

Alike and similar somewhat, somewhat
Hey, geraniums, such halcyon breeze
You blow along in soothing delight
While the Himalayas proudly greets
In acceptance welcoming me thereat
How do I thank you in great words
When I'm stuck in awe-struck heart

O'Wallich of rose-pink and red-purple
O' Buxton Blue of opal or angel-blue
O'Roundleaf Geranium of pale purple
O'Small Geranium of rosy pink hue
O'Trailing Geranium of pinkish purple
Of leaves similar, hairy sparse so true
So true friendly hearts hearty yours all

O'Meadow Geranium purplish red and white
O'Black Eyed Geraniumblack eyed purple
O'Nepal Geranium wild and small and white
O'Himalayan Geranium blue and beautiful
O'Don's Geranium pinkish purple and sweet
Of herbs and veins similar and beautiful
So true friendly hearts hearty yours all

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-43

Fuchsia (Fuchsia spp)
Vine Fuchsia (Fuchsia corymbiflora)

Eardrops you look like
O'fuschia pendulous
Or
Neckpendant you look like
O'fuschia pendulous
Or
A dancerlike you look..
Sepaled fluttering
Four upward all alike
Petaled drooping
Rest downward all alike
Peeping stamens peering
Mixed colours all to strike
Laughing leaves notched

There a cousin nearby
Hanging in clusters
Racemed tubes bubbly
Her reflexed sepals
Reflecting all ruby
Stooping scarlet petals
Letting stamens peppy
Vined leaves thrilled

Indira Renganathan
Hydrangea (Mophead hydrangea, Hydrangea macrophylla)

Moplike they opine
So called as Mophead
Mopping what so fine
The space around?
The dirt grime, brine
From the ground?

O'bunchy bunchy
Bright Hydrangea
Spreading shrubby
A pink-blue arena
Huge in balls peachy
Doubtless a ballerina

And dark and green
Leaves serrated
Corroded to mean
Salty tears mopped
Your face pristine
When once watched

Moplike they opine
So called as Mophead

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-45

Daisy Fleabane, (Hairy Fleabane, Erigeron bellidioides)
Mexican Fleabane, (Erigeron karvinskianus)
Oxeye Daisy (Leucanthemum vulgare)

Daisy or Daisylike, so confusing
Related how you all, so muddled...

One there's worldover sprawling
Leaves elliptic in hairy spread
Buds bunched together budding
Blooming white to pink faded
Her name, Mexican Fleabane...

And Hairy Fleabane hilly spread
Wild and fierce all blanketing
White to pink yellow centered..

Oxeye Daisy Oh, one more joining
Rhizomes and rosette all spread
white around yellow disk raying
Up the stem solitarily seated
Medicative energy across spraying..

Dazzling Daisies more and more found
Puzzled mind true or false learning
Everything yet enterprising sound..

Daisy or Daisylike, so confusing
Related many more still, so muddled..

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-46

Marigold (Tagetes erecta)

Yellow and orange and bright
Updated yearly to new sight

O'Marigold, merry merry gold
Very very good so you uphold

How well you herd your florets
How well support pinnated leaves

Somewhere to wed somewhere to raise
Garlanded your glory to surprise

Overwhelmed when so much flashed
Still more as your curative splashed

O'Marigold, merry merry gold
Very very good so you uphold

Indira Renganathan
Daffodil (Narcissus, Narcissus spp.)

Astounded..for this the first look..
Surpassed a celestial above even
And all those angelic dreams in lock
In real eclat from my heart open

Knew not you were trumpeting soft
In gentle pats my sleeping dreams
Banding me whole your leafy belt
Tapping my vision your florescence

So your yellow, your white so bright
Orange or pink or red timely coronas
Bulbed deep in my soul just now light
In solitary bliss a field of blossoms

And those of a poet's words worth
'In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye' All true so to salute Wordsworth

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-48

Golden Trumpet Vine (Allamanda Vine
Allamanda cathartica)
Bush Allamanda (Oleander-Leaved Allamanda
Allamanda neriifolia)

All that ye possess is just simplicity
Simply the yellow bright like sun light
Lighting around to show cluttered leaves
Leafing out ye upon a rubbish atrocity

'Atrocious! , ye try to trumpet to all
All but don't hear your tongueless voice
Voicing with hidden stamens somewhere ajar
Ajar your heart..raging against shed leaves of yours

Yours a scentless beauty though, lot useful
Useful curative cleansing body and mind
Mind as with all other flowers that bloom
Blooming Lord minds much for pooja golden Allamanda

Allamanda, variously purple supple
Supple and shrubby, ye're in clusters
Clusters of ye flowers binding all hearts
Hearts at the Lord's feet with ye Allamanda

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-49

African lily (Lily of the Nile
Agapanthus africanus)
White Lily of the Nile
(Agapanthus africanus f. albus)

So my journey will never end
As Lord hath shed His mercy
Flowering all over the land
Ceaseless to make me crazy

And on my journey such one day
I saw you oh, Lilies of the Nile
And rushed to you without delay
Bewitched by your umbel-style

Oh, wonder of all new wonders
Ever since then perennial you're
My heart steady in fresh visuals
Visioning blue and white flare

Leafing arched tufted at base
Up on the umbel flowers funneled
Featured name lovable 'Agapanthus'
Aye, all sad and sorrow annulled

Indira Renganathan
Manoranjitham (Artabotrys odoratissimus)

In your harem of bushy greens
You're the queen of queens
Watchful sentinels array thorny fence
Hooked on what your pondering pendulous

In a whorl entwined to yourself
Is your chromatic gleam's strife
Green to yellow in shifting florescence
What for transpire richly your fragrance

A splendour treating nausea and tension
A wonder suppressing human-depression
Elating your fruity perfuming variety
Dear flower, your's is lordly propriety

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-50

Confederate jasmine (Star jasmine
Trachelospermum jasminoides)

You came to me as the scenting star
In my arduous flower-hunting war
But the captive is me ever you caught
Freeing yourself tangling my thought

Such is your fragrance from far afar
Tied my quest ensconced in your car
At that I could hold on well with you
Ever green even two-tone as blush you

Timely when you change to new posies
Pinwheeled white petals in high bliss
A neat slender wiring ovately leafed..
What then? I grow fragrant overwhelmed

Star, come along as all I on traverse
Just to perfume and not to reverse
But to grow all and everywhere I go
With all the latex to shoot new so

Indira Renganathan
Football Lily (Blood Lily, Powderpuff Lily
Scadoxus multiflorus ssp., Haemanthus multiflorus)

Many are earthbound
Some are heavenbound
Like queen Nishagandhi
You too FootBall Lily

Descend to ascend shortly
Spiking bright graciously
Umbel-headed of blossoms
Awesomely in hundreds

Bulbous stemming solitary
Sunny for a week monitory
Aesthetic once in a year
Dormant rest of the year

Short-stalked leaves cease
Back to heaven when you race
Storedbulbs of your power
Await your flare by next year

Like queen Nishagandhi
You too FootBall Lily
Many are earthbound
Some are heavenbound

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-52

Flamingo flower (Tail flower, Painter's palette
Anthurium andraeanum)

You look with your slender neck and heart
Like that of a flamy bird happily winging
I'd also say like that of a painter's palette
Your heart holds varied colours hueing
Unusual I see a splashing heartlike bract..
You albeit escorted by flashy bracts sorrounding
Unusual I see a blossom of deep thought
You move me deeply month and more long lasting

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-53

Calla lily, Arum Lily
Botanical name: Zantedeschia aethiopica

when I first met you I never knew it
More variedly colourful that you are
As appear you like Anthurium to me lot
More surprised that almost same you are

Flashy bract securing spadix same way
Ironical than Anthurium fake hearty
Albeit to eyes a feast lush lofty
Eaters warned of your potion anyway

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-54

Bateman’s Lily (Lilium x maculatum Cv. ‘Batemanniae’, Lilium elegans var. Batemanniae, Lilium batemanniae)

A rummage for your name big I did
With you in hand everyone I asked
And finally got to know your fame
Hunting stressful me not to be shamed

Some walkway found you and amazed
*Heard that you’re from Sukashi blessed
Spotless with tepals fine smooth you
Leaves long and wide lush bushy true

Oh Lily grouped you with more liliums
Of friends and cousins, awesome rhymes
None can point at one, Oh, so beautiful
Charming for you all truthfully eyeful

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Note: * Bateman's Lily is a beautiful cultivar of the Japanese Sukashi-yuri lily. Its Japanese name sukashi-yuri, literally "see-through lily" or perhaps "openwork lily," originates from the gaps between its tepals. The plant is also called iwato-yuri or iwa yuri referring to its rocky habitat, or hama yuri from growing on the seashore. In the Japanese horticultural trade, cultivated types are referred to as sukashiyuri

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-55

Honeysuckle (Japanese Honeysuckle, Madhumati, Lonicera japonica)  
(Dutch Honeysuckle, Madhumati, Lonicera periclymenum 'Serotina')  
(Translucent Honeysuckle Lonicera quinquelocularis)  
(Cape Honeysuckle, Tecomaria capensis)

Somewhere at the northern Bharath  
Born you with honeyed fragrance  
Sending in whiffs your redolence  
Sensing in sniffs all me in mirth

Somewhere shrubby somewhere viny  
Some are lancelike, some are oval  
Branching leafing shining brainy  
Changing white to yellow by fall..

Made in medicated make wholesome  
Sprayed in heavenly nectar awesome  
Suckled honeyhumming to embosom  
Elsewhere in red-orange decor winsome

What could it be than the bestest  
What else could be than the sweetest  
So you are the sweetest heartiest  
So you are the heartiest bestest

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-56

Violet(Viola spp.)

Going out of hand my heart
Questing for flora all over
And this Violet a divine art
When captured by manoeuvre
Bloomed a Violaceae-mart
Amazing, me with a hang over
A hurried study did my heart

Of variety violas however
Just to end up with one Violet
Of whom small, shrubby some-some are
Perennial, annual some-some Violet
Of upswept four, lobed one lower
Petals of colours many to treat
Violet, blue yellow, white to flavour

Bicoloured some along with impart
All now in one hold to favour
Medicinal and culinary art
Heart and oval leaves to savor
Petaled perfume performing sweet

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-57

Campbell's Magnolia (Magnolia campbelli)

Cathcart's Magnolia (Magnolia cathcartii Alcimandra cathcartii, Michelia cathcartii, Sampacca cathcartii)

Champa, Golden Champa (Magnolia champaca Michelia champaca, Michelia rheedei, Champaca michelia)

Dwarf Magnolia (Cempaka Telur, Magnolia coco)

Temple Magnolia (Magnolia doltsopa)

Banana Shrub (Magnolia figo)
Magnolia (Southern magnolia, Magnolia grandiflora)

Magnolia, Southern magnolia (Magnolia grandiflora)

Egg Magnolia (Magnolia liliifera)

Lily Magnolia (Magnolia lilliflora)

White Champa, White Champak, Sambagam, (Magnolia x alba, Michelia alba)

Saucer Magnolia (Magnolia x soulangiana)

Disparity is not His intention
For creation all beauty adorned
Painting different here and there
Passion His for colourful creation

So there Magnolia big and fluorescent
Champak white and yellow hale here
Cream and pink there purplish pale
Leaves large elliptic, oblong, obovate
Born are big blossoms there dignified
For His praises glorious colourful
Born are dwarf elsewhere fragrant high
For His praises in demand vast wide

'Deciduous Campbell magnolia
Bearing white or cream or pink scented flowers large
With oval leaves silky hairy one side when young

Cathcart's Magnolia with twigs velvety hairy
Leafing ovate with bract green basal to tepals
Tepals nine white with two inner whorled

Champa huge and tall taller
Yellow flowers fragrant with tepals lance shaped
Pale yellow velvety hairy buds, twigs, petioles and leaves young

Dwarf Magnolia big in pots with small and fragrant flowers
open in the evening, the tepals falling by morning.
long flowering period providing indoor fragrance and color

Tall with twigs, buds, leaf-stalks and leaves
Underside with grayish white velvety hairs
Temple Magnolia With tepals white obovate

Banana Shrub ornamental with
Small sweet banana scented flowers
Pale yellow with waxy petals six

Southern Magnolia the best of fragrant
Dense and broadly with leaves thick and leathery
Flowering snow white velvety tepals huge

Egg shaped buds of Egg Magnolia
Opens to fragrant yellowish off-white flowers
with large velvety leaves ornamental

Rounded deciduous Lily magnolia with Leaves large
Flowering fragrant pink to purplish goblet
In spring and occasionally through the summer

A hybrid ornamental and medicinal white Champa
Fragrant white flowers with tepals ten lance shaped
Elliptic leaves and branches perfume when crushed

Small and deciduous Saucer Magnolia
Multi-trunked with leaves elliptical flowering
White, pink, purple, large, cup-like fragrant'

So not at all disparity His intention
On par all Magnolias with each other
Magnolias all.. pretty beautiful of His creation

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Note: Magnolia is a large genus of about 210 flowering plant species in the subfamily Magnolioidae of the family Magnoliaceae.

The natural range of Magnolia species is a disjunct distribution, with a main center in east and southeast Asia and a secondary center in eastern North America, Central America, the West Indies, and some species in South America.

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-58

Kasithumbai, Balsam
(Garden balsam, Spotted snapweed,
Impatiens balsamina)

Impatient you..yes, forsaken yourself
Long back from my garden to far off
Impatient me..yes, searching for long
Balsamina, you back in garden to throng

You've gone far and farther variously
A confusion of names extravagantly
Impatiens invariably but to me else
Kasithumbai, unforgettable in chimes

Single and double, cute and elegant
Blossoms with leaves lance like
Fallen seeds in cycles to sprout
Kashmir to Cape Comorin pooja alike

Now should you comprehend and return
Happy more so, if possibly can ingest
All Balsaminaceae here steady and stern
Welcome Impatiens, your zest I suggest

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-59

Lesser periwinkle (Vinca minor)
Large Leaf Periwinkle (Vinca major)

So a chosen one you are
As by divine order angels
Over the ranges at times
Stepping along to answer

So you are as Periwinkle
Major, minor leaves varying
Leathery or plain spreading
Blue, violet, rare-white winkle

So over the Himalayas you are
A treatment magical by heaven
Penta-petaled southward even
May be unto me by divine order

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-6

Semparuthi (Hibiscus rosa-sinensis, Shoe-flower, Japa Kusuma)

You cast yourself apart in a divine space..
An erythro-symbol of the Goddess of Genesis
You cast yourself apart in a caste special
Intercasted is innumerable opalizing visual

So crowned you are to crown us extravagant
So profound we feel in locks and eyes relaxant
So renowned you are in our blood stream extreme
So inbound we are to your sanative regime, gleam

Japa, sway in gentle mode of scentless secret
Refining yourself unto Lord's feet in trust
Semparuthi, sway in gentle mode of silent secret
With Zephyr your leafed stalks too, we to benefit

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-60

Asiatic lily (Asiatic hybrid lily
Lilium x asiatica)

Deceptive your buds far farther
Like water lily as they look
In closer sight but true lilies
Divine really anywhere nearer

Of course fragrant little mild
Some scentless albeit colourful
Leaves strappy on stems upright
Blossoms big and small and hybrid

Hybridized just to feast the eyes
Nay, the soul red, purple and white
Pink of blossoms bigger Oriental
In closer sight divine all lilies

Hybridized colourful to look better
Nay, sweeter gold, orange and white
Pink of blossoms smaller Asiatic
Divine naturally really so closer

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-61

Peruvian lily (Lily-of-the-Incas, Alstroemeria spp.)

Fabulous of a Princess charming
South of Bharath crowned having

Butterflied of wings designed
Skirted of a fashion designed

From wheely tubers umbrella-like
Petaled ornamental orchid-like

Lush and limply leaves all twisted
Lush and bushy flowers little curled

Big and small petals mostly six
In and out three-three artly fix

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-62

Cornflower(Bachelor's button, Centaurea cyanus)

Neither blue of the ocean
Nor the azure of the sky
Your blue what else then
One special from the sun

Sun himself must have borne
A decorum-remedy in and on
Astringent, tonic, diuretic
Celebratory, attractive corn

Grayish narrow leaves green
Wiry stems downy and adorn
Stalks long among the corn
Striking starry blooms blue

Brilliant blue significant
No weed and not be mistaken
Mistaken Maize not you corn
For yours is the heaven-bourn

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-63

Peace lily (Cobra plant
Spathiphyllum wallisii)

Ah, a name of tranquility
Will dislike her any

Perfect with bright light
With food and moist correct

Why worry blooms when Peace
Centered in white at ease

Shiny leaves soilborne lordly
Green and perennial bold godly

Ecofriendly environs-cleanser
Sturdy and sweet home-freshener

Majestic nagini she's watching
Bewitched at her we're matching

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-64

azalea indica, Azalea indica 'Formosa'
Korean Azalea(Rhododendron yedoense)
Short Fruited Azalea(Rhododendron brachycarpum)

Good hearted you are
I mean artly too are

Seasoned seasonal shrubby
Short potted homely springy

Pale pink and white spotted
Oblong, obovate, ovately leafed

Enough Just fed Just moist
Shading freshly wide a lot

shrouding the foliage below
Large flora a prolific show

Good hearted you are
I mean artly too are

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-65

Blue Trumpet Bush
(Strobilanthes tomentosa
Aechmanthera gossypina)

Little eyes look at so many
Little brain eats as many
Yet too little known only
Puzzling blues as are many

My folly 'Bluebell, Bluebell'
Yelled my mouth of little
In brain gathered brittle
Ho, but different and subtle

Shrubby bush leafed elliptic
Blue, violet, purplish hectic
Clustered flora trumpet-magic
Tubed raise of an elysian chic

Hunt o' my heart hunt ceaseless
Anyway for blue trumpet endless
Stop, hear her hush relentless
Wonder at the goddess ageless

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-66

Kiss Me Over The Garden Gate
Oriental Pepper(Tall Persicaria
Persicaria orientalis, Polygonum orientale)

You are red and pepper-like
For me to opine fruited bunch
But no, you are not so like
Told I'm, all flowers so such

Fast sturdy stems arching
Beeded clusters curving
Long-stalked leaves branching
Swear by your name, 'bewitching'

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-67

Lupin(Lupine, Lupinus spp.)

A visual treat ornamental
Invasive field perennial
Heart and mind and soul
Never to forget the whole

A sprawling beauty such
Herbaceous Lupins stretch
Leaves palmate as a bench
Up erect the flowers much

In open whorls on high spike
Watching keen monitor like
As helping companion in hike
Florets each winged fairy like

Purplish blue a massive beauty
As if blooming the azure sky
On earthlings around to spy
Good hearted boons to supply

Indira Renganathan
Wax Begonia(Fibrous Begonia, 
Begonia x semperflorens-cultorum)  
Ruffled Yellow Begonia  
(Begonia tuberosa 'Ruffled Yellow')  
Hanging Basket Red Begonia  
(Begonia 'Red Cascade')  
Angel Wing Begonia(Scarlet begonia  
Begonia coccinea)  
Shimpli(Begonia phrixophylla)  
Common Begonia(Begonia crenata)  

You wish to tire me a lot  
Coloured of so many shades  
Tired of a godly how it be  
As you godly here to trot  

Short and sunny and velvety  
Single and double waxy bright  
Ruffled and vivid the yellow  
Doubled in dark leafing showy  

Winged of angels pendulous red  
Potted Begoniataoo stupendous  
Begonia rosy cosy eye-catchy  
Pink and green furry splendid  

Bristled leaves flattened bloom  
Shimpli a rosy tuberous rare  
Spread on hills and rocks wide  
Common Crenata heartily zoom  

Oh, more shades and shapes awesome  
You wish to tire me a lot, lot  
Tired of a godly, godly how it be  
As you godly here more delightsome  

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-69

Petunia(Petunia hybrida)
Violet-flowered petunia(Wild Petunia, Petunia violacea)

Single and double and native
Colours varied and hybridized
Trumpet and petals outward
Summer-blooms potted, bordered
Scented Violacea hard and wild
Sticky stems and leaves odored
Petunias pretty and cohesive

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-7

JaathiMalli, pichi, (Jasminum grandiflorum, poet's jasmine)

What secret in slender heart laid
I wonder when you bud streaked red
In blooming retort denuded all hide
Tickled incensed you diffuse from shed

What secret in slender white laid
Wonder again when you seem wishy-washy
In bidding hurry hiss 'most aroma preyed'
Pinched faded to vanish slushy sloshy

Hmm..I sigh, wish you here again back
Wonder, back creeping high afresh anew
Leafing through your leafy six-pack
Smiling fragrant petaled five all true

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-70

Purple passion flower (Maypop
Passiflora incarnata)

Like Shiva, rays air flown
Passionate gently swaying
Dulcet breeze transmitting
Purplish passion wide blown

You're such o' dear flower
Viny perennial and cosmic
Pristine patterned dynamic
Complex blossoms just super

It's to adore your heart
Fragrant centered serpent
Hooding the cosmic secret
Like Cannonballs protect

Still more adorable willingly
Your fruit juicy succulent
Watching big leaves serrate
As you flower waiting eagerly

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-71

Foolproof Plant(Flaming Torch
Billbergia pyramidalis)

Strange to me you looked
Wayward when I walked
Like a torch budded red
Atop fine side and side
Moist leaves kind to add
Aqua to make you refreshed
Even when the sunshine ended

Strange but true your name
Perky, perennial to flame
lighting a refuge and tame
Frogs to speak your fame
Not flower but flowers same
Making the whole to frame
A lot of summer blooming game

You, Bilbergia in silent sheen
When pressed in soul so clean
So more to be a purplish queen
You turn seated well between
Heart and soul too extra serene
Overwhelmed of your scene serene
To feel wish all come and convene

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-72

Hosta(August lily, Hosta spp.)

See, fate sometimes fools us
So was I inmood shirky
Opining of not noteworthy
You Hosta, as one among those

But fate turned to be wise
Dashed me a fragrance august
When on a casual morn-rise
I was surprised totally aghast

You lilylike flower Hosta
Perennial from corms varied
Lanceolate or ovate leaves
Sizable, all I wonder 'o', aha'

Pendulous on panicle erect
In divine white tepals six
You're ever an angel perfect
Special scent when you mix

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-73

Amaryllis(belladonna lily)

You're there in my garden
White with purplish veins
Enthralled and peace trodden
Unknowing albeit your facts

But as I wish and study

'What fancy' I should ask
Makes people all to mistake
You for unfit other names
For yours is unique pleasance

Wonderful o'belladonna lily

Divine outer-inner tepals
Strappy leaves glory-laden
Blossom of a bulbed grace
No doubt, a bloom from Eden

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-74

Grand crinum lily(Poison Bulb, spider lily, Crinum asiaticum)

On a platform of leafy straps
As if monitoring the world
Strong on stems you're vigilant
Spiderheaded as if oozing brain
Out in neuron ribbons efferent
Ready to capture any heart easily
In gentle jiggles you shudder
Created quantum of toxin bewares
Flipping out stamens red at times
Yet flaring ribbon-tepals white
Caught in cosmic tranquil traps

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-75

Spider lily(Beach spider lily
Hymenocallis littoralis)

Calm and lovely, she's Spider Lily
White and peace she's Spider Lily
Pristine and pure she's Spider Lily
Silent and certain she's Spider Lily

There, up above the fanning leaves
Asunder below staminal cup she's
Overflowing her nectarian streams
Mind-blowing her aura measureless

Sacred tepals lofty with beauty
Stamens atop splurging as deputy
There goes heaven's sweet ditty
Miss not a white goddess pretty

Indira Renganathan
Periwinkle (Vinca, Catharanthus roseus)
Tiny Periwinkle (Tiny Vinca, Catharanthus pusillus)

They love sun and rain and sea
And the whole world
Wedded to all loam wild
They yield lovely blooms
But beware! toxigenic
Yet by His mercy therapeutic
Fighting spree of vincine alkaloids
Beating carcinogens!

At my door side and everywhere
Shrubby catharanthus roseus sparkle
Colourful of varieties many
Perennial Roseus penta-petaled
With leaves oval to oblong
Glossy green hairless wide found

spreading from the base
Lance-leafed Vinca tiny
Penta-petaled flora annual
All and everywhere sparkle

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-77

Rain Lily Rose (Zephyranthes rosea)  
Primrose Rain Lily (Zephyranthes primulina)  
Yellow Rain Lily (Zephyranthes citrina)  
Fairy Lily (pink rain lily, Zephyranthes carinata)  
Fairy Lily (white rain lily, Zephyranthes candida)

Ah, o'dear I found you at Kalakad  
Brought and planted in my yard  
Knowing not then much of matter  
About you and your family fatter

And when you grew prettily wide  
Rain God in love one day pattered  
Awesome to see you basked in joy  
Blossoming making me much enjoy

You were rose with sister yellow-  
White and pink and primrose yellow  
Somewhere yonder all far farther  
Only you rose and yellow hither

Short and flared yellow upward  
Potted or fielded grassy leaved  
Small and green throated lily rose  
To green tube funneled rosy tepals

O'rain lilies, so yellow and rose  
Bloom, bloom often by rainy showers  
Bordered or potted or clumped lot  
Gathered in gentle bliss in my heart

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-78

Rangoon Creeper (Quisqualis indica)

A sudden sprout and you grow
Up my mind-walls so intent
Clamping my memoir to blow
To my vision a vista distant

In the childhood street mine
At the sixth porch opposite
White to pink to red blooms
Pendulous trumpets you there

Who's it? my curiosity asked
Fragrant with magical colours
Five lobed on hardy wood held
Elliptic leaves in huge bliss

Who's it? - you Rangoon creeper
Till now and always perennial
Golden and fresh in my memoir
Livening so niceloyoornamental

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-79

Cardwell Lily (Proiphys amboinensis)

From your bulbed abode
Strong long you rise
Fanning veined leaves
Seem elephant-eared
Huge, broad and shiny
I see a contest there
As you up in clusters
Snow-white six petals
Yellow throated bliss
Godly..'tie' I declare

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-8

Suryakaanti (Sunflower, Helianthus annuus)

You appear to me like a celestial chit
Dropped lost on your dad's solar inspection
When vacillates your heart east to west
Following your dad's path with anticipation

Your blossoms are sunny fanning around
Centered supporting, a disk of seedy thicket
They appear to me like your sticky tears hardened
Of a melancholic squeeze of a sorrowful heart

Dear flower, may I call you the 'Sunflower'
Your semblance as is so of the yellow sun
Your palmy-leafy stand says 'don't worry ever'
For you are for our use on and often

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-80

My garden is lighted
So is my mind delighted
There you Golden Torch
On rhizome's clutch
Hither thither lantern
Lighting the way certain
Leaves sided alternate
Erect you rise accurate
Rich in soil rich much
Bracts or flowers such?
Based on maroon or red
Red or yellow splashed
Proud bracts prime hued
Next sepals in green-gold
Rachis and pedicel too done
In green-yellow-red heaven
O'Heliconia Golden Torch
In your bliss ever on march

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-81

Lobster claw (Hanging heliconia
Heliconia rostrata)

But in Nature while others
Rounded, trumpeted, rayed
Else common shapes shaped
Strange how you’re all claws

Or say clawed tassles rich
Green and gold and red hues
Wonder heavenly smith whose
Art artly hand did so such

Majestic you stand elegant
With pendulous painted claws
A lobster a sentinel's part
Amid the plantain-like leaves

You make me proud o'flower
Taller in pride and prestige
Beauteous display all over
Will my garden defy as much?

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-82

Blue Dawn Flower(Blue morning-glory,
Ipomoea indica)

Invasive you became
In my heart's arena
Blue bells jingling
Roots in spread wide
Tri-leaved clappings
Doused in dulcet wind
Honeyed heart drooling
For more of paradise
You unfold yourself
Blue-petaled o'flower
Proven paradise proved
To majenta when invasive
In my heart you become
Anyone, can ever blame?

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-83

Mayilmannikkam (Cypress Vine, Ipomoea quamoclit)

Tiny trumpets twinkling
Pink and red and white
Feathery leaves fanning
Charmed hummings respite

And I can have her annual
Seeds she thence to seedling
Thence in cycles perennial
Lo, divine Cypress dappling

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-84

Purple Wreath (Kudirai valuppu, Petrea volubilis)

Somebody cut away from me
But you rescued yourself
Hiding behind the Neem tree
Who can shorten your shelf

For you're living in my heart
Purplish violet starry racemes
Every inch adapted iridescent
Profuse hiding rough leaves

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-85

Adukku Malli (Arabian Jasmine, Butt mogra
Jasminum samba var, Grand Duke Of Tuscany)

I shall wait dear Malli
Till you're in blossom
In three decks creamy
Full and fragrant awesome

Solitary on strong cane
Supporting leaves bushy
Opens your fragrant plane
For tea and perfume dashy

So shall wait dear Malli
Till you're in blossom
In three decks creamy
Full and fragrant awesome

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-86

Canna(Canna spp.)
Wild canna(Indian Shot, Canna indica)

How can I forget those days
That still string golden
Of your beaded persona
Be beaded around my memoir
A treasury of your seeds

Lily-like but not lily
Plantain-like but not
Pink and orange and red
Catchy flora even sprayed
Childhood friend really

And of your use profuse
Of your bright staminodia
Green sepals tri-petaled
Indeed colourful friendship
A flowery field still sparkles

Will I ever forget those days
That still string golden
Of your beaded persona
Be beaded around my memoir
A treasury of your seeds

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-87

Woolly Camphor-Weed(Kolumpu-ver, Pluchea ovalis, Pluchea tomentosa)

My craze is wild
Hunting all flora
Minding even weeds
You attracted me
Pluchea though tiny
Blossoming buddy even
Winging leaves oblong
Lanceshaped obovate
Velvety base upping
To catchy flower-corymb
Something that's inviting
Though a beauty so mild..

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-88

Tablerose (Moss rose, Portulaca
Portulaca grandiflora)
Portulaca 'All Aglow'
(Portulaca spp)
Wingpod Purslane
(Portulaca umbraticola)
Pink Purslane
(Portulaca pilosa)

O'dear dear flowers
Do you all remember
Me and you and cannas
Over the years to ponder

Unknowing all your names
Known then all of you just
To me common table roses
But well now it's a must

O'grandiflora and Pilosa
Talking of you splendid
Ray-leaved colourful flora
White, rose, yellow and red

Portulaca spp, Umbraticola
Variant leaves eatable
Yellow orange-red plethora
O'spp, All Glow you marvel

Yet Umbraticola, so special
Indeed with lemony taste
Nutrient leaves eatable
Pink and yellow ranked great

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-89

Nithya Malli(Peru Malli
River Jasmine, Brazilian Jasmine,
Jasminum fluminense)

Is that you’re kissed
By celestial breeze
All nights till end
Richly you flit fragrance

And so called Nithya Malli?

Me a captive captured
Await your florescence
To turn from creamy bud
To pure white fluorescence

Anxiety-borne inquisition..

And trifoliate, big, broad
Leaflets in humble obeisance
While in supporting mind
You bloom in heavenly alliance

Lub lub-dub, dub speedy my heart

Indira Renganathan
Saamandi, Jevandi (Chrysanthemum)

Innocent those flowerheads innocently stray
Rooting variable in colourful search
'Our mother, father, who are they'
In fragrant spread they hurry much

Be it Samjna or Chaaya and the Sun
Their love and the Sunflower then
Be it the Sun and who knows who when
The Sun played well with to yield then..

Behold, those golden flowers Chrysanthemums
With senative hearts for the humans
Hued aplenty and all trendy little mums
Usable all worthy and serviceable florescence

Now the Sunflower is cordial very much
Addressing affectionate the stepsisters
All their common sunny semblance as such
Aren't they stepchildren of Sun's sports

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-90

Poinsettia (Euphorbia pulcherrima)

Some day must've happened
Brush of a magic painter
Slicked silky with colours
The leaves of a green yard

Leaves to yellow and red
Turning atop to just bracts
Sunken flower centered silent
Poinsettia born with sisterhood

Then the brush thereon slipped
Rooted to support must've been
Trunked uneven in sneaky heaving
Itself its creation notably seen

Beautiful Poinsettia 'pulcherrima
Ornamental Painted Leaf Poinsettia
Yet another wild -green, don't miss
All for your garden's lighted bliss

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-91

Butterfly bush(Summer lilac, 
Buddleja davidii)

You were then a stranger 
Just charming attractive 
By the hillside farther 
When I passed adventive

Was it your purplish blue 
Was it your convened make 
Was it butterflies accrue 
Was it your scented shake

I'd say them together all 
Bushy with elliptic leaves 
slender stalks grown tall 
In awe hurrayed 'who's this? '

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-92

Kodiroja (Coral vine, Antigonon leptopus)
White Coral Vine (Antigonon leptopus 'Alba')

I sowed in my childhood
Eager I waited and stood
You grew into my heart
High to the Lord's feet
As high As Him so good

I can feel Him pleased
Your floral aura filled
Pinkish bracts guarding
Subdued flowers smiling
Thickened greens appeased

Coral, grow fast and wild
Slender tendrils upward
Hearty leaves in bushes
My heart well in clutches
Viny coral, twist entwined

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-93

African tulip tree (Spathodea campanulata)

You're not special dear
For I needn't go, search
Far wide for your flower
As streets have so much
Making me exclaim high..
Your sky-high warty bole
Massed leaves kissing sky
Tipped with buddy tickle
Dutiful distal branches
When declaring your time
Your scarlet florescence
Deep throated all chime
Just into my awed mouth
To fall up to my wonder
All routine on your earth..
You're not special so dear

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-94

Thumbai (Common Leucas, Leucas aspera)

Road-along-Thumbai sideways
Common here found all days
Cold or hot she's not wilted
Cold or hot for us allocated

Known well her white purity
White means here her quality
Common but of high speciality
Special her treating modality

Erect with leaves linear annual
Flowers axillary and terminal
Bell shaped she awaits patient
A doctor for ill and ailment

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-95

MaraMalli (Indian Cork Tree, Tree Jasmine, Millingtonia hortensis)

Unusual bells arching
Tolling gentle breezy
Smelling sacred invoking
Gods so aromatic and easy

Who are they? Jasmines
But of a tree Maramalli
Tall and fast in fineness
But barked corked perky

White flower petaled four
Tubular stalk paled green
Pinnate of leaflets lot more
Ever so grand and serene

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-96

Panneer Maram(Indian Lavender, Guettarda speciosa Linn.)

As high as the Lord
Your fame of fragrance
So is your sacred hold
Of holy-ash in credence

You're spoken about much
Your flora axillary white
Corolla tubes yellow-bunch
Hairy leaves clean bright

All gathered in serenity
Of great usefulness many
No wonder your divinity
Shrinied in temples shiny

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-97

AndhiMandarai(Four O'clock, Mirabilis jalapa)

Known to me earlier as
Yellow, red, purple alone
Not smelly colourful as
Now read multiple known

I used to wonder often
How meaningful a name
You own apt to soften
My child-heart so came

Thank you AndhiMandarai
Trumpet shaped shrublike
Perennial even to this day
You’re to me same alike

Thank you AndhiMandarai
Even the seeds pepperlike
Else of you as whole aye
Utile a lot same alike

Indira Renganathan
Vellai Nocchi (Chaste Tree, Vitex negundo)

Not a stranger you're
A handy helping doctor
Grown all along with me
Old trunked like a tree

Panicled lilacs gracing
Odorous leaflets curing
Ready to you I'm bowing
As aching cold beheading

As much you're medicinal
So much you're religious
In Shiv-pujas functional
As one of the five bilvas

So I've adorned you Nochi
In the garden of my heart
Your warm tri-leaved beauty
To assuage ever me so smart

Indira Renganathan
A Flower To Auroville Mother-99

Magizhampo(Mimusops elengi)

O'dear starry flowers
I opine you of Vaikunt
Krishna's sandal drops
From His Basil-Chest

As playing His Bansuri
Waving ecstatic Basil
Off chips chandan free
To Earth by wind docile

Blessed me having you
Flowery, fruity a lot
Tiny creamy flora woo
Cooing cuckoos to spot

Such is your fragrance
And your fruity ambrosia
Red and tasty alliance
On high trunked umbrella

And your leafy thicket
When shades the cattle
A shelter of a socket
Like the Govardhan hill

Indira Renganathan
A Gas Stove

A gas stove
doesn’t show
The sun nor the moon
Not even the gas nor air

She is busy
muttering her
Prayer
He’s busy
Uttering his
Anger

Time has a goad
Rightly to herd

Gas stove always
Shows fire of
Hunger

Indira Renganathan
A Jasmine Flower's Lovesong

When the eastern blaze sets in the west
And the silver moon rises the best
I open up in all lovely white
At the sight of my love above bright

I'm Jasmine I'm Jasmine I'm jasmine
Aha fine aha fine Moon is mine

Emoted my scented feels sent high
Whence the breeze brings back the kisses nigh
As I'm in his love so lunatic
Moon my love he too feels fanatic

I'm Jasmine I'm Jasmine I'm jasmine
Aha fine aha fine Moon is mine

Pretty my beauty white fragrant nice
Sheeny his cooling sight matching nice
Tell me now o' my friend when your girl
Has me on her long lock show you feel

I'm Jasmine I'm Jasmine I'm jasmine
Aha fine aha fine Moon is mine

I'm Jasmine moon is minewere divine
I'm jasmine moon is minelove's divine
Aha fine aha fine Moon is mine
Love's divine we're divine all's so fine

Indira Renganathan
A Journey Pulled On

It wasn't a rich motorcar with two head lights
A weak bullock-cart but with two bright eyes
That pulled its load in the cart the right way
Desiring to deliver its load to a hand aright
Quite a long and tough way..

Pulled and pulled the bullock but mid way
Left and into the nether woods gone away
Alas! a loss...yes a loss..."who can wipe away
Oh load thy tears..? "Little calf came on reined
Blessed the Cart man"not a castaway"

Note: Cart man- God

Indira Renganathan
A Limpid Syllogism

You reap what you sow
I reap what I sow
You can't reap what I sow
I can't reap what you sow

A good seed you should sow
A good seed I should sow
You can't steal my seed and sow
Nor can I steal your seed and sow

A good seed you sow and reap good
A good seed I sow and reap good

Indira Renganathan
A Logical Question (For Children)

Sree and Joe are friends very close
And too much playful of no use
With least interest in studies

To change them good to use their brain
Worried parents tried all in vain
Friends seemed not at all to give in

One day Sree's mother was shouting
"Don't go out Sree, no more playing
Study time now for this evening"

Sree stopped though she wished to flee fast
But Joe dragged her friend fastly fast
They both proved to be thick friends best

Sree at least paused but Joe just snubbed
Who do you think should be faulted?
Joe? ..Sree? ..? or what else most supposed?

Children, o' sweet children, think think
Ere finding an answer and blink
What you are up to as to think

Indira Renganathan
A Loveduet

He- "Beauty is what? isn't that you
Like the lordly moon of the sky
Amidst the playing clouds...
I'm a cloud;"

She- "Lordly is who? Isn't that you
Like the morning sun of the sky
Amidst the singing birds...
I'm a bird;"

Both- "Happiness is what? Isn't that we
Like the playing clouds of the sky
Like the singing birds of the sky
Happiness is we, it's just true;"

Indira Renganathan
A Lovesong

When you look at me
I see myself in your eyes
When you look into my heart
I'm lost in your heart

When our hearts do meet
We are lost best in one soul
Is this that so called great love
Is this that sweet love

Indira Renganathan
A Lullaby Song-1

Gently, gently into the dream
Move and move my little child
Do not disturb the sleeping stream
Gently, gently into the dream
Move and move my little child

Mamma'll show you the smiling moon
Who is shining far away
Mamma'll fetch her here anyway
For you to play with her whole day
Gently gently sweet in your dream

Mamma'll host her a grand feast
For you to greet with a grand treat
May you both enjoy your friendship
Beware but moon has a spaceship
Anytime she'll go when day's nearing

Oh my child darling, don't worry
Moon'll come here again and again
She will wax on your friendship
Her smiles growing day by day
Gently gently sweet in your dream

Gently, gently into the dream
Move and move my little child
Gently gently little my child
Gently gently into the dream

Indira Renganathan
A Lullaby Song-2

Sleep child, sleep child, dream a school-dream oh my child
Dream school, dream school, get awakened the right way

School-dream, school-dream there you're sleeping on a bench
Classroom, classroom your teacher sees you sleeping
Don't worry, don't worry, sleeping is not wrong
Good teacher teaches you good awakening

Sleep child, sleep child, dream a school-dream oh my child
Dream school, dream school, get awakened the right way

Indira Renganathan
A Mail To Mayakkannan

Darling Krishna,
In that dispersed dream
Into a vague painting
You too dispersed in a stream
Of blue and green leaving
Me in a splendid awe
To remark till now 'aha'

In the cradle of my vision
You sway like a tiny magician
With your beauty splendour
Smiling, chuckling to evince an ankle-biter
On a banyan leaf so fertile
Only to conceal in exile

You slick up then a little grown
Patting me not to search on
Four armed, with conch and discus
With mace and lotus
Asking me to comment on your armour
Narayana, only as an idol at Guruvayur

Then you perform a new dance
Taking me to a deadly trance
On the serpent Kaaliya
You then heave the hill Govardhana
Simply on your little finger
Soon you vanish ere I admire

Blasting you come again as Narasimha
Tear apart anna
Countless were your deeds divine yonder
Dreamt and only dreams recur

Hey Ranganatha don't laze at leisure
Me, impatient by your reclining posture
You dream now of Puthana
Breast-sucked to death by little Krishna
Who enraptured Yashoda blooming
Like lotus, aged three, so charming
Should my dream come true
Ranga, want my Krishna alone, true

That chubby face with muddy mouth
That muddy mouth with awed mirth
Yashoda saw in a living cosmos..
Have I that repeated? ..Yes
Consecrated by ablution of your divine melody
Were'nt gopikas roaming around Your bansuri?
Venugopal, pal of gopas
Douse me too in your musical grace
Hurry up Hari
Prank and prattle for me
Pop in Lord, I'm waiting

Indira Renganathan
A Message Presaged

A clear blue sky above
Down the pre-summer breeze
Gently rippling through
The shady trees
Presaging something loving

That restless waiting man
Feels some good omen
Expecting his life's better-half

A favourable season's moment
Yet he's not in a good mood
Until his better-half
The metro water tanker
Arrives though late by a month

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)

A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)

Slokha, is the most common Sanskrit meter and is a descendant of the older Vedic gayatri
The slokha, meaning 'song', although metric, is not considered poetic.
It functions more as the equivalent to Western prose with lines and meter and is often used in narratives or epics.

The defining features of the slokha are:
stanzaic, written in any number of couplets made up of 2 hemistiches. The hemistiches can be broken into 4 lines or padas creating quatrains, 4 lines or padas
syllabic, either 2 lines of 16 syllables each or 4 hemistiches of 8 syllables each.
metric, alternate hemistiches of trochaic and iambic patterns.

The following verses are my own work, a prayer, based on the great slokha 'Lalitha Sahasranamam'
where the meaningful thousand names of Adi Para Sakthi(primordial cosmic Energy)
are verses are not literal or exact translation of the I referred to the translation of the great slokha by Mr.P. R. Ramachander

A Microcosm's Prayer

Envisioning

This moment...
Oh Mother of all creation
Causer of all cosmic forces
Oh, Creatrix of all creatures
Divine thee, Mother of mothers
Me a dust, a tiny droplet
Upon thee when I meditate
Do come along in my vision
To put me unto thy blessings
1. Thee, Who is reddish like sindoor  
Thee, who has three sparkling eyes  
Thee, who has a manikka-crown  
Thee, who has the moon there adorned  
Thee, who has an enchanting smile  
Thee, who has glorious firm breasts  
Thee with a gemmed cup of nectar  
Who holds red lotuses in hands  
Thee, who for ever is tranquil  
Thee, for Her heavenly red feet  
Who has a gemmed artful dais...

Oh, great Mother of all, the whole  
On Thee divine, I contemplate

, who is red like the sunrise  
Thee, whose eyes are so merciful  
Thee who holds a sugarcane-bow  
Thee, who holds arrows of flowers  
Thee, who holds noose and goad in hands  
Thee, who has Anima-powers  
Thee who is the Self within me...

Oh, great Bhavani, our Mother  
On Thee divine, I contemplate

, who’s the queen on the lotus  
Thee, who has a bright smiling face  
Thee, who has cool lotuslike eyes  
Thee, who’s dressed in yellow golden  
Thee, who has the perfect beauty  
Thee, who shines in all adornments  
Thee, who guards Her children all time  
Thee, who’s Herself the whole knowledge  
Thee, who’s ever calm and peaceful  
Thee, who’s worshipped by all deities  
Thee, who blesses us with all wealth....

Oh, great Bhavani, our Mother  
On Thee divine, I contemplate
, who's scented with sweet saffron
Thee, whom bees gird for Her musk on
Thee who has an appeasing smile
Thee who wields bow, arrow, noose, goad
Thee who fascinates all beings
Thee who likes to wear red garland
Thee who likes to put on red clothes
Thee who likes to adorn all red
Thee who's like soft hibiscus red...

Oh, great Ambika, our Mother
Japa time, may all so praise thee

Thus
Oh Mother of all creation
Causer of all cosmic forces
Oh, Creatrix of all creatures
Divine thee, Mother of mothers
Me a dust, a tiny droplet
Upon thee when I meditate
Do come along in my vision
To put me unto thy blessings

Note: - Translation by hander

Dhyanam

Sindhuraruna vigraham trinayanam manikya mouli spurath
Thara Nayaga sekaram smitha mukhi mapina vakshoruham,
Panibhayam alipoorna ratna chashakam rakothopalam vibhrathim,
Soumyam ratna gatastha raktha charanam, dhyayeth paramambikam.

Meditate on that Ambika,
Who has a body of the colour of saffron,
Who has the three graceful eyes,
Who has a jeweled crown,
Adorned by the moon,
Who always has a captivating smile,
Who has high and firm breasts,
Who has wine filled cup made of precious stones,
And reddish flowers in her hands,
Who forever is the ocean of peace,
And who keeps her red holy feet.
On a jeweled platform.

Arunam Karuna thrangitakshim dhrutha -pasangusa-pushpabana-chapam,
Animadhibhi-ravrutham mayukai -raha mityeva vibhavaye Bhavanim.

I imagine of my goddess Bhavani,
Who has a colour of the rising sun.
Who has eyes which are waves of mercy,
Who has bow made of sweet cane,
Arrows made of soft flowers,
And pasanugusa in her hands,
And who is surrounded,
By her devotees with powers great,
As personification of the concept of 'aham'

Dyayeth padmasanastham vikasitha vadanam padma pathrayathakshim,
Hemabham peethavasthram karakalitha-lasadhema padmam varangim,
Sarvalangara yuktham sathatham abhayadam bhaktha namram bhavanim.
Srividyam santhamuthim sakala suranutham sarva sampat pradhatrim.

Meditate I do,
On her who sits on a lotus,
On her who has a smiling face,
On her who has long eyes like the lotus leaf,
On her who glitters like gold,
On her who wears red cloths,
On her who has a golden lotus in her hand,
On her who grants all desires,
On her who is dressed with perfection,
On her who gives protection,
On her who has soft heart to her devotees,
On her who is Sri vidya,
On her who is forever peaceful,
On her who is worshipped by gods,
And on her who gives all wealth.

Sakumkumalepana -malikachumbi-Kasthurikam,
Samanda hasithekshanam sashra chapa pasangusam,
Asesha jana mohinim -maruna malya bhoosham bara,
Japa-kusuma-basuram japa vidhou smarathembikam.

Meditate on her,
Who applies saffron on her body,
Who applies musk attracted by bees on her,
Who has a beautiful smile,
Who has with her bows, arrows and Pasangusa,
Who attracts all the souls,
Who wears red garland,
Who wears ornaments great,
And who is of the colour of the red hibiscus.

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) - 2

Slokha, is the most common Sanskrit meter and is a descendant of the older Vedic gayatri
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Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this

4 Ravishing kadamba flowers
Shaped up as thine ears is awesome
There, thee wearing as ear studs cute
The sun and the moon sing life's strum

Oh divine Mother, then your cheeks..
They shine more bright and reflective
Than a superior mirror
Made of the Padmaraga stone

Oh dear our sweet divine Mother
Those coral-lips of thine sweet smile..
They envelope thine sparkling teeth
That sheen like freshly born Wisdom
And the scent of thou pretty mouth..
Redolent wafting all around
With the betel leaves and spices
The aroma thee be chewing

And Devi Vaani's Kachchapi..
Sweet like the heavenly nectar..
But thee the Mother of all worlds
Sweeter thine voice, how it beats it! !

Ho ho, our sweet divine Mother
Thus in thou radiant ocean
When Cupid sets in, wonderful
How thine Lord Kameshwara drowns! !

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

5 Now thine chin incomparable..
Thine grace with sacred Mangalya
That chords thine with Kameshwara
Happy occasion of marriage

And reflecting His radiance
Thine glorious golden armlet..
Oh, swaying thine pure pearl necklace
Its big gem-pendent, how allures

More alluring are thine bosoms
That holds in secret enclosure
Thine love for thine Kameshwara
Who loves thee more treasurable

Oh our sweetest divine Mother
Like a thin creeper bearing fruits
How thine pilous belly line looks
As if to bear thine godly breasts
As that pilous line spreads along
So is thine slender youthful waist
Makes a secret base for it too
Pondering, probable it sounds

As thine godly breasts are lofty
That thine slim waist likely to rip
Thine slender waist so has three folds
As if a helping girdle worn

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

6 So fine thine attire of hale red
Worn round thine beautiful young hip
Evincing the nature of life
As it's thus so spun around thee

Then that golden rope below waist
Jingling with chiming bells in sync..
Oh, that is how our life should be
For ever singing thy praises

And thine tender thighs, their beauty
Oh Mother sacred, personal
Known only to Kameshwara
State thine manikka-crownlike knees

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest
So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

Note: - Translation by hander

Naamaas 21- 40

* 21 * Kadambha manjari kluptha karna poora manohara - She who has
beautiful ears
like the kadamba flowers
* 22 * Thadanga yugali bhootha thapanodupa mandala - She who wears the sun
and the moon as her ear studs
* 23 * Padma raga sila darsha paribhavika polabhu - She who has cheeks which
shine more than
the mirror made of Padmaraga
* 24 * Nava vidhruma bimbha sri nyakkari rathna chhadha - She whose lips are
like beautiful new corals
* 25 * Shuddha vidyangurakara dwija pangthi dwayojjala - She who has teeth
which look like germinated
true knowledge(Shodasakshari vidya)

* 26 * Karpoora Veedi Kamodha Samakarsha digandara - She who chews betel
leaf with the spices
which give perfume in all directions
* 27 * Nija Sallabha Madhurya Vinirbhardista Kacchabhi - She who has voice
sweeter than
the notes produced by Sarawathi Devis Veena(This is called Kachabhi)
* 28 * Mandasmitha prabha poora majjat Kamesha manasa - She who has lovely
smile which is
like the river in which the mind of cupid plays
* 29 * Anakalidha Sadrushya Chibuka sri virajitha - She who has a beautiful chin
which has nothing else to compare
* 30 * Kamesha baddha mangalya sutra shobitha kandhara - She who shines with the sacred thread in her neck tied by Lord Kameshwara

* 31 * Kankangadha Keyura Kamaniya Bujanvidha - She who wears golden Armllets
* 32 * Rathna graiveya chinthaka lola muktha phalanvitha - She who wears necklace with moving pearls and dollar inlaid with gems
* 33 * Kameswara prema rathna mani prathi pana sthani - She who gave her breasts which are like the pot made of Rathna(precious stones) and has obtained the love of Kameshwara
* 34 * Nabhyala vala Romali latha phala kucha dwayi - She who has two breasts that are like fruits borne on the creeper of tiny hairs raising from her belly.
* 35 * Lakshya roma latha dharatha samunneya madhyama - She who is suspected to have a waist because of the creeper like hairs raising from there

* 36 * Sthana bhara dalan Madhya patta bhandha valithraya - She who has three stripes in her belly which looks like having been created to protect her tiny waist from her heavy breasts
* 37 * Arunaruna kausumba vasthra bhaswat kati thati - She who shines in her light reddish silk cloth worn over her tiny waist
* 38 * Rathna kinkinika ramya rasana dhama bhooshitha - She who wears a golden thread below her waist decorated with bells made of precious stones
* 39 * Kamesha gnatha sowbhagya mardworu dwayanvitha - 'She who has pretty and tender thighs known only to her consort, Kameshwara'
* 40 * Manikhya mukuta kara janu dwaya virajitha - She who has knee joints like the crown made of manikya below her thighs

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) - 3

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Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this

7 Thee, like cupid's dazzling quiver
   Abuzz with indhragopa flies
   Who has fulgurous pretty legs
   Thee, who has pretty round ankles

   Thee, like tortoise's stern curved back
   Who has firm heels of a strong stand
   Thee, who wards off our nescience
   Just with thy light of sparkling nails

   Thee, who has feet so soft, softer
   Beating the softness of lotus
   Thee, who adorns jingling anklets
   Of varied gem stones filled therein

   Thee who walks cute, artful like swan
Thee, the treasure of all beauty
Thee the roseate dawn in all
Thee, who's flawless in every limb

Thee, ornate in all adornments
Thee, who's on Kameshwara's lap
Thee, who Herself is that Shiva
Thee who attracts Shiva all time

Ho, ho dear sweet divine Mother
As is thine charm on top of top
So art thou on thy Shiva's lap
So born thence all and the whole lot

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

8 Oh our adorable Mother
Thou art too vast, ineffable
In invincible secrecy
Thou art dwelling in high Meru

Not me this small tiny droplet
Devout those who strove and found thee
Felt thee, visioned thee so revealed
That on the mid crest thee dwelling

Thee the queen of Srinagara
Thy abode there Chinthamani
A gem of range that grants all boons
Pray thee, so me for thy mercy

On the mid crest of mount Meru
In the city Srinagara
From the house Chinthamani
Ruling thee thy whole creation

Seated thee on the five powers
Brahma, Vishnu, Sadhashiva
Rudra and Esana well shaped
Five Brahmas thus in thy control

Mother, thou art all-powerful
Mother, thou art untouchable
Yet, this tiny me, wants thee nigh
To my vision's maxi-dazzle

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

9 Thee, dwelling in a placid house
Mid a sweet lotus forest who
Much a tranquil aura conjures
Imparts peace in our hearts also

Thee whose realm has kadamba trees
Thee who makes them fringe well around
Thee who whelmed by our piety
Also guards well all lives renowned

Thus to thee, our divine Mother
Thy children when fall and implore
Thee the Goddess ours protects them
So this tiny me too implores

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

---

Note: -Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas41-60

* 41 * Indra kopa parikshiptha smarathunabha jangika - She who has forelegs like the cupids case of arrows followed by the bee called Indra kopa
* 42 * Kooda Gulpha - She who has round ankles
* 43 * Koorma prashta jayishnu prapadanvidha - She who has upper feet like the back of the tortoise
* 44 * Nakadhi dhithi samchanna namajjana thamoguna - She who removes the darkness in the mind of her devotees by the sparkle of nails
* 45 * Pada dwaya Prabha jala parakrutha saroruha - She who has two feet which are much more beautiful than lotus flowers

* 46 * Sinchana mani manjira manditha sri pamambuja - She who has feet wearing musical anklets filled with gem stones
* 47 * Marali Mandha Gamana - She who has the slow gait like the swan
* 48 * Maha Lavanya Sewadhi - She who has the store house of supreme beauty
* 49 * Sarvaruna - She who has light reddish colour of the dawn in all her aspects
* 50 * Anavadhyangi - She who has most beautiful limbs which do not lack any aspect of beauty

* 51 * Srvabharana Bhooshita - She who wears all the ornaments
* 52 * Shivakameswarangastha - She who sits on the lap of Kameswara(shiva)
* 53 * Shiva - She who is the personification of Shiva
* 54 * Swadheena Vallabha - She whose husband obeys her
* 55 * Summeru Madhya sringastha - She who lives in the central peak of Mount
* 56 * Sriman nagara nayika - She who is the chief of Srinagara(a town)
* 57 * Chinthamani grihanthastha - She who lives in the all wish full filling house
* 58 * Pancha brahmasana sthitha - 'She who sits on the five brahmas viz., Brahma, Vishnu, Rudra, Esana and Sadashiva'
* 59 * Maha padma davi samstha - She who lives in the forest of lotus flowers
* 60 * Kadambha vana vasini - She who lives in the forest of Kadmbha (Madurai city is also called Kadambha vana)

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) - 4

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Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this

10 Thee, amidst the sea of nectar
Who is in nectareous bliss
Thee, who's Kamakshi with kind look
Thee, who fulfills our desires done

Thee, whom sages and devas praise
To fight and kill Bandasura
Thee, whose army of sakthis strode
To thee, here's so a plea from me

Oh divine Mother descend now
With thy full army of sakthis
Slay the asura in my psyche
Relieve me from evil-bound life

From the Force of Sampatkari
Thee who had elephant brigade  
From the Force of Aswaruda  
Thee, who had horses' cavalry

Nine storied Chakra chariot  
Thee who rode with all war weapons  
Seven storied Geya Chakra  
Mantrini who rode praying thee

Oh thy mercy, all set for war  
Won't thee seize my psyche too be cleansed  
Descend to conquer my vision  
This tiny droplet to feel blessed

Namaste Mother namaste  
Divine Mother, unto thy feet  
This tiny droplet surrenders  
Rise my size within me, I watch

11 Five storied Kiri chariot  
Varahi who rode serving thee  
Devised by Jwalamalini  
Thee who's in that rampart of fire

The way Sakthis destroyed Banda  
Thee, who rejoiced in their valour  
Dauntless Nithya Devathas too  
Thee, who enjoyed their bravery

The way thy child fought in the war  
Thee, who admired Baladevi  
Manthrini killing Vishanga  
Thee who rejoiced in that great feat

Varahi killing Visukra  
Thee, who enjoyed her great prowess  
Oh our Mother, that was a war  
A great war against one demon

For his wrong deed cursed and punished  
Manmatha was burnt to ashes
Fate, he turned to be a demon
Shiva when gave him back his life

Then was it just one demon..but
Too many demons satanic
Today's Earth in need to be killed
So scared is this tiny droplet

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

12 At Kameshvara's loving glance
Thee who begot our Lord Ganesh
He when destroyed Vigna Yantra
Thee who rejoiced in Ganesh's deed

The way thee fought against Banda
Thee, who showed thy skilled archery
Vishnu's ten personae for war
Thee who conjured out of thy nails

So be it all by thee of thee
Betterment for thy creations
So be it Peace and Peace alone
Thee who grants all on this Earth too

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

- - - - - - - - - - - - -

Note: -Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas61-80

* 61 * Sudha sagara madhyastha - She who lives in the middle of the sea of nectar
* 62 * Kamakshi - She who fulfills desires by her sight
* 63 * Kamadhayini - She who gives what is desired
* 64 * Devarshi Gana-sangatha-stuyamanathma-vaibhava - She who has all the qualities fit to be worshipped by sages and devas
* 65 * Bhandasura vadodyuktha shakthi sena samavitha - She who is surrounded by army set ready to kill Bandasura

* 66 * Sampathkari samarooda sindhoora vrija sevitha - She who is surrounded by Sampathkari (that which gives wealth)elephant brigade
* 67 * Aswaroodadishidaswa kodi kodi biravrutha - She who is surrounded by crores of cavalry of horses
* 68 * Chakra raja ratha rooda sarvayudha parishkridha - She who is fully armed and rides in the Srichakra chariot with nine stories
* 69 * Geya chakra ratha rooda manthrini pari sevitha - She who rides in the chariot with seven stories and is served by manthrini who is the goddess of music
* 70 * Giri chakra ratharooda dhanda natha puraskrutha - She who rides in the chariot with five stories and is served by goddess Varahi otherwise called Dhanda natha

* 71 * Jwalimalika ksiptha vanhi prakara madhyaka - She who is in the middle of the fort of fire
built by the Goddess Jwalamalini
* 72 * Bhandasainyavadodyukthashakthivikramasharthitha - She who was pleased by the various Shakthis(literally strength but a goddess) who helped in killing the army of Bhandasura
* 73 * Nithyaparakamatopanireekshanamsamutsuka - She who is interested and happy in observing the valour of Nitya devathas (literally goddess of every day)
* 74 * Bandaputhrawadodyukthabalavikramamandhitamahinatva - She who was pleased by the valour of Bala devi (her daughter) in destroying the sons of Banda
* 75 * Manthrinyambavirachithavishangavathadoshitha - She who became happy at seeing Goddess Manthrini kill Vishanga (this ogre (brother of Banda) represents our desires for physical things)

* 76 * Vishukapranaharanavarahiveeryanandithamahinatva - She who appreciates the valour of Varahi in killing Vishuka (another brother of Banda - he is personification of ignorance)
* 77 * KameshwaramukalokakalpitalsrisriGaneshwara - 'She who created God Ganesh by the mere look of the face of her Lord, Kameshwara'
* 78 * Mahaganeshannirbhinnavignayanthrapraharsmithamahinatva - She who became happy at seeing Lord Ganesha destroy the Vigna Yantra (contraption meant to delay) created by Vishuka
* 79 * Banda surendranirmuktashashtraprathyasthrapharshani - She who rained arrows and replied with arrows against Bandasura
* 80 * Karangulikenkothpannarnayanasasakrithi - 'She who created the ten avatharas of Narayana from the tip of her nails (when Bandasura send the Sarvasura asthra (arrow), she destroyed it by creating the ten avatharas of Vishnu)'

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13 With missile Paasupatha's fire
Thee, who burnt the demons to death
With missile Kameshwara's fire
Thee burnt Bhand, his Sunyaka

Praised by Brahma, Vishnu, Indra
Thee for thy valiant powers
For the sake of world's creation
Thee who revived Manmatha's life

Panchadasakshara mantra..
Its flair of Vagbhava Koota
Housed in thy face, so called
Thee who's Panchadasakshari
Panchadasakshara mantra..
Next its Kamaraja koota
Housed in thee from neck to thy waist
So's thee Panchadasakshari

Panchadasakshara mantra..
Its last flair of Sakti Koota
Housed in thee still adown thy waist
So's thee Panchadasakshari

Thee who's purport of that mantra
The syllables of that mantra..
Thee thyself whose form is of that
So's thee Panchadasakshari

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

14 Thou art beautiful bodily
Thou art powerful formless too
Thou art our sweet divine Mother
No fear so will invade our life

Thee who's in our sense of seeing
Thee who's in our sense of desire
Thee who's in our sense of action
Thee who's the One and the oneness

The seer, the seeing, the seen
Thee in these and thyself are these
Exulting in this kulamruth
Thyself the nectar of kula

Thee who guards that arcane kula
Thou art the virtuous Mother
Delighted in thy Truthfulness
Unto thy feet fall one and all

Shiva and Sakthi both in One
Kula and Akula in One
Thee who's man and woman in One
Thee who's so Kaulini by name

All from thee oh divine Mother
Be it human or animal
Or the elements and beyond
Thee the causer, thee our Mother

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

15 Thou art the chakras and kulas
Thou art the vortex of chakras
Thou art the deity of kulas
Thou art our Kulayogini

High beyond in Sahasrara
Shiva or Akula thou art
Shiva and Sakthi not in two
But two in One as Samaya

Thee who enjoys such worship too
Thee who dwells in Mooladhara
Thee who helps us break earthly ties
We to get merged in thy oneness

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
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- - - - - - - - - - - -

Note: -Translation by Mr. P.R. Ramachander
Naamaas81-100
* 81 * Maha pasupathasthragni nirdagdhasura sainika - She who destroyed the army of asuras by the Maha pasupatha arrow.
* 82 * Kameshwarasthra nirdhagdha sabandasura sunyaka - She who destroyed Bandasura and his city called sunyaka by the Kameshwara arrow.
* 83 * Brhmopendra mahendradhi deva samsthutha vaibhava - 'She who is prayed by Lord Brahma, Vishnu, Indra and other devas'
* 84 * Hara nethragni sandhagdha kama sanjeevanoushadhi - She who brought back to life the God of love Manmatha who was burnt to ashes by the fire from the eyes of Shiva
* 85 * Sri vagbhave koodaiga swaroopa mukha pankaja - She whose lotus face is Vagbhava Koota
* 86 * Kantatha kadi paryantha Madhya koodaiga swaroopini - She whose portion from neck to hips is Madya koota
* 87 * Sakthi koodaiga thapanna Kadyatho bhaga dharini - She whose portion below hips is the Shakthi koota
* 88 * Moola manthrathmikha - She who is the meaning of Moola manthra (root manthra) or She who is the cause
* 89 * Moola kooda thraya kalebhara - She whose body is the three parts of the basic manthra i.e. pancha dasakshari manthra
* 90 * Kulamruthaika rasika - 'She who enjoys the ecstatic state of oneness of one who sees, sight and what is seen or She who gets pleasure in drinking the nectar flowing
from the thousand petalled lotus below the brain.'
* 91 * Kula sanketha palini - She who protects the powerful truths from falling into unsuitable people
* 92 * Kulangana - She who is a lady belonging to cultured family or She who is like Srividya known only to one whom it belongs
* 93 * Kulanthastha - She who is fit to be worshipped any where
* 94 * Kaulini - She who is the unification of the principles of Shiva and Shakthi
* 95 * Kula yogini - She who is related to the family or She who is related to the ultimate knowledge
* 96 * Akula - She who is beyond kula or She who is beyond any knowledge
* 97 * Samayanthastha - She who is within the mental worship of Shiva and Shakthi
* 98 * Samayachara that para - She who likes Samayachara i.e. worship stepwise from mooladhara Chakra
* 99 * Moladharaika nilaya - She who exists in Mooladhara In Mooladhara which is in the form of four petalled lotus the kundalini sleeps.
* 100 * Brhma Grandhi Vibhedini - She who breaks the tie in Brahma grandhi i.e she who helps us to cross the ties due to our birth.

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A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)- 1

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A Microcosm's Prayer

Divine Mother, thou art dazzling
Dazzling so huge that I can't hold
Mother of mothers all and whole
Pray, me a droplet rise my size

Divine Mother, thou art in all
Thou art in all flora, fauna
In this tiny droplet so too
Rise my size within me, I watch

Divine Mother, thou art this grass
That rose this tree, that snake this cow
That child this man that lad this lass
Divine Mother thou art me too
Divine Mother, thou art this earth
That sky, this wind, that fire, this rain
What not, sun and moon and stars all
Thou art our Queen divine Mother

Divine Mother, thy purity
Proven when Thee rose from the fire
Root of Knowledge, Truth of Wisdom
To help Devas, slayed the demon

Oh, thou art our divine Mother
And all creations' Queen thou art
The destroyer of evil oh,
Won, Queen thee seated on that lion

Namaste Mother Namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

Far and wide thousand times larger
Than the rising sun thee glitters
Thy four arms symbolizing thou
Powers and forms in and out whole

Binding us thine pasa with love
Setting us right thine angusha
Ruling our mind thine bow of cane
Oh sweet our Mother Namaste

Thee who has five flower-arrows
Ruling o'er our might of senses
Thee roseate who makes all drown
In thine glory of crimson sea

Thee who is fragrant adorned with
Flowers, champaka, ashoka
Punnaga and sowgandhika
Namaste oh our sweet Mother
Thee who wears a glittering crown
Dazzling with padmaraga gems
Of heavenly precious stones
Oh, ardent Mother namaste

Thee who has a crescent forehead
Like that of a semi-grown moon
A bright crescent on its eighth day
Splendid oh our divine mother

Namaste Mother Namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

Like the blemished moon more ardent
Thee who has sindhoor looks alike
Thee who has a lovable face
Where Cupid adores to reside

Thy beautiful eyebrows there make
Ornate garlands to cupid's house
Like swimming fish in a cool pool
Oh, thou sparkling eyes on thy face

Like Champaka bud just blooming
In surpassing glory thy nose
More in surpassing gleam there
Than the above stars thy nose-screw

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

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Note: - Translation by hander
Namaas 1-20

1 * Srimatha - Mother who gives immeasurable wealth who removes all sorrows and gives only happiness.
   -indicates also her role of creation
* 2 * Sri maharajni - She who is the empress who takes care of the universe-
   -indicates her role of protection
* 3 * Sri math simasaneshwari - She who sits on the throne of lions-indicates her role of destruction
* 4 * Chidagni Kunda Sambootha - She who rose from the fire of knowledge and is the ultimate truth
* 5 * Deva karya samudhyatha - She who is interested in helping devas

* 6 * Udyath bhanu sahasrabha - She who glitters like thousand rising suns
* 7 * Chadur bahu samanvidha - She who has four arms
* 8 * Ragha Swaroopa pasadya - She who has love for all in the form of rope(pasa) -
   She has this in one of her left hands
* 9 * Krodhakarankusojwala - She who glitters and has anger in the form of Anghusa -
   in one of her right hands.
* 10 * Mano Rupeshu Kodanda - She who has the bow of sweet cane which is her mind-
   in one of her left hands

* 11 * Pancha than mathra sayaka - 'She who has five bows of touch, smell, hearing, taste and sight'
* 12 * Nijaruna prabha poora majjath brahmanda mandala - She who makes all the universe immerse in her red colour which is like the sun in the dawn
* 13 * Champakasoka - punnaga-sowgandhika- lasath kacha - 'She who wears in her hair flowers like Champaka, Punnaga and Sowgandhika'
* 14 * Kuru vinda mani - sreni-kanath kotira manditha - She whose crown glitters with rows of inlaid precious stones (Padmaraga stones)
* 15 * Ashtami chandra vibhraja - dhalika sthala shobhitha - She who has a beautiful forehead like the half moon (visible on eighth day from new moon)

* 16 * Muka chandra kalankabha mriganabhi viseshaka - She who has the thilaka(dot)of Musk in her forehead which is like the black shadow in the moon
* 17 * Vadana smara mangalya griha thorana chillaka - She who has beautiful eyelids which look like the ornaments to her face which is like cupids home
* 18 * Vakthra lakshmi -parivaha-chalan meenabha lochana - She who has beautiful eyes which look like fish in the pond of her face
* 19 * Nava champaka -pushpabha-nasa dhanda virajitha - She who has nose like freshly opened flowers of Champaka
* 20 * Thara kanthi thiraskari nasabharana bhasura - She who has a nose ring which shines more than the star

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

28 Oh, that fear of mortality
That fear of death, thee who destroys
So is thee Mrityumadani
Thee who's known as Nishkriya too

Indulged in destined cosmic deeds
Thee who's altruistically..
All functioned and driven by thee
What need do thee need from any

So is thee Nishparigraha
Thee the sole supreme Force of all
Can thee be compared with any
Matchless thee is so Nisthula

Thee who has long dark locks of hair
Who has long dark shining ringlets
Thee's so called Neelachikura
Thou art the saviour of all

Thee who saves us all from danger
So is thyself free from danger
So is thee called Nirapaya
Thou art the all-pervading One

Generating, Operating
Destroying..thy own lawsand thee
Violates not, nor overrules
Thee is socalled Niratyaya

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

29 Thus thee who has crores of naamaas
Who's pleased with Bhaktas who praise lot
Who gifts Her presence to them nigh
Who graces them with blessings high

Is yet hard and difficult more
For those who do not ponder thee
Thee who is so called Dhurlabha
Who can't be approached easily

So is thee called Dhurgamaya
Thee who combats evil forces
Thee who is victory-Goddess
So is thee called Goddess Durga

Thou art our sweet divine Mother
So, thee who destroys our sorrows
So is thee called Dhukkahanthri
Who gives all boons and happiness

So is thee called Sukhapradha
Whom the wicked can not approach
Who's far and hard to find for them
Thee who's so called Dushtadura

Oh, Duracharasamani,
Oh Ma, thee who wards off vices
So is thee free from all evil
So is thee Doshavarjitha

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

30 Omnipresent and all knowing
So is thee known as Sarvajna
Motherly Mother merciful
So is thee Sandhrakaruna

Samanadhikavarjitha..
Thee who is unsurpassable
Thee who is all powerful and
Persona of every Power

So thee, Sarvasakthimayi
Thee the Supreme of all auspice
Thee the auspicious Supreme
So is thee, Sarvamangala

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

---

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R. Ramachander

Naamaas 181-200

* 181 * Mrityu madhani - She who removes fear of death
* 182 * Nishkriya - She who does not have any work
* 183 * Nishparigraha - She who does not accept help from others
* 184 * Nisthula - She who does not have anything to be compared to
* 185 * Neela chikura - She who has dark black hair
* 186 * Nirapaya - She who is never destroyed
* 187 * Nirathyaya - She who does not cross limits of rules she herself created
* 188 * Dhurlabha - She who is difficult to obtain
* 189 * Dhurgama - She who can not be neared easily
* 190 * Dhurga - She who is Dhurga who is a nine year old girl
* 191 * Dhuka hanthri - She who removes sorrows
* 192 * Sukha prada - She who gives pleasures and happiness
* 193 * Dushta doora - She who keeps far away from evil men
* 194 * Durachara samani - She who destroys evil practices
* 195 * Dosha varjitha - She who does not have anything bad
* 196 * Sarvangna - She who knows everything
* 197 * Saandra karuna - She who is full of mercy
* 198 * Samanadhiba varjitha - She who is incomparable
* 199 * Sarva shakthi mayi - She who has personification of all strengths
* 200 * Sarva mangala - She who is personification of all that is good

Indira Renganathan
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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

31 Thee who grants us righteous conduct
Thee who makes us righteous persons
Thee who takes us to salvation
So is thee Sadgatiprada

Causer and Queen of creation
Thee who's all as Sarveshwari
Thou art in all and everywhere
So is thee called Sarvamayi

Sarvamanthraswaroopini
Thee who's the Power of mantras
Who personifies all mantras
So is thee known by that great name
Thee the Power of all yantras
Thee the Mistress of all yantras
Thee's so Sarvayanthrathamka
Thee who's the Magic of tantras

Magical icon of all tantras
Thee's so Sarvatantararoopa
Thee the supreme Thought of all thoughts
Thee the supreme Consciousness

So is thee called Manonmani
He who's in concealment behind
Thy three deeds of this universe
Maheswari is His consort

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

32 He who is the supreme Expanse
He who is called Mahadeva
Thee His dear wife Mahadevi
Thee who grants us all all good wealth

Who's the supreme wealth of all wealth
So is thee called Mahalakshmi
Wife of Shiva who's Mruda
So is thee called Mrudapriya

This expanding universe where
Thee, whose form too expands so huge
So is thee called Maharoopa
Who's the supreme One all worship

Thee is so called Mahapoojya
Mahapathakanasini
Thee who destroys all heinous sins
So is thee known by that great name
From that fathomless prime Silence
Thee emerged as Adhisakti
From thee emerged Mayasakti
Concealed who sports illusively

Thee is so called Mahamaya
Everything is of thee, from thee
So doeth thee know of everything
Mahasattva is thee the Truth

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

33 Of thee the One thee the Boundless
Boundless One is Mahasakti
Happiness is thee
Who is so called Maharathi

It's thy indulgence making all
Thine all, thy desire, thee enjoy
It is thy privileged pleasure
So is thee called Mahabhoga

Thou art the empress of thine all
All is thine and in thy domain
Thee who's the duchess of riches
So is thee called Mahaiswarya

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
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So to thee Mother, namaste
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The causer of all, namaste
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Rise my size within me, I watch

---

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander

Naamaas201-220
* 201 * Sad gathi prada - She who gives us good path
* 202 * Sarveshwari - She who is goddess of all
* 203 * Sarva mayi - She who is everywhere
* 204 * Sarva manthra swaroopini - She who is personification of all mantras
* 205 * Sarva yanthrathmika - She who is represented by all yantras (Talisman)
* 206 * Sarva thanthra roopa - She who is also goddess of all Thanthras which is a method of worship
* 207 * Manonmani - She who is the result of mental thoughts of thoughts and actions
* 208 * Maaheswari - She who is the consort of Maheswara (Lord of everything)
* 209 * Mahaa devi - She who is the consort of Mahe Deva (God of all gods)
* 210 * Maha lakshmi - 'She who takes the form of Mahalaksmi, the goddess of wealth'
* 211 * Mrida priya - She who is dear to Mrida (a name of Lord Shiva)
* 212 * Maha roopa - She who is very big
* 213 * Maha poojya - She who is fit to be worshipped by great people
* 214 * Maha pathaka nasini - She who destroys the major misdemeanors
* 215 * Maha maya - She who is the great illusion
* 216 * Maha sathva - She who is greatly knowledgeable
* 217 * Maha sakti - She who is very strong
* 218 * Maha rathi - She who gives great happiness
* 219 * Maha bhoga - She who enjoys great pleasures
* 220 * Mahaiswarya - She who has great wealth

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -12

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

34 Thee who's powerfully valorous
Thee who fought and killed asuras
Thee who's so called Mahaveerya
Thee who has valorous power

With efficacious power
Thee who is exceedingly strong
Thee who's so called Mahabala
Thee who is the womb of Wisdom

Who's all Wisdom and Intellect
Thee who is so called Mahabhuddhi
Thee who's the Power of Siddhis
Who can win highest attainments

Who is so called Mahasiddhi
Mahayogeswari
Thee who is worshipped by yogis
Thee who's the Adept at magic

Adept at mystic formulae
Thee is so called Mahatantra
Thou art the sole trenchant Mantra
Thou art the greatest Srividya

So is thee called Mahamantra
Thou art the greatest Srichakra
Design of thine power-abode
So is thee called Mahayantra

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

35 Seated high on the Truth of truths
Seated great in thy bhaktas' hearts
Thee is so called Mahasana
Mahayaga kramaradhya..

For divine great sacrifices
Like great yagas done by devas
Thee who's the deity adored much
So is thee known by that great name

MahaBhairavapoojitha
Thee who's worshipped by Bhairava
Maheswara Mahakalpa
Mahathandava Sakshini

At the time of creation's end
Maheswara's fierce cosmic dance
Of a destructive performance..
Thee is the witness of His play

So is thee known by that great name
Mahakamesamahishi
Queen of the great Kameswara
Gracious queen of three cities

Mahatripurasundari
With sixty four oblations, thee
Worshipped, so's thee known by name
Chatushshashtyupacharadya

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

36 Chathushashti kalamayi
Who's the form of sixtyfour arts
Mahachatushshasti Koti
Yogini Ganasevita

As Yoginis sixtyfour crores
Attend on thee, thee is so named
As Manu enjoyed Srividya
So is thee called Manuvidya

As Moon too adored Srividya
So is thee called Chandravidya
Centered therein, so is thee called
Chandra mandala Madhyaga

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
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- - - - - - - - - - - - -

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas221-240

* 221 * Maha veerya - She who has great valour
* 222 * Maha bala - She who is very strong
* 223 * Maha bhudhi - She who is very intelligent
* 224 * Maha sidhi - She who has great super natural powers
* 225 * Maha yogeswareswari - She who is goddess of great yogis
* 226 * Mahahanthra - She who has the greatest Tantra sastras
* 227 * Mahamanthra - She who has the greatest mantras
* 228 * Mahayantra - She who has the greatest yantras
* 229 * Mahasana - She who has the greatest seat
* 230 * Maha yaga kramaradhya - She who should be worshipped by performing great sacrifices
(Bhavana yaga and Chidagni Kunda yaga)
* 231 * Maha bhairava poojitha - She who is being worshipped by the great Bhairava
* 232 * Maheswara Mahakalpa Maha thandava sakshini - She who will be the witness to the great dance
to be performed by the great lord at the end of the worlds
* 233 * Maha kamesha mahishi - She who is the prime consort of the great Kameshvara
* 234 * Maha tripura sundari - She who is the beauty of the three great cities
* 235 * Chatushatyupacharadaya - She who should be worshipped with sixty four offerings
* 236 * Chathu sashti kala mayi - She who has sixty four sections
* 237 * Maha Chathusashti kodi yogini gana sevitha - She who is being worshipped by the sixty four crore yoginis in the nine different charkas
* 238 * Manu Vidya - She who is personification of Sri Vidya as expounded by Manu
* 239 * Chandra Vidya - She who is personification of Sri Vidya as expounded by Moon
* 240 * Chandra mandala Madhyaga - She who is in the center of the universe around the moon

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37 Thee who's pleasingly elegant
Who's so stunningly beautiful
So is thee called Charuroopa
So is thee Charuhasa too

For thee has a dazzling sweet smile
Charuchandra Kaladhara
With the crescent moon in thy crown
Thee who is so known by that name

Charachara Jagannatha
Who's the queen of all creations
Sentient and insentient
Movable and immovable
Chakraraja Nikethana
Whose abode is in Srichakra
Daughter of the Himalayas
So is thee known as Parvathi

Whose eyes are like lotus flower
Thee, so is Padmanayana
Padmaraga samaprabha
Who shines like Padmaraga gem

Pancha prehasana seena
Brahma, Vishnu, Rudra, Eshwar
And Sadhshiva..powerless
Seated on those dead, thee's so called

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

38 Pancha brahma swaroopini
Thee whose might forms the five Brahmas
Thee who's the form of five Brahmas
Thee who is so known by that name

Mother of pure consciousness
Thee who is so called Chinmayi
Thee who is the supreme bliss, so
Thee who is Paramanada

Vignana Gana Roopini
Thee who's wisdom piled up in One
Dhyana Dhyathru dhyeyaroopa
Thee thyself the Meditation

Thyself the Meditator and
Thee who's meditated upon
So is thee known by that great name
Dharmadharma vivarjitha

Thee who is Dharma, the justice
And the Adharma, injustice
Yet thee transcends both and named so
Thee who is called Viswaroopa

For thee the all-pervading One
Thee who is wakeful for ever
Thee who has watchful eyes on all
So is thee called Jagarini

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

39 Thee who is called Jagarini
But thee who's the state of dream too
So is thee called Swapanthi too
The hidden form of Thaijasa

The secret of hidden microbes
Thee who's that invisible form
So is thee Thaijasathmika
Thee who is the wakeful Mother

Yet thee who's in deep state of sleep
Thee who is so known as Suptha
But in concealed wide wakefulness
Mother art thou not watching all...

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
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Note: Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas241-260

* 241 * Charu Roopa - She who is very beautiful
* 242 * Charu Hasa - She who has a beautiful smile
* 243 * Charu Chandra Kaladhara - She who wears the beautiful crescent
* 244 * Charachara Jagannatha - She who is the Lord of all moving and immobile things
* 245 * Chakra Raja Nikethana - She who lives in the middle of Sree Chakra
* 246 * Parvathi - She who is the daughter of the mountain
* 247 * Padma nayana - She who has eyes like the lotus
* 248 * Padma raga samaprabha - She who shines as much as the Padma Raga jewel
* 249 * Pancha prethasana seena - 'She who sits on the seat of five dead bodies (these are Brahma, Vishnu, Rudra, Eesa and Sadasiva without their Shakti(consort))'
* 250 * Pancha brahma swaroopini - She who is personification of five brahmas (they are the gods mentioned in the last name with their Shakti)
* 251 * Chinmayi - She who is the personification action in every thing
* 252 * Paramananda - She who is supremely happy
* 253 * Vignana Gana Roopini - She who is the personification of knowledge based on science
* 254 * Dhyana Dhyathru dhyeya roopa - 'She who is personification of meditation, the being who meditates and what is being meditated upon'
* 255 * Dharmadhrama vivarjitha - She who is beyond Dharma (justice)and Adharma(injustice)

* 256 * Viswa roopa - She who has the form of the universe
* 257 * Jagarini - She who is always awake
* 258 * Swapanthi - She who is always in the state of dream
* 259 * Thaijasathmika - She who is the form of Thajasa which is microbial concept
* 260 * Suptha - She who is in deep sleep

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -14

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40 Thee who's the supreme Soul of souls
Who's the cause of deep sleep in all
Who's aware of that in all souls
So is known as Prangyatmika

Thee who is known as Turya too
Who transcends wake and dream and sleep
Yet stays in Her own blissful trance
Thee who is so known as Turya

Sarvavastha vivarjitha
Still who's above all conditions
So is thee known by that great name
Thee who's the Maker of the whole
Relentlessly creating all
So is thee called Srishti karthri
For the cause of creating all
Thee who takes the form of Brahma

So is thee called Brahmaroopaa
Thou art Gopthri who guards the whole
For that cause thine form, Govinda
Known as Govindaroopini

Who destroys the whole creation
Thee who's so called Samharini
Who so takes the form of Rudra
Thee is so called Rudraroopaa

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

41 Thou art Thirodhanakari
For thee doeth all in concealment
Also Easwari is thy name
For thee is the form of Easwar

Thee the form of Sadashiva
So is thee called Sadashiva
Thee who creates can destroy too
Yet of mercy thee recreates

Thee is so Anugrahada..
Srishtikarthri, Samharini
Govindaroopini more with
Thirodhanakari added

Thy five deeds and names together
Thee is so greatly called by name
Pancha krithya parayana
Who's centered in the solar orb

Thee who is aptly so known as
Bhanu mandala madhyastha
Thee who's the spouse of Bhairava
So is known by name Bhairavi

Thee who is of excellences
Is so called Bhagamalini
Thy tranquil lotus-poise that charms
Aptly names thee Padmasana

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

42 Supremacy is thy virtue
Thee is so called Bhgavathi
Padmanabha sahodari
The sister of Mahavisnu

Such be thou divine names, Mother,
Mine is very tiny droplet
My little psyche and ilk and deeds
So of my little persona...

Who else than thee can salvage me
Hmm, awaiting thee for so long
My conceded sin and pain long
Imploring my heart so, so long

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
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Divine Mother, unto thy feet
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Note: Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas261-280

* 261 * Prangnathmika - She who is awake
* 262 * Thurya - She who is in trance
* 263 * Sarvavastha vivarjitha - She who is above all states
* 264 * Srishti karthri - She who creates
* 265 * Brahma roopa - She who is the personification of ultimate
* 266 * Gopthri - She who saves
* 267 * Govinda roopini - She who is of the form of Govinda
* 268 * Samharini - She who destroys
* 269 * Rudhra roopa - She who is of the form of Rudhra
* 270 * Thirodhana kari - She who hides herself from us
* 271 * Eeswari - She who is of the form of easwara
* 272 * Sadashivaa - She who is of the form of Sadashiva
* 273 * Anugrahada - She who blesses
* 274 * Pancha krithya parayana - 'She who is engaged in the five duties of creation, existence, dissolving, disappearing, and blessing'
* 275 * Bhanu mandala madhyastha - She who is in the middle of the sun's universe
* 276 * Bhairavi - She who is the consort of Bhairava
* 277 * Bhaga malini - She who is the goddess bhaga malini
* 278 * Padmasana - She who sits on a lotus
* 279 * Bhagavathi - She who is with all wealth and knowledge
* 280 * Padmanabha sahodari - She who is the sister of Vishnu

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -15

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43 Every glance thine when thee flashes
Thee creates the whole creation
Every closing when thy eyes shut
Thee destroys all the created

So is thy powerful great name
Unmesha nimishotpanna
vipanna bhuvanavali
Thou thousands of heads and faces

Thee is aptly known by the name
Sahasra sirsha vadana
Thousands of eyes thine all around
Thee is so called Sahasrakshi

Thousands of feet thine in all moves
Thee is so called Sahasrapath
From worm to great Brahmaal
Thee's the Mother, so is thee called

Abrahmakita janani
The classes and stages of life
And the order ordained by thee
Aptly thee's so known by the name

Varnashrama vidhayini
Whatever the vedas command
It's thy is so
Nijangna roopa nigama

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

44 Thee who is the cause of karma
Thee who makes the whole reap and eat
Good or bad, the fruit of karma
Thee who's so known by that great name

Punyapunya phala pradha
As Vedamatha prostrates thee
It's the dust of thy holy feet
Stuck on her forehead as sindhoor

So thee is known by the great name
Sruthi seemantha sindhoori
kritha padabjha dhoolika
The pearl in the shell of Vedas

It's thee the essence of vedas
So is thee known by the great name
Sakalagama sandoha
shukthi samputa maukthika

Dharma, artha, kama, moksha
Thee who bestows those four values
Thee's so Purashartha pradha  
Complete thee so is called Purna

Who enjoys all pleasures and bliss  
Aptly thee is called Bhogini  
Who presides o'er the universe  
So is thee Bhuvashevshari

Namaste Mother namaste  
Divine Mother, unto thy feet  
This tiny droplet surrenders  
Rise my size within me, I watch

45 The Mother of the universe  
Thee is so known as Ambika  
Eternal without start and end  
Thee is Anadhinidhana

Hari, Brahma and Indra pray  
Thee is so known by the great name  
Hari brahmendra sevitha  
Thee who is like Narayana

So's is sound  
So's thee who's  
Without form or name, so is called  
Nama roopa vivarjitha

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother  
Thou art beautiful the bestest  
Thou art our brave queen the bestest  
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest  
The Support for mind the bestest  
The Support for life the bestest  
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste  
The Power of all, namaste  
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas281-300

* 281 * Unmesha nimishotpanna vipanna bhuvanavali - She who creates and destroys the universe by opening and closing of her eye lids
* 282 * Sahasra seersha vadana - She who has thousands of faces and heads
* 283 * Saharakshi - She who has thousands of eyes
* 284 * Sahasra path - She who has thousands of feet
* 285 * Aabrahma keeda janani - She has created all beings from worm to Lord Brahma
* 286 * Varnashrama vidhayini - She who created the four fold division of society
* 287 * Nijangna roopa nigama - She who gave orders which are based on Vedas
* 288 * Punyapunya phala pradha - She who gives compensation for sins and good deeds
* 289 * Sruthi seemantha sindhoori kritha padabjha dhooliga - She whose dust from her lotus feet is the sindhoora fills up in the parting of the hair of the Vedic mother
* 290 * Sakalagama sandoha shukthi samputa maukthika - She who is like the pearl in the pearl holding shell of Vedas
* 291 * Purashartha pradha - 'She who gives us the purusharthas of Charity, assets, joy and moksha'
* 292 * Poorna - She who is complete
* 293 * Bhogini - She who enjoys pleasures
* 294 * Bhuvaneshwari - She who is the Goddess presiding over the universe
* 295 * Ambika - She who is the mother of the world

* 296 * Anadhi nidhana - She who does not have either end or beginning
* 297 * Hari brahmendra sevitha - 'She who is served by Gods like Vishnu, Indra and Brahma'
* 298 * Naarayani - She who is like Narayana
* 299 * Naada roopa - She who is the shape of music (sound)
* 300 * Nama roopa vivarjitha - She who does not have either name or shape

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -16

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

46 Thee the self generated Sound
Hrim, hrim...uttered several times
Mind feels the all pervading One
Thee is so known as Hrimkari

The supreme modesty is thee
So is thee known as Hrimathi
Thee who dwells in thy Bhaktas' hearts
So is thee known by name Hrudya

Heyopadeya varjitha
Seek or reject...thee needs not to
So is thee known by that great name
Worshipped by kings and king of kings

So's thee Raja rajarchitha
Oh, thou art the supreme Mother
And queen of the utmost Supreme
Thee is so known as great Ragnyi
Thee who's pleasing and delightful
Who makes Her Bhaktas so happy
So is known by the name Ramya
Thee who's the maker of lotus

No wonder thy eyes look alike
So's thee Rajeevalochana
Thy bright red turns thy spouse too red
So's thee known as Ranjani

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

47 Like a mother plays with her child
Divine Mother thee plays with all
Ramani is so thy great name
The essence of all tasty things..

It's thee whom we enjoy so much
So's thee known by that name Rasya
Ranath kinkini mekhala
Whowears girdle with tinkling bells

Thee who's Lakshmi bestowing wealth
So is known by the name Ramaa
Whose face is bright like the full moon
So's thee Raakendu vadana

With features like that of Rathi's
Thee who is so adorable
So is thee called Rathi roopa..
Rathipriya as thee loves her

We the children of Mother thee
What we all ask for than "save us"
Thee the Protector, Saviour  
So is thee called Rakshaakari

When demonic evil attacks  
Thee who saves and protects us all  
As thee our sweet divine Mother  
So is thee called Rakshasagni

Namaste Mother namaste  
Divine Mother, unto thy feet  
This tiny droplet surrenders  
Rise my size within me, I watch

48 Thou art the pride of womanhood  
The beautiful, the beloved  
The lovely Mother of mothers  
So is thee the pleasing Rama

Such so much gorgeous thee be  
Kameswara loves thee so much  
No wonder, thee loves Him too  
More the best thy divine sport too

So's thee Ramana lampata  
I'm a very tiny droplet  
Who else than thee can salvage me  
Hmm, awaiting thee for so long

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother  
Thou art beautiful the bestest  
Thou art our brave queen the bestest  
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest  
The Support for mind the bestest  
The Support for life the bestest  
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste  
The Power of all, namaste  
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

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Divine Mother, unto thy feet
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Rise my size within me, I watch

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Note: Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachandar
Naamaas301-320

* 301 * Hrim kari - She who makes the holy sound Hrim
* 302 * Hrimathi - She who is shy
* 303 * Hrudya - She who is in the heart (devotees)
* 304 * Heyopadeya varjitha - She who does not have aspects which can be accepted or rejected
* 305 * Raja rajarchitha - She who is being worshipped by king of kings
* 306 * Ragnyi - She who is the queen of Kameshwara
* 307 * Ramya - She who makes others happy
* 308 * Rajeeva lochana - She who is lotus eyed
* 309 * Ranjani - She who by her red colour makes Shiva also red
* 310 * Ramani - She who plays with her devotees
* 311 * Rasya - She who feeds the juice of everything
* 312 * Ranath kinkini mekhala - She who wears the golden waist band with tinkling bells
* 313 * Ramaa - She who is like Lakshmi
* 314 * Raakendu vadana - She who has a face like the full moon
* 315 * Rathi roopa - She who attracts others with her features like Rathi (wife of God of love-Manmatha)
* 316 * Rathi priya - She who likes Rathi
* 317 * Rakshaa kari - She who protects
* 318 * Rakshasagni - She who kills Rakshasas-ogres opposed to the heaven
* 319 * Raamaa - She who is feminine
* 320 * Ramana lampata - She who is interested in making love to her lord

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

49 Thee who's the most desirable
Who's adored by sages and seers
Who is so known by name Kamya
Thee the truth of Shiva-sakti

Thee the form of the art of love
Thee who's Kamakalaroopa
Who likes assemblage of flowers
Kadamba flowers best of all

Thee so is called by the great name
Kadambha kusuma priya
Thee who's auspiciously righteous
Thee who is righteously precious

Thee who blesses all with auspice
Thee who is so called Kalyani
Who's the Root of the universe
The Support of the universe

So is thee Jagatikanda
Thee who's the ocean of mercy
Thee who's so known by the great name
Karuna rasa sagara

Thee who is the form of all arts
Who herself is so artistic
Whose crest the crescent moon's adorned
Thee who's so called Kalavathi

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

50 Thee whose voice is pleasing and sweet
Whose speech comprises all arts
Thee who's so called Kalalapa
Thee who's longed by all for thy sort

Beloved thee is so Kanta
Thee who likes the divine liquour
Thee who loves to listen to vedas
So's thee Kadambari priya

What we need, who else we ask for..
Thee our Mother who gives us boons
Thee who is so called Varada
Thee who's Vamanayana too

Whose eyes are the ace beautiful
Whose eyes are the ace merciful
Whose eyes keep watching everything
Whose eyes lead us in the good path

So is thee Vamanayana
Thou art the goddess of water
Tranced by the bliss of Varuni
So is thee known by that great name

Vaaruni madha vihwala
Thee who transcends the universe
So is known as Viswadhika
Veda vedya whom vedas own

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

51 Vindhyachala nivasini
Whose abode is Vindhya mountains
Vidhatri who supports the whole
Thee the Mother of the vedas

Is so called Veda janani
Thyself the power of Vishnu
Thyself is the form of Vishnu
Thee who's so called Vishnu maya

Thee the spouse of Kameswara
Thee the sporter of creation
Thee the Mother of creation
So is thee called Vilasini

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
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Rise my size within me, I watch

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R. Ramachandar
Naamaas321-340

* 321 * Kaamya - She who is of the form of love
* 322 * Kamakala roopa - She who is the personification of the art of love
* 323 * Kadambha kusuma priya - She who likes the flowers of Kadamba
* 324 * Kalyani - She who does good
* 325 * Jagathi kandha - She who is like a root to the world
* 326 * Karuna rasa sagara - She who is the sea of the juice of mercy
* 327 * Kalavathi - She who is an artist or she who has crescents
* 328 * Kalaalapa - She whose talk is artful
* 329 * Kaantha - She who glitters
* 330 * Kadambari priya - She who likes the wine called Kadambari or She who likes long stories
* 331 * Varadha - She who gives boons
* 332 * Vama nayana - She who has beautiful eyes
* 333 * Vaaruni madha vihwala - She who gets drunk with the wine called varuni (The wine of happiness)
* 334 * Viswadhika - She who is above all universe
* 335 * Veda vedya - She who can be understood by Vedas
* 336 * Vindhyachala nivasini - She who lives on Vindhya mountains
* 337 * Vidhatri - She who carries the world
* 338 * Veda janani - She who created the Vedas
* 339 * Vishnu maya - She who lives as the Vishnu maya
* 340 * Vilasini - She who enjoys love making

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

52 Thou art Matter of any form
Thou art Matter of all beings
Thee who dwells in all is all Shapes
So is thee Kshetra swaroopa

Thee the ruler of thy domain
Thee the ruler of thy body
Thee who's so known as Kshetresi
Who protects all beings and souls

So is thee known by the great name
Kshethra kshethragna palini
Who neither grows nor wanes, so's called
Kshaya vridhi vinirmuktha

Whom the body's owner worships
So is thee known by the great name
Kshetra pala samarchitha
The triumph and the triumphant

Thee who is so called Vijaya
Thy impeccable purity
Thee's also so called Vimala
Prayed by all thee is so Vandya

Vandharu jana vatsala
As thee is the Mother of all
As thee loves all thy devotees
So by that great name thee is called

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

53 Thee who is the supreme Wisdom
Who's the Adept at argument
Who grants wise words to Her bhaktas
So is thee called Vaag vadini

Thee who has pretty locks of hair
So is known as Vama kesi
Thee who's the fire of Energy
Who dwells amidst thet Energy

Who is so known by the great name
Vahni mandala vaasini
Thee the divine Kalpa taru
The wish yielding Pagoda tree

Who is so known by the great name
Bhakthi mat kalpa lathika
Thee who frees us from ignorance
Who frees us from karmic bondage

Who is so known by the great name
Pasu pasa vimochani
To atheists and heretics
By ways of strongly punishing

Thee who teaches a good lesson
Thee who destroys them even more
So is thee known by that great name
Samhrutha sesha pashanda

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

54 The Virtuous, the Impeccant
Thee who induces good conduct
Who is so known by the great name
sadAchAra pravartikA

Like the soothing moon to the pained
Who calms the suffering 's
Thapatryagni santhaptha
samahladahna chandrika

Thee's ever young Taruni and
Adored by ascetics thee's called
Tapasaradhya and for thy
Slender waist thee's Thanu Madhya

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
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The causer of all, namaste
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Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
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Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas341-360

* 341 * Kshetra swaroopa - She who is personification of the Kshetra or body
* 342 * Kshetresi - She who is goddess of bodies
* 343 * Kshethra kshethragna palini - She who looks after bodies and their lord
* 344 * Kshaya vridhi nirmuktha - She who neither decreases or increases
* 345 * Kshetra pala samarchitha - She who is worshipped by those who look after bodies
* 346 * Vijaya - She who is always victorious
* 347 * Vimala - She who is clean of ignorance and illusion
* 348 * Vandhya - She who is being worshipped by every body
* 349 * Vandharu jana vatsala - She who has affection towards all those who worship her
* 350 * Vaag vadini - She who uses words with great effect in arguments
* 351 * Vama kesi - She who has beautiful hair
* 352 * Vahni mandala vaasini - She who lives in the universe of fire which is Mooladhara
* 353 * Bhakthi mat kalpa lathika - She who is the wish giving creeper Kalpaga
* 354 * Pasu pasa vimochani - She who removes shackles from the living
* 355 * Samhrutha sesha pashanda - She who destroys those people who have left their faith
* 356 * Sadachara pravarthika - She who makes things happen through good conduct
* 357 * Thapatryagni santhaptha samahladahna chandrika - She who is like the pleasure giving moon
to those who suffer from the three types of pain
* 358 * Tharuni - She who is ever young
* 359 * Thapasa aradhya - She who is being worshipped by sages
* 360 * Thanu Madhya - She who has a narrow middle (hip)

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer (Slokha) -19

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55 Thee who dispels gloomy darkness
Who clears thy bhaktas' ignorance
So is thee called Tamopaha
Thee the form of pristine Wisdom

Thee who is so known as Chiti
Thee the meaningful 'Thou art All'
Thee who's the truth of the word 'Tat'
So's thee Tat pada lakshyartha

Chideka rasa rupini
Thee's so known for thee's all about
The bliss of pure wisdom alone.
Whose bliss is a vast ocean while

Brahma's and others'is a fleck.
So is thee known by the great name
Svatmanandalavi bhuta
Brahmadyananda santati

The form and name of Transcendence
Thee the Transcendence called Para
Thee the form of inward vision
Thee the form of inward cognizance

So's thee Pratyak chiti rupa
Thee who perceives all in thyself
Thee who's the inaudible sound
Thee who's so known as Pashyanti

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

56 Thee the supreme Queen of all gods
Thee the source of all godly powers
Thee's so called Para devata
Thee the middle support of sound

So is thee known as Madhyama
Thee who is the audible sound
So's thee called Vaikhari roopa.
Bhaktha manasa hamsikha...

In the pool of thy bhakta's hearts
Thee's a 's that pretty name
The life source of Kameswara
Thee be, so is known by the name

Kameshwara prana nadi
Mother, thee the watcher of all
Who keeps a watch on all our deeds
So is thee known as Kruthagna

Thee seated on kama peeta
God of love Manmatha worships
So's thee called Kama poojitha
Thee the essence of complete love

The complete persona of love
Symbol of connubial love
So is thee known by the great name
Srngara rasa sampoorna

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

57 Victorious thee is Jaya
On the Jalandhara pita
Seated Vishnumukhi thee who
Purifies breath and body

Who's the purest of the pure
So's thee Jalandhara sthitha
Centered in the crinion who's
The power of agna chakra

Thee is so known by the great name
Odyana peeta nilaya
Centered in the srichakra thee's
Bindu mandala vaasini

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
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Note: Translation by Mr. P. R. Ramachandar
Naamaas361-380

* 361 * Thamopaha - She who destroys darkness
* 362 * Chithi - She who is personification of wisdom
* 363 * Thatpada lakshyartha - She who is the indicative meaning of the word &quot;thath&quot;
which is the first word of vedic saying &quot;that thou art&quot;
* 364 * Chidekara swaroopini - She who is wisdom through out
* 365 * Swathmananda lavi bhootha brahmadyanantha santhathi - She who in her ocean of wisdom makes Wisdom about Brahmam look like a wave
* 366 * Para - She who is the outside meaning of every thing
* 367 * Prathyak chidi roopa - She who makes us look for wisdom inside
* 368 * Pasyanthi - She who sees everything within herself
* 369 * Para devatha - She who gives power to all gods
* 370 * Madhyama - She who is in the middle of everything
* 371 * Vaikhari roopa - She who is of the form with words
* 372 * Bhaktha manasa hamsikha - She who is like a swan in the lake called mind
* 373 * Kameshwara prana nadi - She who is the life source of Kameswara
* 374 * Kruthagna - She who watches all actions of every one or She who knows all
* 375 * Kama poojitha - She who is being worshipped by the god of love in the kama giri peeta of Mooladhara chakra-Kama
* 376 * Srunghara rasa sampoorna - She who is lovely
* 377 * Jayaa - She who is personification of victory
* 378 * Jalandhara sthitha - She who is on Jalandhara peetha or She who is purest of the pure
* 379 * Odyana peeta nilaya - She who is on Odyana peetha or She who lives in orders
* 380 * Bindu mandala vaasini - She who lives in the dot in the center of
Srichakra

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -20

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58 Thee who is worshipped privately
Thee who is worshipped in secret
Thee is so known by the great name
Raho yaga kramaradhya

Know the meaning and chant thy names..
The right way to please 's thee
Rahas tarpana tarpitha
Worshipped, pleased thee bestows thy grace

Bestows thy blessings right at once
So's thee Sadya prasadini
Watchful thee is the proof for all
So's thee called Viswa sakshini

But for thyself needs no witness
So's thee called Sakshi varjitha
Heart, head, hair, eyes, armour, weapons
The ruling deities of these parts

Accompanied thee by 's
Shadanga devatha yuktha
Wisdom, wealth, valour, fame, virtue
Along with dispassion...these six

Thee who's replete 's thee called
Shadguna paripooritha
Thee who is always merciful
So is known as Nithya klinna

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

59 Peerless thee is Nirupama
Who frees us from evil is who
Grants blissful 's
Nirvanasukha dayini

The sixteen daily devatas..
Are all thyforms is thee called
Nithya shodasika roopa
Who's half Sakti, half Shiva so's

Sri kantardha saririni
Who's fulgent of supreme powers
So is thee called Prabhavathi
Who Herself is such effulgence

So is thee called Prabha roopa
Who is highly celebrated
So is thee known as Prasiddha
Thee the utmost supreme Goddess

So is called Parameshwari
Who's the Cause of all creations
So is called Moola prakrithi
Unclear to mind's comprehension

Who's very imperceptible
Who is the unrevealed abstract
Who is the formless universe
So is thee known as Avyaktha

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

60 Thee who's the Invisible whence
Emerged thee the 's
Vyaktha Avyaktha swaroopini
Put together so are all names

So are all characteristics
So are all forms of all forces
So are all gods and goddesses
So are all and whole creations

Thee the all pervading Power
Thee the omnipresent Goddess
Thee the Empress and the Mother
So is thee known as Vyapini

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste
Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachandar
Naamaas 381-400

* 381 * Raho yoga kramaradhya - She who can be worshipped by secret sacrificial rites
* 382 * Rahas tarpana tarpitha - She who is pleased of chants knowing its meaning
* 383 * Sadya prasadini - She who is pleased immediately
* 384 * Viswa sakshini - She who is the witness for the universe
* 385 * Sakshi varjitha - She who does not have witness for herself
* 386 * Shadanga devatha yuktha - 'She who has her six parts as gods viz., heart, head, hair.
Battle dress, eyes and arrows'
* 387 * Shadgunya paripooritha - 'She who is full of six characteristics viz., wealth, duty, fame, knowledge, assets and renunciation'
* 388 * Nithya klinna - She in whose heart there is always mercy
* 389 * Nirupama - She who does not have anything to be compared to
* 390 * Nirvanasukha dayini - She who gives redemption
* 391 * Nithya shodasika roopa - She who is of the form sixteen goddesses
* 392 * Sri kandartha sareerini - She who occupies half the body of Lord Shiva
* 393 * Prabhavathi - She who is lustrous of supernatural powers
* 394 * Prabha roopa - She who is personification of the light provided by supernatural powers
* 395 * Prasiddha - She who is famous
* 396 * Parameshwari - She who is the ultimate goddess
* 397 * Moola prakrithi - She who is the root cause
* 398 * A vyaktha - She who is not clearly seen
* 399 * Vyktha A vyaktha swaroopini - She who is visible and not visible
* 400 * Vyapini - She who is spread everywhere

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -21

Sloka, is the most common Sanskrit meter and is a descendant of the older Vedic gayatri
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is often used in narratives or epics.

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syllabic, either 2 lines of 16 syllables each or 4 hemistiches of 8 syllables each.
metric, alternate hemistiches of trochaic and iambic patterns.

The following verses are my own work, a prayer, based on the great slokha
'Lalitha Sahasranamam'
where the meaningful thousand names of Adi Para Sakthi (primordial cosmic
Energy)
are verses are not literal or exact translation of the I referred to
the translation of the great slokha by Mr. P. R. Ramachander

(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

61Thou art the one source of all forms
Thee who's the different forms all
So is thee Vividhakara
Vidhyavidhya swaroopini

Thou art knowledge and ignorance
So's thee known by that great name
Maha kamesha nayana
kumudahladha kaumudhi

The Moon that beguiles the lilies...
Thee the moon who charms Kamesha
His charmed lotus eyes to blossom
So is thee known by that great name
Bhaktha hardha thamo bedha
bhanu mat bhanu santhaththi
The darkness in thy bhaktas' hearts
Thee who clears, so is that great name

Thy war with Sumba, Nisumba...
Using elements of all gods
Who used Shiva as messenger
So is thee called Shivaadhoothi

Thee who is worshipped by Shiva
So is thee called Shivaradhya
Who's the form of Shiva Himself
So is thee called Shiva moorthi

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

62 Thee who's the good Mother of all
Who grants all good wishes come true
So is thee called Shivankari
Thee who's the darling of Shiva

So is thee called Shivapriya
Whose heart is solely for Shiva
Is so thee called Shivapara
Who adores all righteous beings

So is thee known as Shishteshta
Who's adored by all the righteous
Thee is so Shishtapoojitha
Thee who's the measureless Expanse

So is known as Aprameya
Who's the self-luminous Supreme
Is so known as Swaprakasha
Beyond our mind, speech and senses
Thee who is the Inscrutable
So is thee known by the great name
Mano vachama gochara
Who is the supreme Consciousness

The foremost power of knowledge
Thee who is so called chichchakti
Thyself the form of such knowledge
So is thee chetanarupa

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

63 Thou art the Maya and Matter
The Force behind the Immobile
So is thee called jadashakti
Thyself, oh divine sweet Mother

This illusory Maya... whence
All emerge with pain and pleasure
Births and deaths with sheer ignorance
So is thee called Jadathmikha

Thee who is known as Gayatri
Thee who is Gayatri mantra
Thee the Goddess of that mantra
So is thee known by that great name

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest
So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

Note: Translation by Mr. P. R. Ramachandar
Naamaas401-420

* 401 * Vividhakara - She who has several different forms
* 402 * Vidhya avidhya swaroopini - She who is the form of knowledge as well as ignorance
* 403 * Maha kamesha nayana kumudahladha kaumudhi - She who is like the full moon
which opens the lotus like eyes of Lord Kameshwara
* 404 * Bhaktha hardha thamo bedha bhanu mat bhanu santhathi - She who is like the sun's rays
which remove the darkness from the heart of devotees
* 405 * Shivadhoothi - She who sent Shiva as her representative
* 406 * Shivaradhya - She who is worshipped by Lord Shiva
* 407 * Shiva moorthi - She who is of the form of Lord Shiva
* 408 * Shivangari - She who makes good to happen
* 409 * Shiva priya - She who is dear to Lord Shiva
* 410 * Shivapara - She who does not have any other interest except Lord Shiva
* 411 * Shishteshta - She who likes people with good habits
* 412 * Shishta poojitha - She who is being worshipped by good people
* 413 * Aprameya - She who cannot be measured
* 414 * Swaprakasha - She who has her own luster
* 415 * Mano vachama gochara - She who is beyond the mind and the word
* 416 * Chitsakthi - She who is the strength of holy knowledge
* 417 * Chethana roopa - She who is the personification of the power behind action
* 418 * Jada shakthi - She who is the strength of the immobile
* 419 * Jadathmikha - She who is the world of immobile
* 420 * Gayathri - She who is Gayathri
Indira Renganathan
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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

64 Thou art the 'Aum' whence then emerged
Gayatri whence next the vedas
Thou art all the utterances
And is called Vyahruthi

Thou art the Universal soul
Me the individual soul
May my union with thee go
For thee to be so called Sandhya

All beings that yearn for thine feet
Such devout souls who worship thee
Thee is so known by the great name
Dwija brinda nishewitha
The seat of thirty six tatvas
Thee who's seated on those doctrines
So is known as Tatvasana
Thou art 'That' who's the supreme Truth

So is thee known by the name Tat
Thou art 'Thee' is called Twam
Ayee's our sweet divine Mother
Kaamamaya, Manomaya,

Atimanasa, Vigyaana
And Hiranmaya Kosas five
Who dwells in these five Kosas, so's
Pancha kosandara sthitha

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

65 Thou art infinite with glory
Thine glory too is infinite
So's thee Nissemah mahima
Thee who is youthful for ever

So is called Nithya yauvana
Thee who's ever in trance of bliss
So is called Madha shalini
As thee's ever in trance of bliss

So thine eyes, rolling red with glee
So is thee known by the great name
Madha goornitha rakthakshi
Thine cheeks too turn rosy, so's thee

Madha patala gandaboo
Thee with chandan paste all over
Greatly is known by the great name
Chandana drava dhigdhangi

Thee who likes champaka flowers
Who adores those fragrant flowers
Is aptly known by the great name
Champeya kusuma priya

Thee who is clever and agile
So is aptly called Kusala
Thee who is gracefully slender
Is so called Komalakara

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

66 The deity of the Kuru realm
The queen who reigns from Srichakra
The deity of ego and mind
So is thee called kurukulla

The knower, the known, the knowledge
Thee who's the Goddess of this clan
Is so known as Kuleshwari
Thee who dwells in Mooladhara

Thee who dwells in Kulakunda
The power of Kundalini
The deity of Kundalini
So's called Kula kundalaya

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

Note: Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas421-440

* 421 * Vyahruthi - She who is the grammar originating from letters
* 422 * Sandhya - She who is the union of souls and the God
* 423 * Dwija brinda nishewitha - She who is being worshipped by all beings
* 424 * Tatwasana - She who sits on principles
* 425 * Tat - She who is that
* 426 * Twam - She who is you
* 427 * Ayee - She who is the mother
* 428 * Pancha kosandara sthitha - She who is in between the five holy parts
* 429 * Nissema mahima - She who has limitless fame
* 430 * Nithya youawana - She who is ever young
* 431 * Madha shalini - She who shines by her exuberance
* 432 * Madha goornitha rakthakshi - She who has rotating red eyes due to her exuberance
* 433 * Madha patala gandaboo - She who has red cheeks due to excessive action
* 434 * Chandana drava dhigdhangi - She who applies sandal paste all over her body
* 435 * Champeya kusuma priya - She who likes the flowers of Champaka tree
* 436 * Kusala - She who is intelligent
* 437 * Komalakara - She who has soft beautiful form
* 438 * Kuru kulla - She who is of the form of Kuru kulla devi who lives in Vimarsa
* 439 * Kuleshwari - She who is the goddess for the clan
* 440 * Kula kundalaya - She who lives in kula kunda or She who is the power called Kundalani

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -24

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

70 Thee with thy beautiful eye brows
That bring in auspiciousness well
Is so known by the name Subru
Thou art splendorous, wondrous

Gorgeous and gracious, so Mother,
Thee is known by name Shobhana
Thee who's the leader of devas
Is so called Sura Nayika

Kalakanta thy spouse Shiva
As killed Darukasura so's
Thee who's known as Kala kanti
Thee who's radiant and lustrous
So is known as Kanthi mathi  
Thou art the cause of emotions  
Thou art the emotions in all  
Thee who fructifies all karma  

So is thee known as Kshobhini  
As much as thee is vast Expanse  
So much is thee subtle form too  
So's thee called Sukshma roopini  

Thou art the diamond gemmy  
A gem hard to explore and find  
Thou art strong and adamantine  
So is thee called vajreshvari  

Namaste Mother namaste  
Divine Mother, unto thy feet  
This tiny droplet surrenders  
Rise my size within me, I watch  

71 Those Bhaktas of Vama marga  
Thee the Goddess to  
Thy inseparable bonding  
That Shiva bears thee on his left  

Thee is so called Vamadevi  
How can thee the All Powerful  
The creatrix of the whole  
Ever grow senile with old age  

Thee who remains for ever young  
Is so greatly known by the name  
Vayovastha vivarjitha  
The art the deity of Siddhas  

So is thee called Sidheswari  
Deity of the Srichakra and  
The mantra of Srichakra..thee  
So is known as Sidha vidya  

The Mother who protects Siddhas
So is thee called Siddha matha
Renowned thee is 's called
Vishuddha,

The sixteen petalled Lotus is
Where thee dwells with the sacred name
Vishudhichakra Nilaya
Such is thee great divine Mother!

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

72 Thee who's rosy in complexion
Known so as Aarakthavarni
As thee has lotus like three eyes
Thee is known as Trilochana

Khatvangam, a mace with a skull
A weapon is thee called
Khatwangadhi praharana
Thee who has one unique face, so's

Vadanaika samanvita
Thee who adores Payasannam
A sweetened rice and milk pudding
So's called Payasanna priya

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
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So to thee Mother, namaste
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The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
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Rise my size within me, I watch

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas 461-480

* 461 * Subru - She who has beautiful eyelids
* 462 * Shobhana - She who brings good things
* 463 * Sura Nayika - She who is the leader of devas
* 464 * Kala kanti - She who is the consort of he who killed the god of death
* 465 * Kanthi mathi - She who has ethereal luster
* 466 * Kshobhini - She who creates high emotions or She who gets agitated
* 467 * Sukshma roopini - She who has a micro stature
* 468 * Vajreshwari - She who is Vajreswari (lord of diamonds) who occupies jalandhara peetha
* 469 * Vamadevi - She who is the consort of Vama deva
* 470 * Vayovastha vivarjitha - She who does not change with age
* 471 * Sidheswari - She who is the goddess of Siddhas (saints with supernatural powers)
* 472 * Sidha vidya - She who is personification of pancha dasa manthra which is called siddha vidya
* 473 * Sidha matha - She who is the mother of Siddhas
* 474 * Yasawini - She who is famous
* 475 * Vishudhichakra Nilaya - She who is in sixteen petalled lotus

* 476 * Aarakthavarni - She who is slightly red
* 477 * Trilochana - She who has three eyes
* 478 * Khadwangadhi prakarana - She who has arms like the sword
* 479 * Vadanaika samavidha - She who has one face
* 480 * Payasanna priya - She who likes sweet rice (Payasam)

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -29

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

85 Like that of the deer's are thine eyes
So is thee known as Mrigakshi
Who's temptingly fascinating
Thee so is known as Mohini

Thee who's the first and the foremost
Is so known by the nameMukhya
Wife of Mrida thee's Mridani
Who bestows on us happiness

Thee the radiant sun, so's called
Mithra ntment...
Thee who's replete with is so called
Nithya Truptha.A treasure trove
Thee in thy bhaktas' 's thee
Bhaktha creations..
Who rules and leads in the right path
So is thee known as Nyantri

So's thee the Goddess of the whole
So's thee called Nikhileswari
With hearty dedicated love
Easily thee can be attained

So is thee known by the great name
Maitryadhi vasana Labhya
Witness to the great deluge, so's
Maha pralaya sakshini

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

86 The all pervading sole Power
Thee, who's so called ParaSakthi
Who's in the spiritual trance
So is thee called Para nishta

Thee who's the ultimate wisdom
The sole supreme Consciousness
Thee who personifies, so is
Pragnana Gana roopini

By the liquor Madhvi thee's tranced
Enjoying thy own excellence
So is thee known by the great name
Madhvi pana lasaa

Excited by that state of trance
Thee's oblivious to outside
So is thee known by name Maththa
Thee the letters of alphabets

Thee the shape of all alphabets
Is aptly known by the great name
Mathruka varna roopini
Brahmarandhra the Kailasa

As thee resides there, so's thee called
Maha Kailasa nilaya
How to set myself at thy feet
In that Brahmarandhra Mother?

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

87 Thy eyes are like lotus petals
Soft and slender like lotus stalks
Thine arms is thee known as
Mrinala mrudhu dhorlatha

So are thy characteristics
So are thy forms of all forces
So's thee all gods and goddesses
So's thee all and whole creations

Thee the all pervading Power
Thee the omnipresent Goddess
Thee the Empress and the Mother
Thee's so the great Mahaneeya

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
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Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
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Note: Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas561-580

* 561 * Mrgakshi - She who has eyes like deer
* 562 * Mohini - She who bewitches
* 563 * Mukhya - She who is the chief
* 564 * Mridani - She who gives pleasure
* 565 * Mithra roopini - She who is of the form of Sun
* 566 * Nithya Truptha - She who is satisfied always
* 567 * Bhaktha Nidhi - She who is the treasure house of devotees
* 568 * Niyanthri - She who controls
* 569 * Nikhileswari - She who is goddess for every thing
* 570 * Maitryadhi vasana Labhya - She who can be attained by habits like Maithree (friendship)
* 571 * Maha pralaya sakshini - She who is the witness to the great deluge
* 572 * Para Shakthi - She who is the end strength
* 573 * Para Nishta - She who is at the end of concentration
* 574 * Prgnana Gana roopini - She who is personification of all superior knowledge
* 575 * Madhvi pana lasaa - She who is not interested in anything else due to drinking of toddy
* 576 * Matha - She who appears to be fainted
* 577 * Mathruka varna roopini - She who is the model of colour and shape
* 578 * Maha Kailasa nilaya - She who sits on Maha Kailasa
* 579 * Mrinala mrudhu dhorllatha - She who has arms as tender as lotus stalk
* 580 * Mahaneeya - She who is fit to be venerated

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88 Compassion and mercy..thysel
So is thee called Dhaya moorthi
Thee's the ruler of all rulers
Empress of all the empires, so's

Maha samrajya shalini
The doctrine of the supreme soul
Thee is so called Atma vidhya
Supreme doctrine of all doctrines

So is thee called Maha Vidhya
Who's all the divine mantras and Mantra of mantras Srividya
So is thee known as Srividya

Who is worshipped by Manmatha
Is so called Kama sevitha
Thee the sixteen lettered mantra
Is so rightly known by the name

Sri Shodasakshari vidhya
Thee the mantra Panchadasi
Its three parts where thee dwells, so's known
By the name Trikoota.

Thee's on par with Kameswara
Thyself is that Kameswara
Throned on Kamakoti peeta
Thee's so called Kama Kotika

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

89 Kataksha kimkari bhootha
kamala koti sevitha
Thy smiling glance just bewitches..
Waiting on thee crores of Lakshmis

So is thee known by that great name
Throned on the Bindu in our head
Thee is so called Sira stitha
Alike the moon and its sheen thee

In the bhaktas' divine sight who's
In the Sahasrara lotus
Who shines like the dulcet full moon
So's thee called Chandra nibha

Thee who dwells in the forehead, so's
who's mind-boggling
Like the heavenly rainbow does
So's thee Indra Dhanu Prabha
Thee who's seated in the heart so's
the bright sun
Who's effulgent in the heart, so's
Ravi our Mother,

In the Mooladhara thee is
A lantern in a triangle
Thee who illumes there from so's called
Tri konanthara deepika

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

90 Child of Daksha prajapati
So is thee called Dakshayani
Thee the Power of all powers
Who kills all evils and demons

So is thee called Dhaithya hanthri
Demonic Daksha thy father..
Thee who destroyed his vanity
And his yagna so is thee called

Daksha yagna vinasini
So are thy characteristics
So are thy forms of all forces
So's thee the wonder of wonders

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest
So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

Note: Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas581-600

* 581 * Dhaya moorthi - She who is personification of mercy
* 582 * Maha samrajya shalini - She who is the chef of all the worlds
* 583 * Atma vidhya - She who is the science of soul
* 584 * Maha Vidhya - She who is the great knowledge
* 585 * Srividhya - She who is the knowledge of Goddess
* 586 * Kama sevitha - 'She who is worshipped by Kama, the God of love'
* 587 * Sri Shodasakshari vidhya - She who is the sixteen lettered knowledge
* 588 * Trikoota - She who is divided in to three parts
* 589 * Kama Kotika - She who sits on Kama Koti peetha
* 590 * Kataksha kimkari bhootha kamala koti sevitha - She who is attended by crores of Lakshmis

who yearn for her simple glance
* 591 * Shira stitha - She who is in the head
* 592 * Chandra nibha - She who is like the full moon
* 593 * Bhalastha - She who is in the forehead
* 594 * Indra Dhanu Prabha - She who is like the rain bow
* 595 * Hridayastha - She who is in the heart
* 596 * Ravi pragya - She who has luster like Sun God
* 597 * Tri konanthara deepika - She who is like a light in a triangle
* 598 * Dakshayani - She who is the daughter of Daksha
* 599 * Dhaithya hanthri - She who kills asuras
* 600 * Daksha yagna vinasini - She who destroyed the sacrifice of Rudra

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -34

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

100 The being and the non-being
Thou art those two forms, so's thee called
Sada sadroopa dharini
Thee who has eight-fold personae

Is so known as Ashta moorthy
Aja the Ignorance, thee who
Conquers and bestows wisdom, so's who creates

Who instructs and directs and drives
The cosmic function, so is called
Loka yathra vidahyini
Who's the lone, sole, supreme, so's called

Ekakini. Yet thee is all
In thee all, thee the Whole, so's called
Bhooma all thy sort
Thee in all, thee alone in all

As we infer thee as one Self
In all with no duality
So is thee known as Nirdwaitha
As thee has no duality

So is called Dwaitha varjitha
Who feeds with food all lives, so's called
gives us all wealth
O Mother, thee is Vasudha

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

101 Thou art the first created One
The primeval One, so is aged
So's called an, Atman
Thee the bliss of their union

The individual soul and
The universal soul, thee who's
Their union and its bliss, so's
Brhmathykya swaroopini

Thee who's the endless expanse, so's
the brahman
Thee His wife is so Brahmani
Brahma's power of speech who is

Vakdevi, who is thee thyself
So's ed in the Brahmam
Ingesting its eternal trance
Thee is so called Brahmananda

Those who confront mentally strong
Thee who likes them and thee who likes
Thy devotees' offerings, so's
Bali 's Vakdevi

Thee is Her Bhijakshara, so
Thee is the language, so's thee called
Bhasha 's thee huge
To such greatMother I bow down

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

102 Thee who's the Creatrix of all
Thee who's the creator of all
The Power of He and She and
Thee the supreme Strength, thee who has

Vast army and weaponry, so's
Brihatsena. Thee who's beyond
Created and destructed, who's
Beyond birth and death, who's beyond

Living and nonliving beings
Beyond presence and absence, so's
Thee aptly known by the great name
Bhavabhava vivarjitha

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
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Note: Translation by Mr. P. R. Ramachander
Naamaas561-580

* 661 * Sada sadroopa dharini - She who always has truth in her
* 662 * Ashta moothy - She who has eight forms
* 663 * Aja jethree - She who has won over ignorance
* 664 * Loka yathra vidahyini - She who makes the world rotate (travel)
* 665 * Ekakini - She who is only herself and alone
* 666 * Bhooma roopa - "She who is what we see, hear and understand"
* 667 * Nirdwaitha - She who makes everything as one
* 668 * Dwaitha varjitha - She who is away from "more than one"
* 669 * Annadha - She who gives food
* 670 * Vasudha - She who gives wealth
* 671 * Vriddha - She who is old
* 672 * Brhmamatmykya swaroopini - She who merges herself in brahma-the ultimate truth
* 673 * Brihatti - She who is big
* 674 * Brahmani - She who is the wife of Brahma
* 675 * Brahmi - She who has one aspect of Brahma
* 676 * Brahmanandha - She who is the ultimate happiness
* 677 * Bali priya - She who likes the strong
* 678 * Bhasha roopa - She who is personification of language
* 679 * Brihat sena - She who has big army
* 680 * Bhavabhava vivarjitha - She who does not have birth or death

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

103 Mother thee who's so merciful
Is so enjoyably worshipped
So is thee called Sukharadhya
Mother who bestows prompt blessings

Is so known as Shubhakaree
Who gives the eternal bliss and
Who's reached through simple worships, so's
Shobhana sulabha gathi

The Empress of all emperors
So's called Raja rajeswari
Who's kind to bless Her true Bhaktas
With kingdoms making them rulers
So's thee called Rajya Dhayini
Thee who likes such kings and kingdoms
Is so called Rajya vallabha
Motherly merciful with all

Thee who's so called Rajatkrupa
Whose bhaktas reach Her royally
So's thee known as Raja peetha-
nivesitha nijasritha

Who's the whole wealth of all kingdoms
So's Rajya protects
The treasury of the kingdoms
Is so known as Kosa natha

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

104 The four fold army of kingdoms
The four fold function of mind, brain
Thinking and ego of the Self
Thee their strength, so's greatly known as

Chathuranga baleswari
On thy bhaktas thee who bestows
Even the emperorship, so's
Samrajya Dhayini. Truthful

Veracious thee is Truth thyself
Thee who does not transgress thy laws
Honest to thy own creation
So is thee called Sathya Sandha

Mother Earth girdled by oceans,
Thee our Mother is so known as
Sagara vows
To protect Good and destroy Bad

Who leads Her bhaktas too same way
Is so aptly called Deekshitha
Thee who destroys evil forces
Is so called Dhaitya Shamani

Under Her command who controls
All the worlds of Her creations
So is greatly known by the name
Sarva loka vasam kari

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

105 Thee who grants our wishes fulfilled
Who grants us all sorts of wealth full
So's thee called Sarvartha Dhatri
Thee who's the ray of Light, the Light

Thee who's the daughter of the Sun
Hence who radiates everywhere
So is thee known as Savithri
The Truth of existence, knowledge

And its bliss..thee's that Absolute
Thee who's the persona of them
So is thee known by the great name
Sachidananda roopini

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
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Rise my size within me, I watch

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R. Ramachander
Naamaas 681-700

* 681 * Sukharadhya - She who can be worshipped with pleasure
* 682 * Shubhakaree - She who does good
* 683 * Shobhana sulabha gathi - She who is easy to attain and does only good
* 684 * Raja rajeswari - *She who is goddess to king of kings like Devaraja, Yaksha raja, , Brahma, Vishnu and Rudra*
* 685 * Rajya Dhayini - *She who gives kingdoms like Vaikunta, kailasa etc*
* 686 * Rajya vallabha - She who likes such kingdoms
* 687 * Rajat krupa - She whose mercy shines everywhere
* 688 * Raja peetha nivesitha nijasritha - She who makes people approaching her as kings
* 689 * Rajya lakshmi - She who is the wealth of kingdoms
* 690 * Kosa natha - She who protects the treasury
* 691 * Chathuranga baleswari - *She who is the leader of the four fold army (Mind, brain, thought and ego)*
* 692 * Samrajya Dhayini - She who makes you emperor
* 693 * Sathya Sandha - She who is truthful
* 694 * Sagara Mekhala - She who is the earth surrounded by the sea
* 695 * Deekshitha - She who gives the right to do fire sacrifice
* 696 * Dhaitya Shamani - She who controls anti gods
* 697 * Sarva loka vasam kari - She who keeps all the world within her control
* 698 * Sarvartha Dhatri - She who gives all wealth
* 699 * Savithri - She who is shines like the sun
* 700 * Sachidananda roopini - She who is personification of the ultimate truth

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106 Thee who is beyond space and time
Who can not be measured by them
Is so aptly known by the name
Desa kala parischinna

Who's immanent and transcendent  
Who's the inside acting agent  
Who's the watcher and the guard, so's  
Omnipresent, so's Sarvaga

Who enchants all and everything  
Is so called Sarva mohini  
Goddess of the supreme wisdom  
Thee is so called Saraswathi
Who is Herself the grammar of
Creation and life, who's known by
The doctrine of Shastras, so's called
Sasthra 's Guhamba

As thee's the Mother of Guha
Concealed who has a secret form
So's hard to discern in vision
So is called Guhya roopini

Who is not bound to any rules
Who's not bound to any limits
Is so aptly known by the name
Sarvo padhi vinirmuktha

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

107 Thee whose love for Shiva is chaste
Whose devotion to Shiva is
Staunch and undoubted, so is called
Sada shiva pathi vritha

Who guards the defined tradition
From the Guru to sishyas, thee
So's called Sampradhayeshwari
On par with thy righteous Shiva

Thee is so known as Sadhune
The form of the syllable "Eee"
Thee's so called embodies
The Gurus and their lineage

And their teachings is so known as
Guru mandala roopini
Who's beyond the reach of senses
And mind of microcosm, so's called

is worshipped
As dwelling in the solar space
So is known as Bhagaradhya
The illusion and fantasy..

Thyself that who is
The ultimate trance of yoga
Who is the sweetness in honey
Is rightly called Madhumathi

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

108 Mother Earth who begets us whole
Who raises and supports us all,
Who's ornate with aqua girdle
And who's kind with our tread and fight

Is thee oh Mother, so's Mahee
Thee the Mother of Ganesha
The Mother of Shiva Ganas
So is thee known as Ganamba

Thee who dwells in secret niches
To be worshipped in private like
Guhyakas the nature-spirits
So is called Guhyakaradhya

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
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Rise my size within me, I watch

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Note: Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas701-720

* 701 * Desa kala parischinna - She who is not divided by region or time
* 702 * Sarvaga - She who is full of everywhere
* 703 * Sarva mohini - She who attracts every thing
* 704 * Saraswathi - She who is the goddess of knowledge
* 705 * Sasthra mayi - She who is the meaning of sciences
* 706 * Guhamba - She who is mother of Lord Subrahmanya (Guha)
* 707 * Guhya roopini - She whose form is hidden from all
* 708 * Sarvo padhi vinirmuktha - She who does not have any doctrines
* 709 * Sada shiva pathi vritha - She who is devoted wife for all times to Lord Shiva
* 710 * Sampradhayeshwari - She who is goddess to rituals or She who is goddess to teacher-student hierarchy
* 711 * Sadhu - She who is innocent
* 712 * Ee - She who is the letter &quot;e&quot;
* 713 * Guru mandala roopini - She who is the universe round teachers
* 714 * Kulotheerna - She who is beyond the group of senses
* 715 * Bhagaradhya - She who is to be worshipped in the universe round the sun
* 716 * Maya - She who is illusion
* 717 * Madhumathi - She who is the trance stage (seventh) in yoga
* 718 * Mahee - She who is personification of earth
* 719 * Ganamba - She who is mother to Ganesha and bhootha ganas
* 720 * Guhyakaradhya - She who should be worshipped in secret places

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -37

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

109 Thee is Komalangi who has
Slender and beautiful limbs
Guru of all gurus Shiva
The Maha guru of gurus

Thee His beloved is so known as
Guru is the sole
Independent and free Being
Thee's so who is

The Causer and Goddess of all
Tricks or tantras is so known as
Sarwa 's the form
Of Guru Dhakshinamoorthy
None other than Shiva, so's called
Dakshina moorthi roopini
The first mind-born sons of Brahma
Sanaka and others who prayed

And worshipped thee, thee is so called
Sanakadhi samaradhya
Who ignites the Truth Of Shiva
The Truth of the supreme Being

In the devotees' soul, so's called
Siva gnana pradhayini
Who sheens in the inner soul of
Jeevas, so's thee called Chithkala

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

110 The source and form of happiness
Thee that happy bud in beings
So's thee Ananda Kalika
Thyself the pure love and its sort

So's thee known as Prema roopa
We wish..thee grants so dear and near
So's thee known as Priyamkaree
Chanting Her various names who's

Pleased to listen repeatedly
So is thee known by the great name
Nama parayana preetha
Thine form of knowledge that Nandhi

Worshipped, so's thee Nandhi vidhya
The Lord of dance Shiva's consort
On par with Shiva's dance, so's thee
The Goddess of dance, so is called

cause and base
Thee who is for the Maya so is
Mithya Jagat athishtana
Who helps the soul liberate from
Earthly bonding, who gives Mukthi
Thee is so known as Muktida
Who's Mukthi and bliss of Mukthi
Thee is so Mukthi roopini

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

111 The love between man and woman
The dance that relates it..Lasya
Thee who first danced matching Shiva's
Ananda Thandava so is

who merges
In perfect rhythm of a go
Music and dance is so known as
Laya who is so

Humble and modest is so called
thy myriad names
And myriad powers..oh my! !
To vision thee this droplet longs

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste  
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Namaste Mother namaste  
Divine Mother, unto thy feet  
This tiny droplet surrenders  
Rise my size within me, I watch

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Note: Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander  
Naamaas721-740

* 721 * Komalangi - She who has beautiful limbs  
* 722 * Guru Priya - She who likes teachers  
* 723 * Swathanthra - She who is independent  
* 724 * Sarwa thanthresi - She who is goddess to all thanthras (tricks to attain God)  
* 725 * Dakshina moorthi roopini - She who is the personification of God facing South (The teacher form of Shiva)  
* 726 * Sanakadhi samaradhya - She who is being worshipped by Sanaka sages  
* 727 * Siva gnana pradhayini - She who gives the knowledge of God  
* 728 * Chid kala - She who is the micro power deep within  
* 729 * Ananda Kalika - She who is the happiness in beings  
* 730 * Prema roopa - She who is the form of love  
* 731 * Priyamkaree - She who does what is liked  
* 732 * Nama parayana preetha - She who likes repetition of her various names  
* 733 * Nandhi vidhya - She who is the knowledge taught by Nandi deva (The bull god on whom shiva rides)  
* 734 * Nateshwaree - She who is the goddess of dance  
* 735 * Mithya Jagat athishtana - She who is luck to this world of illusion  
* 736 * Mukthida - She who gives redemption  
* 737 * Mukthi roopini - She who is redemption  
* 738 * Lasya priya - She who likes feminine dance  
* 739 * Laya karee - She who is the bridge between dance and music  
* 740 * Lajja - She who is shy

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -38

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112 Those celestial danseuses
Like Ramba and others who all
Worship thee, so is thee known as
Rambhadhi who's

The nectarous rain that smothers
And douses the samsaric fire
Pacifying us, so is called
Bhava dhava sudha vrishti

The wild fire that incinerates
The hoard of forested sins is
Thee who is greatly known as
Paparanya dhavanala
Thee who's the fierce gale that blows out
Any misfortune, is so called
Daurbhagya thoolavathoola
Thee who's the sun whose radiance
Wards off the darkness of old age
Thee who is the glowing full moon
That raises oceans of good luck
So's called Bhagyabdhi chandrika

The monsoon cloud whose clemency
Makes bhaktas' hearts dance like peacocks
So's thee greatly called Bhaktha-
Chitta Keki Ganagana

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

113 Vajrayudha which breaks apart
Even a huge mountain to dust
Thee that thunderbolt who destroys
Mountainous diseases, so's called

Roga parvatha Dhambola
The tree of Death that thrives on lives
Axe thee who fells Death so is called
Mrutyu Dharu Kudarika

Thee the supreme Goddess, so's called
Goddess of
Time and Death, spouse of Kala is
Maha kali. Avid eater

Thee who devours food is so called
Maha grasa. Whose hunger is
Much huge as this universe be
Eaten, so is Mahashana

Thine penance steadfast and austere
Sans attire and food, Parvathy
Slender more thee turned..a leafless
Creeper..so's thee called Aparna

Withal thine rage, oh immense, so's
Chandika. Who killed asuras
Chanda and Munda so's Chanda-
mundasura nishoodhini

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

114 Perishable who is also
Imperishable, so's thee called
Ksharaksharathmika. Thee who's
The empress of all the worlds so's

Sarva lokesi. Who supports
This ever expanding expanse
Is so called Viswa Dharini
Wealth and desire with virtue, thee

Who bestows to attain Moksha
Who bestows Dharma, Artha and
Kamaleading to Moksha
So is called Thrivarga Dhathri

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
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Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas741-760

* 741 * Rambhadhi vandhitha - She who is worshipped by the celestial dancers
* 742 * Bhava dhava sudha vrishti - She who douses the forest fire of the sad life of mortals with a rain of nectar.
* 743 * Paparanya dhavanala - She who is the forest fire that destroys the forest of sin
* 744 * Daurbhayagya thoolavathoola - She who is the cyclone that blows away the cotton of bad luck.
* 745 * Jaradwanthara viprabha - She who is the suns rays that swallows the darkness of old age
* 746 * Bhagyabdhi chandrika - She who is the full moon to the sea of luck
* 747 * Bhaktha Chitta Keki Ganagana - She who is the black cloud to the peacock which is his devotees mind
* 748 * Roga parvatha Dhambola - She who is the Vajra weapon which breaks the sickness which is like the mountain
* 749 * Mrutyu Dharu Kudarika - She who is like the axe which fells the tree of death
* 750 * Maheswaree - She who is the greatest goddess
* 751 * Maha kali - She who is the great Kalee
* 752 * Maha grasa - She who is like a great drinking bowl
* 753 * Mahasana - She who is the great eater
* 754 * Aparna - She who did meditation without even eating a leaf
* 755 * Chandika - She who is supremely angry
* 756 * Chanda mundasura nishhoodhini - She who killed the asuras called Chanda and Munda
* 757 * Ksharakhshathramika - She who can never be destroyed and also destroyed
* 758 * Sarva lokesi - She who is goddess to all the worlds
* 759 * Viswa Dharini - She who carries all the universe
* 760 * Thrivarga Dhathri - "She who gives dharma, Assets and pleasure;"

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -40

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

118 In thy bhakta's soul thee who dwells
By their staunch meditation and
Devotion thee's visioned by them
So is thee called Prathyag roopa

The etheric sphere that supports
All lives is thine is
who gives life
To all functional bodies, so's

's Herself the life
And its function is so known as
Prana ipped by
Marthanda Bhairava who is
Siva Himself, so is known as
Marthanda Bhairavaradhyya
All Her regal authorities
Who has given to Manthrini

So is greatly known by the name
Manthrini nyashtha rajyadhoo
Thee the Goddess of three cities
Is so known as Tripuresi

Who has ever winning army
Thee is so called Jayatsena
Thee's the trigunas yet beyond
Them thee 's Nistrai gunya

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

119 Thee who is in and out, thee who's
Inside and outside of the soul
Is aptly called Parapara
Thou art the utmost supreme Truth

Thou art the lamp of true Knowledge
Thou art so the heavenly Bliss
So's thee greatly known by the name
Satya gnananda roopa

Thee who's in poised wisdom and bliss
So is greatly known by the name
Samarasya parayana
Wife of Siva with matted hair

Thee is so called Kapardhini
With all the sixty four arts, Thee
Who has garlanded thyself, so's
who bestows

And fulfills all our desires, so's
and when thee likes
Thee who can take any form, so's
Kama who's the

Treasure trove of myriad arts
So is known as Kala nidhi
So beautiful in all aspects
Motherly Mother, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

120 Thee who is the art of writing
So's the deity of poetry
So is known as Kavya kala
Thee's in all, so's omnipresent

So's who knows the essence of all
So's who loves the essence of all
So is thee known as Rasagna
Thee who knowingly dwells in all

Thee who knowingly enjoys all
Who knows the gist and taste of all
Thee thyself the essence of all
So's thee called Rasa sevadhi

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R. Ramachander
Naamaas781-800

* 781 * Prathyg roopa - She who can be seen by looking inside
* 782 * Parakasa - She who is the great sky
* 783 * Pranadha - She who gives the soul
* 784 * Prana roopini - She who is the soul
* 785 * Marthanda Bhairavaradhya - She who is being worshipped by Marthanda Bhairava
* 786 * Manthrini nyashta rajyadhoo - She who gave the power to rule to her form of Manthrini
* 787 * Tripuresi - She who is the head of three cities
* 788 * Jayatsena - She who has an army which wins
* 789 * Nistrai gunya - She who is above the three qualities
* 790 * Parapara - She who is outside and inside
* 791 * Satya gnananda roopa - &quot;She who is personification of truth, knowledge and happiness&quot;
* 792 * Samarasya parayana - She who stands in peace
* 793 * Kapardhini - She who is the wife of Kapardhi (Siva with hair)
* 794 * Kalamala - She who wears arts as garlands
* 795 * Kamadhukh - She who fulfills desires
* 796 * Kama roopini - She who can take any form
* 797 * Kala nidhi - She who is the treasure of arts
* 798 * Kavya kala - She who is the art of writing
* 799 * Rasagna - She who appreciates arts
* 800 * Rasa sevadhi - She who is the treasure of arts

Indira Renganathan
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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

121 Thee who's strong, hale and healthy, whose
Salubrious persona is
Healingly healthful to the whole
So is thee aptly called Pushta

Ancient ere all ancient
The first Primeval, thee's so called
who's worshipped
For thy supreme mercy is apt

To be defined as the Mother
Who's benevolent and give boons
Heals woes and wounds so to worship
So's thee aptly known as Poojya
Health and wealth in sustenance and
Exuberance thee who bestows
Is so aptly called Pushkara
Who has eyes like lotus petals

Thee's so called Pushkarekshana
Thee who lights all luminaries
Lights all our lives and enlightens
The lamp in the soul, is so called

who is the
Sole supreme abode for the Whole
Where all surrenders unto thee
Is so known as Paramdhama

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

122 Ah, the speck of a particle
Thee the sole Supreme who's that speck
The power and form of that speck
Thee is so called Paramanu

Who's the bestest of all the best
Supreme most of all supreme ones
Thee is so called Parath para
Who, holding a noose in Her hand

Shows Her strength bonding all Her makes
Thee is so called Pasa Hastha
Who shows Her strength unbinding too
The bonding of all Her makes, so's

Pasa 's spells
Who makes them powerless and off
Thee's so greatly known by the name
Para manthra Vibhedini
Thee who can have a form, so is
can be formless too
So's thee prayers
With fugacious oblations

Thee who's happy even with such
Perishable offerings, so's
Thee known as Anithya thriptha.
Such is thy love as great as thee

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

123 In the pristine mind of sages
Thee's a swan swimming in that lake
So's thee aptly known by name
Muni manasa hamsika

Who likes and sticks to Truth alone
So's Satya the Truth
And its form, so's Sathya roopa
Who's within all lives and souls, so's

who's
The first and eternal Being
As also the spouse of Shiva
So's thee known by the name Sathee

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste  
The causer of all, namaste  
Creatrix of all, namaste  

Namaste Mother namaste  
Divine Mother, unto thy feet  
This tiny droplet surrenders  
Rise my size within me, I watch  

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Note: Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander  
Naamaas801-820  

* 801 * Pushta - She who is healthy  
* 802 * Purathana - She who is ancient  
* 803 * Poojya - She who is fit to be worshipped  
* 804 * Pushkara - She who gives exuberance  
* 805 * Pushkarekshana - She who has lotus like eyes  
* 806 * Paramjyothi - She who is the ultimate light  
* 807 * Param dhama - She who is the ultimate resting place  
* 808 * Paramanu - She who is the ultimate atom  
* 809 * Parath para - She who is better than the best  
* 810 * Pasa Hastha - She who has rope in her hand  
* 811 * Pasa Hanthri - She who cuts off attachment  
* 812 * Para manthra Vibhedini - She who destroys the effect of spells cast  
* 813 * Moortha - She who has a form  
* 814 * Amoortha - She who does not have a form  
* 815 * Anithya thriptha - She who gets happy with prayers using temporary things  
* 816 * Muni manasa hamsika - She who is the swan in the mind (lake like) of sages  
* 817 * Satya vritha - She who has resolved to speak only truth  
* 818 * Sathya roopa - She who is the real form  
* 819 * Sarvantharyamini - She who is within everything  
* 820 * Sathee - She who is Sathee the daughter of Daksha  

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -43

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

127 Thee who can read the mind's function
Thee who knows its thoughts and desires
Thee who knows the ilk of the mind
Is so greatly called Bavagna

The ailment and the sufferings
In the cycle of birth and death
Thee who eradicates, so's thee
Greatly called Bhava rogagni

Yet thee's the causer who rotates
The cycle of birth and death, so's
Bhava Chakra Pravarthani
Thou art the essence of vedas
So is thee called Chanda sara
Thee who's the essence of divine
Laws and teachings of scriptures, so's
Sasthra 's the essence

And source of all mantras, so's thee
Mantha slender waist
And flat stomach thee is known as
glory and

Fame is high and widespread
So's thee called Udara keerthi
Limitless thy prowess and flair
So's thee Uddhhama vaibhava

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

128 Thee who's the shape of alphabets
Is so called Varna roopini
Whose mercy appeases the pains
Of birth, death and old age, so's thee

Janma mrutyu jara thaptha
jana vishranthi dhayini
Whose supremacy is the One
Whom all upanisads proclaim

So's thee greatly known by the name
Sarvopanisha dhudh gushta
Thee who is greater transcending
Even the state of peace, so's called

Shantyathheetha kalathmika
Fathomless and inscrutable
Thee's so aptly called Gambheera
Thee who pervades the endless space

So is called Gagananthastha
Thee who is the primeval 'I'
Who's the sole causer of the whole
Is fit to be proud of thyself

So is thee known as Garvitha
In harmony with different
Thine forces, musical thee likes
Music, so's Gana lolupaa

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

129 Much conscious thee who's
Of no imaginativeness
So's called Kalpana rahitha
To gain mukti is to reah thee

Thee who is the ultimate goal
Is so aptly known as Kaashta
Thee who rescues us from all sins
Thee who wards off all sins from us

Is rightly known as Akaantha
So's thee all forms of all forces
So's thee all gods and goddesses
So are thy many names bestest

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
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Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas841-860

* 841 * Bavagna - She who understands wishes and thoughts
* 842 * Bhava rokagni - She who cures the sin of birth
* 843 * Bhava Chakra Pravarthani - She makes the wheel of birth rotate
* 844 * Chanda sara - She who is the meaning of Vedas
* 845 * Sasthra sara - She who is the meaning of Puranas(epics)
* 846 * Manthra sara - She who is the meaning of Mantras (chants)
* 847 * Thalodharee - She who has a small belly
* 848 * Udara keerthi - She who has wide and tall fame
* 849 * Uddhhama vaibhava - She who has immeasurable fame
* 850 * Varna roopini - She who is personification of alphabets
* 851 * Janma mrutyu jara thaptha jana vishranthi dhayini - "She who is the panacea of ills of birth, death and aging"
* 852 * Sarvopanisha dhudh gushta - She who is being loudly announced as the greatest by Upanishads
* 853 * Shantyathetheeta kalathamika - She who is a greater art than peace
* 854 * Gambheera - She whose depth cannot be measured
* 855 * Gagananathastha - She who is situated in the sky
* 856 * Garvitha - She who is proud
* 857 * Gana lolupa - She who likes songs
* 858 * Kalpana rahitha - She who does not imagine
* 859 * Kashta - She who is in the ultimate boundary
* 860 * Akantha - She who removes sins

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -44

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

130 Shiva's androgynous form, thee
The half, His half
Inseparable from Him, thee's
Called Kanthartha vigraha

Beyond cause and effect thee who's
Above all reasoning, thee who's
Unique in thy sort is so called
Karya karana nirmuktha

In union with Shiva, thee
Who creates in surges many
Universes, so is thee called
Kama keli tharangitha
Thee who wears burnished and lustrous
Gold ear ornaments, so's thee called
Kanath kanaka thatanka
Albeit formless thee who can take

Form to form many as a sport
So's thee greatly known by the name
Leela vigraha dharini
Thee who's not confined to be born

Who's not in the cycle of birth
Is so called Ajha. Nor in the
Cycle of death too thee who's not
So's called Kshaya vinirmuktha

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

131 Alluring and enthralling is
Thy iful thee so's
Known as Mugdha. Who's atonce pleased
To bless Her bhaktas, so's thee called

Kshipra those
Who vision thee inwardly in
Their heart and mind, thee's adored
So's thee aptly known by the name

Anthar mukha samaradhya
Who's worshipped outwardly also
By means of pooja and chanting
Is so aptly known by the name

Bahir mukha sudurlabha
Rig, yajur and sama vedas
Thee who's the three-fold vedas so's
Thrayee. Virtue, wealth and desire

Thee who is in them, so is called
Trivarga nilaya. Thee who's
In all three-grouped facts, so's known as
Thristha. Who's in the sixth chakra

Tripura of Srichakra, so's
Known as Tripura malini
Free of all sickness, healthy thee
So is called Niramaya

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

132 The Support to all is thee who
Needs no support to thyself, so's
Niralamba. Within thyself
Thee who's enjoying is so called

Swatma rama. Thee the sweet pour
Of Sahasrara chakra so's
Sudha who saves all
From life's mire and thee who protects

All from striving life so is called
Samsara panga nirmagna
samuddharana panditha
Such is thee, merciful Mother

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
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Thou art all Force the mightiest

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Creatrix of all, namaste

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Divine Mother, unto thy feet
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Rise my size within me, I watch

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas861-880

* 861 * Kanthatha vigraha - She who is half of her husband (kantha)
* 862 * Karya karana nirmuktha - She who is beyond the action and the cause
* 863 * Kama keli tharangitha - She who is the waves of the sea of the play of the God
* 864 * Kanath kanaka thadanga - She who wears the glittering golden ear studs
* 865 * Leela vigraha dharini - She who assumes several forms as play
* 866 * Ajha - She who does not have birth
* 867 * Kshaya nirmuktha - She who does not have death
* 868 * Gubdha - She who is beautiful
* 869 * Ksipra prasadini - She who is pleased quickly
* 870 * Anthar mukha samaradhya - She who is worshipped by internal thoughts
* 871 * Bahir mukha sudurlabha - She who can be attained by external prayers
* 872 * Thrayee - &quot;She who is of the form of three Vedas viz Rik, yajur and sama&quot;
* 873 * Trivarga nilaya - &quot;She who is in three aspects of self, assets and pleasure&quot;
* 874 * Thristha - She who is in three
* 875 * Tripura malini - She who is in tripura the sixth section of Srichakra
* 876 * Niramaya - She who is without diseases
* 877 * Nirakamba - She who does not need another birth
* 878 * Swatma rama - She who enjoys within herself
* 879 * Sudha sruthi - She who is the rain of nectar
* 880 * Samsara panga nirmagna samuddharana panditha - She who is capable of saving people
  who drown in the mud of day today life

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -47

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139 Thee who's ever contented and
Pleased is so called Sadha thushta
Like the youthful dawning sun rise
Rosy thee flashing pinkish white

So's thee greatly known by the name
Tharunadithya patala
In paths of karma and jnana
Who's worshipped by learned and unlearned

So's thee greatly known by the name
Dakshina Daksinaradhya
Like the freshly blossomed lotus
Thee who holds a refreshing smile
Forever, so is thee known as
Dharasmera mukhambuja
Who's worshipped by rituals and
Spiritual practice, by both

Kaula and kevala methods
So's thee Kaulini kevala
The limitless bliss of Moksha
The ultimate liberation

Who gives, thee's so called Anargya
kaivalya pada dhayini
Thee who adores chants of praises
So is thee called Stotra priya

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

140 To those who sing in praise of thee
Thee who bestows knowledge and wealth
So is known as Sthuthi mathi
As vedas celebrate thee high

So's thee greatly known by the name
Sthuthi samsthutha vaibhava
Whose mind is bound to Herself, whose
Thinking is bound to Herself, whose

Power and deeds are all Her own
It's thee who's unbound to any
Is so called Manasvini.
Who's generously benign, so's

ss of all
Emperors, Goddess of all gods,
Spouse of Maheswara, thee's so
who's pleasant and

Auspicious, who does pleasing
And auspicious deeds, is so
Mangala  Mother
Of this endless expanse, thee who's

Viswa  Supporter
The Protector, thee, our Mother
Is so known as Jagat Dhathri
Namaste to such great Mother

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

141 Thee whose watch is broad on all and
So is whose eyes are big, so's called
's strong minded
And dispassionate, thee's so called

's venturesome
Bold and courageous, thee's so
supreme Mercy
And the sole Bestower thee who's

Mother
The bestest of all the best, thee's
Just entranced in bliss of all thy
Pervasion, so's Paramodha

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
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Note: Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas921-940

* 921 * Sadha thushta - She who is always happy
* 922 * Tharunadithya patala - She who is like the early morning sunrise, is in the colour of patala
  (whitish red..somewhat pinkish).
* 923 * Dakshina Daksinaradhya - She who is worshipped by the learned and ignorant
* 924 * Dharasmera mukhambuja - She who has a smiling face like the lotus in full bloom
* 925 * Kaulini kevala - She who is mixture of the koula and kevala methods
* 926 * Anargya kaivalya pada dhayini - She who gives the immeasurable heavenly stature
* 927 * Stotra priya - She who likes chants
* 928 * Sthuthi mathi - She who gives boons for those who sing her chants
* 929 * Sthuthi samsthutha vaibhava - She who is worshipped by the Vedas
* 930 * Manaswaini - She who has a stable mind
* 931 * Manavathi - She who has big heart
* 932 * Mahesi - She who is the greatest goddess
* 933 * Mangala kruthi - She who does only good
* 934 * Viswa Matha - The mother of the universe
* 935 * Jagat Dhatri - She who supports the world
* 936 * Visalakshi - She who is broad eyed
* 937 * Viragini - She who has renounced
* 938 * Pragalbha - She who is courageous
* 939 * Paramodhara - She who is great giver
* 940 * Paramodha - She who has great happiness

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -48

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

142 Thyself the supreme Mind thee who's
Ever in one with thy mind, so's
's the spouse of
Shiva who has sky above Him

As His matted locks, thee's so called
Vyoma thy highest
Celestial Charriot, thee
Who's seated is so well known as

yudha
A war weapon like thunderbolt
Thee who wields it in the form of
Indrani, so's called Vajrini

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Who's the deity of Vamakas
Of Kaula path thee is so called
's fond of
'Panchayagna'sacrifices

So's thee Pancha yagna priya
Brama, Vishnu, Rudra, Eshwar
And Sadashiva who are dead
Without thy power and thee who

Controls them seated on their five couches, so is thee Pancha pretha
-manchadhi great's
Thee Mother! to thee namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

143 Thee who's the fifth of five brahmas
By name Brahma, Vishnu, Rudra
Sadasiva and thee the spouse
Of Shiva, so's calledPanchami

Thee who rules the five elements
Is so called Pancha bhoothesi
Who's worshipped with offerings of
Dhoopa, dheepa, gandha, pushpa

And neivedya is so known as
Pancha sankhyopacharini
Thee who's eternal is so called
'se providential

Sovereignty is eternal, so's bestows
Happiness on Her devotees
Thee is so known as Sarmadha

Thee who charms thy consort so's called
Sambhu the Earth
Our Mother, is so called Dhara
Thee the daughter of Himavan

The king of mountains is so called
who's wealthy
Wholesomely is so called Dhanya
To such great Mother, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

144 Thee who's righteous, thee thyself who's
Righteousness, Who adores dharma
Who Herself is dharma, so's called
who helps dharma

Flourish on earth is so known as
Dharma r thee
The supreme Power, the supreme Force
Who's the Creatrix of all, who's

The Empress of all worlds, the space
And all five elements, yet thee's
Beyond these all, so is thee called
Lokatetheetha. Such's thy greatness

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

Note: Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas941-960

* 941 * Manomayi - She who is one with mind
* 942 * Vyoma kesi - She who is the wife of Shiva who has sky as his hair
* 943 * Vimanastha - She who is at the top
* 944 * Vajrini - She who has indra's wife as a part
* 945 * Vamakeshwaree - She who is goddess of the people who follow the left path
* 946 * Pancha yagna priya - She who likes the five sacrifices
* 947 * Pancha pretha manchadhi sayini - She who sleeps on the cot made of five corpses
* 948 * Panchami - She who is the consort of Sadshiva -the fifth of the pancha bramhas
* 949 * Pancha bhoothesi - She who is the chief of Pancha bhoothas viz earth, sky, fire, air. And water
* 950 * Pancha sankhyopacharini - She who is to be worshipped by five methods of Gandha(sandal wood), Pushpa(flower), Dhoopa(incense), dheepa(light), Naivedya(offering)
* 951 * Saswathi - She who is permanent
* 952 * Saswathaiswarya - She who gives perennial wealth
* 953 * Sarmadha - She who gives pleasure
* 954 * Sambhu mohini - She who bewitches Lord Shiva
* 955 * Dhara - She who carries (beings like earth)
* 956 * Dharasutha - She who is the daughter of the mountain
* 957 * Dhanya - She who has all sort of wealth
* 958 * Dharmini - She who likes dharma
* 959 * Dharma vardhini - She who makes dharma grow
* 960 * Loka theetha - She who is beyond the world
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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

145 Thee who's beyond all three gunas
By name sathva, rajas, thamas
So is thee called Guna theetha
Thee who in real truth transcends all

All so far found and felt, who is
Beyond everything is so called
Peace and Bliss
Thee who is peaceful and blissful

Is so known as Samathmika
Thee who's graciously charming
Like the Bandhooka flowers, so's
Bhandhooka kusuma prakhya
Thee who's a youthful girl always
Is so aptly known as Bala
Who likes to sport in many ways
So's called Leela Vinodhini

Who's never parted from Shiva
Who is always auspicious
Hence who bestows all auspice, so's
ity

Thee who gives with peace is so called
Sukha 's bedecked with
Beautiful attire and jewels
Thee is so called Suveshadya

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

146Thine supreme divine aroma
That bewitches Shiva so glued
That Shiva never leaves thee, thee's
So called who's

Elated by the worship of
Suvanis like thee is so called
Suvasinyarchana preetha
Who's completely radiant, so's

has pristine
Sacred mind, thee is so known as
Shuddha d thee
In Bindu, the central spot of

Srichakra is much pleased by the
Offerings of different sects
So's thee greatly known by the name
Bindhu tharpana santhushta

Thee who's first born-prime Power, so's
's the Doer of
Srushti, sthiti and karana,
The Doer of jagrath, swapna

And sushupti, who's the deity
Of the three cities thee who's so
much great
Our Mother, to thee namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

147 Who's worshipped with ten hand gestures
By name Dasamudra, thee's so
Dasa mudhra samaradhya
In whose control Tripurasree

Of Tripura is, so's thee called
Thrpura sree vasankari
Who's the form of gnana mudra
Thee is so called Gnana mudhra

Through path of conscious knowing
With the lamp of knowledge in heart
Thee who can be attained with ease
So is thee called Gnana gamya

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

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Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas961-980

961 * Guna theetha - She who is beyond properties
962 * Sarvatheetha - She who is beyond everything
963 * Samathmika - She who is peace
964 * Bhandhooka kusuma prakhya - She who has the glitter of bhandhooka flowers
965 * Bala - She who is a young maiden
966 * Leela Vinodhini - She who loves to play
967 * Sumangali - She who gives all good things
968 * Sukha kari - She who gives pleasure
969 * Suveshadya - She who is well made up
970 * Suvasini - She who is sweet scented (married woman)
971 * Suvasinynchana preetha - She who likes the worship of married woman
972 * AAshobhana - She who has full glitter
973 * Shuddha manasa - She who has a clean mind
974 * Bindhu tharpana santhushta - She who is happy with the offering in the dot of Ananda maya chakra
975 * Poorvaja - She who preceded every one

976 * Tripurambika - She who is the goddess of three cities
977 * Dasa mudhra samaradhya - She who is worshipped by ten mudras (postures of the hand)
978 * Thrpura sree vasankari - She who keeps the goddess Tripura sree
979 * Gnana mudhra - She who shows the symbol of knowledge
980 * Gnana gamya - She who can be attained by knowledge

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha) -6

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

16 Settled in Manipuraka
Thee in arrayed needful powers
Helps untying our psychic knots
Thee who breaking Vishnugranthi

Thee resting in Agna chakra
Who decrees to cross our desires
Helps untying our psychic knots
Thee who breaking Rudragranthi

To reach Sahasrarambuja
Thee who helps us ascend blissful
To consume the nectar therein
Thee who shows us the Ultimate

Evincing on the six chakras
Like a steady flashing lightning
Thee rejoices in our worship
'Mother be with us for ever'

In the form of three-coiled snake
Posing by name Kundalini
Thee in Mooladhara chakra
Resting to be raised by oneself

What else could there be the needed
Mellowed one when finds thee in him
Raised thee rising to the Supreme
Bliss is thee to rise in me too

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

17 Like the thin lotus fibre strong
Settled thee in such a repose
Like a snake's hiss in lone silence
Thee who is breathing our life's breath

Thee who's Bhavani of Bhava
Bhavani of bhavasagar
Thee who's the Mother of our life
Thee who's Bhavani for ever

Ceaseless meditation..by means
As we poise to muse on thee
Thee who rises in our vision
Dearly dearly oh our Mother

In the cycle of births and deaths
As we are rolled, rolled back and forth
Who else could be the well wisher
To save us from this dark forest

Life is a jungle of struggles
Thee the axe who clears those struggles
Thou art benignant, merciful
Thee who's happy with happy deeds

Happy thee making us happy
Thou art happy with happiness
So should we think of making thee
Mother, by our good deeds happy

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

18 Thou art Peace, Mercy, Happiness
Gracious Mother, we love thee
Thee who grants us all boons for life
Thou art our Auspice oh Mother

Thee who likes devout devotees
Thee who likes their true devotion
To thee so we chant thy praises
To thee who likes thy devotees

Bound to our boundless devotion
Mother, thou art snared in our hearts
Indeed it's this divine holdfast
Mother, this tiny droplet wants

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
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Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
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Rise my size within me, I watch

---

Note: -Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas101-120

* 101 * Mani poorantharudhitha - She who exists in Mani pooraka chakra full dressed in her fineries
* 102 * Vishnu grandhi vibedhini - She who breaks the ties of Vishnu grandhi i.e she who helps us cross the ties due to our position.
* 103 * Agna chakaranthalaraastha - She who lives in between two eye lids in the form of she who orders
* 104 * Rudra grandhi vibhedini - She who breaks the ties of Rudra grandhi i.e she who helps us cross the ties due to our violent thoughts and nature
* 105 * Sahararambhujarooda - She who has climbed sahasrara the thousand petalled lotus which is the point of ultimate awakening
* 106 * Sudha sarabhi varshini - She who makes nectar flow in all our nerves from sahasrara i.e. she who gives the very pleasant experience of the ultimate
* 107 * Thadillatha samaruchya - She who shines like the streak of lightning
* 108 * Shad chakropari samshitha - She who is on the top of six wheels starting from mooladhara
* 109 * Maha ssakthya - She who likes worship by her devotees
* 110 * Kundalini - She who is in the form of Kundalini (a form which is a snake hissing and exists in mooladhara)
* 111 * Bisa thanthu thaniyasi - She who is as thin as the thread from lotus
* 112 * Bhavani - She who gives life to the routine life of human beings or She who is the consort of Lord Shiva
* 113 * Bhavana gamya - She who can be attained by thinking
* 114 * Bhavarany kudariga - She who is like the axe used to cut the miserable life of the world
* 115 * Bhadra priya - She who is interested in doing good to her devotees
* 116 * Bhadra moorthy - She who is personification of all that is good
* 117 * Bhaktha sowbhagya dhayini - She who gives all good and luck to her devotees  
* 118 * Bhakthi priya - She who likes devotion to her  
* 119 * Bhakthi gamya - She who can be reached by devotion  
* 120 * Bhakthi vasya - She who can be controlled by devotion

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67 The Goddess of Kaula marga
Thee worshipped by those devotees
Is so aptly called Kaula marga tat para sevitha

Skanda and Ganesha thy sons
Their sweet Mother, thee is so called
Kumara gana nadambha
Thee who's for ever contented

Thee the deity of happiness
Is so known by the name Thushti
The power and form of good health
Thee's of wisdom
Thee' of fortitude
Thee's of peacefulness
Thee's art the one Truth
Thou art the intransient Truth

So is thee called Swasthimathi
Thee who is the power of fire
So's the form of 's Kanthi
The daughter of Kamadenu

Ceaselessly the wealth-yielding cow
Nandini, thy power and form
So's thee destroys
Hurdles so's Vigna nasini

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

68 Mother, thou art the Effulgent
Unsurpassable Effulgence
Thee is so called Tejowathi
Surya and Chandra and Agni

Thee who has them as thy eyes three
So is thee called Trinayana
Love with rolling eyes in women..
Thee who has those enticing eyes

Thee the form of love in women
So is thee known by the great name
Lolakshi-Kamaroopini
Fiftyone Matrukaksharas..

Thee who has worn them as garland
Adorned with floral garland too
Thee who is so called Malini
Thee who's the mantra of Hamsa

Thee who is surrounded by swans
So is known by name Hamsini
Thou art the creatrix of all
Thou art so our Mother Matha

That range of western ghats southward
That range of Malayachala
Where thee dwells, ..so is thee known as
Malayachala vasini

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

69 Thee who has a face, a lotus
A smiling lotus in thy eyes
In lips toothat mirrors rouged pink
In thy ´s called Sumukhi

But Mother, that is lesser said
Thee on the whole is a lotus
Soft, smooth, slender and beautiful
Beaming thy benevolence and

A high heavenly ambience
That freshens all lives highly blessed
So is thee known as Nalini
To such a Mother namaste

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

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- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas441-460

* 441 * Kaula marga that para sevitha - She who is being worshipped by people who follow Kaula matha
* 442 * Kumara gana nadambha - She who is mother to Ganesha and Subrahmany
* 443 * Thushti - She who is personification of happiness
* 444 * Pushti - She who is personification of health
* 445 * Mathi - She who is personification of wisdom
* 446 * Dhrithi - She who is personification of courage
* 447 * Santhi - She who is peaceful
* 448 * Swasthimathi - She who always keeps well
* 449 * Kanthi - She who is personification of light
* 450 * Nandhini - She who is personification of Nadhini daughter of Kama denu
* 451 * Vigna nasini - She who removes obstacles
* 452 * Tejowathi - She who shines
* 453 * Trinayana - She who has three eyes
* 454 * Lolakshi-Kamaroopini - She who has wandering passionate eyes
* 455 * Malini - She who wears a garland
* 456 * Hamsini - She who is surrounded by swans
* 457 * Matha - She who is the mother
* 458 * Malayachala vasini - She who lives in the Malaya mountain
* 459 * Sumukhi - She who has a pleasing disposition
* 460 * Nalini - She who is tender

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)-25

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

73 Thou art the sensibility
   Thou art the sensitivity
   Thee who is the sense of the skin
   Thee who is so known as Twakstha

   To the boorish and ignorant
   Thou art is thee called
   Pasu loka Bhayamkari
   Encircled by Amruta and

   Other great powers around thee
   Thee is so called Amruthathi
   - maha sakthi samvrutha
   Thee is called Dakineeswari

   For thee resides in Vishuddha
For thee the deity of the south
By name Rakini thee who dwells
In Anahata, a lotus

Twelve petalled, so is known by name
Anahathabja nilaya
Thee who is brilliantly dark
Thee who's sweet dark blue complexioned

Is aptly so called Syamabha
O' Rakini, Shyamaba, thee
Who is bi-faced is aptly called the

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

74 Who has tusk like protruding teeth
Thee who's so called Dhamshtrojwala
A garland of rosary beads
Thee who wears is so known by name

Aksha maladhi dhara and
Thee the deity of blood tissues
So's called Rudhira samsthita
Encircled by Kalarathri

And other saktis thee is called
Kalarathryadhi Shakthyouga-
likes rich food with ghee
So's called Snigdhaudhana priya

Thee who is happy to grant boons
To heroes and sages is called
Maha veerendra varadha
Who is the form of Rakini

Is greatly known by name Mother
Rakinyambha swaroopini
Who dwells in Maniporaka
A lotus with ten petals, so's

Mani poorabja nilaya
Who has three faces is so called
Vadana thraya samyuta
Mother, such is thee with great names

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

75 Thee who has forceful weaponry
Shocking like thunder bolt weapons
So is thee known by the great name
Vajradhikayudhopetha

By yoginis like Damari
Thee Who is encircled around
So is aptly known by the name
Damaryadhibhiravrutha

Thee who's the colour of blood so's
Raktha dwells in flesh
So is thee called Mamsa nishta
Great with great names so's thee Mother

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
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Note: Translation by Mr. P. R. Ramachander
Naamaas481-500

* 481 * Twakstha - She who lives in the sensibility of the skin
* 482 * Pasu loka Bhayamkari - She who creates fear for animal like men
* 483 * Amruthathi maha sakthi samvrutha - 'She who is surrounded by Maha shakthis like Amrutha, Karshini, Indrani, Eesani, uma, Urdwa kesi'
* 484 * Dakineeswari - She who is goddess of the south (denoting death)
* 485 * Anahathabja nilaya - She who lives in the twelve petalled lotus
* 486 * Syamabha - She who is greenish black
* 487 * Vadanadwaya - She who has two faces
* 488 * Dhamshtrojwala - She who shines with long protruding teeth
* 489 * Aksha maladhi dhara - She who wears meditation chains
* 490 * Rudhira samsthida - She who is in blood
* 491 * Kala rathryadhi Shakthi youga vrudha - 'She who is surrounded by Shakthis like Kalarathri. Kanditha, Gayathri, ....etc'
* 492 * Sniggdowdhana priya - She who likes Ghee mixed rice
* 493 * Maha veerendra varadha - She who gives boons to great heroes or She who gives boons to great sages
* 494 * Rakinyambha swaroopini - She who has names like rakini
* 495 * Mani poorabja nilaya - She who lives in ten petalled lotus
* 496 * Vadana thraya samyudha - She who has three faces
* 497 * Vajradhikayudhopetha - She who has weapons like Vajrayudha
* 498 * Damaryadhibhi ravrutha - She who is surrounded by Goddess like Damari
* 499 * Raktha varna - She who is of the colour of blood
* 500 * Mamsa nishta - She who is in flesh

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)-26

Sloka, is the most common Sanskrit meter and is a descendant of the older Vedic gayatri
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padas
syllabic, either 2 lines of 16 syllables each or 4 hemistiches of 8 syllables each.
metric, alternate hemistiches of trochaic and iambic patterns.

The following verses are my own work, a prayer, based on the great slokha
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where the meaningful thousand names of Adi Para Sakthi(primordial cosmic
Energy)
are verses are not literal or exact translation of the I referred to
the translation of the great slokha by Mr.P. R. Ramachander

(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

76 Who likes rice cooked with jaggery
So is thee known by the great name
Gudanna preetha manasa
Who bestows happiness on all

Unfailingy on one and all
On all thy Bhaktas, so's thee called
Samastha bhaktha sukhadha
The form of Mother Lakini

Thee is so known by the great name
Lakinyambha swaroopini
Who's in Swadhishtana chakra
Who's in the six petalled lotus
As Kakini thee who dwells there
Is so aptly known by the name
Swadhishtanambujagatha
With four charming faces thee's called

Chathur vakthra manohara
Who wields trident and all weapons
Is so aptly known by the name
Sulayudha sampanna

Who's golden in complexion, so's
Peetha 's self esteemed
Highly distinguished is so called
Athi garvitha.O' Mother

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

77 Who dwells in fat cells of tissues
So is thee called Medho nishta
Who has a penchant for honey
So is thee called Madhu preetha

Bandhini and other saktis
Thee who's surrounded by them, so's
Bhandinyadhi samanvitha
Who likes curd and curd rice, so is

Dhadyanna saktha hridhaya
Who is the form of Kakini
Thee is so known by the great name
Kakini roopa dharini

The four petalled Mooladhara
Dwelling thee as basic support
Thee is so known by the great name
Mooladharambujarooda

Who's five faced so's Pancha vakthra
Thee who's in the bone cells is called
Asthi who wields
ankusha and other weapons

So is aptly known by the name
Ankusathi praharana.
With saktis like Varadha, thee's
Varadadhi nishevitha

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

78 Rice cooked with green gram or its dhal
Thee who likes it with jaggery
So is aptly known by the name
Mudgoudana saktha chittha

So many reasons and causes
So many forms, so many shapes
So many events thee who faced
So many names thee who is called

Sakini..one more form of thee
So is thee known by the great name
Sakinyambha swaroopini
Such is thy greatness o' Mother

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

---

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R. Ramachander
Naamaas501-520

* 501 * Gudanna preetha manasa - She who likes rice mixed with jaggery
* 502 * Samastha bhaktha sukhadha - She who gives pleasure to all her devotees
* 503 * Lakinyambha swaroopini - She who is famous in the name of 'Lakini'
* 504 * Swadhishtanambujagatha - She who lives in the six petalled lotus
* 505 * Chathur vakthra manohara - She who has four beautiful faces
* 506 * Sulayudha sampanna - She who has weapons like Spear
* 507 * Peetha varna - She who is of golden colour
* 508 * Adhi garvitha - She who is very proud
* 509 * Medho nishta - She who is in the fatty layer
* 510 * Madhu preetha - She who likes honey
* 511 * Bhandinyadhi samanvidha - She who is surrounded by Shakthis called Bandhini
* 512 * Dhadyanna saktha hridhaya - She who likes curd rice
* 513 * Kakini roopa dharini - She who resembles 'Kakini'
* 514 * Mooladrambujarooda - She who sits on the mooladhara kamala or the lotus
  which is the basic support
* 515 * Pancha vakthra - She who has five faces

* 516 * Sthithi samsthitha - She who is in the bones
* 517 * Ankusathi praharana - She who holds Ankusha and other weapons
* 518 * Varadadhi nishevitha - She who is surrounded by Vardha and other shakthi
* 519 * Mudgou danasadaktha chittha - She who likes rice mixed with green gram dhal
* 520 * Sakinyambha swaroopini - She who has the name 'Sakini'

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)-27

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where the meaningful thousand names of Adi Para Sakthi(primordial cosmic
Energy)
are verses are not literal or exact translation of the I referred to
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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

79 At the glabella as thee dwells
In the two petalled lotus that's
Agna chakra, so's thee known as
Agna chakrabja nilaya

Thee who is beautifully fair
Thee who is white in complexion
Is so known as Shukla varna
Who's six faced is Shadanana

The bone marrow of the body
Thee who needily resides in
So is thee called Majja samsthaha
Who is encircled by saktis
Like Hamsavathi so is called
By the great name Hamsavathi
-mukhya shakthi samanvitha
Who likes turmeric-rice, so's

Haridrannaika rasika
Who's the form of Hakini, so's
Hakini roopa dharini
Thee who's throned in Sahasrara

The thousand petalled lotus, so's
Sahasra dhala padhmasattha
Who shines in all syllables, so's
Sarva varnopi shobitha

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

80 Who's an adept in weapon art
So's armed with all weapons, so is
Sarvayudha 's in
Virility of manliness

So is called Shukla samsthitha
Thee who can vision all around
So has faces all around, so's
of food..

Who's pleased with all types, so is called
Sarvou dhana preetha chittha
Who's the form of Yakini so's
Yakinyambha swaroopini

The 'Swaha' of fire sacrifice
Thee, that mantra and its deity
And that 's thee called Swaha
Oblation to Pitrus, the dead

Thee that 'Swadha'.So's called Swadha
Even ignorance has thee in
Thee its deity and itself, so's
art wisdom personified

Thou art wisdom is
Mother, I have found
Who of you is in r,
Rise in me as Medha, I watch

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

81 What from what or who from who and
where from where..why to be traced out
As it's well known, it's from thee all
First subtle tone born whenceOmkar

Whence the vedas...Brahmatheewho
Taught it to sons, sages and seers
Vedas heard and taught, taught and spread
So's thee known by that name Sruthi

Memory-born vedas thus spread
They and the memory is thee
So's thee known by that name Smriti
Such is thy greatness dear Mother

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste
Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas 521-540

* 521 * Agna chakrabja nilaya - She who sits on the lotus called Agna chakra or the wheel of order
* 522 * Shukla varna - She who is white coloured
* 523 * Shadanana - She who has six faces
* 524 * Majja samstha - She who is in the fat surrounding the body
* 525 * Hamsavathi mukhya shakhti samanvitha - She who is surrounded by shakthis called Hamsavathi
* 526 * Hardrannaika rasika - She who likes rice mixed with turmeric powder
* 527 * Hakini roopa dharini - She who has the name 'Hakini'
* 528 * Sahasra dhala padhmastha - She who sits on thousand petalled lotus
* 529 * Sarva varnopi shobitha - She who shines in all colours
* 530 * Sarvayudha dhara - She who is armed with all weapons
* 531 * Shukla samsthitha - She who is in shukla or semen
* 532 * Sarvathomukhi - She who has faces everywhere
* 533 * Sarouv dhana preetha chittha - She who likes all types of rice
* 534 * Yakinyambha swaroopini - She who is named as 'yakini'
* 535 * Swaha - She who is personification of Swaha (the manthra chanted during fire sacrifice)
* 536 * Swadha - She who is of the form of Swadha
* 537 * Amathi - She who is ignorance
* 538 * Medha - She who is knowledge
* 539 * Sruthi - She who is Vedas
* 540 * Smrithi - She who is the guide to Vedas

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)-28

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where the meaningful thousand names of Adi Para Sakthi(primordial cosmic Energy)
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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

82 The unbeatable thee who is
Unsurpassable for ever
So is thee called Anuthama
Who's famous for Her sacredness

So is thee called Punya keerthi
So does a pious soul only
That matches thee attain thy feet
So is thee called Punya labhya

Blessed are those who sing and praise thee
So is thee known by the great name
Punya sravana keerthana
As Pulomaja, Indra's wife

Worshipped thee, thee is so known as
Pulomajarchitha. Karma..
Who frees us from that bondage, so's
Bandha ing..

Thee with wavy lockssso is called
Barbharalaka. Shiva thine
While is self-radiant, thee is
Self-explanatory of Him,

His radiance and thy deed of
All is thee called
vimarsha who's
The Knowledge, so is called Vidhya

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

83 Thee the Mother of earth and sky
And whole cosmos is so known as
Viyadhadhi jagat prasu
Diseases of body and mind

Thee who heals all, so is known as
Sarva vyadhi prasamani
Who saves us from all types of death
Is so greatly known by the name

Sarva mrutyu nivarini
Reckoned as the supreme in all
So is known as Agraganya
Thee who is beyond our thinking

So is called Achintya roopa
Our sins in this kali yuga
Thee who wards is known as
Kali kalmasha nasini

Daughter of sage Katyayana
Thee, throned on Odyana peeta
As Katyayini is so called
endless Time

Which we travel through blindfolded
Traversing with woes and worries
Thee who puts an end to that Time
So is thee called Kalahanthri

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

84 Lotus-eyed Vishnu worships thee
So is thee known by the great name
Kamalaksha nishevitha
Chewing betel leaves with spices

Thee who adores mouthful always
So is thee known by the great name
Thamboola pooritha mukhi
Like the pomegranate flower

Thee who's radiantly scarlet
Is so greatly known by the name
Dhadimi kusuma prabha
So much pretty is thee Mother

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest
Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste
Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
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Rise my size within me, I watch

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas541-560

* 541 * Anuthama - She who is above all
* 542 * Punya keerthi - She who is famous for good deeds
* 543 * Punya labhya - She who can be attained by good deeds
* 544 * Punya sravana keerthana - She who gives good for those who listen and those who sing about her
* 545 * Pulomajarchidha - She who is worshipped by wife of Indra
* 546 * Bandha mochini - She who releases us from bondage
* 547 * Barbharalaka - She who has forelocks which resembles waves
* 548 * Vimarsa roopini - She who is hidden from view
* 549 * Vidhya - She who is 'learning'
* 550 * Viyadhadhi jagat prasu - She who created the earth and the sky
* 551 * Sarva vyadhi prasamani - She who cures all diseases
* 552 * Sarva mrutyu nivarini - She who avoids all types of death
* 553 * Agra ganya - She who is at the top
* 554 * Achintya roopa - She who is beyond thought
* 555 * Kali kalmasha nasini - She who removes the ills of the dark age
* 556 * Kathyayini - She who is Kathyayini in Odyana peetha or She who is the daughter of sage Kathyayana
* 557 * Kala hanthri - She who kills god of death
* 558 * Kamalaksha nishevitha - She who is being worshipped by the lotus eyed Vishnu
* 559 * Thamboola pooritha mukhi - 'She whose mouth is filled with betel leaves, betel nut and lime'
* 560 * Dhadimi kusuma prabha - She whose colour is like the pomegranate bud

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)-31

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meter, alternate hemistiches of trochaic and iambic patterns.

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91 Through thy sacred trance, thy long eyes
In gentle and fleecy sail move
So is thee known by the great name
Dharandholitha deergakshi

Thy sort of hearty subdued smile..
Thee looks more bright and beautiful
So is thee known by the great name
Dharahasojwalanmukhi

The ultimate Wise, the Wisdom
Thee..so's the Mentor, the Teacher
So is thee called Guru moorthi
All good values and good virtues

Thee the treasure of them, so's thee
Guna enu..
Thee the Mother 's thee called 
r of Guha..

So's thee called Guhajanma bhoo
The Goddess of devas and all
So is thee known as Devesi
To judge and punish and correct

Thee who's the ultimate Justice
So is called Dhanda neethistha
Our heart's space is thy abode, so's
Dhaharakasa roopini

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

92 Prathi panmukhya rakantha
thidhi mandala poojitha
From first crescent to the full moon
The fifteen waxing realms of moon

Thee is thee worshipped
And so is known by that great name
Thou art all the sixtyfour arts
The facets of moon, sun and fire..

's thee Kalathamika
Thee the chief of all 's thee
Kalaa who enjoys
Epical detailing on thee.

So is thee known by the great name
Kavyalapa vimodhini
Lakshmi and Saraswathi who
With chowrie-fans fan thee devout

So is thee known by the great name
Sachamara rama vani
savya dhakshina sevitha
Thee the first-emerged primal Force
So is thee called Adishakthi
Thee who's immeasurably great
So's thee 's the Self...
Soul of souls, so's thee called Atma

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

93 Thee the utmost absolute Force
So is thee known as Parama
Thee the utmost Sanctity who
Sanctifies all Her devotees

So's thee called Pavana krithi
Mother of crores of creations
So is thee known as Aneka koti Bramanda janani

So are thy characteristics
So are thy forms of all forces
So's thee the gods and goddesses
So's thee all and whole creations

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

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The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste
Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
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Rise my size within me, I watch

Note: Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas601-620

* 601 * Dharandholitha deergakshi - She who has long eyes which have slight
 movement
* 602 * Dharahasojwalanmukhi - She who has face that glitters with her smile
* 603 * Guru moorthi - She who is the teacher
* 604 * Guna nidhi - She who is the treasure house of good qualities
* 605 * Gomatha - She who is the mother cow
* 606 * Guhajanma bhoo - She who is the birth place of Lord Subrahmanya
* 607 * Deveshi - She who is the goddess of Gods
* 608 * Dhanda neethistha - She who judges and punishes
* 609 * Dhaharakasa roopini - She who is of the form of wide sky
* 610 * Prathi panmukhya rakantha thidhi mandala poojitha - She who is being
 worshipped
 on all the fifteen days from full moon to new moon
* 611 * Kalathamika - She who is the soul of arts
* 612 * Kala natha - She who is the chief of arts
* 613 * Kavya labha vimodhini - She who enjoys being described in epics
* 614 * Sachamara rama vani savya dhakshina sevitha - She who is being
 fanned
 by Lakshmi the goddess of wealth and Saraswathi the goddess of knowledge
* 615 * Adishakthi - She who is the primeval force
* 616 * Ameya - She who cannot be measured
* 617 * Atma - She who is the soul
* 618 * Parama - She who is better than all others
* 619 * Pavana krithi - She who is personification of purity
* 620 * Aneka koti Bramanda janani - She who is the mother of several billions
 of universes

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer (Slokha)-32

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94 Defined by a divine form, thee,
Who looks beautiful and peaceful
So is called Divya Vigraha
Who's the Bhija mantra Kleem, thee

Who dwells in that mantra Kleem, thee
So is Kleemkaree. Who's unique
Who's complete, so's called Kevalaa
Concealed thee who's mysterious

Hiding in our heart's secret cave
Is so called Guhya. Who bestows
Redemption and the supreme bliss
So is thee known by the great name
Kaivalya Padha dhayini
Thee who's Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva,
Also is characterised by
Sattva, Rajas, Tamas gunas

Also thee who is the three lokas
Three faceted so is in all
So is thee known as Tripura
Worshipped by all in the three worlds

Thee's so called Trijagat vandhya
Who takes form of the three gods, so's
ss of all gods
So's thee called Tri daseswari

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

95 Who's the three Bhija syllables
Thee is so called Tryakshari
Thee who's heavenly fragrant, so's
Divya sindoor

That adorns thy forehead, thee's called
Sindhura thila kanchita
For thy power of creation
For thy power of compassion

Thee is Uma who dwells in Om
Thee the daughter of Himavan
The king of Himalayas so's
Sailendra n

Thee who's fair in complexion, so's
ipped by Gandharvas
The celestial minstrels, so's
Gandharva birthed

This vast creational expanse
Which again seeks room in thy womb,
Which permeates all thy great Force
So is thee called Viswa Grabha

Thee who's the Hiranyagarbha
The first cosmic golden egg
Whence came the creative power
Is so known as Swarna Garbha

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

96 Thee who punishes the evil
Thee who destroys all the demons
Who blesses them by punishment
Is so known as Avaradhah

The Causer of Bhijaksharas
The Causer of words and Vedas
The Causer of speech and Mantras
So's thee called Vagadeeswaree

So are thy characteristics
So are thy forms of all forces
So's thee the gods and goddesses
So's thee all and whole creations

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste  
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste  
Divine Mother, unto thy feet  
This tiny droplet surrenders  
Rise my size within me, I watch

---

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas 621-640

* 621 * Divya Vigraha - She who is beautifully made  
* 622 * Klim karee - She who is the shape of "Klim";  
* 623 * Kevalaa - She who is she herself  
* 624 * Guhya - She who is secret  
* 625 * Kaivalya Padha dhayini - She who gives redemption as well as position  
* 626 * Tripura - She who lives everything in three aspects  
* 627 * Trijagat vandhya - She who is worshipped by all in three worlds  
* 628 * Trimurthi - She who is the trinity  
* 629 * Tri daseswari - She who is the goddess for all gods  
* 630 * Tryakshya - She who is of the form of three letters  
* 631 * Divya Gandhadya - She who has godly smell  
* 632 * Sindhura thila kanchita - She who wears the sindhoora dot in her forehead  
* 633 * Uma - She who is in "om";  
* 634 * Sailendra Thanaya - She who is the daughter of the king of mountains  
* 635 * Gowri - She who is white coloured  
* 636 * Gandharwa Sevitha - She who is worshipped by gandharwas  
* 637 * Viswa Garbha - She who carries the universe in her belly  
* 638 * Swarna Garbha - She who is personification of gold  
* 639 * Avaradha - She who punishes bad people  
* 640 * Vagadeeswaree - She who is the goddess of words

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)-33

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

97 Thee who's reached through meditation
So is thee called Dhyanagamya
Who's limitlessly infinite
So's thee called Aparichedya

Who gives knowledge is Gnanadha
Who personifies knowledge, so's
Gnana works on Vedantas, the Upanishads

Thee is known and felt by them, so's
Sarva vedantha samvedya
The ultimate Truth and its bliss
Thee it is, thyself the form, so's
Satyananda swaroopini
Who's worshipped by Lopamudhra
So's called Lopa mudrarchitha
Creating vast universes...

Who sports just like that, so's Leela
kluptha brahmanda mandala
Invisible thee who's not seen
With the corporeal eyes, so's

is all beyond
Objects and objectivity
So's thee called Drusya rahitha
So huge, such is thee oh Mother..

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

98 As thee the creatrix of all
So is thee the Knower of all
So is thee known as Vignathree
And thee is Vedhya varjitha

As there is nothing thee knows not
Thee who personifies yoga
So's Yogini. Thee who bestows
The practice and bliss of Yoga

On thy Bhaktas so's yogada
Who can be attained by yoga
Is so called who is
Yoga and bliss thyself, thee who

Enjoys yoga and its bliss, so's
Yogananda. Thee whose glory
Whose greatness, grandness and vastness
Whose height and depth limitless, so's

No doubt ornate with yugas four
Adorned as ornaments by thee
Is so well called Yugandhara
That 'desire, knowledge and action'

Is thee the three forms of karma
So is greatly known by the name
Iccha shakthi-Gnana shakthi-
Kriya shakthi swaroopini

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

99 The cause, the basis, the support..
Thee for is thee known as
whose abode
Indestructible, whose abode

Undestroyable, whose abode
Imperishable, whose abode
Durable, permanent and firm
So's the support too firm and strong

So is thee in thy bhaktas' heart
Firm and is thee known as
Suprathishta. Such is thy vast
Greatness and grandness oh Mother

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas 641-660

* 641 * Dhyanagamyā - She who can be attained by meditation
* 642 * Aparichedya - She who cannot be predicted to be in a certain place
* 643 * Gnanadha - She who gives out knowledge
* 644 * Gnaná Vigraha - She who is personification of knowledge
* 645 * Sarva vedhantha samvedya - She who can be known by all Upanishads
* 646 * Satyananda swaroopini - She who is personification of truth and happiness
* 647 * Lopa mudrarchitha - She who is worshipped by Lopa Mudhra the wife of Agasthya
* 648 * Leela kluptha brahmanda mandala - She who creates the different universes by simple play
* 649 * Adurshya - She who cannot be seen
* 650 * Drusya rahitha - She who does not see things differently
* 651 * Vignathree - She who knows all sciences
* 652 * Vedhya varjitha - She who does not have any need to know anything
* 653 * Yogini - She who is personification of Yoga
* 654 * Yogadha - She who gives knowledge and experience of yoga
* 655 * Yogya - She who can be reached by yoga

* 656 * Yogananda - She who gets pleasure out of yoga
* 657 * Yugandhara - She who wears the yuga (Division of eons of time)
* 658 * Iccha shakthi-Gnana shakthi-Kriya shakthi swaroopini - "She who has desire as her head, Knowledge as her body and work as her feet"
* 659 * Sarvaadhara - She who is the basis of everything
* 660 * Suprathishta - She who is the best place of stay

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)-39

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

115 Who's adorably affluent
Who's prosperous and pleasing, so's
who's three eyed, so's
has three gunas

Who's thamo, rajo and sathva
So is called Triginathmika
Thee who bestows liberation
And its heavenly bliss so's called

the
Immaculate so's called Shuddha
Who's red like the hibiscus, so's
Japapushpa nibhakrithi
Thee the Strong who has sharp vigour
Who's lustrously energetic
So's who is
Majestically radiant

So is called 's
The fire of yajna and its form
Is Yagna who likes
Vows and adherence so is called

is seldom
visioned for worship, so is called
cible
Thee is known as Dhuradharsha

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

116 Thee who loves patali flowers
Who's fond of red trumpet flowers
Is so aptly known by the name
Patali kusuma priya

Thee the greatest, thee the strongest
Thee the vast, thee the mightiest
Thee the highest, thee the deepest
Omni-all so's called Mahathi

So is thee huge and Mahathi
So is thy abode the highest
Thee who dwells on high mount Meru
Is so called Meru nilaya

Who is fond of fragrant flowers
Who likes the Patali flower
Who likes the Japa flower and
Who likes Mandara flower too

So's thee greatly known by the name
Mandhara kusuma priya
Thou art the victorious who won
The war against Bandasura

Thou art the valorous so who
Likes fearless mettlesome heroes
And thee who is worshipped by them
So is known as Veeraradhya

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

117 Who's omnipresent in the Whole
So's who personifies the whole
So's the form of the universe
So is known as Virad Roopa

Thee who is pure and brilliant
Who is beamingly radiant
Who is beautiful and shining
Unblemished thee is Viraja

Multifaceted thee who has
Multifaces to watch around
Thee who eyes on all forms and deeds
Is so called Viswathomukhi

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas761-780

* 761 * Subhaga - She who is pleasing to look at
* 762 * Thryambhaga - She who has three eyes
* 763 * Trigunathmika - She who is personification of three gunas viz., Thamo (Kali), Rajo (Dhurga) and Sathva (Parvathy)
* 764 * Swargapavargadh - She who gives heaven and the way to it
* 765 * Shuddha - She who is clean
* 766 * Japapushpa nibhakrithi - She who has the colour of hibiscus
* 767 * Ojovathi - She who is full of vigour
* 768 * Dhyuthidhara - She who has light
* 769 * Yagna roopa - She who is of the form of sacrifice
* 770 * Priyavrudha - She who likes penances
* 771 * Dhuraradhy - She who is rarely available for worship
* 772 * Dhuradharsha - She who cannot be won
* 773 * Patali kusuma priya - She who likes the buds of Patali tree
* 774 * Mahathi - She who is big
* 775 * Meru nilaya - She who lives in Meru mountain
* 776 * Mandhara kusuma priya - She who likes the buds of Mandhara tree
* 777 * Veeraradhya - She who is worshipped by heroes
* 778 * Virad Roopa - She who a universal look
* 779 * Viraja - She who does not have any blemish
* 780 * Viswathomukhi - She who sees through every one's eyes

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)-42

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

124 Thee the strength of the whole Brahman
So's thee is the
Brahman Herself, so is Brahman
Who has birthed and births all and whole

Divine Mother, thee's Janani
Who has myriad forms, so is
Bahu 's worshipped by
The learned, thee's so Budharchitha

Thee who's the creatrix of all
Is so known as Prasavithri
Thee who is yet a wrathful Queen
Against evil so's Prachanda
The empress of commandments, so's
Thee known as 's the base
And support of all, so's thee called
ehensible

To all as the universe, thee
Is so called Prakata Krithi
Who rules over breath and senses
Thee is so called Praneshwari

Who gives life to breath and senses
So's thee called Prana Dhatri
So's thee all forms of all forces
So's thee all gods and goddesses

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

125 Fifty one divine centres thee
The supreme force who's seated in
So's thee greatly known by the name
Panchashat peeta roopini

Thou art the creatrix of all
Thou art the Mother of all, so're
At thy disposal one and all
Thou art so unfettered and free

So's free to create and dissolve
So's free in thy own way entranced
So is thee called Vishrunkala
Thee who's in secret concealment

Who's in solitary bliss, so's
Known by the name Vivikthastha
Thou art the supreme empress and
The mostsupreme warrioress

Praised so high tales of thy valour
Slaying demons in battles, it's
Clear that thee likes brave, bold heroes
So is thee called Veera matha

The ether that supports all the
Heavenly bodies, Mother thee
Who created that space of sky
So is thee called Viyat prasoo

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

126 Redemption and salvation, thee
Who bestows on your devotees
So's greatly known as Mukundaa
Who's the abode of salvation

Thee's so called Mukthi nilaya
The root Power from which emerged
Myriad powers and is still
Emerging and the root Figure

From which emerged and emerging
Till today myriad forms, thee
Who's that Mother Power, so's called
Moola vigraha roopini

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas821-840

* 821 * Brahmani - She who is the strength behind creator
* 822 * Brahmaa - She who is the creator
* 823 * Janani - She who is the mother
* 824 * Bahu roopa - She who has several forms
* 825 * Budharchitha - She who is being worshipped by the enlightened
* 826 * Prasavithri - She who has given birth to everything
* 827 * Prachanda - She who is very angry
* 828 * Aagna - She who is the order
* 829 * Prathishta - She who has been installed
* 830 * Prakata Krithi - She who is clearly visible
* 831 * Praneshwari - She who is goddess to the soul
* 832 * Prana Dhatri - She who gives the soul
* 833 * Panchashat peeta roopini - "She who is in fifty Shakthi peethas like Kama ropa, Varanasi, Ujjain etc;"
* 834 * Vishungala - She who is not chained
* 835 * Vivikthastha - She who is in lonely places
* 836 * Veera matha - She who is the mother of heroes
* 837 * Viyat prasoo - She who has created the sky
* 838 * Mukundaa - She who gives redemption
* 839 * Mukthi nilaya - She who is the seat of redemption
* 840 * Moola vigraha roopini - She who is the basic statue

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer (Slokha)-45

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

133 Thee who's fond of yagna that helps
Invoking thee to rise from fire
Is so known as Yagna priya
In obeissance to Shiva who's

The lover of yagnas doeth thee
The yagnas, so's Yagna karthree
And thyself in the form of the
Doer of sacrifice, so's thee

Yajamana swaroopini
Thee who's the pivot of Dharma
Thee who's the support of dharma
Is so known as Dharma dhara
The ruler of wealth and riches
Is so known as Dhanadyaksha
The Goddess queen who blesses crops
And wealth to prosper, so's thee called

Dhanadhanya vivardhani
Thee who likes the learned, who likes the
Vedic theologians, so's
Vipra 's the form of

Theology and the learned, so's
Vipra  causes and
Checks the cosmic rotations, so's
Viswa brhamana karini

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

134 This vast creation at its end
Just in one single morsel thee
Who simply gobbles up, so's thee
Viswa  whose beauty

Radiates the gem coral's red
Is so aptly called Vidhrumabha
Thee who's the power of Vishnu
Is u Himself

His form is all thyself, so's thee
Vishnu  who has
No source to be 's thee called
thee the Source

From whom all are born, so's thee called
Yoni lled thee
In this cosmic function stable
And changeless is so aptly called

the Kaula path
Thee who's in and thee the deity
Worshipped therein, so's thee known as
Kula who likes

The enlightened brave heroes who
Are thy bhaktas, who likes to be
Amid such heroes is so aptly
Known as Veera goshti priya

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

135 Who Herself is heroic by
Vanquishing wild demons, who has
A valourous spouse Shiva and
Son by name Shanmukha, so's thee

Greatly known by the name Veera
Who's not bound to any karma
So who's not attached to actions
So's thee greatly called Naish karmya

Thee the all pervading Power
Thee the omnipotent Goddess
So are thy forms of all forces
Thee the Empress and the Mother

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

* 881 * Yagna priya - She who likes fire sacrifice
* 882 * Yagna karthree - She who carries out fire sacrifice
* 883 * Yajamana swaroopini - She who is the doer of fire sacrifice
* 884 * Dharma dhara - She who is the basis of Dharma-the rightful action
* 885 * Dhanadyaksha - She who presides over wealth
* 886 * Dhanadhanya vivardhani - She who makes wealth and grain to grow
* 887 * Vipra priya - She who likes those who learn Vedas
* 888 * Vipra roopa - She who is the learner of Vedas
* 889 * Viswa brhamana karini - She who makes the universe to rotate
* 890 * Viswa grasa - She who eats the universe in one handful
* 891 * Vidhrumabha - She who has the luster of coral
* 892 * Vaishnavi - She who is the power of Vishnu
* 893 * Vishnu roopini - She who is Vishnu
* 894 * Ayoni - She who does not have a cause or She who is not born
* 895 * Yoni nilaya - She who is the cause and source of everything
* 896 * Kootastha - She who is stable
* 897 * Kula roopini - She who is personification of culture
* 898 * Veera goshti priya - She who likes company of heroes
* 899 * Veera - She who has valour
* 900 * Naish karmya - She who does not have attachment to action

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)-46

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

136 The primal sacred Pranav
From whose mouth flow all sounds, thee who's
That Pranav, its phonic tones and
Intonations, is so known as

Nadha who's the
Creator of Science for the whole
who is the Law of all sciences
Who Herself is the Science Of all

So's called Vignana kalana
For thy creational skill thee
Who's reckoned with, who's reckoned with
For the skill of arts so is called
Kalya. Thee whose adept skill shows
Thy supreme wisdom is so called
Vidhagdha. On the centre spot
The Bindhu of Sahasrara

Thee who's seated so is known as
who is
Beyond cosmic realities
Is so known as Tathwadhika

Yet thee's the universal Truth
So is thee called Tatwa mayee
Who's the form of That and Thee, so's
Tatwamartha swaroopini

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

137 The chanting of sama veda
Thee who adores is so known as
Sama gana who's
Peaceful and serene like full moon

Is so called hiva
Thee the consort of Him, so's called
Sada shiva kutumbini
Who is attained by both savya

And apasavya paths, the right
And left paths, thee is so known as
Savyapa savya margastha
Thee who saves us from all perils

Who wards off all the dangers, so's
Sarvaapad vinivarini
Fixed within entranced by thyself
Thee is so aptly called Swastha

Who's pleasingly sweet by nature
Thee's so Swabhava madura
Thee who has the supreme wisdom
Who has the supreme cognizance

Is so greatly known as Dheera
Who's worshipped by the wise staunchly
With firm fortitude, thee's so called
Dheera thee

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

138 Chaithanya the consciousness
Thee who's worshipped by thy bhaktas
With such wakeful state of mind
So's thee greatly known by the name

Chaithanyarkya samaradhya
The flower that blossoms from one's
Cognizance thee who likes it, so's
Chaitanya kusuma priya

Who's present agelessly blazing
So's thee greatly known by the name
such Mother
Powerful and great, namaste

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas901-920

* 901 * Nadha roopini - She who is the form of sound
* 902 * Vignana kalana - She who makes science
* 903 * Kalya - She who is expert in arts
* 904 * Vidhagdha - She who is an expert
* 905 * Baindavasana - She who sits in the dot of the thousand petalled lotus
* 906 * Tathwadhika - She who is above all metaphysics
* 907 * Tatwa mayee - She who is Metaphysics
* 908 * Tatwa Martha swaroopini - She who is personification of this and that
* 909 * Sama gana priya - She who likes singing of sama
* 910 * Soumya - She who is peaceful or She who is as pretty as the moon
* 911 * Sada shiva kutumbini - She who is consort of Sada shiva
* 912 * Savyapa savya margastha - &quot;She who is birth, death and living or She who likes the priestly and tantric methods&quot;;
* 913 * Sarva apadvi nivarini - She who removes all dangers
* 914 * Swastha - She who has everything within her or She who is peaceful
* 915 * Swabhava madura - She who is by nature sweet
* 916 * Dheera - She who is courageous
* 917 * Dheera samarchida - She who is being worshipped by the courageous
* 918 * Chaithanyarkya samaradhya - She who is worshipped by the ablation of water
* 919 * Chaitanya kusuma priya - She who likes the never fading flowers
* 920 * Saddothitha - She who never sets

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)-50

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

148 Thee who's knowledge and the known
Is so greatly known by the name
Gnana gneya swaroopini
Thee who's the form of uterus

Is so called
Who's the Goddess of three khandas
By name soma, surya, and agni
Is so known as Trikhandeski

Who's the form of the three gunas
Thee's so called r,
Thee is for the whole creation
So's called trikona
Where in the centre Mother thee
Dwells in Srichakra, so's thee called
who's sinless
So's called who has

Amazing history of deeds
Facilitative and useful
So's called Adbutha charithra
Thee who grants us our wishes and

Thee who grants our wishes fulfilled
So's thee greatly known by the name
Vanchithartha pradayini
To our sweet Mother namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

149 Staunch faith and arduous practice
Of spiritual discipline
That helps us reaching thee, thee's so
Abhyasathisaya gnatha

Whose form transcends all the six paths
Of worshipping Her, thee's so called
Shadadwatheetha roopini
Thy unconditional mercy..

Thee's so greatly known by the name
Avyaja karuna moorhy
And whose mercy dispels the dark
Ignorance, so is thee known as

Agnana dwantha deepika
Regardless of age and caste, thee
Whom even children and cowherds
Worship, is so greatly known as

Abala gopa vidhitha
Whose laws never go wrong and whose
Command is never disobeyed
Thee's so greatly known by the name

Sarvanullangya sasana
Who dwells in Srichakra, so's
Sri chakra raja nilaya
Oh our sweet Mother, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

150 Who's the queen of Tripura, thee's
Sri math thripura sundari
Who Herself is Shiva, so's called
Sri is in oneness

Of Shiva and Sakti, so's thee
Shiva shakthaikya roopini
Who's graciously elegant
A sportive creational Queen

Merciful Mother to the whole
Thee's so called Lalithambika
To thee, our sweet Mother of all
This tiny droplet surrenders

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste

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The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

Tiny of sins huge mine, thee to
Rise huge to slay sins huge mine
Me, absolved from woes, be blessed
Oh dear Mother, beg thy pardon

Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch
Namaste Mother namaste

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Note: Translation by Mr. P.R Ramachander
Naamaas981-1000

* 981 * Gnana gneya swaroopini - She who is what is thought and the thought
* 982 * Yoni mudhra - She who shows the symbol of pleasure
* 983 * Trikhandesi - She who is the lord of three zones of fire, moon and sun
* 984 * Triguna - She who is three characters
* 985 * Amba - She who is the mother
* 986 * Trikonaga - She who has attained at all vertices of a triangle
* 987 * Anaga - She who is not neared by sin
* 988 * Adbutha charithra - She who has a wonderful history
* 989 * Vanchithartha pradayini - She who gives what is desired
* 990 * Abhyasathisaya gnatha - She who can be realized by constant practice
* 991 * Shaddwatheetha roopini - She who supersedes the six methods of prayers
* 992 * Avyaja karuna moorhy - She who shows mercy without reason
* 993 * Agnana dwantha deepika - She who is the lamp that drives away ignorance
* 994 * Abala gopa vidhitha - She who is worshipped by all right from children and cowherds
* 995 * Sarvan ullangya sasana - She whose orders can never be disobeyed
* 996 * Sri chakra raja nilaya - She who lives in Srichakra
* 997 * Sri math thripura sundari - The beautiful goddess of wealth who is consort of the Lord of Tripura
* 998 * Sri shivaa - She who is the eternal peace
* 999 * Shiva shakthaikya roopini - She who is unification of Shiva and Shakthi
* 1000 * Lalithambika - The easily approachable mother.

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)-7

Slokha, is the most common Sanskrit meter and is a descendant of the older Vedic gayatri
The slokha, meaning 'song', although metric, is not considered poetic. It functions more as the equivalent to Western prose with lines and meter and is often used in narratives or epics.

The defining features of the slokha are:
stanzaic, written in any number of couplets made up of 2 hemistiches. The hemistiches can be broken into 4 lines or padas creating quatrains, 4 lines or padas
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metric, alternate hemistiches of trochaic and iambic patterns.

The following verses are my own work, a prayer, based on the great slokha 'Lalitha Sahasranamam' where the meaningful thousand names of Adi Para Sakthi (primordial cosmic Energy) are verses are not literal or exact translation of the I referred to the translation of the great slokha by Mr.P. R. Ramachander

(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

19 Thee who dispels fear from our hearts
Thee who grows courage in our hearts
Married to Sambu the Shiva
Thee who is by name Sambhavi

Those special autumnal nine days
Those nine days of Sarad rutu
On the eighth day of those nine days
Thee who's worshipped as Sarada

Mother of wisdom, Sambhavi
Thee whom yogis like to vision
The all in all power Sarva
Thee His consort, who's Sarvani

The bestower of happiness
Thee, our Mother of all in all
As is married to Sankara
So is Thee known as Sankari

Thou art the Power of Powers
Thou art the Powers of Power
Thou art the Power of Vishnu
Thou art the Power of Lakshmi

Bestower of wealth of good deeds
Thee the good deeds, thee the good wealth
Giver of the riches and life
Thee who's Srikari, our Mother

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

20 Wholly devout to Sankara
Virtuous thee who is Sadvi
Autumnal moon of a clear sky
Thee who has such a pleasant face

Thee the child of Sathodaran
Thee who birthed the whole lot and aged
Still thee with slender youthful waist
Thee who is so Sathodari

Thee who is peace-personified
Thine calm persona that does it
Our mire settles down to vanish
Thou art our linchpin oh Mother

Thou art the Support to the whole
But thyself to thee the Support
Thee who is so Niradhara
Thee who is Niranjana too

Free of illusion, ignorance
Thou art free of mayamala
Thou art so happy for ever
So is thee called Niranjana

Thee create and creating still
To that beautiful art of work
Not attached, not boasting, thou art
Mother, thee who is Nirlepa

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

21 Free of faults and flaws and defects
Thee who is known as Nirmala
Immortal, eternal thou art
Thee who is so known as Nithya

Thee who's boundless so is formless
So is thee called Nirakara
Strong thee who's not diverged, disturbed
Thee who's so called Nirakula

Who's beyond any ilk of traits
So is thee known as Nirguna
Boundless thee indivisible
So is thee known as Nishkala

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

So to thee Mother, namaste
The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

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Note: -Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas121-140

* 121 * Bhayapaha - She who removes fear
* 122 * Sambhavya - She who is married to Shambhu
* 123 * Saradharadya - She who is to be worshipped during Navarathri celebrated during autumn
* 124 * Sarvani - She who is the consort of Lord Shiva in the form of Sarvar
* 125 * Sarmadhayini - She who gives pleasures
* 126 * Sankari - She who is the consort of Sankara
* 127 * Sreekari - She who gives all forms of wealth and happiness
* 128 * Sadhwi - She who is eternally devoted to her husband
* 129 * Sarat chandra nibhanana - She who has the face like moon in the autumn
* 130 * Satho dhari - She who has a thin belly
* 131 * Santhimathi - She who is peace personified
* 132 * Niradhara - She who does not need any support to herself
* 133 * Niranjana - She who is devoid of any blemishes or scars
* 134 * Nirlepa - She who does not have any attachment
* 135 * Nirmala - She who is personification of clarity or She who is devoid of any dirt
* 136 * Nithya - She who is permanently stable
* 137 * Nirakara - She who does not have any shape
* 138 * Nirakula - She who cannot be attained by confused people
* 139 * Nirguna - She who is beyond any characteristics
* 140 * Nishkala - She who is not divided

Indira Renganathan
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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

22 Thee who is tranquil and serene
Thee who is so known as Shantha
Thee who is free from all desires
Thee who is so called Nishkama

Thee who is indestructible
Thee who's so Nirupaplava
Thee who's free of any restraints
Thee but who is of self-restraint

Thee who's wholly independent
So is divine and eternal
Thee who is so Nithyamuktha
Thee who is called Nirvikara
For thee who rolls all to changes
The life cycle of births and deaths
Thee who stirs the whole to travail
But thee, Nirvikara..constant

At thy feet this whole creation..
Bound to thee this boundless nature
But thee beyond all boundlessness
So is thee called Nishprapancha

Unto thee the whole creation
Thee the lone backing of the whole
Thyself, free of any leanings
So is thee called Nirasraya

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

23 Thou art the chaste Fire, the Agni
Thee who burns all dirt to pure ash
Thou art the Pristine, the Sacred
Mother, thou art Nithyasuddha

Mother, thou art the Cognizance
Thee who clears all sorrow, its tears
Thee the Supreme Considerate
Thee who's so called Nithyabuddha

Oh Mother, thou art merciful
Immeasurable empathy
Thee who shows with the sinful lot
Who saves from the ocean of sin

Thee who is so unblameable
Thee who is so Niravadya
Thou art the eternal Wholesome
Indiscreet, so Niranthara

Which is not causeless in thy Make
Thee who's the causer of thy Make
Who's the causer of thee Mother
Thyself, so is Nishkarana

Thou art unflawed Nishkalanga
Boundless thee who's Nirupadhi
And thee who has no overlord
So is thee called Nireeswara

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

24 Thee who gives all desire in life
But passionless thee..Neeraga
Thee who clears all desires in all
Thee who's called Ragamadhani

Thee who's the divinely Prideless
Is Nirmadha. who destroys pride
All is so Madhanasini
Because thou art the sweet Mother

Thee who is not flustered at all
Thee who is not vacillating
Thee who is blissful and peaceful
Thee who's so known as Nischintha

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest

Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
The Support for life the bestest
Thou art all Force the mightiest

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The Power of all, namaste
The causer of all, namaste
Creatrix of all, namaste

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Note: Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas141-160

* 141 * Santha - She who is peace
* 142 * Nishkama - She who does not have any desires
* 143 * Niruppallava - She who is never destroyed
* 144 * Nithya muktha - She who is forever free of the ties of the world
* 145 * Nirvikara - She never undergoes alteration
* 146 * Nishprapancha - She who is beyond this world
* 147 * Nirasraya - She who does not need support
* 148 * Nithya shuddha - She who is forever clean
* 149 * Nithya bhuddha - She who is for ever knowledge
* 150 * Niravadhya - She who can never be accused
* 151 * Niranthara - She who is forever continuous
* 152 * Nishkarana - She who does not have cause
* 153 * Nishkalanka - She who does not have blemishes
* 154 * Nirupadhi - She who does not have basis
* 155 * Nireeswara - She who does not have any one controlling her
* 156 * Neeraga - She who does not have any desires
* 157 * Ragha madhani - She who removes desires from us
* 158 * Nirmadha - She who does not have any firm beliefs
* 159 * Madhanasini - She who destroys beliefs
* 160 * Nischintha - She who is not worried

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer(Slokha)-9

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(Please read the previous parts of this series before reading this)

25 Mother, thee the Maker of all
Thee the Causer of all, yet thee
Mother, not proud not conceited
So thou art Nirahankara

Thee who is not bound by Maya
Thee who is so called Nirmohaa
Thee who dispels one's illusion
Thee who's so called Mohanasini

Thee who's free from egotism
Thee who is so called Nirmama
Thee who ruins egotism
Thee who's so Mamathahinthri

Thee who is sinless Nishpapa
Thee who uproots the tree of sins
So is thee Papanasini
Thee who's always free of anger

Thee who is so called Nishkrodha
Thee who's angerless so is thee
Who can destroy one's angeriness
So is thee Krodhasamani

Thee who is free from avarice
Thee who's rightly called Nirlobha
Thee who can destroy avarice
Thee who's so Lobhanasini

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

26 Thee being the Mother of all
Thee being the Guru of all
Thee caring for your children all
Not at all with vacillation

Doubtless thee is Nissamsaya
Mother, thee who is Nissamsaya
Thee who enlightens thy Bhaktas
Thee who so clears Bhaktas' doubts

Thee who's so called Samsayagni
Thee who's the creator of all
Who sheathes Herself with Matter yet
Thee who has no birth and no death

Thee who is so called Nirbhava
From the cycle of birth and death
Thee who frees thy dear Bhaktas all
So is thee Bhavanasini

Thy ceaseless labour of this cosmos
Thy perfect plan of its function
Thy measure of thy pervasion
It's thy pure rightly done design

Mother, thou art so absolute
Thee is so called Nirvikalpa
Mother thou art resolute too
Thee who's so called Nirabhadha

Namaste Mother namaste
Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

27 Thee who has no disparity
Thee who is so called Nirbedha
Thee who has no disparity
Ruins bedha in Bhakta's mind

So is thee Bedhanasini
Thee the Cause of all creation
Thee the Cause of all births and deaths
Thee the Cause of all life's design

Mother, thee likes to sport and sport
To make and destruct with Matter
But thee stay thyself immortal
Thee who is so called Nirnasa

Ho ho, divine our sweet Mother
Thou art beautiful the bestest
Thou art our brave queen the bestest
Thou art our Wisdom the bestest
Thou art our Strength sole the bestest
The Support for mind the bestest
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Divine Mother, unto thy feet
This tiny droplet surrenders
Rise my size within me, I watch

---

Note: Translation by Mr.P.R Ramachander
Naamaas161-180

* 161 * Nirahankara - She who does not have an ego
* 162 * Nirmoha - She who does not have any passion
* 163 * Mohanasini - She who destroys passion
* 164 * Nirmama - She who does not have selfish feelings
* 165 * Mamatha hanthri - She who destroys selfishness
* 166 * Nishpapa - She who does not have any sin
* 167 * Papa nashini - She who destroys sin
* 168 * Nishkrodha - She who is devoid of anger
* 169 * Krodha -samani - She who destroys anger
* 170 * Nir Lobha - She who is not miserly
* 171 * Lobha nasini - She who removes miserliness
* 172 * Nissamsaya - She who does not have any doubts
* 173 * Samsayagni - She who clears doubts
* 174 * Nirbhava - She who does not have another birth
* 175 * Bhava nasini - She who helps us not have another birth
* 176 * Nirvikalpa - She who does not do anything she does not desire
* 177 * Nirabhadha - She who is not affected by anything
* 178 * Nirbhedha - She who does not have any difference
* 179 * Bhedha nasini - She who promotes oneness
* 180 * Nirnasa - She who does not die

Indira Renganathan
A Mother's Pain

I'm pained a lot
O'darling with no heart
On bygone past
Unknowing true or false
Meaningless at me
When you shout

Still more paining a lot
O'darling with no heart
On needless waste
Unknowing true or false
Your spouse, your chit
Meaningless at you
When they shout
Paining a lot o'darling
Paining, paining, paining

Still a lot more paining
O'darling with no sense
On needless waste
Senseless your utterance
Unknowing of erratic deed
Meaningless at others
when uttered in shouts
Paining deathful o'darling
paining deathful, deathful..

Indira Renganathan
A Night Means...

A night means rest or sleep
Just in restless darkness but to cry
In silence to the Lord
'Save me from this nocturnal march
O' Father eternal, infinite'...

A night means rest or sleep
Just in restless march but to cry
In incorporeal wake to the Lord
'Save me from this infernal darkness
O' Father eternal infinite'...

Indira Renganathan
A Prayer

What difference Oh, Lord of the Goddess
Thither, hither You and soul mine
Alone alike in concealment-secrecy...yet unmet
To bridge is to work and I work
In vain to your abode of a sullen spark
Hither Enigma, thither dogma and this drama
Long, long for how long Oh, Lord of the Goddess

Indira Renganathan
A Rain Song-1

When there's a big thunder
And a bright lightning
And the peacocks come out
To unfurl their train
My heart peeps out
And finds a cheered earth
Waits for the sky to open
And pour the nectar heaven's

And now it rains outside
My heart smiles inside
And gently slips outside
In the rains all sides
And it flees apart
Rests on a tree top
Watching a bird chirping
Tries its best chirping

Like a bird in rains
Flutters in rounds to find
Drip-drops of the rains
All around pearly divine
And it sees a bee
Buzzing around for honey
Whizzing up and down
My heart tooabounds

As it's pouring now
And that light is low
Like a drippy crow
Back to the tree now
My heart waits cuddled
Amid the leaves puddled
Till the morn is back
To wipe it clean and brisk

And morning turns afresh
My heart is refreshed
The sky is still grey
But it's a rainbow day
Watching a butterfly
Waltzing around nigh
My heart waltzes around
All rainbow flowers aground

And with lots of honey
My heart is back to me
I do ask my heart
What she could see in all
Simply she replies 'ah
It's love and God all

Indira Renganathan
And
Pouring the rain stormy
Making the soil so gloomy
There is no sun seen above
Light is so dull and dim
Stormy rain slaps the trees
Stormy rain hits the hills
Stormy rain rolls the rocks
Stormy rain slays the boles

Pouring rain storming the land
Making me too highly so sad
For reasons bad so many
I can not but tell you any
Feeling forlorn my dear heart
Willing to fly and breathe afresh
I let it out in the pouring rain
To sail along the rivery rain

O' my heart! floating in rains
Hit by the stones here and there
Shivering with injured mind
Finds no help to take refuge
Swept away through meanders
My heart foolishly ignores
A help smoldering in dark
Stretching its weak hand

Lost is the right path
Lost is the right task
Like a new born babe
My heart cries 'save'
Timely a lightning
Flashes so striking
There is that small hope
Flashing a small scope

Flaming that small hope
Flashing a small scope
Reaching my heart fast
Through that flooded dark
Clever my heart now
Clasping that small hope
Rushes to me back
And secures in fear-shocked

And I do ask my heart
What she could see in all
Simply she replies 'awful'
I don't give up but mindful
Of that flaming hope I ask
Is that all your hopeful task?
Discerned my heart recalls
O' It's love and God all

Indira Renganathan
A Rain Song-3

A Rain Song-3

Then some months run fast
Winter road ending passed
Strange, on a different day
Ere the summer sun rays
Showers spring from above
Kindled my heart to love
Getting wet in the rains
Letting rushed out its pains

'I shall not let you go
O' my heart just you know
Untimely patter it is
Will give you a disease'
But my heart wouldn't listen
With crazy words that glisten
Leaving me at bay
Goes out to play

Well drenched my dear heart
Wants to roam a lot
But alas! rain stops in short
My heart gets appalled
Just at once in a while
Mosquitoes and rain flies
Swarming around and bite
O' my heart to fight

Alarmed my heart returns
Cuddling me strong and stern
Pat-patting in fear
'No outing'says my dear
And I do tell my heart
Not to be scared a lot
'It's all the sport of the God
Sing in praise of the Lord'
A Rain Song-4

Then some months run fast
Summer sets in atlast
Pregnantly scorching
Peakishly burning
Suffocated my heart
Steps out to breathe
But is much let down
As the wind is still

Sweetering my angry heart
shouts at the idle wind
To blow and hit the sky
And pierce the reservoir up
Sweetering my angry heart
Shouts at the lazy ocean
To push the wind up high
In stirring rolls high and high

Oh, astounding it turns now
Rising wind rolls so high
Herding the clouds in thickets
Hiding the sunny light
Darkened the ocean
Roaring and swelling
Fearing my sweet heart
To step away far

Secured back in me
Gazing at the sky
Appalled by the bolts
Struck with awe my heart
Finds a sword of lightning
Piercing the dark sky
Oh there, then it starts pouring
To my heart's full content

My heart is now happy
As vast as the sky
Summer is beaten now
Shower wins soil's love
Oh, follow my happy heart
Bathing in the rains
She sings jiggling notes
She dances thudding loud steps
And me resistlessly
Out in the rains run
Up and down of joy
Jump with my dear heart
I sing I dance I shout
In one with my sweet heart
All in thudding loud steps
In that rainy dark night
Nothing goes wrong
Though there is no moon
Though there is no light
As rain does all bright
Me and my heart so close
Sing and dance and shout
Clapping thudding loud steps
Licking the rainy honey drops
While all is well going
Like a spark of the hell
Rain stops sudden short
Summer hell sets in back
Quick in a wink's snap
Cringing me my heart
Whispers on her bad luck
I only tell her 'shhhh
Sing in praise of the Lord'

Indira Renganathan
A Rain Song-5

Then some months run fast
Summer has ended at last
And comes in the whirlwind
From southwest to blind
While things are getting dusty
My heart too feeling dirty
Hitting wind hitting some chirps
Eager my heart now peeps

O' that tree opposite
Bearing a nestful of chicks
Newborns, just newborns
Cheeping in excited respite
Excited my heart
watching with wide eyes
Praying to the almighty
For those wee birds' safety

Wind is blowing beating
Billowing winnowing
Scary scene scary scene
O' what will those chicks do
Bending and bending the tree
In cracking sound to fall
'O' God! 'praying my heart
Awed by that tree's shrieks

The tree does fall
Uprooted of all
The chicks too fall
Then suddenly wind stops
Fallen tree fallen
No one cares to hasten
Praying my heart crying
As there is no screeching

This day past some weeks
On that lushy tree lain
Drops of water the sky sheds
As north-east wind blowing
Right time the rain starts
Rain is merrily pouring
Merrily on that tree lain
Merrily on that tree lain

'O' God! ' my heart in awe
Shouts not seeing the birds
Rain is pouring, rain is pouring
Ho, heart is crying, heart is crying
Sky is dimming, sky is dimming
Eerie days of three passed
Angry my heart is raged
For I'm not helping the chicks

'What can I do
Old and weak enough
Rickety my strength
Can I move the tree
Can I save the birds
So pray to God
O'my dear heart
Pray to God my sweet heart'

Pouring rain flooding
Levelling up to the door steps
Fearing my heart crying
As the lightnings thunder high
Like a devil's hunting
Lashing, flashing, splashing
Rain is playing, playing
In dark for a week

After a week rain bids bye
Sun is out on all to shine
Sweepers come to clean
Remove the fallen tree
Waiting my heart is surprised
To see the grown chicks
Running out of the tree
My heart is happy, so happy
Happy my heart asking me now
How can it be so after a havoc
I do tell my heart, I do tell my heart
'What else could it be my dear
It's just love of God to all
Just love of God to all'

Indira Renganathan
A Rayofhope

To measure the depth of the sky
Is to measure the depth of the ocean

Now the ocean feels shamed so high
As the sky suppresses her down

Her depth of sorrow
Can never be measured
A dark room in her life
Where sun can never enter

And sun is helpless too
To come near her
For he'll make her a desert

Yet sun alone can console her

From the boundary-line of the aqua
In soothing pink sun pops up daily

A ray of hope for the ocean's dark room

Indira Renganathan
A Shadowed Wedlock

'Eclipse is nature's play..
Who can question God'

She said to continue

'Your's is not a play of
Eclipse but your secrecy

Why? am I so much avoidable?
Shadowed is your another life

More than this much of honesty
I don't know how to be

Who will help me to know
What you are?

Who will care about your
Old parents than me?

Whoever said it...
I Condemn

Husband is not God
So too you aren't'

Indira Renganathan
A Song From The Paddy Field

And that song when hit my heart
Fragrant from the paddy green
Feasted my mind sat to muse
Masticating some past cud

A small girl

In full skirt and a loose blouse
With long locks double-plaited
Holding tight her grandpa's hand
Walking along the furrows

She sang to the waving green
As the wind whizzed, grand pa laughed
Grandpa had a tuft let loose
To dance free wind-way, she laughed

Her ta-ra-la-la went long
Far to reach a mango grove
She had mangoes raw and ripe
Sang "bite a bit, bit by bit"

Grandpa couldn't sing fast her speed
She kept laughing way back home
The paddy field bade good bye
Set right its reel, mind swirled back

"Where's grandpa; heart smiled"

Indira Renganathan
A Song Of Conditional Love

One more time
You confess your love to me
Some more times
You confess your love to me
Do come home to
Confess your love to me

Mamma, pappa, grandma, grand pa
Brothers sisters, aunts, uncles
Nieces, nephews, cousins and all
To watch you

"Confess your love to me;"

Tell me then
You still have love for me
Then again go on to
Confess your love to me

Friends and folks all
Of this metropolis to watch

"Confess your love to me;"
I vow! ! I'm then your...
(husband/wife)

Indira Renganathan
A Song Of Reprisal

Why do you spy behind me
Oh my dear spy
Why do you spy behind me

I know you doubt me skyhigh
With a grudge to push me down
Do not fix your eyes and ears
On my back to spy me

If brave just throw them harsh
On my face with your spittles
I bear and bear for days long
I vow to wipe your shame
With your own spittles

Better look at me into my eyes
Tell me, you see any enmity
Rivalry or revenge
Needless, why do you grudge
I vow to wipe your shame
With your own spittles

Why do you spy behind me
Oh my dear spy, needless,
Why do you get on my nerves
I vow to wipe your shame
With your own spittles

Indira Renganathan
A Song Of Solution

I have to meet my end some day
Next minute or a long wait
Know not when and how

Looking back at my deeds
Some were innocent
Some were ignorant
Some were foolish
Some were furious
For no tasty fruit
May be for a fruit in hell

Yet in my distant ken
I capture a blob of light
A tasty fruit
Flashing my little good
My heart says "Just clutch"
"And save the seed"
Grow bigger... good bigger
For the fruit in heaven;

Indira Renganathan
A Thought Crept Into My Mind

A thought crept into my mind
Settled in a silent corner
But my mind is not a burial ground
To press it down in secrecy

To gush forth colourful
My mind has a fount of hues
Begotten of the rainbow..
Seven and their combinations

Where from came the rainbow..
An after-thought Sun's
After the rains it was..
A worthy compendium for my mind

Doused in my mind's fount
My thought now has wings
Winged colourful it's soaring
Now above the skies

It wants to meet the Sun
Ask him where from it came
How into my mind it crept
How it got out so iridescent

Indira Renganathan
A Visit Again To Sringeri

That was the unruly mob most undisciplined
Albeit supposedly the most pious devotees
That dissuaded my watching the pooja
Venting my heart no bit of a stand
To get in there with my prayers...
That left me enshrouded much with regrets and despair

After a long while another visit recently
"Guru must have read my mind" I well guessed
There were hardly fifty people this season
A blessed feeling that I felt even earlier
Pagoda flowers giving illumined welcome throughout
While winding through the ghats to Sringeri

All was well at Sringeri
With all the preaching of the Jagathguru
With all the blessings of His Holiness
With all the visits to the temples there
With all the dharshan of the deities there
With all the gentle soothing showers, heaven adown

Heaven adown, yes, all along with river Tunga...
Calm, blissful myriad heavens in her convened
A feeling to be felt drowned in her charm
A visual to be visioned by soul into her soul
Tunga was pregnant with verdure on both banks
Supporting flora, fauna and a pantheon of gods

Neither Kaalabhairava nor Kaali nor Durgha
Despite the deity of the wild woody forests
Was fearful but invitingly bewitching
Even the Sun God of Suryanarayana temple
Like the sun of the sky wasn't burning
But was at once pleasingly blessing, bestowing

The blue sky was carpeted with mellowed grey
Whence in controlled perforation
Elysian rose-water-drizzles kept on drizzling
Tunga was scented all along in high pleasance
And in beaming mercy Mother Sharadha
Blessing, blessing, blessing Her aqua-kid

And there the fishes big biggies playing happily
That I found them fear-free of being fished
And there Lord Hanuman in height blissful
I found installed firmly rejoicing Tunga-breath
And me, to fall lain at the Mother's feet Tunga-way
Awaiting yet again one more visit to Sringeri

Indira Renganathan
A Visit To Aliyar

Surprise sometimes is aghast like the vast sky
So was it then to me when taken to Aliyar
Golden silence was bold and beautiful and
Green sward’s scent trickled my mind
Messaging my heart peace, peace peace

That was a day of commiseration on me
So my kindred took me out to calm
River Aliyar was kind and soothed me well
Each of us a stranger to each. I mean the river
How come, I was drawn adrift at her feet

Fate has always a lamp for its darkness
I suppose it was that which pacified me
In serene pride of renting her space
To Aliyar who in return paying exorbitant
Anaimalai hills stood strong behind

I was silent merged in that big silence
High and huge and wide and deep
Blown my heart got doused in that nectar
Damn beauty of the dam and its watchers
Couldn’t do away with my contemplation

Added bliss certainly to mention here is
There stood that temple of consciousness
In wordless preaching it spoke a lot
Wholesome primordiality, its consciousness
And all else, one can comprehend

Thanking that great rishi Vethathiri
With somewhat lightened mind and heart
A buddy smile at least I could impart
Back home hope began to build up
On the ripples of Aliyar

Indira Renganathan
A Visit To Batu Caves

Hitherto visits to the six abodes
And all else seemed not sufficient
Dusty heart started sneezing sick
Signaled for His brand of cleanser

As earlier trip so to Batu failed
Undone heart vowed now a visit
Four hundred million years' strength
However could support me climb well

Those two hundred and seventy two steps
Began saluting Him from His Holy feet
Chandan-gold He stood there handsome
Much kind ready to adore me heartily

Mindless to leave from His pleasance
Halted my heart and soul timeless
But soon heard 'hurry up, hurry up'
More handsome my husband from that end

Readily He kicked me to reach him fast
To fall unto His feet therein we both
Lord was His usual look proven godly
In His usual den of that unusual cave

He creates, He protects, my mind inferred
At the sight of His expanse all around
Those patterned Stalactites, stalagmites
A charm ineffable uttering 'we are His'

A silent subdued beauty I got imbued with
My usual secret link with Him in solitude
A pristine breath melodizing innerly new
Life of whole yuga seemed salved heavenly

Temple crowd has never disturbed me at all
But those monkeys..! ending us from moving
Intruded on our couldn't, we stopped
Valli, Devasena albeit waiting still up high
Those steps steep and high up and up man's
But His are many more in furtherance unseen
Down the hill waiting high and handsome He
Stroked in hush 'I decide your time blest'

Indira Renganathan
A Visit To Bryant Park-Kodaikanal

Waiting to tribute the nominal pay
Queuing gate-way was lined up in awe
That excited hearts eliciting Heaven all around

And I could hear in hushing chimes the angelic voices
From inside prattling in ambrosial tones
That in effect I was stunned entering into that Park

So as to tell you now, it was all rainbow-blots
Blossoming broad and wide in wonder wonderful
That my heart got to be tattooed on a sudden gusto

Over an area of 20.5 acres in luxuriant lushness
That you join me to surmise a divine mischief
Of the celestial chits blotting the rainbow-hues

Then throwing down on there kid like all kids
Next to clear them in fear of the earthly sentry
Descended but to only flee in sheer urgency

But on an intuitive impulse t sensed
And his discernment in hasty anxiety did it all
In hurried grouping pristine of rainbow shades

Whence bloomed a heavenly flora in vast richness
That my eccentricity rolled on them in secret vision
My oddity hugged and kissed and jostled in secret soul

Just to befriend that bewitching scenario of flowers
A garland of floral friends my heart to adorn ever
Princesses of the queen of hills heavenly heightened..

They my friendly florescence of exotic hybrids and orchids
Elderly pals of trees years and years high and old
When atlast put me into trance under a 'Bodhi'(Birch)tree

I floated under the azured shade of the welkin sky
In captured moment yelled out thanking one by one
O'Fuchsia, O'Aster, O'Crinum Lily, O'Petunia, O'Viola
O'Begnoia, O'Cosmos, O'Dahlia, O'Haemanthus, O'Hydrangea...
Exceeding three hundred and odd they in response voiced,
Even now and ever in welcome 'yes Indira..yes Indira..yes Indira'..

Indira Renganathan
A Visit To Krishnapuram Temple

Who knows about my special heart
That knows about those special hearts
Who specially welcome my every visit
With special smile as if of real humans
In linguistic hush to my heart's questionnaire..

Who never emote evil or sorrow
And whom I can lean on supported
In blissful divinity on par with Perumaal
Who in silent encouraging watch
Posits His all-knowingness in His elvish eyes..

One in wandering elegance dances
In my soul all over
While abducted prince and princess enact
All for a rescue bewildered
And Arjun showing a way on deep penance

Hardship isn't easy to win Paasupada
And hence Veerabadra guards with ministry
While Vyagrapada, Dharma, Bheema support
And in their mayic world Rathi-Manmatha loving,
An austere sage upset by Srilankan woman..

Your visit is a must dear friend
For they're the super-sculpted beings
Supra-splendid livened up of a single stone
So what to my folks if I'm strange
I go on with His all-knowing elvish eyes

Indira Renganathan
Whizzling breeze was moist..
In happy mood whirring thoughts
Got unkempt fluttering freakishly on my head
And I had to tuft them tight onto a vow often

Extra special, desirous my heart
This time on 'Independence Day'decisive
To perform 'archana' for my Mother only
To the Goddess, mother of my 'Mother Bharat'

Silly, selfish it sounds, 'bless me, bless me'
Sworn into Her domain selfless hereafter
So to be expiating hitherto wrong
Lub-dub-ing was my heart 'JaiHind, JaiHind'

A bulky welcome, straight into the precincts
We were pushed to find partly, partly
Dining, playing, gossiping, quarrelling, roaming
Aloof also queuing to worship bulks and bulks

Somewhat a bridgeless, sober ambience ungodly
Evinced an emptiness alone a stir of indifference
Crushed in jostle habitual performing in urgency
Revelation..'God is untouchable ever'..yet die hard

Hurt heart fell before the flag mast wearied
Enigmatic..people or the creator..heaved a sigh
Got up to feel a fall of a rain droplet on me
Mahatma's tears...? JaiHind, JaiHind

Indira Renganathan
A Visit To Sringeri

Determination cloaked me armoured
And I shut my material mind at once
Which was done greatly resolutely
Sindhoor, ash, rakshai from forehead
Signalling all holy the spiritual road
Lighted on was my crinion

'Why not, why not you dear me'
I told myself spiritually clad
Readying for a visit to Sringeri
A journey straight to Mangalore
Winding through the heights there from
Sringeri levelled up in preaching clemency

Friday's auspice brought high favour
That opportune fortune arrived timely
A holy hall throning His Holiness,
JagathGuru ruling kind visioning keen
Thronging silks scenting strong enough
Religious jamboree incensing ritually rich

Watching eyes queuing to be blessed
Tensed moment perplexing all selves
A dharshan of all the deities scurrying
Albeit the temple queen spared more time
No where I heard the sounding temple bell
Only until my stomach tolled the lunch-bell

A jostling yearlong birthday-celebrations
Jam-packed luncheon even in the mutt-mess
Sitting-eating was of unruly our folks'way
Agonized mind exhaled gasping pains from heart
Night fell on Thunga's silent composure
Disturbed Saturday rose for the closing function

Well, that was all at the Shashtyabdhapoorththy
Filled with functional prayers of Poornahuti
Of Bharati Tirtha Mahaswamy, the JagatGuru
As devout hearts again thronging at the finale
My heart sat aside isolated unable to watch
Provoked with feelings of desires and disgust

I can not wipe away my stained heart with pooja
Nor can I wash off with my tears the impurities
Not even my prayers can justify my guilty soul
For closed my material mind was open throughout
Guru alone, Guru alone can guide and waken
In shearing sparkle my sleeping mind spiritual

Indira Renganathan
A Visit To Thiruchendur

Niceties of November rains
In a lordly remote touch
Brought in guests
Who took me on a state-highway
That was anew greenish afresh
Paddy-sided right and left
In big puddles but tanked
That the grey sky puffed bulky
Very willingly was duplicating itself
To which betwixt sunshine peering
In a play of hide and seek
Upsetting the watchful Ayyanar
All which His evidential horse
In silent neigh signalled, reported
That other village-deities spared
In secret enjoyment but in open escorting
In divine drizzles then and there
And new, new visiting birds
In total rejoicing coo-cooing colourful
On rhapsodic trees swaying in dancing plies
While the rainy breeze rollickingly caressing me
I lost myself in a different world...

But approaching sea-roaring
Brought me back diligent
To step into the Lord's abode
Ramping up and down, up and down
Through the cramming swampy crowd
Unto Lord Muruga's feet
Which beat back once the conceited tsunami,
Like the defeated three demons aeons back
Alike even this soul be conquered
I held the Lord's feet tight in full surrender
But as Matter mattered much I left my soul there
Just to return with this stale body
And started spinning around the precincts
With my heart and mind once, twice, thrice
In restarts of abrupt slokha-recitation
And when my soulless feet got fatigued
Transient me on sudden realisation..
Where are the accompanied guests...?
And almost on a fall I sat o' Muruga...
Just to hear prompt that moment
From the godly tower an utterance
From a beautiful peacock in unfurled dancing
An unsyllabled cry but voicing special
'Searching the Truth...? '
To which unanswered my heart pondering on still
Though I joined the guests on return journey

Indira Renganathan
My brahminism..
Still holding ascetic austerities
Bathed brisk in dark dawn,
Prepared food for the day
Despite the regards for the nightly cooked
Despite the family’s grumbling
At the earliest Brahma Muhurtham
All for a visit to Thirupudaimaruthur
Where next to Karuvur Chithar
I was to sing per my daughter's plea
Praising the Lord who might change
His left bent to right listening special for us
And whose blessings to Viramarthanda, Indra
We hoped, splattered in the skies to fall on us
While running by car in pleasant speed
And
At the shrine by 6.30 a.m so having arrived
Readied the hopeful hearts
For a holy dip in holy Thamiraparani
But I who was for a cosmic glow
Was deceived by a cosmetic blow
So to withdraw satisfied with home-bath itself
Simply to sink in silent bird watching
Just to exclaim at times 'Flamingo, Flamingo'
Which my folly, hurt my daughter very much
For which she was jagging her teeth too much
That all my cheers flew away with the birds
That I totally ended in unfair singing
But my grand-daughter made up that moment
All with her rattling, prattling syllables
Ensuring boons from Lord Narumponnathar
Who has been merciful for twelve hundred years
Like His curative consort Rudraksha Gomathi
Whose blessing eyes sprayed flecks of river Gomathi
Turning out my bad mood for a happy serving
At the resort of Athaalanallur
Where Gajendravarada too blessingly feasted
All with which we became loaded full
Albeit reserved more of bird watching
And murals searching for next visit

Indira Renganathan
A Waiting Love (Song)

Up and down as I walk along the road
There're trees so many...many many...but
I don't! ! as I feel a vast empty space

Up and down as I walk along the road
There're flowers many...many many...but
I don't! ! as I feel a vast empty space

Up and down as I walk along the road
There're birds so many...many many...but
I don't! ! as I feel a vast empty space

Up and down as I walk along the road
There's beauty around...so much beauty...but
I don't! ! as I feel a vast empty space

Oh my sweet love, but I don't see them all
Deserted my heart's waiting to meet you
Come along, make me see a paradise

Come along my love, your sweet heart's waiting
Make me see a paradise, paradise

Indira Renganathan
A Weddingsong

In the name of the Lord we're tied
In the name of the Lord we've promised
To be hand in hand till the end
To be heart to heart till the end
To live soul in soul till the end

In the name of the Lord we've promised
To hold and hold each other long
To live and lead together long
Not to part each other lifelong
But to stay bonded tight lifelong

In the name of the Lord we've promised
It's a promise, promise, promise
On this promising wedding day
It's a promise, promise, promise
On this happily wedded day

May the Lord be with all always
May the Lord bless us all all days
May all have His blessing showers
May all have His mercy-showers

In the name of the Lord we're tied
In the name of the Lord we've promised
It's a promise, promise, promise
On this happily wedded day

Indira Renganathan
Ability 4

Naive she was outward
Much against the shock-stairs
Destiny specially built for her..

Sympathy wasn't close to her
From all around; unaware too
Of her heart feather-footed..

Only her destiny knew of she
Delving in challenging change
The thorned stairs for flower-strewn
A path velveteen in mum secret

Innocence is not ignorance
And her destiny knowing it
Slapped her in vengeance..
Kicked her beloved spouse sixty plus
To exit leaving behind a gift-balance
Of grown up children unsettled..

Destiny is individual.. yes
But destinies...?
A sister destiny extended
Invoking in her a help of courage

She now stands out herself raised
A bold trudge in life's right of way
Out of their folly mellowed children
In total acceptance blooms a smile
Her spouse soulful in her heart
She's more beautiful now...

Indira Renganathan
And
She's treading on still..

As has been so far
Deafly unconcerned
Along a road, in the cab, in the shop
Anywhere
Unbeaten by deafening noise
Unbothered of scolding, mocking, joking, shirking

Others blaring in
searching a piece of sound
Fathoming her ears

Unknowingly that

She the queen
Her dictatorship bejeweled, bedecked
Slamming everybody at her feet
Her best familial way
Despite a deaf, illiterate

Unknowingly about

Her sovereign cognition
Of kitchen and as well of her nation
Despite a deaf, illiterate

Unknowingly that

She the most unconcerned of herself
Devoid of aid any her hearing-loss
Yet can talk on lakshmi
Despite a deaf, illiterate

Unknowingly that

She the shepherdess of the infernal
Where she's treading on still..
The bold and deaf ninety five
To the inkling sound of silence
Treading on still..

Indira Renganathan
Ability-2

Vagabond the husband..
Job to job, place to place
Loitering in unsteady wandering
His own wishful ideology

Towed wife followed in silence
Dragged to get abraded
Of frequent packing and unpacking

Fueled his reasonless loathing routine
Smoldering her sparkles to rupture
Bursted the female heart one day

On decision of no divorce
Her silent angst but to settle
An occupation and destination
Permanent for herself

All with blessed guts she scored
Raising high her children
Her status, her house..a happy home

And her vagabond hubby...
A regular Sunday-visitor
Hosteling to relish her

'Jansi Rani'(I call her so)..
Her clever silence is composed
For her daughters, for their marriage
So not to break her own wedlock

Indira Renganathan
She was knotted to wedding augury
Only to tread on poorness
Destiny stampeded her and her five kids
Just to gobble her only son like a dragon

But blest husband most benevolent
Adorable granny so highly hospitable
Much so shining her sacred investitures
Threw much confidence in blest heart

She became 'Amma' for everyone around
Wonder how she spellbound even children
So bound all thronged in as dear and near
She became the merciful 'Annapoorani' soon

Fiery fate but sometimes repeats to gluttonize
It ate her husband on a sudden hit
Bereaved granny but upheld strong despite wealthless
Her caring heart brought in serving people

Sought to no job she groomed her kindness only
Good soul hers earned good souls only
Wonder how a caring heart gains caring hearts
She died encircled with a halo of huge mob

Godly like Mother Teresa she was to us all
And her aphorism of practical words...
'Fame is compassion and compassion alone

Indira Renganathan
Acceptance On A Summon

Every minute I summoned to you
Every minute I waited for you
But only disappointment sickened me
Till last minute nothing meant to me
Now it is amazing being with you
Swear by that moon you won't leave
For your radiant presence of blue
Need to change me not to grieve
Come home or this be the home
Let us live filially part and part
Of a mother with a son lovesome
Modelling a life where nothing'll interrupt
I shall give you whatever Yashoda gave
All the delicacies of milk, you crave
Address me mom as you did to Yashoda
Spend my days like you did with Yashoda
'Cry not' said the God-child Krishna
Stayed back. My piety to little Krishna
Turned meaningful; life got salvaged

Indira Renganathan
Adisankara

Luminous on the snowy Himalaya
The effulgence of Kaladi Kerala
The beacon light up there spirited
From south of Bharath enlightened

Bestowed the blest Sivaguru and Aryamba
Lord Siva born to them, great Sankara
Not an ordinary child but divine
Did he younger resort to be a sanyasin

Would a mother consent? Aryamba didn't
Yet she soon couldn't but consent
Destiny, a crocodile to Sankara threw a life-threat
Relieved him demanding he be an ascetic asset

Thence Aryamba let Sankara renounce, go yonder
Was she then mollified to be attended to later
Set out Sankara for an accomplished guru at last
For he in search of an ascetic tryst

Guru of gurus Govindapada
Sought after on the banks of river Narmada
Not a boy of toy trinkets, Sankara
Became to his credits early a Paramahamsa

Wonder was he then just eight years
An adept became seer of seers
Bespoken over era and era
His spirituality, the Advaitha

Travelled far and wide Sankara
Expounded Upanishads Sutras and Gita
Composed commentaries the Bhashyas
To this day spoken about in praises

An occasion Sankara for his old mother
Routed else way Purna river
Favourably for her daily ablution
En route near by his house on diversion
Sankara the giver of prosperity
Did once reward a lady of abject poverty
With golden gooseberries out of divine ability
On receiving the only fruit had that pious laity

One anecdote scaled up his power
Gushing forth once into floods Narmada river
Sankara encapsulated it in his vessel prior
Released it in the banks later

The intellectual acumen, Sankara scored high
Did he so win many debates to the sky
Defeated per tradition turned to be his disciple
Mandana Mishra and Vishvarupa, to cite notable

Far away by travelling though
Mother's sickness made Sankara at once go
His prayers, she visioned Hari and Hara
She demised; Observed last rites by Sankara

His way on to Vishvanath temple Kasi
Came upon an untouchable; Disliked he
Asked to move aside was the untouchable
Moved Sankara When questioned 'body or soul?'

Lord Siva was He to interrogate
Sankara's Advaita meaningfully to relate
That body the matter to expire
For atman the soul we to aspire

That soul and God are inseparable
Body by itself separable
A peripatetic monk was Sankara
Preaching throughout his Advaita

Reaching the ultimate, the Brahman
A truth of no time, space and causation
Was that Sankara enunciated
For sacerdotalism then to be much countered

To Kashmir was his next journey

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Defeated there debaters many
'Sarvajna Pitha', throne of omniscience, a title
Conferred on Sankara in Sarada temple

To Himalayas Sankara continued
Joshi mutt and Badri temple were then constructed
To Kedarnath he finally proceeded
Merged in a cave with the Lord

At a time was religious chaos in India
Sects of superstition and bigotry over an era
Once glorious land of Aryan
Miserably in need of a super incarnation

Sankara's birth was timely
Did he upgrade righteousness greatly
Combatted evil by spirituality purely
The foremost mastermind was he undoubtedly

Established Sankara four monasteries
Placed four disciples or Acharyas
To this day the lineage on duty
Spreading Sankara's Advaita spirituality

Just thirty two Sankara short lived
A religious reformer even today admired
Profound philosopher most esteemed
Poet and preacher best gifted...

Indira Renganathan
Adjournment

My heart is blistering, blistering, blistering
With hot blood like the souls in war fields
Their families left behind crying and weeping
Like beaten children abused by their dads

'Papa beat and whipped me; when
He looked like a soldier with a gun
Didn't know, going to point at me'
Domestic conflicts on a war spree

'I crawled like a baby on knees
Through thorny bushes for success
Melted like a burning candle in war fields'
Decreed battling verve between countries

My heart is blistering, blistering, blistering
With hottest blood; Such filth still occurring.
Leach like are they; Sucking others' blood
Quarrels seem not to end

Aren't there real rulers?
Reigning to treasure humane justice
Scared! will judgement for ever be adjourned?

Indira Renganathan
Adopted Merriment

An old widower feared of life childless
Adopted an adult twenty four, age mindless
Play-God of Tholvillimangalam was the witness
Expected invitees we a chit parentless
But a thrilling process of a grown up happiness
Baptism to upanayanam, rituals chained flawless
A heck of feast went on faultless
Catchy above all, temple elephant awesome boundless
When saluted thrice the Lord, beauty matchless
Thanking we stood wordless

Indira Renganathan
Aether

Aether is the spacious swarthiness of the skies
Of illusive hopes of finding the illumined providence
Riding on mythologies through the routeless night streams
Marooned man clutching godly stones of earthly dreams

Aether is of obscure celestial bodies
Like contents complex the human mind embodies
Descended sparklers at mortal transience sometimes
Mortal transition sparkling in heavens sometimes

Aether is an armature of the infinities
Postulated by nature of laws
Like human mind mysterious
Posited by nature of thoughts

Aether is ethereal God aghast
Like human woes lumbaste
Obeisance soaring with vows oblate
Aether is etheric bliss immediate

Sung litanies to Aether high
Across the shapeless vast sky
Will fetch the ineffable Kalpana back nigh?

Indira Renganathan
Affliction

Stroke of a heartless son
Desirably remained an unschooled rascal
Plunging ischemic into a father's mind
Sweep-swindling all the travail of asset
The father's cumulated..

Educated brat, conspiring wife
Plotted to be berserk
Paralysing the father
To be bundled empty of life
The father's cumulated..

Modern daughter of arrogance
Literate to be modest in secret eloping
Stupefying earnest alliance -negotiations
To attack the heart's wishes
The father's cumulated..

Disagreeing a wedlock of orthodoxy
Bunking in spinsterhood of over weighed hubris
Modern daughter of arrogance
Commanding the pressure of patience
The father's cumulated..

Bound to the familial chores
Honest fathers await laudable lores
Distressed fathers gifted with sores..
Still mean the men of bad scores?

Indira Renganathan
Afterthoughts

Had we talked more openly in sweet sounds
My luck perhaps, I would not have lost you
Today I turn back, all our happy days
As I count were just seven days only

Spent in silent gazing at each other
What trance was it that made us so happy
We both knew that our hearts were talking long
But we knew not it was just for a week

Is it our fault to have been born impaired
Is it our fault to have wedded in love
Is it our fault that we talked heart to heart
Is it our fault to have been deaf and dumb

A loss is a loss that makes me feel lost
O' my pain, ease thyself lain dead and dumb

Indira Renganathan
Age And Luck

Dad, like what you said
I tried to grow with perfection
Like a tree grows to bear a ripe fruit
Like a yogi's contemplation
With a goal to reach Him, a fruition

But lo, age wouldn't wait till I win
But failed like a felled tree to a conclusion
Like a rich man's downfall to destitution
Like what you cautioned

A magic of luck, had there been with ageing
Like an oasis against the lengthy mirage
Oh, like the fifteenth full moon
Life would have felt complete
Like the satiated heart of that oasis-rest

Good or bad and short or long
Luck and age are like strangers
Unknown to each other like
Day and night juxtaposed yet unmet

Good luck is always like a glance of God
Flashing like the above lightning
Dad, like what you used to say always
I too say 'better luck in next birth at least'
'Like dad like son' is what my life is dad'

Indira Renganathan
Agony

And in spoonful oil
Kitchen is busy frying
Mustard and lentils two tablespoons each
And chillies hundred grams
And a pack of cigar or raw tobacco
In added two tablespoons of oil
Then to grind with lemon size tamarind, salt
To make tobacco chutney

And the water soaked tobacco
Kitchen is busy grinding
With salt and cashews handful
To make balls, be deep fried in oil
Be added to a masala tomato puree
To make tobacco kofta curry

And to the cooked rice
Kitchen is busy seasoning
With fried clove, cardamom, and cinnamon
Onion and ginger-garlic paste, salt
Sauted well with flavoured tobacco
Then to garnish with cut cigar pieces
To make tobacco biryani

Tobacco chutney, tobacco curry
Tobacco biryani...what next..
Forgotten Kitchen hurrying
To make more koftas
Be put in sugar syrup
To make tobacco jamuns

Then you see, exhausted Kitchen
Under the wildly running fan rests
Wildly coughing out
Her heart despite its rapidness
Awaiting patiently her lover
Who's been chained to her delicious cooking
Indira Renganathan
Agraharam I Lived In

Sun broke the night five decades ago
Sanctified the cow dung soil to glow
An Agraharam woke up
Fabulous brahminical kolams rounded up

Prototypic in two rows adjoined
Houses erected, front and rear entered, exited
Uniform with a semi open porch
Unique style spoken on a stone bench

My train of memoirs unfurls...

Flips off a feather; pass by walking Iyers
Ahead to Balasubramanya temple devout Maamaas
Back from river ablution some Maamis
Throne on me their blessed smiles

An exquisite feather down drops
Lo, the western ghats
A tiny cut trident over the ranges
Farther though glitters; hurrying up pupils

Footing on further, mm...tomato rasam
Meenakshi maami’s mess; gastronomy awesome
In goes one cup; then Mess Mahadevaiyer's home
Fill up my belly soft idlis some

Now seeing a bullock cart
Lub-dub lub-dub pats my heart
Papa to the civil court
A day I join him up to the spot

Back in the Agraharam...
Women fuss over a 'nine yards' theorem
Iridescent; Yet an unlikable tradition-syndrome
All for a wedding tantrum

A wedding I'm invited too
Vratham, Kasiyathra, Oonjal...ooh
Nagaswara band and mantras boost
Finally a new lif's debut; Tying the sacred knot

Modernisation, untouchable to our 'Vaadhyaar'
Remains tufted within his vedic structure
Move on I to 'Bhajanai Madam' a prayer-culture
And a school of triumph over there

Flaps a butterfly on my dancing train
Watches lawyers, doctors, teachers..a changing brain
Waltzs around 'Pavalamalli' trees
Flips away enjoing the Agraharam fragrance

By now feathers recollected dusk
Radiating Kalahasthisa and Varadharaja temples prismatic
Night-break, kolattam and karakattam aesthetic
Agraharam then closed, poetic

Extinct and absent some say
In mind mine does stay
Fresh and extant
Agraharam now and again unfurling out

Indira Renganathan
Air

O' tricky children of the sphere
Mass of gasses and vapour dittoing to flare
Trickling through my nostrils to swear
That my life ever is you compounded air

O' smart invisible blare
Invisible, yet sun, moon, all twinkling to glare
Elated my eyes to swear
That my life ever is you compounded air

O' invisible solitaire
Of zephyr and thunder a melody you bear
Merry my ears swear
That my life ever is you compounded air

O' invisible painter
Of azure and 'bow an aesthetic you bear
Blown my mind enthralled to swear
That my life ever is you compounded air

Visible, audible, sensible for us everywhere
Of yourself are you aware
That scary too, now a smoky, toxic ware

Indira Renganathan
Tribute To Trees-3
(Three three syllabled words and one stressed syllabled word per line)

Avenue arena margosa trees
Attractive bewitching heavenly treat
Sanative quality natural trait
Appraisal important consider please

Indira Renganathan
Alankar (Decor) -11

Symbol-Temple (quatrain with four worded lines)

He makes His abode  
Huge much His size  
The size of cosmos  
Sized full His size

That room is small  
But His holy house  
He makes His abode  
But full His size

Dim, dumb, mute occult  
Lit hearts light Him  
Leaning on a measure  
He sleeps wide awake

Lonely boons line lot  
Like Kupera for myself  
My soul's hunting quest  
VaiththaMaaNidhi peeks

(On a visit to Thirukoloor  
one of the 108 Vishnu-shrines)

Indira Renganathan
Freedom Is Ours To Let Live, Live
(quintains with seven worded lines)

Liberty is mine to live or not
So I decide to breathe or not
But He above rules His my life
So is He with my life's strife
Only my sense to sense His knot

And my mind warns, my heart feels
My vision alerts to care my wheels
To choose the good to gain good
To avoid the bad not to brood
An eye third in me that reveals

Freedom so not to act and hurt
Nor spit on oneself to get hurt
Nor even to hurt any to fight
Nor high to die to say right
But to soar leveled joy to spurt

Freedom so to share joy and live
To serve, be served, such to thrive
Freedom not to be a selfish waste
So to be feckless a heedless taste
Freedom is ours to let live, live

Indira Renganathan
On Falling Down (Limerick)
The Limerick is:
a poem in 5 lines, a pentastich.
metered verse written in anapestic patterns. L1, L2 and L5 are trimeter (3 metric feet) and L3 and L4 are dimeter (2 metric feet). (anapest = da da DUM or u-u-S = unstressed, unstressed, stressed syllables.)
a quintain (5 lines).
written with a rhyme scheme a, a, b, b, a.

It fell, I fell, it ran away fast
I sat and sat and could not move next
Satan lizard it was
Bed ridden bad I was
sprain and pain complained to reign at last

Time healed raised me bit to walk somewhat
Down again I fell, me torn apart
'Saturn-Mars retrograde'
They say 'to play they preyed'
'To tear my calf muscle wrong at last'

Indira Renganathan
Alankar (Decor) -2

Tribute To Trees-2
(Two two syllabled words
and one stressed syllable word per line)

Pipal, Pipal wide
Sacred Pipal high
Godly Pipal strong
Deathless Pipal long
Doctor Pipal great
Greatly Pipal care
Caring Pipal grow
Growing Pipal thrive

Indira Renganathan
Sun Rise Here (Cavatina)
The Cavatina is:
stanzaic, written in any number of quatrains made up of uneven couplets and finally ending in a declamatory couplet.
metered, alternating iambic pentameter and iambic dimeter lines. The end declamatory couple is iambic pentameter.
rhymed. Rhyme scheme x a x a, x b x b, x c x c, etc. d d. x being unrhymed. The end couplet is rhymed.

Gently gently over the houses here
Ruby Sun dawns
How he gently comes upon secret stairs
Know not our yawns
But the falling blossoms from the trees leer
Smiling morn spawns
As then through the grill and sill gold-stenciled
The leavess, blooms the morn, bright we are wakened

Indira Renganathan
Mamma Earth Is Searching...(Sonnetina Uno)

Sonnetina Uno

Iambic Pentameter
Whilst not having a rhyme, Blank Verse has been used to write
some of the loveliest love notes, or as a contrast,
portray some of the blackest moods.
The whole poem is written in a single stanza
hence the uno in the title.

Mamma Earth Is Searching...

As the sun rises lotus up-unfolds..
Umpteen petals of love unfurled to dance
The sunflower too blushes bright in awe
Turning to the sun all along the day
Even a blade of grass flips off the dew
Flashing rainbow colours in thorough joy
Coos and moos and else cries ready their quest
Kids of Earth while rejoice in love with sun
Mamma Earth- rolling searching her spouse while
In lulled pretext Vishnu reclines watchful

Indira Renganathan
The Giddy (Catena Rondo)

The Cateno Rondo is: stanzaic, written in any number of 3 or more quatrains made up of 2 rhymed lines enveloping a rhymed couplet. meter at the discretion of the poet. rhymed, rhyme scheme ABbA BCcb CDdc DEed etc... until the enveloped couplet of the penultimate quatrain repeats L1 of the poem MAam bringing the final quatrain back to the original scheme of the 1st quatrain ABbA. Only line of the last stanza that could be original is L3 since L1, L2 and L4 are repetitions of the same numbered lines of the first stanza. Poet's Garret makes it easier by suggesting the complete last stanza be a repetition of the first stanza. composed with repetition the 2nd line of each stanza as L1 and L4 of the next stanza. The poem should come full circle and end up with the same rhyme scheme used in the 1st quatrains. Therefore it is important that 1st and 2nd lines of the poem be strong enough to end the poem.

When all compulsions swirl around
Born the Giddy by its stature
Frenzy is the Giddy's feature
When all compulsions swirl around

Born the Giddy by its stature
Menaced to menace imbalanced
All chores incomplete unbalanced
Born the Giddy by its stature

Menaced to menace imbalanced
A responsive dad unable
Inattentive pitiable
Menaced to menace imbalanced

A responsive dad unable
Amid all tantrum, conundrum
Menacing Giddy born there from
A responsive dad unable

Amid all tantrum, conundrum
Berserk goes the whole family
Spending, saving clash so badly
Amid all tantrum, conundrum

Berserk goes the whole family
When all compulsions swirl around
lost is free will and peace abound
Berserk goes the whole family

When all compulsions swirl around
Born the Giddy by its stature
Frenzy is the Giddy's feature
When all compulsions swirl around

Indira Renganathan
Four four syllabled words and one three syllabled word
in L1 and L3 each;
and four four syllabled words and one two syllabled word
in L2 and L4

Mythologic preceptorship everlasting aerially enrooting
Distributed nectareal environment medicinal Banyans'
Acceptable esteemable dependable evidently amazing
Appreciate significance felicitate utility Banyans'

Indira Renganathan
Tricky Boy (Limerick)
The Limerick is:
a poem in 5 lines, a pentastich.
metered verse written in anapestic patterns. L1, L2 and L5 are trimeter
(3 metric feet) and L3 and L4 are dimeter (2 metric
(anapest = da da DUM or u-u-S = unstressed, unstressed, stressed syllables.)
a quintain (5 lines).
best used for witty, whimsical, bawdy themes, light verse.
written with a rhyme scheme a, a, b, b, a

Tricky Boy

Whenever power fails hassling loud
Back house boy little just five years old
They have no inverter
To use the chance better
Comes to our house to study as told

His tricky mind frisky else way thinks
Not to read but to laze he outthinks
I do know his feigning
Inverter then failing
I see that no way power re-links

Indira Renganathan
Day And Night Are Ever Wedded (Decuain)

The Decuain (pronounced deck won), is 10 line (Decastich) form created by Shelley A. Cephas, and can be used for any subject.

The convention is iambic pentameter, and there are 3 choices of rhyme schemes:

a b a bb c b c a a
a b a bb c b c b b
a b a bb c b c c c

Day And Night Are Ever Wedded
(Rhyme-a b a bb c b c a a)

He is all day, she is all night- matchless
Yet they got married to remain married
Their proven love has light and dark matchless
Yet she likes herself be with him carried
Now that nature's fate should not be varied
She glues to him begging for path of light
With a waning mercy he throws unfreed
Halfheart to her a bit of sheening light
A loony moon she gleams bright though matchless
Shamedsun he beams with dark hole though matchless

Indira Renganathan
The Peeking Crow (Dizain)

This was originally a French form and initially would have been made up of eight syllable lines, but later ten syllable lines were also used. A few examples of this form in England did prefer Iambic Pentameter, but that's purely up to the poet. The rhyme scheme is: a. b. a. b. c. c. d. c. d.

The Peeking Crow

A crow used to come for the window grains
For some reason unknown it stopped coming
One day I saw a cat eating the grains
I could guess that it was the cat playing
Cat-eaten grains- perhaps crow avoiding
So the same crow when I saw on a tree
I rushed and kept the grain-bowl down the tree
But the peeking crow flew to the old place
Finding no grain-bowl there flew back to tree
Threw a wry look at me- zoomed into space

Indira Renganathan
This form is using the most basic form of poetry, the couplet. The emphasis is that it is a ten line poetry form that is constructed using any couplet form, and must be presented as a ten line poetry form. There is no set meter or rhyme scheme, but if Iambic Pentameter were used, the form could be called an 'Heroic Sonnetina'.

Sweet Truth

What am I known else? just a vagabond
In gentle strokes over all things abound
Tickled your face, tickled your heart accept
My love as million-moon's touch dulcet
My love is not for you alone just mind
I kiss all as I'm a vagabond kind
I can not rest-nor I cease or vanish
Nor can you freeze me to cup and relish
I'm me- a vagabond to stray and breeze
Heaven sent for you all - I'm me the Breeze

Indira Renganathan
The Kyrielle Sonnet is:
a 14 line poem made up of 3 quatrains and a couplet in that order.
syllabic, 8 syllables per line.
rhymed, rhyme scheme AaBB ccbB ddbB AB or AbaB cbcB dbdB AB.
composed with a refrain in the last line of each stanza. L1 is repeated as L13 and
L4 is repeated as L8, L12 and L14.

Namaste O' Mother Supreme

Namaste o' mother supreme
Thou art the air its maxima
And thou art its fire in life's stream
Namaste, o'mother o'Ma

Thou art this earth, its destined age
Thou art its aqua maxima
And thou art the fill of sky's range
Namaste, o' mother, o' Ma

And thou art the sun and the moon
Their courses all round maxima
And thou art the time, its bassoon
Namaste, o' mother, o' Ma

Namaste o' mother supreme
Namaste, o' mother, o' Ma

Indira Renganathan
Planning Of A Housewife
(Sonnets-shakespearen and petrarchan style alternately)

Shakespearean sonnet-
made up of 3 quatrains and ending in a rhymed couplet.
meter, written in iambic pentameter.
rhyme scheme is abab cdcd efef gg.

The defining features of the Italian or Petrarchan Sonnets are:
a single quatorzain made up of an octave followed by a sestet.
metered, iambic octave made up of envelope quatrains rhymed abba abba is
followed by a sestet made up of 2 tercets with a choice of envelope, chained or
alternate rhyme. cdccdc or cdecde or cdcdcd.

I plan this way that way, no way it works
Jumbled my chores a waste confuse undone
Rushing it starts a day berserk just quirks
No day perfect as wished nothing well done
I am worried for I am not perfect
So new I plan with sense a time-table
Expenditure, work time well schemed just right
Refreshed my life revised I feel able
Abiding by my own rules I am brisk
Running with the clock restless well all done
But then..restless running now stirs to frisk
Fatigued I feel so much senseless my run

So I rest, I muse whymy plans just break
I learn, need rest then and then to betake

But all is not well always as we think
Just guess who can impair my brainy plan
In pour and pour next and next kinship clan
I can't but I should so I smile and blink
Chopping, cooking, serving, cleaning fine link
Chatting eating taking more time with clan
Fatigued I feel again is wrongmy plan
So I rethink, rethink why I so sink

I rest, I muse whymy plans go so wrong
Learn I should part with and spare time for guest
As such I muse revise my new day-song
So that I spend and rest and spend my best
In peace and joy at ease all well so strong
Then my days each go smooth in bliss best blest

3

But all is not well always as we like
Just guess what goes wrong against my wishing
Fate, my folks one by onefall sick alike
Sick home in need of my caring helping
You should ask not about the maid servant
Hopeless creatures pretend to work cheating
Helpless me yet have her as assistant
Needy standby in time of call waiting
Viral febrile season infests hell-like
I know I should take care well attending
And me caution myself of sick alike
Calpol, crocin, all pills me depending

But then..timeless running now stirs to frisk
My fate, I rest, reset, replan more brisk

4

But all is not well always as we hope
Just guess what snubs all my wishful efforts
Fate, wishers throng in to preach like experts
Busy, busy with tea me just aslope
Bidding bye then giddy me fall down grope
Only lucky persons are blest experts
Why then my sprained legs fail all my efforts
Bed rest makes me muse to replan with hope

But then..God’s wish reminds me of something
Journeys, perhaps sacred are not counted
Every plan each missing my traveling
Relaxed my mind musing bed arrested
Well me with heart refreshed revise planning
Rest and guest and sick and travels counted

Indira Renganathan
Little Girl Getting To School (Spenserian Sonnet)

the defining features of the Spenserian Sonnet are:
a quatorzain made up of 3 Sicilian quatrains (4 lines alternating rhyme) and
ending in a rhyming couplet
metric, primarily iambic pentameter.
rhymed, rhyme scheme ababbcbccdcdee.

Little Girl Getting To School

Nine o' clock she has to be right in school
Eight o' clock she has to catch her school van
Six o' clock mama wakes her up by rule
Seven o' clock she tries rise if she can

At last half past seven like a rough man
Mama heaves her bundled to the bath room
Brushing bathing finished no sooner than
Papa keeps ready food and school costume

As mama ties a ' pony' with a bloom
Papa forcing the dress and shoes so fast
Midway grandma thrusts in food with eyes gloom
Little girl is ready for school at last

Daddy daughter rush to the van spot straight
Little girl getting to school on time right

Indira Renganathan
Morning Sleep (Word Pattern-3,3,4,5,2, -2,5,4,3,3)

Morning yields light
Sleeping fields night
Have you ever thought
Where meet day and night
'Morning sleep'

Sunset, sunrise..
Also east and west meet
Moonless sleep tight
Snoring dreams fight
Sunny reality virtual

Indira Renganathan
O'er A Cup Of Coffee (Rondine)

The Rondine is:
a poem in 12 lines made up of a quatrain, a tercet and ending in a quintet.
syllabic 8 syllables per line except L7 and L12 which are 4 syllables each. In
English metered, most often iambic tetrameter
or pentameter except the refrain which is iambic dimeter.
composed with a refrain repeated from the opening phrase of the poem,
rentrement.
rhymed, using only 2 rhymes except for the refrain being unhymed, rhyme
scheme abba, abR, abbaR (R being the refrain)

O'er A Cup Of Coffee

Tense, jittery o'er a cup of coffee
They talked and talked lengthy for long long hours
A coffee drop bored of their lengthy hours
Told the lady with a cup of coffee
'My lady, will you finish your coffee
A bored drop of long long talks on lip yours
Tense, jittery'

'O' not mine'said the lady with coffee
'Fault is his boring long talks wasting hours
Blot or break now...it is his settling hours
So are you, me and this cup of coffee
Tense, jittery'

Indira Renganathan
Villains(Rondel)

The Rondel is:
a 13 line poem, made up of 2 quatrains followed by a quintain.
often written in 8 syllable lines, but the lines can be any number of syllables as long the measure is consistent throughout the poem.
rhymed ABba abAB abbaA, A and B being refrains. In French one rhyme is feminine and one is masculine, it doesn't matter whether the feminine rhyme is the a or the b rhyme.
composed with 2 rentrements. L1 is repeated in L7 and L13, L2 is repeated in L8.

Lot lots are villains surrounding
Like dust that helps mites to build mounds
Get housed snakes but there in mites'mounds
Dust and snakes no doubt surrounding

But they are rare seen surrounding
Not like mosquitoes in huge bounds
Lot lots are villains surrounding
Like dust that helps mites to build mounds

These are just few picks surrounding
Lot more in the guise of servants
Be it loam or home, those servants
Cheat, beat, loot to grab anything
Lot lots are villains surrounding

Indira Renganathan
Mindset(Short Rondel)

The Short Rondel is:
a poem in 11 lines made up of sixain followed by a quintain.
isosyllabic, often 8 syllable lines, except for L6 & L11 which are the shorter first phrase of L1.
rhymed, rhyme scheme aabbcC ddeeC.

Mindset

It's my mindset to keep going
Like the tortoise won the racing
Being slow and steady throughout
Though slow I go steady devout
Running firm towards my target
It's my mindset

I'm proud never losing my game
Unlike the hare that slept with shame
That to win focused at my goal
To give my best of poetic role
It's my mindset

Indira Renganathan
Alankar (Decor)- 5

Tribute To Trees-5
(Six five-syllabled words per line)

Exemplarily providentially exotically extrabeautiful interestingly aromatizing Nagalingapoo, ritualistic emblematical, characteristic symbolisation cosmological Beneficially, medicinally, meritorious, cultivatable, multipliable Nagalingapoo Considerately necessarily necessitated phenomenally multi-plantation Nagalingatrees

Note: Nagalinga maram- Cannonball tree

In tamil language 'Nagalinga' is just a name not necessarily to mean a tree. Only when it is said Nagalinga Maram and Nagalinga poo it means the Nagalinga tree and Nagalinga way it gives a complete I have used the words Nagalinga trees and Nagalinga poo to mean a single word of 5 syllables though they are two words in real.

Indira Renganathan
This Alankar series is of poetry-forms and syllabic and word patterns

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Tribute To trees-1
(syllable pattern-single syllable words four per line)

Grow more and more
Trees of need so
To fill our hearts
All time with bliss

Indira Renganathan
Music My Love (Sonnet-Petrarchan Style)

The Italian or Petrarchan Sonnets are:
an octave followed by a sestet,
metered, iambic pentameter,
The octave made up of envelope quatrains rhymed abba
abba is followed by a sestet made up of 2 tercets with a choice of envelope,
chained or alternate rhyme. cdccdc or cdecde or cdcdcd.

'Music my love, singing in heart repletes
I swear on my singing you too love it
My notes, my scales, singing my choice, my taste
When I go on singing sure for repeats
Listen to my singing closing your eyes
Honour you my singing with mind open
And you to my singing you ears sharpen
Never to my singing should you despise'

'Oh me to your singing I close my eyes
And me to your singing with mind open
I pray as your singing in heart repletes
And mine to your singing ears do despise
Not mine but yours, singing not to happen
Music your love, singing yours no repeats'

Indira Renganathan
Shakespearean sonnet-
made up of 3 quatrains and ending in a rhymed couplet.
metric, written in iambic pentameter.
rhyme scheme is abab cdcd efef gg.

What sort is He, bitter or sweet to say
Pastime painter black and white, dark and bright
All time sadist by nature He His play
Pain or pleasure He seems be His pretext..

Ruing so dark a woman black she hued
Blighted a leaf as withers she shrivels
This day even ahead on stairs cultured
Much cursed, a bad society she feels

And look, laughing pride yet another one
Glowing outside fair with conceit inside
This day that all wish for union one
Dispairs her fair skin dark on rungs down slide

Writhing in mind a worm hunting His sort
In vain blaming, praising, admits His sport

Indira Renganathan
Caring, loving, as mothers all in heart (Villanelle)

The Villanelle is:
metered, primarily iambic pentameter.
written in a total of 19 lines, made up of 5 tercets and ending with a quatrain.
L1 and L3 of the first stanza, alternate as the refrain in the following tercets.
composed with L1 and L3 of the first tercet repeated as the last two lines of the poem.
written with only 2 end rhymes with a rhyme scheme of
A¹bA², abA¹, abA², abA¹, abA², abA¹A².

Caring, loving, as mothers all in heart
That they are gods so said we do agree
Things do change but at times for all 'fair'art

Mother...she could find a girl 'fair' so smart
For son so sweet her choice her 'fair' degree
Caring, loving, as mothers all in heart

Busy preparations mounted high cost
Anxious mother shopping, spending on spree
Things do change but at times for all 'fair'art

Wishing papa shouting decreed 'cut cost'
Wedding planning done rich, mamma was free
Caring, loving, as mothers all in heart

When all was well steady going so smart
Then came the news shocking 'no jamboree'
Things do change but at times for all 'fair'art

Girl 'fair' eloped with else, son to loose heart
Alarmed papa attacked mamma fair free
Caring, loving, as mothers all in heart
Things do change but at times for all 'fair'art
Note: 'fair' - fair complexioned

Indira Renganathan
Dance O' Bird Turquoise

The Shadow Sonnet is a fairly recent invented form by Amera M. Anderson. This sonnet uses homophonic word repetition at the start and finish of each line to create a shadow effect.

The Shadow Sonnet is:
metric, primarily iambic pentameter. It has also been described as decasyllabic a quatorzain that may use the frame of any sonnet such as the Petrarchan, Shakespearean or Bowlesian. Example: if the Shakespearean Sonnet frame is used the quatorzain is made up of 3 alternating rhyme quatrains and ends in a rhymed couplet, rhyme scheme abab cdcd efef gg composed with each line beginning and ending with the same word. composed with a pivot or volta.

Dance O' Bird Turquoise

Dance o'bird turquoise dance- clouds summit- dance
Yell for your friends- out all to join you- yell
Dance o'bird turquoise- light is dimming- dance
Tell the winds- gently soft be breezing - tell

Andnow clouds clash- their beats- you to dance- and
Mood- monsoon has set up- to set your mood
Andlook- your pals all ready in set- and
Goodrains - gently unfurling- a sign good

Too gooda sign- scenting soil blooming too
All chirrups surround- watchers true than all
Ooh and aah- yes-they are ready to ooh
All is well- o' bird turquoise- for you all

Dance- -wind is blowing- clouds are booming- dance
La la la- taralala - la la la
The Arabian Sonnet:
a quatorzain made up of 2 quatrains followed by 2 tercets.
metric, iambic pentameter.
rhymed, aaaa bbbb ccc ddd.
turned in the 9th line.

Interruption

Look I've let my heart float on a calm sea
Where with words it can sing and dance for me
No doubt cradling waves take it to decree
The humming wind to make it poetry
This be the heaven I'm sailing sailing
Wherever my heart goes I am going
In love with the sun and azure talking
In love with the moon and the stars singing

Then, how a sea is disturbed do you know
A storm of wild gales - may be you just know
But it is not that I want you to know
I mean how my heart of words is disturbed
Like the wild bird's prey on hunting perturbed
You disrupt my sailing heart much pestered

Indira Renganathan
Litle Girl's Story Time (Ballade)

The Ballade gave birth to a whole family of forms, however it is not a relative nor should it be confused with the seemingly universal, 'Ballad'. The Ballade and its variations are relatively long, somewhat stingy with their rhyme allotment and always employ a refrain established in the last line of the first stanza which is repeated as the last line of each succeeding stanza including the envoy.

The Ballade Envoy provides the climatic summation of the poem
The Ballade is 28 lines made up of 3 octaves or 'ballade stanzas and concluded with a quatrain envoy.
There are only 3 rhymes in the poem, rhyme scheme for all octaves ababbcbC, Ballade envoy bcbC C being the refrain.

Litle Girl's Story Time

No sooner grand-mother retires to bed
Than comes yelling little girl 'o' granny..! '
As it is her sleep-time need, a tale said
To lull her to sleep lovingly by nanny
But tired of day's work dear granny brainy
Just feebly whispers 'o' my dear don't cheep
I'll catch you in your dream with a story
And truly dreams come true even in sleep'

'Granny..!' little girl cries jumping abed
Right now tell a story.. I'll sleep bonny'
Hugging her grand-ma she begs love bounded
And keeps on nudging and forcing brawny
But shaking her head says granny honey
'No, I'll meet you in your dream, now you sleep'
You'll be delighted to hear my story
And truly dreams come true even in sleep'

A doubting mind pounces on anger spread
And with a foiled face against granny
Little girl sleeps for her dream tale ahead
And granny with cuddly 'sorry'-s many
With somewhat a pricking mind tries canny
To sleep but in vain awake through night deep

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Thinking of little girl's morning query-
'And truly dreams come true even in sleep'

O' dear! but morning rises cheered fanny
Little girl surprisingly thanks sky steep
Granny for her story in dream funny
'And truly dreams come true even in sleep'

Indira Renganathan
Oh Bare, How Dare She Stands....
(A Tribute To The Tree Golden Shower
Petrarchan sonnet: -
a sonnet consisting of an octave with the rhyme pattern abbaabba, followed by a sestet
with the rhyme pattern cdecde or cdcdcd)

Oh bare, how dare she stands sole in her space
Shedding one by one all her green, lo, nude
Bearing pain over pain leaf by leaf crude
Oh there, why pares but fate this way her grace
But friends wait and watch just where goes her race
cited march pregnant her ilk to allude
Just trends trait straight golden showers so prude
Lighted torch like blossoms to bloom her space

Sooner sunny racemes golden flower
Haloed circle enriched enshrine our hearts
Lordess shelters us herds in blest shower
Silent diction in praise of godly arts
Succumb we in 'Sarakondrai's'power
Tributes line up, what else then from our hearts

Golden Shower-Casia Fistula(Sarakondrai)

Indira Renganathan
What Could It Be....(On Meditation)

Petrarchan sonnet: -
a sonnet consisting of an octave with the rhyme pattern abbaabba, followed by a sestet with the rhyme pattern cdecde or cdcdec

What could it be that hueless fenceless light
That they who oft felt in, oft felt long trance
Expressed not in words but left us for chance
What could it be that hueless fenceless light
That they who hunt backward in forward sight
Who voyage floating, formed-formless advance
Who sit haloed speak not, leave us for chance
What could it be that hueless fenceless light

Helps not to rein in closed flappings of eyes
That hueless fenceless light.. but on life's fright
Want's wish stops not, tries hardship's trials wise
Concludes but me not for it, their recluse sight
Once and for all musing just on eye's trice..
Want not to know that hueless fenceless light

Indira Renganathan
Moonrise Here (Cavatina)

The Cavatina is:
stanzaic, written in any number of quatrains made up of uneven couplets and finally ending in a declamatory couplet.
metered, alternating iambic pentameter and iambic dimeter lines. The end declamatory couple is iambic pentameter.
rhymed. Rhyme scheme x a x a, x b x b, x c x c, etc. d d. x being unrhymed. The end couplet is rhymed.

Moonrise Here

Softly sweetly lowly seen an arc's sheen
'Moon is rising'
But busy folks way back home, so not keen
'Moon is rising'
From the dimmed deeps to limned blocks that still seen
'Moon is rising'
Catch the sight flashing inthrilled folks but soon
Through the space bare in their homes sheeny moon

Indira Renganathan
The elements of the Sijo are:

syllabic verse, although the phrase, not the syllable is the rhythm of the line. Total syllable count can vary from 44 to 46.

written in 3 units,
introduction to situation or problem,
development of situation (turn),
c. strong conclusion (twist)

written in any number of 3 or 6 line stanzas. (usually translations are written in 6 lines)
an interplay of the sound, rhythm and meaning is the core of the sijo.

written with any subject is permissible. It can be frank, humorous, and often satirical.
may use puns, metaphor and other figurative or rhetorical tools.

usually introduces an emphatic division in the last line in the form of a counter theme,
paradox, resolution, judgment, command or exclamation shifting the poem to subjectivity.

when written in tercets, the 3 lines are made up of of
L1 & L2 written with 4 syllabic phrases (3-4,3-4.) 14 syllables.
There is a minor pause at the end of the 2nd phrase and major pause at the end of the line.
L3 written in 4 syllabic phrase (3-6,4-3) 16 syllables

(when written in sixains, the 6 lines are made up of of:
L1-L4 written in 2 syllabic phrases (3-4) 7 syllables,
with a pause at the end of each line.
L5 written in 2 syllabic phrases (3-6) 9 syllables
L6 written in 2 syllabic phrases (4-3) 7 syllables.)

1 Sad life By In-Laws
sweet ice cream, at first his mom, cute wife his, to love so much
Days pass by, mom turns wicked, hurting handlings, life is sad
Other way, wicked daughters a few, fate sent sometimes, life to cry

2 Prickly Summer

Hot summer, heat-rash prickling, ants-mites bite, bitten we cry
Air coolers, Cool home shelters, small insects, unwanted guests
Paradise, infesters think swarming, if you don't mind, be bitten

Indira Renganathan
The elements of the Sijo are:

syllabic verse, although the phrase, not the syllable is the rhythm of the line. Total syllable count can vary from 44 to 46.

written in 3 units,
introduction to situation or problem,
development of situation (turn),
c. strong conclusion (twist)

written in any number of 3 or 6 line stanzas. (usually translations are written in 6 lines)
an interplay of the sound, rhythm and meaning is the core of the sijo.

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(when written in sixains, the 6 lines are made up of of:
L1 -L4 written in 2 syllabic phrases (3-4)7 syllables,
with a pause at the end of each line.
L5 written in 2 syllabic phrases (3-6)9 syllables
L6 written in 2 syllabic phrases (4-3)7 syllables.)

1 The Wedded

Holy fire, blazing mantras, holy thread, knotting moment
Excitement, anxiety, sacred knot, new life sets in
Tug of war, couple play 'he or she', life moves on fast, lessons learnt

2 Sale

Fallen fruit, missing stolen, thrown tasted, found dead afar
Putrid heart, noted by some, shouting some 'dead sale, dead sale'
Repulsive, sale's at last at dead no more stink, girls to learn

Indira Renganathan
Nature's Revenge (Blank Verse Sonnet)

Blank Verse Sonnet is:

14 lines
unrhymed iambic pentameter
narrative not lyrical

Nature's Revenge

Two friends were sporting upon the ocean
Hitting the tiny waves with skiing board
While big waves surged high to escape, oh God
Tiny waves were not let even to crawl
'Ocean is a huge beautiful poem
I'm a short cute song'said a tiny wave
'So what, we enjoy hitting you'..friends said
Tiny wave started singing its new song
A song from a forlorn heart which brought
All the big tides together in support
To finish the two transgressors down deep
Nature too has her fierce agony
Infringers can not claim a ownership
Of nature's emotion to sate their heart

Indira Renganathan
She Is Waiting..  
(Rondelet Sequence)

The Rondelet is:  
a heptastich, a poem in 7 lines.  
in French syllabic. Syllable count per line are 4-8-4-8-8-8-4 In English tends to  
be iambic in pattern.  
composed with a rentrement, in the Rondelet the entire L1 is repeated as refrain  
in L3 and L7.  
rhymed. Rhyme scheme interlocks between the refrain AbAabbA.

She Is Waiting  
For the best match, best life partner  
She Is Waiting  
To think of her way his thinking  
And vice versa each a partner  
Life through to go smooth a partner  
She Is Waiting

She Is Waiting  
For one gone overseas far  
She is waiting  
Promised to return promising  
Soon grown rich with the rich on par  
His else spouse, but unsaid so far  
She Is Waiting

She Is Waiting  
Much like the goddess in penance  
She Is Waiting  
Ridden of that poor life hoping  
To lead a life in tuned sonance  
With her husband full of pleasance  
She Is Waiting

Indira Renganathan
Insecurity (Rondeau)

The Rondeau is:
syllabic, L9 & L15 are 4 syllables each and
all other lines are 8 syllables each.

In English it is usually metered, most often
iambic tetrameter except the refrain which is iambic dimeter.

A 15 line poem made up of a quintain,
followed by a quatrain and ending in a sixain.

Composed with rentrément,
a refrain repeated from the opening phrase of the poem.

Rhymed, using only 2 rhymes except for the refrain being unrhymed,
rhyme scheme aabba, aabR, aabbaR (R being the refrain)

Insecurity

Falsity's love that double deals
It is a threat a woman feels
A way out of the wrong wedlock
A way out of the fake wedlock
Unsafe heart by black truth appeals

Gone by unjust ways stuck in wheels
Crushed to bleed though he yet conceals
All pains...a good gesture to stock
Falsity's love

'Vowed to guard with love' he repeals
Holy fire has high firing feels
Fired of words and deeds loathes wedlock
Fear filled heart knows not to unlock
Tied of timid knots she just feels
Falsity's love
Double Rondeau is simply doubling the pattern of the Rondeau. It can either be doubled in sequence (1 Rondeau following another Rondeau) or the like stanzas could be doubled and paired.

The Double Rondeau is:
A 30 line poem made up of a quintain, quartain, sixain, the same order repeated a second time or a 30 line poem made up of 2 quitains followed by 2 quatrains and ending with 2 sixains.
metric, iambic tetrameter accept for the refrain which is iambic dimeter.
All stanzas end with a rentrrement.
rhymed using either 2 or 4 rhymes. aabba aabR aabbaR aabba aabR aabbaR or aabba aabba aabR aabbaR aabbaR or aabba ccddR aabR ccddR aabbaR ccddcR or aabba aabbR aabbaR ccddR ccddR ccddcR.
Whether the poem is turned on 2 or 4 rhymes, the rentrrement would remain the half line from the first line of the poem to be consistent throughout the poem especially when it is sequential (1 Rondeau pattern following another Rondeau pattern.) There could be 2 rentrments which alternate from the 1st line of each of the 1st and 2nd quintains when the like stanzas are paired.

Kitchen clash

How difficult it is to cook
In hot summer how a wife to cook
'Take rest, shall buy food from outside'
He says with concern on her side
Wife is happy she needs not cook
Happy so life runs like a brook
Variety food, pleased they look
Seasoned hot, they know kitchen's stride
How difficult
Time in hand changed is her outlook
Changed is also her old cook-look
Styleless to stylish in set glide
Makes her new with glow to her pride
She can speak on her strife to cook
How difficult
How difficult but back to cook?
Daughter visits with siren look
There, stirs in dad's heart a high tide
Sneaks'cooking has been set aside
These days mom does not at all cook'
Enough for her to word and hook
Daughter counsels mom back to cook
To be in shifty husband's stride
How difficult!
Luck is but a wheel in life-book
So such a wife can't overlook
And mom vows never to abide
Honeyed words but put them aside
Blamed wife telling herself 'to cook
How difficult! '

Indira Renganathan
Pollution (Rondeau Prime)

The Rondeau Prime is a short variation of the Rondeau originating in 13th century France.
It allows more rhyme than the Rondeau, but incorporates its core feature, the integration of the rentrement.
(opening phrase of the first line which is repeated as a refrain.)

The elements of the Rondeau Prime are:
in French syllabic, most often 8 syllable lines with L7 and L12 shorter, usually 4 syllable.

In English tends to be iambic meter, line length is optional as long as the lines are relatively equal, with the exception of the shorter rentrement.

12 lines, made up of a septet (7 lines) followed by a cinquain (5 lines).

rhymed, rhyme scheme abbcbr abbaR, R being the rentrement (the first phrase or line repeated as a refrain at the end of the stanzas.)

Pollution

These elements..thrive by what means?
Thoughtless of human's heedless treat
No way else than on given feast
Just right to say poisoned action
Infused, imbibed, spread pollution
Kindly watch out how men mistreat
These elements

Noisy smoke clouding up- who cleans?
From earth to sky in circling treat
Not the rains as hit by waste beast
Know how men mistreat by all means
These elements
Rondeau Redoubled is not simply doubling the Rondeau. Instead of a rentrément at the end of each stanza, the rentrément appears only at the end of the poem and the 1st 4 lines of the poem become refrains sequentially placed at the end of each stanza.

The Rondeau Redoubled is:

- a poem in 25 lines, made up of 6 quatrains, the last quatrain has a tail. The rentrément, 1st phrase of the 1st line of the poem is repeated as the tail, the 25th or last line of the poem.
- metric, iambic pentameter.
- The 1st 4 lines of the poem become sequentially a refrain that is repeated as the last line of sequential quatrains.
- The rentrément or 1st phrase of the poem is repeated as the last line (25th) of the poem.

Chase

I won't let you go out o' little mouse
Shall see to it once and all for today
You run I run run-round round the house
But I win, you're caught and lost just today

Here I keep the trap to trap and dismay
Sugared magic sure you're fooled o'poor mouse
Cunning you think? brainy you think? ..today
I won't let you go out o' little mouse

Fought, caught, taught to rot petty petty mouse
Bitter squeaks, what a pest, what a hell, hey
Snouty mouse, messy beast, out from this house
Shall see to it once and all for today

May foe feline be fed on you today
Be hooked and thrown—that I shall venge you mouse
Ha, ha, ha then shall all end just today
You run run-I run run-round round the house
No reason, no season, no taste o' mouse
krrkk, krrkk-nibbling all things, all time whole day
Like thief hides to steal you do in my house
But I win, you're caught and lost just today

Here is the trap for your best goal today
Slip in soundless for the 'masaal' o'mouse
I'm sure you will tempted fall but at bay
Thrown awed be mashed by feline out the house
I won't let you

Indira Renganathan
Foes Yet Friends (Roundel)

Roundel is:

a poem of 11 lines, made up of a quatrain, followed by a tercet and ending with a quatrain.
metered, primarily iambic pentameter but can be written in iambic tetrameter.
composed with a rentrement or 1st phrase of L1 which is repeated as a refrain in L4 and L11.
rhymed with only 2 rhymes, rhyme scheme aba(Bb), bab, aba(Bb)B being the rentrement or refrain.
The end word of the rentrement should rhyme with the end word of L2.

Foes Yet they're friends, Tom and Jerry
Chase and face in their racing rounds
Tom is to chase running Jerry
Foes Yet they're friends

To win to eat aims Tom in rounds
To flee from Tom in rounds Jerry
Yet a foe to both sometimes hounds

Friends they fight in rounds in scurry
Just to win in proud rounds and rounds
But to part again in fury
Foes Yet they're friends

Indira Renganathan
I Want To Sing A Song

(A song with unstressed-stressed syllable pattern)

I want to sing a song
For long my wish on skies..
So high so far so sweet
So sweet my song so makes
And takes on notes me soar
Me soar to moon and stars
To stars and moon my notes

Happy going going
Going godly tuning
Tuning moving scaling
Scaling music tonic
Tonic songful soulful
Soulful space-ward tuneful
Harken, follow would you..

You sing you sing a song
A song so strong to gong
To gong in tune with mine
So mine and yours to sing
To sing the moon and stars
The stars and moon in tune
In tune with us so high

Indira Renganathan
Alankar (Decor)-7

Angry Beings (Shakespearean Sonnet)

Shakespearean sonnet-
made up of 3 quatrains and ending in a rhymed couplet.
metric, written in iambic pentameter.
rhyme scheme is abab cdcd efef gg.

Angry woman furious furious
Thunderous thunderous yelling yelling
Hitting her head vigorous vigorous
Serious serious her face swelling

Serious furious is angry man
Thunderous vigorous booing span boos
Serious vigorous his goblets plan
Thunderous serious late night bad oohs

Furious furious angry lady
Thunderous thunderous bawling her throat
Hitting her head vigorous so badly
Slapping her face serious she does shout

Hassling children dangerous in bad mood
Battling home scene hazardous crude and rude

Indira Renganathan
Village-Silence(Ten word Couplets)

Even He can not measure His bliss
Of silence there

As it has gone beyond His grip
Of creational magic

It sounds like a God more supreme
Than His might

A silence soused in distant melodies mild
Cow dung scenting

In rhythmic trance compliant cows pose gentle
Before child Krishna

The lake beside Him presents itself composed
In submissive hue

A sanctuary much awaiting birds migratory soon
Sprawling wide over

Neatly done bund inebriating providential breaths live
Solace for anybody

Me too benched on the bund there
Till stars croon

Moony mind winged mine fleets elysian mindless
To return home

(On A Visit To A Birds' Sanctuary At Koonthankulam)

Indira Renganathan
Soul Release (sonnet-shakespearean style)

Shakespearean sonnet-
made up of 3 quatrains and ending in a rhymed couplet.
metric, written in iambic pentameter.
rhyme scheme is abab cdcd efef gg.

'Oh no, oh no, hey no, hey not you cry
O' my dear heart what gain gain you crying
What gain regained hollering and you try
Pain clutched you clutch patience till me flying

And me His child as I rest in His hand
You fill their hunt of fleshy need and thirst
Ere vow, again a sheep be not on land
As I to Him so pray no slay thrust first'

In pain the heart the sheep's on men bitters
'And you my soul shall plead for no altar
As me already butchered by cutters'
Flee away, fate that ye shan't taste nectar'

Oh Lord can be done what? is this thou taste
To sheep their weep, to men their sin..life waste

Indira Renganathan
Mom To Kids To Mom To Kids (Dectina Refrain)

Dectina refrain is syllabic in 10 lines
with the structure 1/2/3/4/5/6/7/8/9 syllables,
with line 10 being lines 1-4 combined.

Mom To Kids To Mom To Kids

'Stop
Hassling
Stop you kids
Stop, stop noising
How messy you all'
'O.k we will sing now
Old mother, old mother goose
Old mother goose, old mother goose
Old old mother goose, old mother goose'
'Stop hassling, stop you kids, stop, stop noising'

Indira Renganathan
A seven line stand alone poem is termed a heptastich.

Challenge

Once a man-thought sailed across the sea
While sporting with breeze got drowned
An itch of scaling the depths of the sea-
Thought submerged wantedly, upped proud bound
Tit for tat for fun the sea surged
Tried at man-thought, to touch splurged
'O' a hell of stink' it cried and diverged

Indira Renganathan
Haiku (Traditional)

Haiku is:
syllabic (17 syllables or less)
an imagist poem (draws the emotion from the image). Concrete images are described. The subject is what focuses the haiku.
written in the moment. The past can be referred to as long as it doesn't overpower the present.
one of two forms 'traditional' or 'modern'
traditional requires a season be named and images and emotions be drawn from
of nature.
modern can be images of relationship, personality, experience, etc
often a tristich, commonly written in 3 lines. The common break down of
syllables:
L1 5 syllables describes image (traditional name season)
L2 7 syllables, adds conflicting image or expands first image
L3 5 syllables provide insight (the ah ha! moment) through a juxtaposed image

1   Tree Top

'Im green' says the leaf
Oh, I'm red says the flower
'I'm both'- the parrot

2   Sky Unfurls

'You're blue' says the sky
'Also green' says the ocean
'Me both' says peacock

3   Naughty Star And Aunty Earth

Naughty star winking
Aunty earth gaping blinking
Beating soon the sun
4 Chicrowkoo (Haiku Series)

Crow hatched cuckoo's eggs
By mistake though cuckoo chick
Cooed the crow her mom

Moved crow thought a while
Got her crow chick wedded fine
To sweet cuckoo chick

And cuckoo bird birthed
Jumbling their names Crow-koo named
Their babe 'Chicrowkoo'

Indira Renganathan
Hello Hello(Triquain)

The Triquain, found in Berg's Pathways for the Poet 1977 appears to be an attempt at combining the haiku and Crapsey cinquain. It was created by L. Stanley Cheney and referred to in both the Caulkins' Handbook and Pathways. This form comes a little closer to the purpose of haiku than some other haiku wannabees.

There is another invented form also called a Triquain that appeared on the internet about 25 years later written in a syllabic heptastich.

The elements of the Triquain found in Pathways are:

- a tristich, a poem in 3 lines. It is composed in 3 units, L1 introduces the subject, L2 expands and leads into action, L3 is the enlightenment or question.
- syllabic, with 2-7-7 syllable count per line.
- Titled, unlike the haiku.

Hello Hello

Cell phone
God has one as He descends
Prayers and blessings messaged

Indira Renganathan
Make Hay (Alouette)
The Alouette is:
stanzaic, any number of sixains.
syllabic, 5-5-7-5-7 syllables per line
rhymed, rhyme scheme aabccbddeeffgghiih etc.

When the wind blows fast
Close not your eyes fast
For the wind brings clouds of rain
Birds to coo and dance
Earth to scent in trance
We to till and till our brain

Indira Renganathan
Haiku is:
syllabic (17 syllables or less)
an imagist poem (draws the emotion from the image). Concrete images are
described. The subject, not the poet is what focuses the haiku.
written in the moment. The past can be referred to as long as it doesn't
overpower the present.
one of two forms 'traditional' or 'modern'
traditional requires a season be named and images and emotions be drawn from
of nature.
modern can be images of relationship, personality, experience, etc
often a tristich, commonly written in 3 lines. BUT, it can be written in 1 or 2
lines. (if not broken into 3 lines, the haiku should still follow the pattern of 3
units,2 images that either conflict or expand resulting in insight.) The common
break down of syllables:
L1 5 syllables describes image (traditional name season)
L2 7 syllables, adds conflicting image or expands first image
L3 5 syllables provide insight (the ah ha! moment) through a juxtaposed image

1  Food Fest
   It is world cuisine
   Even heaven can't resist
   Gods descend to feast

2  Escape
   Car runs fast, escapes
   Stray dogs rushing for a waste
   Fighting cat for  life

3  Summer Oasis
   Summer sun is up
   Marking a lonely pump set
   Road side oasis
4  Woody Dream

Midnight sleep in woods  
A dark hill rolling me down  
Fallen dream screaming

5  Salty Curry

Scoldings from her spouse  
That bad day she cooked with tears  
Curry turned salty

Indira Renganathan
Confusion (Waka)

The waka is:
a cinquain, written in 5 lines.
syllabic, 5-7-5-7-7 syllables. 31 onji, in English, 31 syllables.
true to the heart of the poet. The inspiration is to be drawn from the experience.
an early model for the tanka and many other Japanese forms.

The tanka is:
syllabic, 31 or less syllables, most commonly 5-7-5-7-7,
in variation the lines are best kept with odd numbered syllables.
normally but not always a 5 line poem, the 5 line pattern however does seem to prevail.
defined by content and style more than the syllabic prescription.
But there is still a pattern of short and long lines rather than a metered equal length.
written as a personal or emotional expression of themes
such as natural beauty, love, the impermanence of life, the activities of the common people

Confusion

How to make it out
Waka, Tanka look alike
With daughter Tanka
I'm already it's
to make her out

Indira Renganathan
Making Of A Rose(Triolet)

The Triolet is:
an octave, 8 lines.
in English, most often written with variable line length and meter at the
discretion of the poet. Originally in French, the lines were octasyllabic which
would create an 8 by 8 effect.
composed with a rentrement, L1 is repeated as L4 and L7. There is also
repetition of L2 in L8.
rhymed, with only 2 rhymes with the rhyme scheme ABaAabAB.
most often playful or satirical, appropriate for light verse or occasional verse.

Making Of A Rose

Just making of a rose a Rose
Cuts and folds plastic or paper
Then paints with all pink rouged a Rose
Just making of a rose a Rose

Blooms, scents, charms rosy Rose her rose
Thorns and scissors-they don't differ
Just making of a rose a Rose
Cuts and folds plastic or paper

Indira Renganathan
Love From Far Ends (Cinq Cinquain)

Cinq Cinquain is a verse form of 5 Crapsey Cinquains written as 5 sequential stanzas.

Love From Far Ends

Far ends
They stand apart
Stretched life further to go
Stretching then and then, on and on
Loveless

Of course
Rebukes command
Reprimands do demand
Yet they stretch their lives from far ends
Loveless

She mulls
'Am I to hurt
Am I to shame myself
Am I to shame my poor parents
No, no'

He Views
'How to solve this
Can’t love, can’t divorce her
Those holy vows firing around
Hmm, act'

Pretence-
Their choice to love
Two hearts from far ends love
And yield issues diplomatic
Loveless

Indira Renganathan
Threesome (Converse in couplets)

Converse in Couplets is
stanzaiic, written in any number of couplets.
syllabic, all lines are 11 syllables.
rhymed, aa bb cc dd ee ff gg etc.
a conversation between at least 2 voices.

Threesome

Blow into my heart to soothe much as you can
For summer is too hot burning much to tan

Wait o'land I'm already in the process
Made the breeze moist and cool the best in excess

Do it soon o' breeze more and more for I'm parched
Get cooled from the ocean to dab my space scorched

O'earth, wait, up I'm pushed to get the clouds grouped
They will hide the sun, rain will then calm us damp

Indira Renganathan
Alankar(Decor) -101

Raise Yourself If You Can...(Alternating rhyme quatrain)

rhyme quatrain is a 4 line unit with alternating abab cdcd rhyme which changes from stanza to stanza.

Raise Yourself If You Can...

Raise yourself if just you can
To the heights of Him so high
Up the bliss of cosmic span
In one with Him in real nigh

Confess if you can't and fail
There's a way simple you pray
For you He'll come to avail
Earthly nk, don't delay

Indira Renganathan
They Forecasted Rains (Envelope Quatrain)

Envelope Quatrain is a rhymed 4 line unit, 'the envelope' refers to the rhyme scheme abba. The bb is enveloped by the aa. An envelope can also be axxa with x being unrhymed.

They Forecasted Rains

I saw the ants in haste running in rows
With eggs in their mouths to reach that highland
At once I rushed home which was in Midland
Forecasted was rains by those ants in rows

Indira Renganathan
Grumble (Quatern)

The Quatern is-
stanzaic, written in 4 quatrains.
syllabic, usually written in lines of 8 syllables.
rhymed at the poet's discretion.
Possible rhyme schemes are Axax xAxa axAx xaxA x being unrhymed and the cap A being the refrain.
Or Aabb aAcc ddAa eeaA or any combination the poet chooses as long as the refrain is in the proper position.
composed with a refrain that is repeated as
L1 of the first stanza
L2 of the second stanza
L3 of the third stanza
L4 of the fourth stanza

Grumble

Empty mind mine sounds only hush
Lonely bewildered in silence
I am to fill it with words lush
My musings are hunting for thoughts

Albeit heart yearns for poetry
Empty mind mine sounds only hush
I pat and pat my brain quite brisk
So that floods of words lot in gush

Time does not seem to wait then rush
Brain is working fast and fast-yet
Empty mind mine sounds only hush
Thought-hunt is busy running on

I don't like a random scribble
Perfect theme, proper words should push
That my poem is set right-still
Empty mind mine sounds only hush
Indira Renganathan
O' This English..(Quaternion)

The Quaternion is:

a poem in 12 lines made up of 3 quatrains.
metered at the discretion of the poet.
rhymed, aabb ccdc abcd.

O' This English..

O' this English how I wonder
Defends me despite my blunder
Forgives my flaws and faults and fall
Applauds as up from fall I haul
And as I hard haul a poem
Easy it helps with it to rhyme
Admires my somewhat metaphors
So so similes so adores
So my heart in beats of thunder
Cautions my mind never to fall
But to effort high in rhythm
Sincere with all poetic chores

Indira Renganathan
Heart Yearns(Rictameter)

The Rictameter is:

a 9 line poem.
syllabic verse with graduated then diminishing number
of syllables 2-4-6-8-10-8-6-4-2.
rhymed or unrhymed, if rhymed the scheme is at
the discretion of the poet.
The two syllable last line is a repeat of the first line.

Heart Yearns..
For what else all..
The whole world and its all..

Truth is sleeping in its chamber
What can nudge and wake it up from its sleep
Sins out of desire mount up piled
Distressed Truth wakes and fights
Learnt now, right deed

Heart yearns

Indira Renganathan
Lovely Fall (Acrostic Dectina Refrain)

10 letter title written acrostic in 10 lines with
syllabic pattern 1to 1o each line vertically
10th line is a refrain of first four lines
with 10 syllables

Lovely Fall

Light
On leaves
Vast jumbling
Enthralling heart
Lovely colours smile
Yarned of hued sunshine morn
Flashings fluorescent cuddle
As Almighty's hands extended
Lovingly to cajole the hurt hearts
Light on leaves vast jumbling enthralling heart

Indira Renganathan
Zero (Concrete Poem)

Concrete Poetry is Visual Verse that attempts to make each shape an original image of the poem's theme.

Zero
- - - -0Zero0- - - - -
- - Empty kingdom- - -
- - Enjoying freedom- -
- Extending ceaseless-
- Help to one to nine-
- In stretchy stardom-
- o'Zero o'Zero 0000s-
- -Enjoying freedom- -
- - Umpteen kingly- -
- - - -0000000s- - - -

Indira Renganathan
Musicals (Synchronistic Poem)

The Synchronicity is:

stanzatic, written 4 or more tercets.
syllabic, 8-8-2 syllables per line of each tercet.
unrhymed.
written in the first person describing simultaneous events
written with a pivot or twist occurring
at the last quarter of the poem.

Musicals

Mom, you did build stairs of music
Me to grip Your hands of hope strong
To climb

The first few notes on which I trod
Keyed to playful, funny toddling
We laughed

You put in heavenly efforts
So much to take me to the peak
Illumed

But I, like the moon behind rains
Encased in lightless fate later
Tearful

Knew well you tried to pacify
As wedlock sang not melodies
Me fooled

Yes, I was a fool loosing life
I dream of those missed musicals
Today

I can not meet you in person
But my sorry, thanks will reach you
Hug you

On stage is my daughter smiling
Ready for her music concert-
Debut

Seated you're watching your grand-child
Even I from the skies proudly
Thanks mom

Indira Renganathan
Wishing The New Year (Wrapped Refrain)

The Wrapped Refrain is:

stanzaic, written in any number of sixains or octaves

syllabic, 8-8-8-8-12-12 syllables per line when written in sixains,
14-14-8-8-8-8-14-14 syllables per line
when written in octaves..
rhymed, aabbcc ddee ff etc. when written in sixains and aabbccdd ee ff gg hh etc
when written in octaves.

written with each sixain repeating the first 4 syllables of L1 as the last
4 syllables of L6 or
each octave repeating the first 10 syllables of L1 as the last 10 syllables of L8.

Wishing The New Year

Sweet beginnings, I wish you dear
Unlike of mistakes gone last year
No more of misunderstandings
No more of fake understandings
Vow, that you will bask in scores of blissful innings
On that vow, to you dear New year, sweet beginnings

Indira Renganathan
Teacher(Cherihew)
The Clerihew is:
satirical poetry, an epigram.
often metered, written in iambic dimeter, but can be expanded using the rhythm
of normal speech.
a single quatrain.
a mocking epigram of someone (usually famous or in authority)
The first line is
the title and the name of a person whom the epigram will mock.
rhymed, rhyme scheme aabb.

Teacher

Teacher teaches
Music screeches
Students repeat
Baa baa they bleat

Indira Renganathan
Alankar(Decor) -118

Words are played
Forms are formed
Now comes Palindrome
Words forward
Words backward
Mean anyway
Palindrome only

Played are words
Formed are forms
Palindrome comes now
Forward words
Backward words
Anyway mean
Only Palindrome

Hidden Flaws OfPoems

Comments to comments are read
Praises to praises are felt
Thanks to thanks are given
Dunked are flaws though

Dunked are flaws though
Thanks to thanks are given
Praises to praises are felt
Comments to comments are read

Though flaws are dunked
Given are thanks to thanks
Felt are praises to praises
Read are comments to comments

Indira Renganathan
O'Mind(Virelai)

The Virelai is:
stanzaic, any number of nonets (9 line stanzas) may be written at the discretion of the poet.
syllabic, syllables per line 5-5-2-5-5-2-5-5-2.
rhymed, aabaabaab bbcbbcbbc ddcddcddc etc until the end, in which the long line rhyme of the first stanza is repeated as the short line rhyme of the last stanza

O' Mind

Do not rest in eyes
Just to see all vice
O' mind
Do not stoop to lies
To be a bad splice
O'mind
Do not taste such spice
To bend for low price
O'mind

Watch all things you find
And choose the right bind
For life
Life can't be assigned
Worthless to end blind
Dark life
Brings only grief lined
Care for, my dear mind
High life

That you've gained high life
That your pride ups rife-
No wise
Turns again dark life
Step by step down strife-
Not nice
Beware, for your life
Can't end blind with strife
Be wise

Indira Renganathan
The Analogue is:
a 9 line poem.
metered, all lines are iambic pentameter.
rhymed, rhyme scheme abbaabbcc.

Lingering

Time once upon when I was young alone
just, you pushed me in deep ocean of love
Drowned in heaven I flew in skies above
No where in my flyings I felt alone
But by and by fell to find an else zone
That my heart felt ocean-brined in tears' trove
How could I miss I was left in hate's cove
How could I miss I was duped false winging
Yet why that 'time once' is still lingering...

Indira Renganathan
The English Quintet is:
stanzaic, written in any number of quintets (5 line stanzas).
metered, most commonly iambic pentameter, although meter is optional.
rhymed, rhyme scheme ababb, cdcdd etc.

Baited Dream

A dream put me to sleep in a palace
On a royal diwan bed I was left
My dream dragged me just to heaven's terrace
And heaven pulled me straight to her arrest
Fancy colours waltzed around at their best

I held the dream so tight not to break me
But from west sun came signalling my time
Aliens some then surged to ready me
Perfumed I bathed perfumed I dressed sublime
'May be me there the queen', I dreamt in rhyme

Feasted dainty I got wreathed of a threat
Just in time my time came for them awesome
But my vision was blind to miss their cheat
It was my time for them, planned well gruesome
Ere I could scent it I was chained wholesome

They all started laughing like a lion's roar
I was trembling baited by cannibals
Mindful my heart alarmed me of my gore
I urged a way out from those animals
Fleeing strength broke out against their verbals

Just then sun from east rayed his helping hand
That I could hold it tight to flee away
And I did so in no time to my land
Leaving me safe on my cot did sun say
'Fear not child, no more of a bad dream-day'
Indira Renganathan
Laugh Till The End

-a 5 line verse in which the center lines are enclosed by the rhyme of the outer lines.
stanzaic, a quintet may be a stand alone poem or can be written in any number of 5 line stanzas.
meter at the discretion of the poet.
rhymed abcba or aabaa or abba, subsequent stanzas may link or continue the rhyme scheme: linked abcba cdedc or abcba deced / continued is simply abcba defed etc.
Used here are simply the three rhyme patterns of abcba, deeed, ffgff though it is a linked stanzaic poem

Laugh Till The End

When words beat you with ire
Beat them back with your words
When hands beat you much hurt
Beat back with yours skywards
But next laugh off that fire

What is life after all
Flickers of time's breathing
One day off...why seething
Your bad name bequeathing
Why blood and brawl, downfall

If only you can laugh
Life will then be not tough
If you can only grudge
Sure, life will then be rough
Fight, but judge next to laugh

Indira Renganathan
What Is Gained Atlast....(Sestina)

Sestina is:
suited to a narrative because of its length and lack of rhyme. It gives the poet room to tell a story.
in English most often iambic pentameter but sometimes iambic tetrameter.
contained in 39 lines, grouped into 6, sixains (6 line stanzas) followed by a 3 line unrhymed envoi or tornada (a salutation or sending forth) The last 3 lines gather up and deploy all 6 end-words.
composed with 6 unrhymed end-words which must occur in every stanza but in a changing order that follow a set pattern. (this is known as lexical repetition) The order seems to turn the poem inside out, the first end-word eventually becomes the last. The pattern of end-words shift from stanza to stanza is a mathematical equation from which, if one were to write a 7th stanza, the pattern of the 1st stanza would be repeated in the 7th.

The set pattern of shifting end-words from stanza to stanza is:

1st stanza 1 2 3 4 5 6
2nd stanza 6 1 5 2 4 3
3rd stanza 3 6 4 1 2 5
4th stanza 5 3 2 6 1 4
5th stanza 4 5 1 3 6 2
6th stanza 2 4 6 5 3 1
L1 envoi 2-5 (even #ed end words incorporated internally into the line.)
L2 envoi 4-3
L3 envoi 6-1

What Is Gained At Last...

She is gazing at the farther thrown star
Wide eyed with a shut heart for a long time
Something it seems to say to her fondly
But her seasoned heart is firm and tight closed
That no room for any love to enter
She knows what life is all about on earth

Umpteem wheels of aeons have spun this earth
yet this world adores to be a young star
As if old and grey can never enter
Likes to stay with young heart for love all time
Yearns to stay in love alone all else closed
Forgetting but love grips hate so fondly

This she wonders how world can stay 'fondly'
Since her story is high sky and low earth
Tides up and low tumbling her drowned deep closed
This day she sums up all to find a peace-star
In vain only to feel two tracks of time
Two truckers hauling no love to enter

Mechanical days let no peace enter
Two hearts never merged into one fondly
Lived days were not loved days of them in time
Still love worked to issue offsprings on earth
Ashamed, she regrets for her matchless star
Who hauled the life for her but with love closed

What is gained at last..except her life closed
Joy and cheer were not allowed to enter
Not a soothing star but a shooting star
His rage could not kiss her calmness fondly
Sighing now she regrets her birth on earth
Sobbing bewails her wedlock now high time

She is gazing gazing for a long time
Unaware of the dark night getting closed
Farther star now is declined down the earth
To hide the sun dark grey clouds slowly enter
Dolorous day lulls her breathings fondly
Perhaps mutes the ache of that sleeping star

Now is a soul's time spaceward to enter
Heavy closed heart to find a love fondly
Born on earth to live with a caring star

Indira Renganathan
The Burns Stanza is:
stanzaic, written in any number of sixains.
metered, the standard meter of Scottish poetry is tetrameter. This stanza is most often written with L1, L2, L3, L5 in iambic tetrameter and L4 and L6 in iambic dimeter. Some sources indicated the form to be syllabic, with the long lines being between 8 and 9 syllables and the short lines between 4 and 5 syllables.
rhymed, rhyme scheme aaabab cccdc etc.

In A Busy Road

In a busy road of big crowd
That bird, one among the blue-proud
Who, wood-sent here came in groups cowed
Caught in traffic
Badly trailing its fear aloud
Cracking out loud

Running here and there around and
Between cars and busses screamed and
Screamed and panicked its weak move banned
Peacock forlorn
Wonder, how came else cries' demand
Peacock flew gone

Indira Renganathan
Asthma Versus Back Pain

The Quintette is:
a poem in 15 lines made up of 3 quintains.
metric, stanza 1 & 3 are iambic pentameter,
stanza 2 all lines are iambic, L1, L5 are dimeter and L3 is pentameter
and L2, L4 are tetrameter.
L1 of the 1st stanza is repeated as L3 of the 2nd stanza and L5 of the 3rd stanza.
rhymed, rhyme scheme Ababb acAca dadaA.

Asthma Versus Back Pain

She is sick of her asthma and back pain
Two rivals fighting to board her body
Their fight gives her life only immense pain
And she is sad, dejected and moody
Each one around gives an advice grody

Pillows mount lain
Albeit soothes and makes her feel free
She is sick of her asthma and backpain
As hits backpain next to decree
No loss of pain

Wheezing asthma, acute back pain twosome
Beating her confused to sit or lie plain
Peaceless days run nighted only gruesome
Over done highly with long deadly strain
She is sick of her asthma and backpain

Indira Renganathan
The Temple (Palette)

The Palette is:
a word painting.
framed at the discretion of the poet.

The Temple

A vessel of silenceshowering its twinklings
A support of breezy ripples the river sending along
Mysterious sickle-smile sheening through a fluorescence
He is steepled atop to rest in His logo meaningful

The sun's urge, time is pushed aside cleaned of night
Behind Him in a tardy wake sunraysin His mirth
Cooing birds sing His praises in red and pink of dawn
Bathed of sunshine, He is attired of a silky morn

His feet now in the hold of His spouse, our mother
There stretched a path to His loving heart
You and me and they and this and that all surrender
Free of sins atoned and admitted there in all are

Thrilled and trickled wind tolls the bells golden
Fed with holy cuisine, hymns and prayers and pleas
He is so motherly pregnant with his kids heartily
There plays a lofty privacy between Him and them

But per His code of Nature to play hide and seek
Sun begins hiding in his run and more a sickle is up
Earth feels left in His logo up on the tower top
Narasinga hugs Lakshmi with a blessing look locked in

Indira Renganathan
Unseasonal (Ya-Du)

The Ya-Du or ritú (season) is stanzaic form dedicated to the seasons. The theme should express the emotions the seasons evoke. The form is a 15th century Burmese pattern using a climbing rhyme.

stanzaic, written in no more than 3 cinquains.
syllabic. L1-L4 tetrasyllabic (4) and L5 may be 5, 7, 9, or 11 syllables. 4-4-4-4-(5, 7, 9, or 11)
rhymed. The form employs a climbing rhyme in which the 4th syllable of L1 rhymes with the 3rd syllable of L2 and the 2nd syllable of L3. L4 and L5 end rhyme.
dedicated to the seasons and the emotions they evoke.

Unseasonal

They hope to reap
Trust to heap gain
Just keep toiling
Travailing, wait
Looking for profit

But lo their fate
Brings them waste lot
To hate shocking
Destroying storm
Venging to harm untimely

Indira Renganathan
Paradox (Hexaverse)

Hexaverse (hexa = six / verse = line or unit of lines) by definition this invented form refers to six, six syllable lines.

The Hexaverse is:
a hexastich, a poem in 6 lines.
syllabic, 6 syllable lines.
unrhymed.

Paradox

How boring this work is
Hunting words for each line
To suit the verse best matched..
Fingers fold and unfold
Pained by syllable count
Yet, interesting too

Indira Renganathan
There Is A Zone Special (Diminishing Hexaverse)

The Diminishing Hexaverse
a poem in diminishing 6 stanzas, made up of a sixain,
followed by quintet, followed by a quatrain,
followed by a tercet followed by couplet and ending in a single stich.
syllabic, L1-L6 6 syllables each,
L7-L11 5 syllables each, L12-L15 4 syllables each,
L16-L18 3 syllables each, L19-L20 2 syllables each and finally L21 1 syllable.
unrhymed.

There Is A Zone Special

There is a zone special
Lovers to cherish love
Just to gaze at themselves
In love's eyes, wordless lips
To utter flutterings
In silence messaging..

Love at first sight wings
Takes off to heaven
Zooms in dreams of hugs
Widened irises light
Wicks of lovely looks

What next? souls merge
In one, on hopes
Chaired to lead life
Wheeling in air

As hours run
Mind wakes them
Love caved in

A zone
Special..
Heart!
Brunch(Septet)

A seven line poetic unit is termed a septet
The septet is a 7 line stanza,
usually made up of quatrain and a tercet
and written adjacent to other uniform stanzas.

Brunch

Ask a tropical being about brunch-
I would number many items special
Or some selected dishes to munch
Brunch is the best morn food rational
Should feel retired waiting for hunger
No urgency for any work and no anger
Should overdo spoiling to malinger

And too nice if you are enough old
 Probably retired from your job
 Or say be just a homemaker to hold
 Your hunger till ripe to throb
 When you finally sit to glut
 Do it sated next to heavenly strut
 In godly slumber and sleep just

Indira Renganathan
Consecration

Common Octave is a double Common Measure, the elements are:

stanzaic, written in any number of octaves.

metered, L1 L3, L5 and L7 are iambic tetrameter and L2, L4, L6 and L8 are iambic trimeter.

rhymed, rhymed scheme xaxaxaxa xbxbxxbx etc x being unrhymed.

Consecration

What can burn dark and light the mind

What can cleanse the grime there

What can wash off the stinky smell

And cense therein with care

A mode of sculpting the hard heart

Into a godly stare

Dipped and dressed of scented prayers

Will do a lot to fare

Indira Renganathan
Garden Walk (Un-wreathed Octave)

Un-wreathed Octave is-

simply the reverse of Wreathed in that the first line starts with an internal rhyme with the second external and so on, giving it a basic rhyme scheme of:

x. b. x. x. x. x. a.
x. a. x. x. x. x. b.
x. b. x. x. x. x. a.
x. c. x. x. x. x. b.
x. d. x. x. x. x. c.
x. c. x. x. x. x. d.
x. d. x. x. x. x. c.
x. x. x. x. x. x. d.

Garden Walk

Green and else colours surround me
As I stroll free for fresh breath and
The sand grains in scented spree
Carrymy steps along the land
As birds welcome with cooing peps
My steps halt a while to become
Wholesome a bird in flying specs
Just to meet with Heaven awesome

Indira Renganathan
Thirsty Crow

Thirsty
Crow called its clan
On finding water pot
On a parapet wall nearby
Crows flew in at once and began
Fighting and broke the pot
Lo, to wait dry
Thirstily

Indira Renganathan
Little Cloud Is Sad (Lai)

The Lai as verse form is:
a narrative, tells a story.
usually a nonet, 9 lines made up of 3 tercets.
rhymed, rhyme scheme aab aab aab.
syllabic, syllables per line are 5-5-2 5-5-2 5-5-2
Tradition states that the short line must not be indented;
it must be left dressed to the poem.

Little Cloud Is Sad

Little cloud is sad
As big clouds are glad
Friendly
Without sad
Little cloud leaves bad
Coldly
Seeks sun's help to add
Gold seam to playgraced
Friendly

Indira Renganathan
Whose Mistake Was It Anyway (Spenserian Stanza)

The Spenserian Stanza is:
a narrative. It tells a story centered around a single theme,
often in a time frame that includes a beginning, middle and end.
It is usually written in the 3rd person.
stanzaic, written in any number of 9 line stanzas.
metered, most often iambic. L1-L8 are usually pentameter
and L9 is always an Alexandrine line a hexameter (6 feet)
with a caesura division creating 2 commonly, equal hemistiches (half lines).
rhymed. There is a fluid interlocking rhyme scheme a b a b c b c c

Whose Mistake Was It Anyway

A school of good students and good teachers
It was running much with good name and fame
Once but turned fateful with some bad features
When a student stole and got a bad name
Angry teacher beat him nicely on shame
Just to make him right to be a good boy
But soon a report filed against the dame
That she got expelled for beating the boy
So, whose mistake was it? tell me, teacher or boy?

Indira Renganathan
I'm January child of December
My father is the serpent, Time
They left me with spring and vanished
Spring-fostered I'm tutored in class one
And my honoured teacher is New Year
In thirty one days I should learn all
And as I grow to fifteen days old
My teen-ilk sporting fertile
I'm forced to wedvernal sun
Only to birth February in next sixteenth night

Indira Renganathan
Symbol Woman (Sonnetina Tre)

Sonnetina Tre is a decastich made up of 3 stanzas, two quatrains and a couplet. Iambic pentameter with rhyme, abab cdcd ee. However there are many quatrain frames and the poet has the discretion to use any quatrain frame, (alternating rhyme, envelope rhyme,

Symbol Woman

She is like birds to peal a wake up call
Early in the dawn to her mind and heart
To be brisk and active without a fall
Just to cook and feed her home with no fault

In to day's mainstream she is marked 'jobless'
And is called a 'home maker' to her pride
Her honesty polished she gleams flawless
She works and works sweltering day full wide

Homemaker- not just a kitchen-woman
But a mother and a symbol woman

Indira Renganathan
Symbol Woman-2 (Sonnetina Quatro)

Sonnetina Quatro consists of a sestet and a quatrain and as there is a variety of sestets that can be used and similarly quatrains, this gives a considerable permutation of er is stated, but eight or ten syllables is normal.

Sestet with a Quatrain
6 x 4
Any meter

Symbol Woman-2

This young woman is sweet like her sweet kid-
Sweet colour, sweet smile, sweet talks all amid
Toiling morning of kid getting to school-
Like the late sun from behind the clouds cool
Peeking from the blanket the waking kid
Just delaying, dragging time to forbid-

Think of that mom's utmost force with no skid
Herself to get to office and the kid
In tact on time be dropped well fed at school
Whilst simply watching her the dad so cool

Indira Renganathan
Was I Born With.....(Echo Sonnet)
The Echo Sonnet is:
lyrical.
a quatorzain made up 3 quatrains followed by a couplet.
metric, iambic pentameter.
composed without pivot. Because of the double refrain, the poem seems to be revolving, ending where it started.

Was I Born With....

Was I born with a goal
To win in mind
Like those gifted beings that race and goal
No, no child is ever born with a goal
Nor on death can I seek one in darkblind

Birth to death this life runs in untold kind
Where and when it will end its role who knows
My goal- not this game of mystery-shows
Nor on death can I seek one in dark blind

Life and death- who the causer? asks my mind
Does my grey soul that ceaseless toll for Him
For this birth I have no great goal to aim
Nor on death can I seek one in darkblind

Was I born with a goal
To win in mind
Nor on death can I seek one in darkblind

Indira Renganathan
Little Girl And Chota Bheem

Mama banned tv for the kids
Little girl felt so hurt
Chota Bheem, the best for all kids
Little girl missed it worst

Little girl yet found a way out
Went to the neighbour house
Watched the show her favourite best
Mom knew not of next house

This was going on for sometime
Till one day neighbour scowled
Shocked parents felt much a bad time
Little girl was just bowled

Daddy dear let her watch tv
Yet out of mercy soon
But on a word of promise she
Can watch as weekend boon

While this was on at the weekends
One day joined grand-mother
Little girl thrilled with joy no bounds
Enjoyed with grand mother

Chota Bheem was interesting
Krishna and Bheem the most
Little girl and granny bursting
Revelled together best the most

Chota Bheem impressed granny much
Watched it with grand daughter
Regular on week ends as such
That moved much the father

So he let the two watch tv
Just their favourite show
Chota Bheem for an hour only
Which he too could not forgo

Daddy, granny dragged in mummy
Out of her fussy mood
That made all watch Chota chubby
Now Bheem is the most viewed

Indira Renganathan
How Little Girl Hassles

Back
From school
Little girl is in full cheer
Shoes off, bag off
She sings loudly
Galloping with her
Swinging pony tail

And
That fetches in
From the opposite house
Her friend

Who
Fat and friskily rough
Joins his friend's singing
High spirited he dances
More spirited with a ruler

And
Still more spirited
In fast beats he
Beats little girl
Showing demonic faces

There!
Sounds the other way
The little girl
And her friend
Flees away

And
Amid all this uproar
Mammaseriously checking
The tiffin box full back
Furiously screams

Contd

Indira Renganathan
The Ode (from Greek - aeidein 'to sing or chant') is a genre of poetry in which the subject is praised, exalted or favorably contemplated. The term 'ode' is concerned more with its exalted theme than the structure of the poem. The ode displays three qualities, focus on one subject or object, an extended and elaborated description of the subject and last, a celebratory or praising tone.

Praises To Little Girl-
Granny Sings(Ode)

When the moon wanted to be blemishless
She begged the sun for more power
And the sun granted her some sunny sprays
Then the moon did with them a facial
And sponged her face with puffy clouds
Now ready to descend peeped at the earth
There! you were in our home little sweet!
A dainty breeze thence kept filling our breaths

And in the pool of our hearts
You've been a ravishing cherub
Poised on a lotus firm and divine
You've been growing up ambrosial
A lot to please us sweet
With your moony pranks and prattle
Kiddish to kid the elders around
Praises to you sweet little girl

And it's time now to sing your
Delightful manners
How people around find you

Our neighbours-
'O' she is an angel'

Your friends-
'O' she is lovely'
Your school-
'O' she is stupendous'

Our visitors-
'O' she is polite'

Your father-
'O' heavenly'

Your mother-
'O' heavenly'

And for me my sweetie
'O' boundless sea of nectar'

More so

Your aptitude-
'O' wonderful'

Your attitude-
'O' sharp and clean'

Your dancing-
'O' dexterous'

Your singing-
'O' mind-blowing'

Your ilk-
'O' decorous'

Let the world know this
You're my adorable star
Praises to you sweet little girl
Praises to you sweet grand-daughter
Hugs and kisses o' little grand-daughter
Ever from your dear sweet grand-mother

Indira Renganathan
ABC poem, a subgenre of the Alphabet Poem is sometimes used as a word game for children in which the child is asked to think up words in alphabetical order and write a poem using those words as the first word of each line. It is an Abecedarius without the history or the spiritual character. Each line of the poem begins with a sequential letter of the alphabet.

Birth Of A New Year

Another new year to be
Born shortly
Carefully a hideout
December seeks
Eluding erratic days
Freshened good hope
Getting risen
Heartily to feed
Infant
January

Indira Renganathan
Alankar(Decor) -182

The ABBA is:

1 A very short poem.
2 A single strophe of 2, 3 or 4 lines.
3 Rhymed. The poem contains mirror rhyme in which the first and last syllables of the poem rhyme, as do the two center syllables. Rhyme scheme a…..b b ......a
This reflective rhyme can be extended further, a......b....c c ....b.....a
4 Untitled

1 Kids on the road
Load-truck forbids

2 Dog howls at Neem
Seems a ghostly smog

3 Wind is still and calm
Storm is behind

4 Rain drops fall
Hit
Bit
Thralls grassy reign

5 Rat is watching
Steady
Ready
Catching clutching the cat

Indira Renganathan
On That Tall Tree(Four syllable verse)

Four Syllable Verse is:
stanzaic written in 3 quatrains.
syllabic, lines of 4 syllables each.
rhymed, rhyme scheme aaxa bbcc cdcd.

On That Tall Tree

On that tall tree
Crows crowd and see
If heaven drops
Food for them free

Down on the road
Fighters scream gored
Fleshy chops fly
Skyward so high

Chanced the crows fly
Up and down fast
Catch the flesh nigh
Somewhat aghast

Indira Renganathan
Angry Animal's Lesson (Alliterated alphabet poem)
Alliterated alphabet poem, this variation is written with almost every word within
the line beginning with the same letter of the alphabet.

Angry Animal's Lesson

Anger afflicts. Affliction aggrandizes
Beasts burst barbaric belligerent
Curt Curses cathartic cast
Delirious deceit, defeat destruct
Effervescently evil enjoys

Fatuous faunae feral
Ghastly gesture gloats
However hackneyed hostile haggard hatred
Indicates idates innerly
Jeered jeopardized justly jabbed

Kindled karma kindles kinetic
Lachrymose life lot learns
Mulling mind melting much
Nether nemesis nailing
O' outcomes obedient obeisance

Prevailing picture penitent
Quashed quest quarantined
Revenge, rebuke, rue, resultant regrets
Situation sympathized
Too torturous though

Ultimate understanding-'umbrage unappreciated'
Vengeance vibrantly vilified
Wicked wishes wailing waning
X-ed X-rayed
Yodeling youth yearns
Zealous

Indira Renganathan
Death To Birth (Abstract Poem)

Abstract poetry is:
intended to convey emotion rather than a moment in time, event, story or
descriptive scene.
constructed at the discretion of the poet in length, stanza, meter and or rhyme.
primarily attempting to communicate through sound and bizarre images.

Death To Birth

I saw myself split
Into seven selves
Rising from a smoking fire

One howling one yelling
One barking one grunting
One roaring and two yodeling
While high toned Dark altitonant
In thunderous conflict
Trying to put out all my selves

Ere the clouding smoke
Closed my seeing fully
My hearing felt dolorous
Those kindred cries that
Some shocked some mocked some poked..
My heart bled

Burning my original self
Ran toiling through and through
Just to meet with that next at last....

You'll not trust..but you have to
I saw a lotus-poised radiance
That showed me the bright sun
I saw a Lily-poised effulgence
That showed me the assuasive moon
Trust me trust me
And I began to see around and the kindreds
I smiled..they smiled and those kindreds
Some emoted some exulted some elated
And now that lotus-radiance
Fed me her milk of love
How I felt safe and secured
And then that lily-effulgence
Cradled me with a song
How I got tickled and gurgled
Maaaaa.....I prattled gibberish
Mama, mamma.....Whelmed she cuddled me
Ah there, I just got stuck in heaven
Vast and abstract

Indira Renganathan
Promising (Morning Song)

Morning song or Matins
are formal lyrical prayers sung at dawn.
The tone is hopeful. The frame is at the discretion of the poet.

Promising

'This pervading Dark
Will soon be pierced'
Proclaiming the promise
Of a bright rise
That lonely shiny star
True, a sprawl of crimson spreads
From her bosom of blue
A blossom of sunny hope
Earth is raising
And that morning hope
I'm filled with

Sailing
On this day of hope
Pray
Blest, row with oars
Of His hands
'Peace be along
This loam
That azure
And oceans around'
Pray
For this day of hope
In repeats

Indira Renganathan
The Aquarian is a stanzaic form which is pretty simplistic. It was created by A Marie Mazz.
The Aquarian is:
stanzaic, written in any number of quatrains.
syllabic, 2-4-6-2 syllables per line.
unrhymed.

'Caution
Electric fence'
People dare not enter
Afraid

But dare
The elephants
Night hunting for their food
Their end

Indira Renganathan
Blooming And Budding

He gazed and gazed
She blushed and blushed mousey
At last fell into his heart full
The sun bright gazed and gazed at the lotus
Lotus bared her heart of petals
Born a new bud and bloomed
Gazed at her love

Indira Renganathan
Syllogistic poetry

Syllogism is defined as the scheme of an argument. It consists of a major premise, a minor premise and a conclusion based on the two, such as Aristotle's 'men are mortal; Socrates is a man; therefore Socrates is mortal.' A logical debating tool might seem an unlikely aesthetic device, but syllogism is employed in poetry to create character, enigma and especially irony.

1 An exempted syllogism

Animals are inhumane
Man is an animal
An exception I am

I read this
You read this
'An exception I am'

--

2 An Excused Syllogism

All doctors save lives
Mr. X is a doctor
Mr. X saves lives

All doctors save lives
Mr. X is a doctor
Mr. X is a vegetarian

And he has in his clinic
Words of a reconciling technique
'Medicines are made for lives
Of lives by lives'

--
3 Then And Now

Then

All women are composed
Sita was a woman
Sita was sad all through

Note: Sita- heroine of the epic Ramayana

All women are chaste
Akalya was a woman
Chastity turned accursed into a stone

Note: Akalya-a blessed character by Rama in Ramayana

All women are bold
Jansirani was a woman
Jansirani died young

Note: Jansirani-queen of jansi real name-Lakshmibai

From time long and old
Women have been coy and cold
Yet sometimes bold

Now

All women are composed
Sumathi is a woman
Sumathi is sad
with a drunkard husband

All women are chaste
Asha is a woman
Asha has been sold
In the red market

All women are bold
Asha is a woman
Asha kills her husband

From time long and old
Till time nowexplored
Women have been coy and cold
Yet some times bold
- -

4A Brooding Syllogism

All doctors are gods treating
birth to death via life
Ramaswamy is a doctor
Ramaswamy is a god

All gods are doctors treating
birth to death via life
Dhanvantri is a god
Dhanvantri is a doctor

Doctor be the God
That God can not conquer Hades
God be the doctor
That doctor can not do away with Death
Never can surpass his destiny
The human
- -

5 If Moon Is A Girl

If moon is a girl
So is a girl a moon
With blemishes
By her lover's kisses

If a girl is a moon
Blemishedby lover's kisses
So is the moon a girl
Blemished by sun's kisses

- -

6 Tortoise Versus Rabbit

If thousand tortoises are equal to one rabbit
So is a rabbit equal to thousand tortoises
And that is why the rabbit lost the game

- -

7 The Crow and The Cuckoo

If the crow is black and the cuckoo reflects the crow
So is the cuckoo black

If the crow lays eggs and the cuckoo reflects the crow
So does the cuckoo lay eggs in crow's nest

If the crow does not reflect the cuckoo and
the cuckoo does not reflect the crow
So does the crow hatch cuckoo's eggs

- -

8 On Wise Men

No wise man is ignored
Some wise men are boring
Some boring wise men are ignored

No wise men are men who are arrogant
Some men who are arrogant are men who live showy
Some men who are showy are not wise men

- -

9 An Inconclusive Syllogism
'Food is God' father tells his child
'So don't waste, He 'll get wild'

- On this advice

Major

If food is God, God is food too
If God is food, food is God too

Minor

All veggies and meat are food
All veggies and meat are God too

Inconclusive Deduction

'Do we we kill God and eat papa? '
Child asks
Father keeps mum

-

10 A Limpid Syllogism

You reap what you sow
I reap what I sow
You can't reap what I sow
I can't reap what you sow

A good seed you should sow
A good seed I should sow
You can't steal my seed and sow
Nor can I steal your seed and sow

A good seed you sow and reap good
A good seed I sown and reap good

Indira Renganathan
Miku

Abbreviated Haiku is written in either 2 lines with syllable count 7/2 or 3 lines with syllable count 3/5/3 or 2/3/2. This is called Miku. In other words, the spirit of Haiku in minimalist style is the essence of Miku, many of which are only a few words per line long, and untitled.

1. Surgery
   Anesthesia
   Sedate breath

2. Season's heaven welcomes you
   Gulmohar

3. Sky falls
   Day and night
   Ocean

Indira Renganathan
The Senryu is:
a poem in 3 lines or less.
syllabic, 17 syllables or less.
commonly written in 3 lines but can be written in 2 lines and can be written with fewer syllables, never more.
L1 5 syllables describes image.
L2 7 syllables, adds conflicting image or expands first image
L3 5 syllables provides insight (the ah ha! moment) through a juxtaposed image.
written as a natural human experience in language that is simple, humorous
presented with an energy or liveliness in the focus and choice of words
often humorous
written in the moment.
untitled but can be #ed.

1 She is like haiku
But turns modern for his love
Senryu weds her

   night pesterer
She loathes, he grumbles heated
Swelltering blackout

   likes pumpkin treat
But amma cooks clusterbeans
Obese son treated

4. Overspeed car flies
Begging backseat bumps and bumps
Opened door tows screams

   from above sing
'How we wonder what you are!'
Kids' party down town

Alankar(Decor) - 198
Indira Renganathan
Alankar(Decor) -199

The Somonka is:
a poem in 10 lines, made up of 2 tankas.
syllabic, 5-7-5-7-7 5-7-5-7-7 syllables per line.
composed in the form of statement-response,
often written by 2 poets, one writing the statement the other the response but a
single poet can write both parts.
titled.
unrhymed.
built around the theme of love

Fleeing And Falling

'Look at those free birds
Fleeing free of fettered fear
Free of fettered fear
Let us too flee my sweet heart
Happy days ahead for us'

The fleeing free birds
Hunters Point to catch and cage
Lovers are back town
Costfree punishment given
For castebound coloured reasons

Indira Renganathan
Zen came from India to China in the 6th century and on to Japan in the 8th century.

Zen Chinese monks were the first to write poetry as an extension of their meditation. Therefore the earliest Zen poems were written in the Chinese style of the time, quatrains with lines of equal length, often the lines parallel each other. The first Japanese disciples studying in China continued the tradition of Chinese style writing and brought it home to the Japanese monasteries.

Urban monasteries in Kyoto and other populous areas known as The Five Mountain temples became centers for learning, promoting Chinese poetry, painting and calligraphy. The role of the Five Mountain Zen temples, introducing Chinese arts into medieval Japan, helped create a permanent bridge between Zen and medieval forms of artistic expression.

About the same time, another branch of Zen practiced in the Rinka (forest) monasteries which had sprouted up in the Japanese countryside and was populated by less educated monks who also made their mark without the Chinese influence. Poetry from the Rinka temples was influenced more by the rural setting of the Japanese countryside.

Over time, Zen poetry has evolved, there is no common form for Zen poetry, it can be written in any style, any language. What appears, what is now, what is clear, is written with an economy of words and shared as 'Zen Poetry'. Zen poetry requires the poet to be aware and in the moment, connected to all that surrounds him on the journey to enlightenment.

1 Living In The Present

Life told the meditator
'I lived yesterday and died
I live today and will die
Tomorrow I don't know
I will be there or not
If I'm there, I know
I'll live and die then also
Live and die is my motto'

'But morally' said the meditator

2 Escapade

A big river with crocodiles
A small brook with peace
Sandwiched a cute village

3 Mystery

Ocean can reflect sky
But not sky can
Mirror can reflect man
But not man can
Your eyes can reflect me
But not yourself
Alone He can Himself reflect
From in and out of all

4 Trend

He is picking the ripe grapes
Leaving the sour lot
Fox by his side says
'Pick the sour grapes too
Can make pickles'

Indira Renganathan
Distich

distichGreek - 2 related lines, a couplet, complete and closed. A poem in 2 lines.

1. No Widowing Rites

Sons and daughters shared his assets after his death
His wife retained his holy knot as bequeathed love with mirth

Vehement

Eloped, built and rebuilt their love with mud and thatches
No tempest ever could ruin their love-bungalow of children

3. Mailing

His smile winkled at her messaging his love
Her heart opened its folder to save it

Indira Renganathan
A crow looked down from a tree
And saw a chirping dove about to flee

'Stop, I'm coming to you' said the crow
'No I'm going elsewhere' said the dove

The crow was hurt by the dove's gesture
Decided not to befriend the dove in future

One day the dove flew along a flour mill
Saw sun dried grains in heaps outside that mill

Tempted the dove awaited a quick peck
As there were watchmen alert with a stick

Same time bold crow was pecking grains aside
Peeking by chance dove too flew down the other side

Tempted, It started pecking the grains crazily
Leering at the crow then and then curiously

But the crow seeing the dove wanted to flee
To avoid the dove it flew swiftly to its tree

Left alone the dove felt free of sharing
Greedily it went on gulping much erring

Forgetting about the watchmen around
It minded only its grains aground

But lo! soon all turned down
Fate came guised of a sack gown
The watchmen caught the dove trapped
Wisely in a gunny sack well wrapped

The dove could only feel sorry
For its greediness and bad story

Indira Renganathan
The Diamante or Diamond Poem is a contrast verse form.

The verse is written from the outside in.
The first and last lines are nouns that are opposites or antonyms.
The interior of the poem expands on the two nouns and at the center joins them in shared likeness.

The Diamante or Diamond Poem is:
a heptastich, (7 lines).
often a shape poem, the poem when centered on the page creates the outline of a diamond.
unmetered. The measure of the line is the words used.
L1 - a noun which is the opposite of the noun used in L7
L2 - 2 adjectives that describe L1
L3 - 3 verbs (present participle) that describe what L1 does
L4 - 4 nouns that are related to both L1 and L7 or nouns that both have in common
L5 - 3 verbs (present participle) that describe what L7 does
L6 - 2 adjectives that describe L7
L7 - a noun which is the opposite (antonym) of the noun used in L1

Library

Public, central
Reading, referring, learning
Horns, smokers, stinks, disturbance
Distracting, irritating, spoiling,
Crowded, cluttered
Bus stand

Indira Renganathan
Unseasoned (Haibun)

Haibun is a joining of prose and haiku. Originating in Japan, found as far back as the 10th century and made popular by Basho in the 17th century, it is autobiographic often taking the form of a travelogue. Modern haibun usually draws its inspiration from everyday events.

The form usually opens with prose which is short narrative. It sets the scene or describes a specific moment in objective detail. The haiku that follows relates to the core of the prose bringing emotional insight through an intensified image. There can be one or more prose-haiku combinations.

The prose describes in depth a scene or moment in a detached manner. It should be brief, concise and poetic. It is written in present tense and does not give away the moment of insight that should be revealed in the haiku that follows.

The haiku should not be in direct relationship with the prose but bring a different slant to the images to heighten the emotion drawn from the defining moment of the prose revealed in the haiku. It should not repeat words or phrases from the prose.

Unseasoned

December being the month of Music and dance, people ever avail the opportunities to attend the concerts. I one among such too am for the same with great in vain

December has come wintry and is wintry giving me fever leaving me wintry and unlucky for the whole month.

Cuckoos coo
Peacocks dance
Torchy

Indira Renganathan
The Florette was invented by Jan Turner. It appears to be her attempt to emulate in poetic form, the growth of a flower by lengthening the last line of each stanza longer than the others, showing growth.

The Florette is stanzaic, written in any number of either quatrains or cinquains:
When written in quatrains the Florette is:
syllabic, quatrains 8-8-8-12
rhymed, quatrains aaba ccdd etc with internal cross rhyme from L3 to the 8th syllable of L4.
```
x x x x x x a
x x x x x x a
x x x x x x b
x x x x x x b x x x a
```
enjambed, L3 and L4 must be enjambed without endstop in L3.

When written in cinquains the Florette is:
accentual syllabic, L1 thru L4 iambic tetrameter (8 syllables)and L5 iambic dodecamereter(12 syllables).
rhymed, aabba ccdcc etc. no internal rhyme suggested.
enjambment not a requirement.

Blooming Atlast(Florette cinquain)

A Jasmine plant in her garden
For her to watch very often
But today she is sick and sad
For last night a bad tiff she had
With her husband on words so strong for no pardon

With heavy heart she is waiting
'Would hubby come back still fliting
Or smiling bright to reconcile
Or would he not..? but in exile
Far away in secret staying just for sighting? '
God, tensed up she is so fretful
Strolling up and down full and full
Longing for her husband's return
She prays to God for an upturn
Trudging on the fate of hope from her heart painful

She prays and prays and keeps praying
But soon stops by the door-knocking
Ah, curiously she runs to
See him trusting God- yes, it's true
Prayers answered he is back, he is back smiling

And then she curiously runs
Oh there, her jasmine plant outruns
Fragrant blossoms scenting around
To heal and soothe her heart profound
Her fate of hope, her plea to God that peace reruns

Indira Renganathan
Doha is a form of self-contained rhyming couplet in poetry. A doha is a couplet consisting of two lines, each of 24 instants (Matras). Each line has 13 instants in first part and 11 instants in the second.

The Doha is a Hindi stanzaic form employing a rhyming couplet with long syllabic Doha is also used in Urdu verse. This form steps away from the Hindi tradition of romantic verse and is often written as didactic or used in longer narrative verse.

The Doha is:
stanzaic, written in any number of couplets.
syllabic, each line is made up of 24 syllables and is paused by caesura at the end of the 13th syllable,
making the line two phrases of 13 and 11 syllables. The couplet can be arranged as a quatrain breaking the line at the caesura.
commonly used for proverbs and/or for longer narratives or didactic poetry.

Faith

1. An eagle hovering high in the farther space above
   - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -Down a bird keeping vigil on its new chicks
   A hunter spreading the net waits for his prey of food
   - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Faith is the only God for the bird and chicks

2. A man in deep meditation trying to reach god
   - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -caught in fog an aircraft trying to find land
   A volcanic eruption scaring people vacate
   - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Faith is the only God for man, aircraft, all

Indira Renganathan
Answer Now(Yama)

The Yama is named for the Hindu god of death

The Yama is:
syllabic, written in 6 syllable lines.
stanzaic, written in any number of quatrains.
rhymed, rhyme scheme x a x a, x being unrhymed.
a poem of death, grief or sorrow. It can be expanded to include simply a poem of loss. (even of a season)
titled.

Answer Now

Somewhere invisible
Beyond my sight you've gone
How I'm hurt here this day-
You don't know how I'm done

You could have thought about
How I would be trapped ill
Knowing you were dying
Could have said by your will

'Not to go by the rites
To be a bad omen
Not to be a widow
Disreputed human

But let to cherish you
With kumkum and thaali
In sweet thoughts of our life-
You could have said rightly

Oh my dear sweet husband
But you did not, did not
I could feel your ailing
That illness gave a lot
I could read your mind too
How you tried to set right
All things ere your last breath
With throes of death- fright

Listen my dear husband
I don't mean to blame you
Of worst fear it's a plea
In hopes for a rescue

In hopes for a rescue
May my words be a plea
For any in future
Not this treatment should be

And I'm scared on my death
Of a disparity
Of a crude embalming
A shameful verity

Now answer my husband
Oh my dear sweet husband
Had you said it all
Would have all this been banned

Indira Renganathan
Challenge(Tripadi)

Tripadi in the Bengali Region is considered one line in three parts even though it is almost always written in three lines. So each tercet is simply a full sentence in 26 or 20 syllables broken into lines.

The Tripadi is:
stanzaic, almost always in tercets. A poem can have any number of tercets.
syllabic, 8-8-10 syllables per line and sometimes 6-6-8 syllables per line.
rhymed, aax bbx□

Challenge

A challenge to walk on a rope
Though a fall takes away all hope
Is to best learn how to fall before start

Life is like walking on a rope
Learning to cross pitfalls with hope
Life will then be safe and pleasant till end

Indira Renganathan
Tyburn Verse is an invented form.
This short verse centers around the 4 words that make up the first 4 lines.

The Tyburn is:
a hexastich, a poem in 6 lines.
Syllabic, 2-2-2-2-9-9 syllables per line. The 2 syllable lines should be one two syllable word.
Rhymed, aaaa bb.
Repetition, L1 is repeated as the 5th and 6th syllables of L5, L2 is repeated as the 7th and 8th syllables of L5, L3 is repeated as the 5th and 6th syllables of L6 and L4 is repeated as the 7th and 8th syllables of L6.

xa1\[\af\]
xa2\[\af\]
xa3\[\af\]
xa4\[\af\]
x x x x xa1 xa2 b\[\af\]
x x x x xa3 xa4 b

Punished Monday

Homework
Berserk
Yardstick
Berserk

Sunday, undone homework, berserk, scared
Monday punished, yardstick berserk raged

Indira Renganathan
Avatar Anew (Anushtubh Chanda)

Chanda is one of the six all the ancient arts, Chanda is perhaps one of the most highly mathematical are 26 types of Chandas. The first one has one letter, the second one two, and so on, and the 26th has 26 letters.

Each Chanda has a first one is eighth one is called anushtubh Chanda.
There are 256 types of metres in Chandas.
In Sanskrit poetry verses are in stanzas or 'pada's.
Each pada has four quarters.
In Anushtubh chanda the rules are:
In every quarter, the 6th syllable will be guru dirgh (long) and 5th syllable will be laghu hrasv (short).
7th Syllable in 1st and 3rd quarter will be dirgh (long) and 7th Syllable in 2nd and 4th quarter will be hrasv.
The Veda mantras have been preserved by the ancients without resorting to writing by methods of chanting.
While chanting the stress is on the mantraksharas by a complicated method of chanting in repetitions which gives completely a different cadence of a chanting style from the set in my understanding Anushtubh chanda has two flavours:
The text and its chanting.

The Anistubh is:
stanzaic. The stanza or chanda is written in 4 lines or padas syllabic, a total of 32 syllables, the lines are 8 syllables each.

Avatar Anew

O'God You're present everywhere
In all creatures and elements
You are present in me also
Yet why not I'm convinced till now

May be I need a special Light
That You will flash on me to quench
So I make this earthly abode
Please be housed in this o' my Lord
And then You rise stunning afresh
Alive making this all a shrine
An Avatar a new Krishna
For me and all to be brightened

Indira Renganathan
A Microcosm's Prayer (Slokha)

Sloka, is the most common Sanskrit meter and is a descendant of the older Vedic gayatri
The sloka, meaning 'song', although metric, is not considered poetic.
It functions more as the equivalent to Western prose with lines and meter and is often used in narratives or epics.

The defining features of the sloka are:
- stanzaic, written in any number of couplets made up of 2 hemistiches.
The hemistiches can be broken into 4 lines or padas creating quatrains, 4 lines or padas
- syllabic, either 2 lines of 16 syllables each or 4 hemistiches of 8 syllables each.
- metric, alternate hemistiches of trochaic and iambic patterns.

A Microcosm's Prayer

Divine Mother, thou art dazzling
Dazzling so huge that I can't hold
Mother of mothers all and whole
Pray, me a droplet rise my size

Divine Mother thou art in all
Thou art in all flora, fauna
In this tiny droplet so too
Rise my size within me, I watch

Indira Renganathan
The Kimo is an Israeli version of the haiku.
The defining feature is that there should be no movement in the imagery.
The elements of the Kimo are:
a tristich, a 3 line poem.
syllabic 10-7-6 syllables per line.
the images should be stationary
unrhymed.

1. The Dead Silence

Done corpse is dumb in the burial ground
There prevails a dead silence
The co-dead of the corpse

2. Festival Navaratri

Nine steps and more for the dolls set to stand
Don't talk, don't move but godly
Can we see gods' deeds loud?

Indira Renganathan
The Haikuette is another seemingly, American answer to the haiku and was introduced by Louise Sipfle in the Caulkins Handbook.

The Haikuette is:
a tristich, a 3 line poem. Each line must be a separate entity, yet must contribute to the whole.
syllabic, 17 syllables or less. There is no specified syllable count per line.
written without verbs.
unrhymed.
titled.

1. Sweet

Delicious make
Dainty taste
Jalebi

2. Our Father

His heart for the poor
His heart for the country
Mahatma Gandhiji

3. Thunder Storm

Dumb sky, idle clouds
Impish wind, overcast reflex
Stormy battle

Indira Renganathan
A Found Poem is the gathering and assembling of grouped words “found” in the environment and incorporating the “found” phrases and words into a larger poetic piece. It is a “snatch of poetry”. Printed images or phrases assembled in a literary collage. The lineal arrangement rearranges the phrases to create an entirely different piece. It presents things found in the poet's surroundings such as a news article, a poem, letters, dialogue or anything. The poetry is much larger than the “found lines” that intersperse the poet's was recognized in the 20th century.

Funny Stories from the magazine Reader's Digest assembled into Found poems

1. What An Ugly Duck...
   My husband was water skiing when he fell into the river. As the boat circled to pick him up, he noticed a hunter sitting in a duck boat in the reeds. My husband put his hands in the air and joked, "Don't shoot!"
   The hunter responded, "Don't quack."
   Katie O'Connell, Warrenville, Illinois

   What An Ugly Duck...(Found Poem)

   Water skiing, he fell into the river
   As circled the boat to pick him up
   Noticed he a hunter sitting in a duck boat
   Putting his hands in the air
   Joked, "Don't shoot!"
   Responded the hunter "Don't quack."
&quot;O'My husband
What an ugly duck...! ! &quot;

2. A Fly-Killer's Pickle □

My three-year-old daughter stuck out her hand and said, &quot;Look at the fly I killed, Mommy.&quot;
Since she was eating a juicy pickle at the time,
I thrust her contaminated hands under the faucet and washed them with antibacterial soap.
After sitting her down to finish her pickle, I asked, with a touch of awe,
&quot;How did you kill that fly all by yourself? &quot;
Between bites, she said, &quot;I hit it with my pickle.&quot;

Cindy Yates, Mill Valley, California

A Fly-Killer's Pickle (Found Poem)

&quot;Look at the fly I killed, Mommy&quot;
Eating a juicy pickle
My three-year-old daughter said

Her contaminated hands..
Repulsively at once
under the faucet
I thrust and washed

with a touch of awe I asked
&quot;How did you kill that fly all by yourself? &quot;
&quot;hit it with my pickle&quot;
Between bites, she said

Bedside Manner
□
I'd never had surgery, and I was nervous.
&quot;This is a very simple, noninvasive procedure, &quot; the anesthesiologist reassured me.
I felt better, until ... &quot;Heck, &quot; he continued,
&quot;you have a better chance of dying from the anesthesia than the surgery itself.&quot;

T. f., via Internet

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No Bedside Manner(Found Poem)

Never had a surgery
And I was nervous
&quot;very simple, noninvasive procedure, &quot;
Anesthesiologist reassured me
Felt better, until ...

&quot; Heck, &quot; he continued
&quot;than the surgery itself
A better chance of dying from the anesthesia
You have&quot;

&quot;Hey, no bedside manner&quot;

Indira Renganathan
Septolet

Septolet is the name of 2 different invented forms.

1. A poem in 7 lines broken into 2 strophes complimenting one another to complete an image. Written in 14 words.

Punishment

Some works
Skipped undone
Maid hurries

"your tea Leela"
Mistress stops
with
sugarless tea

2. A heptastich, a poem in 7 lines. syllabic 1-2-3-4-3-2-1 per line.

Love Love

You
Said it
Many times
Repeatedly

"Yes, yes"
Yes"

Indira Renganathan
Alankar(Decor) -246

Tinnitus(Staccato)

Staccato an invented stanzaic form which attempts to emulate the musical
staccato rhythm with
emphatic two syllable refrains inserted in L3 and L6 of each stanza.
Jan Turner created a form with internal rhyme and variable meter. The elements
of the Staccato are:

stanzaic, written in 2 or more sixains.
metric, iambic, L1, L2, L5, L6 are pentameter, L3 and L4 are tetrameter.
rhymed aabbcc ddeeff gghhii. Internal rhyme occurs between L1 and L2 midway
in the lines.
written with an emphatic, two syllable refrain repeated twice at the beginning of
L3 and
once at the beginning of L6 of each stanza.

Tinnitus

Ringing ringing in the ears, what is that
Droning droning up the head, who is that
Explored, explored none seen around
Puzzling puzzling, fear screams aloud
Quest and questions, answerless mystery
explored, implored, bad, bad, bad history

Tinnitus, it is tinnitus ringing
Tinnitus, it is tinnitus droning
Buzzing buzzing no cicadas
No bell, no phone inside the ears
Ear, heart, hurt and putrid, may be a fault
Buzzing &quot;warning! ! &quot; says the doctor's report

Cureless nuisance, a disease tinnitus
Cryptic nuisance, in old folks noisy tease
Beware beware, no harmony
Nor a music of melody
Yet so musical you may feel at first
Beware, but of no way to escape fast
Note:

Tinnitus: a ringing or booming sensation in one or both ears; a symptom of an ear infection 
or Meniere's disease

Meniere's disease: a disease of the inner ear characterized by episodes of dizziness 
and tinnitus and progressive hearing loss (usually unilateral)

Indira Renganathan
King stanza is like a right angled triangle (L shaped and right hand invisible) :
This is a new innovation of poetic stanza by p K Swain: No syllable counts:
Three words vertical and three to five words horizontal (Rhyming words are only presented vertically)

1. Know
   Grow
   Glow
   Write a King Stanza

   Excel
   Tell
   Well
   p to approve

2. Upset
   Mindset
   Inset
   With retorting darts

3. Balsam
   Blossoms
   Wholesome
   Opaline bouquet from heaven

4. Capture
   Nature
   Nurture
   Fertile future ascertained

5. News
   Views
   Blues
Depressed actor by hearsay-mouths

6. Clean
Spleen
Sheen
Well being and Good health

7. Judge
Fudge
Bridge
Rhymes sometimes mean nothing

8. Need
Heed
Read
Strengthens mind, lengthens life

9. Mingle
Tingle
Jingle
Life has a social part

ty
Modesty
Dignity
Givemajesty and authority

Indira Renganathan
Monoku

A haiku in a single horizontal line.

A Monoku is a type of poem which is made up of a single horizontal line. Traditionally considered as a haiku writing, it is currently accepted as a variant of the haiku form of poetry.

Unlike the Haiku which is made up of three outlines with a total of seventeen syllables, Monoku features a single line consisting of seventeen syllables or even fewer.

It contains a pause brought about by speech rhythm with slight or no punctuation. The first letter should not be capitalized - instead written in lower case.

onaire's theft- neighbour's mansion

drizzle's fragrance- love at first sight

3."I'm the king"-lion says.."I'm the lion"king says.."who's the captive..? "

at first sight-butterflies; at peak-fire flies; lastvision-love's blind

epitaph reads- "come inside to read me"

Indira Renganathan
Different Methods (Threesome Sonnet)

A threesome sonet is a quatorzain made up of
a cinquain, a quatrain, a tercet and a couplet

Three different things described in three stanzas of five, four, three
lines respectively to end in a couplet giving
an unique conclusion connecting the three different things

Written in iambic pentameter
Rhyme scheme: for the couplet alone- aa

Different Methods

Sun is rising, birds one by one cooing
A morning symphony it seems to be
Letting out their bad energy this way
They ready their hunger for a fresh feed
A bird watcher's view says this way on birds

When the grey sky opens its red iris
He wakes to chant mantras and hymns so staunch
Thus ingesting positivity strong
Piety wards off negativity

What makes her roar day and night ceaselessly
May be, keeps guarding earth from cosmic foes
Ocean is the armour of earth this way

Sound has a birth right to sound as it likes
Only a healing sound creation likes

Note: This is my first attempt to invent a new form
of a quatorzain or so many combinations
of stanza pattern like 3 quatrains and a couplet or an octave and a sestet
and so on already written by various poets, this sonnet with a
cinquain, quatrain, tercet and a couplet struck my mind one day and I wrote one.
I have given the name 'Threesome' because of the three different things
described
in the first three stanzas.

Indira Renganathan
Three Touches

When the first rain drop touches mother earth
Rain drop and earth, how they feel, can you say

A new born baby's touch on its mother
Mother's touch, baby's touch, a bonding touch
Mother and babe, how they feel can you say

The dulcet breeze just ripples through the leaves
So to dance both in gentle sway of steps
To the silent notes of their song in hush
Breeze and leaves, how they feel then, can you say

Say so, a touch has no voice hence can't talk
Just it gives a feel in contact so close
Say so, touches like said above divine
Prove to be good when felt in heart so close
Unlike touches bad that give us bad shock

Indira Renganathan
The Triolet is:
an octave, 8 lines.
in English, most often written with variable line length and meter at the discretion of the poet. Originally in French, the lines were octasyllabic which would create an 8 by 8 effect.
composed with a rentrement, L1 is repeated as L4 and L7. There is also repetition of L2 in L8.
rhymed, with only 2 rhymes with the rhyme scheme ABaAabAB.
most often playful or satirical, appropriate for light verse or occasional verse.

Characters

1
He is a character lazy
Ditching parents' earnings ruthless
Sometimes some are jobless mazy
He is a character lazy

Some are born lethargic lazy
Parasites clinging on useless
He is a character lazy
Ditching parents' earnings ruthless

2
He is an eccentric husband
Enclosed with friends madly all time
Freaky sneaky friends never banned
He is an eccentric husband

They infest his home to sound grand
And to fear his folks any time
He is an eccentric husband
Enclosed with friends madly all time

3
A pious boy here can't get wedded
For most girls like to be modern
Ritual codes today dreaded
A pious boy can't get wedded

Stars match yet boys can't get wedded
For stars are old and not modern
A pious boy can't get wedded
For most girls like to be modern

Indira Renganathan
Honeymoon(Pleiades)

The Pleiades is:

a heptastich, a poem in 7 lines.
syllabic, each line is 6 syllables.
titled with a single word.
composed with each line beginning with the same letter as the beginning letter of the title.

Honeymoon

Happy days they spend some
Honey doused days with love
Her hopes heave high his words
His dreams soar high with her
Hopes and dreams wish for kids
Highlighted moon in rounds
Hosts grand the couple new

Indira Renganathan
Summation (Pleiades)

The Pleiades is:

- a heptastich, a poem in 7 lines.
- syllabic, each line is 6 syllables.
- titled with a single word.
- composed with each line beginning with the same letter as the beginning letter of the title.

Summation

Silent the old pair broods
Silence alone can soothe
So many years passed by
So much of good and bad
Summation accounts there
Sought, got, lost, all gone past
So left is what? they muse

Indira Renganathan
Alankar(Decor) -47

Finale(Pleiades)

The Pleiades is:

a heptastich, a poem in 7 lines.
syllabic, each line is 6 syllables.
titled with a single word.
composed with each line beginning with the same letter
as the beginning letter of the title.

Finale

Fading out lived life fast
Fated phase shows the Truth
Final play, one to part
Frail end fearing left days
Fact is to face the end
Finals on life's ground lost
Firm more birthed a new match

Indira Renganathan
Little Drops(Fibonacci)

The Fibonacci is:
strophic, written in any # of strophes
in which the number of lines of each strophe increases corresponding
with the Fibonacci concept as the poem progresses.
rhyme and meter are written at the discretion of poet.
written in variation in which instead of number of lines
in the stanza following the Fibonacci concept,
the poem is a single strophe and the lines are written in
sequential syllable count corresponding with the Fibonacci concept.
0-1-1-2-3-5-8-13 and on... syllables per line.

1 Little Drops(Fibonacci)

O'
Drink
Dear drink
Fill your mind
we play as you drink
Till your sleeping puts out the light

2 Sh..(Fibonacci)

'Sh..
Check'
Heart pleads
In silence
Boozy spirits help
Boozy boozy kick..Matter ends

Indira Renganathan
A River's Plight (Etheree)

The Etheree is:
a decastich. (10 line poem)
syllabic, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 syllables per line.
unrhymed.
focused on 1 idea or subject.

She
Rises
Godly high
Cloaked of Heaven
Bubbling scented pure
Not knowing of her fate
Against clashy rocky force
As she travails along her way
Lost is her chaste cloak as evil quells
Ho, ho, fast and wide she fades in the vast

Indira Renganathan
Alankar(Decor) -52

Cry(Reverse Etheree)
Reverse Etheree is simply an Etheree turned upside down.
The syllable count begins with 10 and sequentially runs thru 1.

Cry baby cry, the moment as on birth
Cry baby cry, when love is born in
Cry baby cry, when your love sins
Cry baby cry, on cheated
Cry baby cry, on shame
Cry baby cry loud
Enough to end
All to cry
On your
End

Indira Renganathan
Why (Novelinee)

Novelinee - 9 lines in 10 syllables or pentameter
rhyme scheme-ab/ab/cd/cd/d

Why

For long and thorough how could you do that-
O' dear with bonding image of untruth
Blinding me fallen for a cheat just flat
Make-belief and deceit is your way smooth
All my life I suppose I've been a fool
Over the years in your heart with blind trust
High time now more decades have passed so cool
O'..'a honey tongue' I thought to entrust
O'no.., but 'a heart of gall' to distrust

Indira Renganathan
A classic triplet is:
a 3 line poem or stanza.
monorhymed, aaa bbb.
metered at the discretion of the poet.

11 Day

Delight of first light
Ambition's hopeful flight
Yearning cheery insight

12 Due

Done well are some dos
Undone some for truce
Earn be paid ere close

13 Dot

Duty be first noted
Only be immersed cited
Timely deed ever pointed

14 Dye

Discouraged by the paled
Yet the heart bows assayed
Ensured colouredlivened

15 Aim

Attitude heightening
Interest increasing
Mindset achieving
Some Acrostics In Triplets

16 Act
Away from the own self
Cool into a fake self
To embellish other self

17 Bow
Bending before the respected
Only an act back respected
Why should one forbid and avoid

18 Dad
Devoted supporter
Adorable instructor
Diligent perfecter

19 Ace
Absolute importance
Cerebrate inferences
Efforts in bounds

20 Add
Ascending on stairs more
Desire steps to colour
Dreams join and flavour

Indira Renganathan
Some Tankas
(The 1st and 3rd lines have five syllables
and the 2nd,4th, and 5th have seven syllables

The Exhausted

Born and grown somewhere
Put up in wedlock elsewhere
To serve purposeful
Harsh treatment but thrusts in mire
Sinking lotus dying slow

What A Contrary..

What a contrary
Lord of fire boarding ice mount
Ice-fire bond presigned
Born is Ganga to board drought
What a contrary

Plunge, A Diving Deep

Plunge, diving so deep
Calm that river contented
Deep is her wisdom
swim on with her waves bubbly
Propelled her way by all odds

Shopping

Women are crazy
If you say, I won't agree
What you feel wrong, tell
Don't men go on fashion spree
Crazy are men too
Boulder

Massive and mighty
But might roll down windy sharp
Yet majestic stands
Carved with histories
Brave and bold aeonian

Indira Renganathan
Some Acrostics In Triplets

A classic triplet is:
a 3 line poem or stanza.
monorhymed, aaa bbb.
metered at the discretion of the poet.

21 Ago

Ancestors once aspired
'Guided humanity guarded'
Other way but all turned

22 Bad

Bothersome are some
Annoying all and some
Detestably loathsome

23 Bee

Bubbling brilliance buzzing
Exerting nectarean hunting
Enjoying virtuous saving

24 Cry

Cowardly heart crackles
Rashly emotion rushes
Yowling sorrow gushes

25 Bet

Bravery is challenging
Eagerness is playing
Tasting is testing

Indira Renganathan
Just In A Minute (Minute Poem)

The Minute Poem is a 60 syllable verse form, one syllable for each second in a minute.
The theme should be an event that is over and done completely, as in a minute.
It was created by Verna Lee Hinegardner, once poet laureate of Arkansas.

The elements of the Minute Poem are:

narrative poetry.
a 12 line poem made up of 3 quatrains.
syllabic, 8-4-4-4-8-4-4-4-8-4-4-4
rhymed, rhyme scheme of aabb ccdd eeff.
description of a finished event (preferably something done is 60 seconds).
is best suited to light verse, likely humorous, whimsical or semi-serious.

Just In A Minute

It was the day's last period
Pupils were tired
With sleepy eyes
Set to bid bye

One naughty boy of higher class
Slipped out from class
Like a bad thief
Did the mischief

Rang the bell before closing time
Stirred school in rhyme
Hurry-scurry
Dispersed early

Indira Renganathan
A Visit TO A Seal Colony(Villanelle)

The Villanelle is:
ed, primarily iambic pentameter.

en in a total of 19 lines, made up of 5 tercets and ending with a quatrain.

3.L1 and L3 of the first stanza, alternate as the refrain in the following tercets.

4 composed with L1 and L3 of the first tercet repeated as the last two lines of the poem.

5 written with only 2 end rhymes with a rhyme scheme of A¹bA², abA¹, abA², abA¹, abA², abA¹A².

A Visit TO A Seal Colony

It was indeed a grand picnic event
Tho' hard by wheels in rains on long rough road
Seaward to see the seals our long intent

Up blocked cut crossed in flown spillways paths wet
Did not get back but all enjoyed pursued
It was indeed a grand picnic event

Sun light sinking so rushed and reached our spot
Oh God! we saw nature's settings-fulfilled
Seaward to see the seals our long intent

Ah, pups and moms and dads so brown so great
And seals clumping snoozing along accrued
It was indeed a grand picnic event

Furry some rocked risky some raged stepped out
When saw a seal in haste closer-fulfilled
Seaward to see the seals our long intent

Pictures, photos bagful no need to get
For those scenic great seals our hearts well stored
It was indeed a grand picnic event
Seaward to see the seals our long intent

Indira Renganathan
Some Acrostics In Triplets

A classic triplet is:
a 3 line poem or stanza.
monorhymed, aaa bbb.
metered at the discretion of the poet.

31 AIR

All-pervading element
Instantaneous supplement
Repetitively constant

32 All

Apprehended everything
Let go of bad thing
Lining up good thing

33 And

Added be who else
Noted be what else
Doable be what else

34 Any

And you desire
None a barrier
Yes, but inspire

35 Bag

Better hold up wisdom
All saved by freedom
Greatly used seldom

Indira Renganathan
Autumnal Sport(Equinox) -Kyrielle sonnet poem

a 14 line poem-3 quatrains and a couplet
syllabic,8 syllables per line.
rhyme scheme AabB ccbB ddbB AB or AbaB cbcB dbdB AB.
composed with a refrain in the last line of each stanza.
L1 is repeated as L13 and L4 is repeated as L8, L12 and L14.
composed with no prescribed pivot however those that I have read usually pivot
between the 2nd and 3rd quatrains.

Autumnal Sport(Equinox)

His play has begun and he moves
Knowing of time to play her moves
They are apart in playing mood
Hide and seek in set somewhat good

Azure is hidden, the sun too
Hiding, the passing clouds to do
Clement earth is pleased in good mood
Hide and seek in set somewhat good

Their diction of laughing applause
Flora, fauna drizzle while toss
Them the guiding winds in sound mood
Hide and seek in set somewhat good

His play has begun and he moves
Hide and seek in set somewhat good

Indira Renganathan
A classic triplet is:
a 3 line poem or stanza.
monorhymed, aaa bbb.
metered at the discretion of the poet.

41 Can

Check on possibility
Assess usability
Nurture capability

42 Cap

Chilling icicles
Atop the hills
Pied peaky pictures

43 Car

Circles speeding up
Alerted picking up
Roads get routed up

44 Caw

Crying is raucous
As yet no friends
Waiting for wedges

45 Cop

Committed person
Obsessed with reason
Punishes to imprison
Indira Renganathan
Their Race Yet Not Over (Kyrielle Poem)

A narrative, it tells a story.
stanzalve, in quatrains.
syllabic, each line is 8 syllables. in iambic tetrameter.
written with a refrain in the 4th line of the quatrain.
Occasionally it is written in rhyming couplets.
or when written in rhyming couplets the refrain is 2nd line of the couplet.
rhymed, rhyme scheme may vary. Quatrain options abaB, cbcB, dbdB,
or abbA accA or aabB ccbB or axaB cxB
B being the refrain and x being unrhymed. Couplets aA bB cC dD etc.

Their race yet not over with that
Else way tortoise as thought to race
To run, to swim in halves, it sought
It planned so wise to win the race

Starting speeded with hare on land
Plodding slowed with tortoise to race
Yet in river tortoise swam freed
It planned so wise to win the race

Knowing not to swim the hare lost
In haste was his challenge to race
Knowing to swim tortoise swam fast
It planned so wise to win the race

Indira Renganathan
Alankar(Decor) -72

Gokul (Cascade poem)

Cascade, a form created by Udit Bhatia, is all about receptiveness, but in a smooth cascading way like a waterfall. The poem does not have any rhyme scheme.

The elements of the Cascade are:

stanzic, made up of 4 tercets or 5 quatrains or 6 cinquains or 7 sixains etc.
accentual, the rhythm of natural speech.
unrhymed.
composed with a refrain. The lines of the first stanza are sequentially repeated as the last line of the subsequent stanzas.

ABC xxA xxB xxC or ABCD xxxxA xxxxB xxxxC xxxxD or ABCDE xxxxA xxxxB xxxxC xxxxD xxxxE, x being unrhymed.

Gokul

Cascading events marched in the dark
Tenebrous war of lightnings flashed
Crossing Yamuna Vasudev fled
Gokul sprang singing Krishna, Krishna

It was Kamsa the tyrant tortured
Feared of Devaki's child to kill him
He began killing each new born babe
Cascading events marched in the dark

Mathura grew dreadful by Kamsa
People were terrified and threatened
So also Krishna's parents were jaid
Tenebrous war of lightnings flashed

Watching their babies being slaughtered
They prayed atleast their eighth child be saved
Dream-blessed they were guided by Lord's words
Crossing Yamuna Vasudev fled
With the divine babe in his hands up
Guarded by Adhisheha he walked
Through godly night showers to Gokul
Gokul sprang singing Krishna, Krishna

Indira Renganathan
Waiting (Whitney poem)

The Whitney is a simple invented verse form introduced by Betty Ann Whitney.

The Whitney is:
a heptastich.
syllabic, 3-4-3-4-3-4-7 syllables per line.
unrhymed.

Yearning

At each end
They are waiting
To join them
Glued soul in soul
Breeze should blow
Breeze blew, clouds cleared
Pond helps moon and lily merge

Indira Renganathan
Abortion-(Virgilio-
It is a seven line unrhymed poem
there are 6 syllables each in the 1st, 3rd, and 5th lines,
5 syllables each in the 2nd, 4th and 6th lines, and 8 syllables
in the 7th and final line.)

Abortion

When it came to its mom
Born first was the bond
Happy moment both felt
But whose curse was it
Soon to break it open
Flushing blood and flesh
In mute wailing 'mamma, mamma'

Indira Renganathan
Night And Day (Cinquain)

cinquain-Any poem or stanza in 5 lines.
Any rhyme scheme can be here is abaab-cdccd

Eternal race is on
Bewildered night moves fast
Blinded he can't see morn
Time is wheeling best on
Night to meet the sun smart

Grey streaks show slits of sky
Night melts in coos of birds
Smells scents of blossoms nigh
Tinged by dawning pink high
Wanes in morning sun's spread

Indira Renganathan
Alankar(Decor) -82

Trees(Cinquain Chain)-
Cinquain Chain is stanzaic made up of a series of Crapsey Cinquains linked in a chainby the last line of each cinquain repeated as the first line of the next cinquain.

Trees talk
Rustling to birds
Embraced of breeze nestling
'How wonderful this world you know
Lovely'

Lovely
Birds too agree
Having sheltered up safe
Rejoicing in harmony with
Nature

Nature
If we're fond of
Bonds us with good living
Like the trees store water in roots
For us

For us
The trees breezebreath
Pure and pollution free
Guarding self and around healthy
In peace

In peace
We all can sing
'How lovely this world is'
Until the axe-ghost enters to
Gobble

Indira Renganathan
Late Night Lunacy (Mirror Cinquain)

The Mirror Cinquain is:
(10 line poem)
syllabic, 2-4-6-8-2-2-8-6-4-2 syllables per line.
unrhymed

Late night
The door is knocked
She opens to find him
His grin stinks sleepish to harass
Routine
Her life
Shared and unshared amid heart burns
He writes on black in white
'I love my wife'
Does she?

Indira Renganathan
A Recipe (Uneven Couplet) -
The uneven couplet is paired lines of different length rhymed or unrhymed, metered or unmetered.

A Recipe

That you would relish I'm sure
This recipe try it with pleasure

Clean the insight in time sufficient
Wash off anger, enmity and hate

Put the mind on the burning heart
Put in the thoughts all to melt

Ladle in between a large of intellect
Stir in hope a heapful amount

Let all blend with a bliss intent
Until valour and courage result

Throw meantime in the flaming heart
Burnt to ashes filth and lust

Fervid heart now isn't violent
Mind is calm and tranquil incessant

Mix in now gently prayers and spirit
Still more gently the gods to let meditate

Season with peace and harmony pleasant
Garnish with joy and cheer concordant

Serve in the bowl of soul consonant
Enjoy with love consistent

Try and taste this recipe carefully
Tell me 'delicious, delicious' finally
Indira Renganathan
Simply Couplets-2(uneven couplet)

Packed as if two elephants
Dumped in two suitcases

Checked the air port if weightless
The obese suitcases

The destination a beauty chilly
On reach bitten by a weather chilly

But cold is always better than a cold sweat
On return meeting back my maid servant

Indira Renganathan
The Complete Couplet is a poetic unit of 2 lines that expresses a complete thought within itself. Meter and rhyme are at the poet's discretion.

Attired, Adorned, Offered-
(Some complete couplets on the nine planets)

Sanguine Sun spotted red with ruby
Ingrained wheat for food salty sweetly

Milky Moon moving around white and pearly
Rich and ricey for minds and hearts happy

Coral Mars in enraged orange balled colorfully
Feasting leguminous with red legume family

Ever green Mercury enrolled with emerald verdantly
Fed with green bean pulsatively

Giant Jupiter yellowing in sapphire edifyingly
Grand connoisseur of chicpeas tastily

White Venus spangling diamonded masterfully
Vacillated for snowy lablab more ravingly

Slow and steady Saturn blues in sapphire auspiciously
Grubbing over sesame mirthfully

Ascending up the node yellowed in garnet luminously
Blackened Rahu pulsed for black gram suplicatingly

Descending down the node with cat's eye lustrously
Darkened Ketu squirms gulping horse gram blessingly

Indira Renganathan
Alankar(Decor) -97

Mother And Babe-(Tritina)
Tritina is-
Three tercets and one last line. Choose three words and
these words will be the last word at the end of the
nine lines in the pattern ABC, CAB, BCA. The last
line uses the words ABC.

Mother And Babe

Babe smiles and mom sees a star in her eyes
Winkling to prove a bright celestial splice
Babe smiles and smiles and mom too smiles

Babe too sees a sparkling star when mom smiles
An attested bond of heaven in her eyes
Who in whose bound can break that divine splice

Smile is His paradise and He that divine splice
Can any deny then those loving longing smiles
Babe smiles, mom smiles staring at other's eyes

Conjunct eyes indeed become godly splice of smiles

Indira Renganathan
Epigram quatrain -, meaning 'to write on or inscribe'The epigram is a 4 line unit of narrative verse which is a brief clever often satirical saying. Rhyme and meter are optional. Two quatrains can also be written for an epigram

On Cyber Space

Certainly you're the lord like the lord in heaven
Invisible yet visible in the harem of scribbles
Good or bad sounding in rainbow-silence
Certainly you're the lord like the lord in heaven

Indira Renganathan
Poetry(Tetrastich)

The term tetrastich infers a stand alone poem of four lines but the term is rarely used.

Poetry

A house of words
Of thoughts and feels-
Poets stock endless
Poems live ageless

Indira Renganathan
Memorandum (Acrostic Dectina Refrain)

10 letter title written acrostic in 10 lines with

syllabic pattern 1 to 10 each line vertically

10th line is a refrain of first four lines

with 10 syllables

Memorandum

Mind

Ever

My sweet heart

Offlife will go

Recall now your past

Avail yourself of yours

Nighted or godly harvest

Do urge to rectify counting

Umpteen yoursins and their evil crops

Mind ever my sweet heart, off life will go

Indira Renganathan
Sugar Cravings

Look, how a diabetic craves
Despite doctor's caution enslaves
For sugar

Watch firstly how he just slips out
To the kitchen snouted, we doubt
Sugary

Watch more as he goes out for 'walk' -
Daily halt for a sweet shoptalk
High sugared

Then at a wedding, just don't miss
He gobbles the way all with' issssss'
Sugar tongued

Sugar and spice'-his only hymn

Tell me, who can stop and change him

Sugar free

Indira Renganathan
Python(Than bauk)

The Than bauk is:

syllabic, 4 syllables per line.
a tristich, a poem in 3 lines..
composed with 'climbing rhyme',
the rhyme appears in the 4th syllable of L1, the 3rd syllable of L2, and the 2nd syllable of L3.

Python

He scrolls upward
Curls downward, hangs
Wayward from tree

His prey will come-
Preyed wholesome played
Gruesome in turns

Time snakes along
Life's age long preys
So long God deals

Indira Renganathan
Rumour(Double Etheree)

Double Etheree is 2 Etherees
back to back making up one poem.
The syllable count is
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1.

Rumour

Which
Cloud hits
Which cloud first?
Clouds hit and hit
To gather and spread
News of rains more to spread
Then rains pour and pour to tear
The heart of earth to floods of tears-
What wrong has the earth committed at all
Sun wants to make it up for his dear earth
He decrees the clouds be away for some time
Then the clouds disperse far in meager touch
Now is all clear for the sun to see
He makes it bright for the earth too
And brighter in more steps hot
Hotter to make earth talk
Earth cracks'it's just you
They talked about
Your fury
Burning
Me'

Indira Renganathan
Mail (Twin Etheree)

The Twin Etheree is:
a poem in 20 lines.
syllabic, 1-1-2-2-3-3-4-4-5-5-6-6-7-7-8-8-9-9-10-10 syllables per line.
rhymed, aabbccddeeffghhiijj.

Mail (Twin Etheree)

Hi
I
Wrote few
Forms new
Here is one
Rightly done
As I guess so
Good or so-so
You read and reply
Your words I shall ply
This form of poetry-
Great work of artistry
A challenge though looks simple
I've put in my best ample
Well, this is a syllabic form-
One to ten twice each with rhyme norm
In twenty lines a brainy word play
Playing with couplet rhymes a to j
And this format is called twin-etheree
Hope you like and want some more, at least three

Indira Renganathan
Dodoitsu is a Japanese folk verse usually written about work or love and often with a touch of humor. syllabic, written in 26 onji (sound syllables)or less. commonly written in 4 lines of 7-7-7-5 syllables each.

Lost Love

Mind unfurled few strands of thoughts
Which she could not relish kempt
Netted heart ordered the mind
Pin-up atop hanged

Indira Renganathan
Long I Have Lived..(Pirouette)

The Pirouette is:
a decastich, a poem in 10 lines.
syllabic, 6 syllable per line.
L5 is repeated in L6.
rhymed or unrhymed at the discretion of the poet.

Long I Have Lived

Long I have lived this life
And I know what it is
Love and hate, woe and joy
Waxing, waning in turns
Just as the moon above

Just as the moon above
Scaling life's ups and downs
Helpless, hopeless we are
But do we hate the moon
Suchlike is life, just love

Indira Renganathan
The Nonet is:
stanzaic, written in any number of 9 line stanzas.
syllabic, 9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 syllables per line.
usually unrhymed

Nonetto

Friendly notes instrumental spring up
As players play composed their chords
Melodic harmony nine
Mingling in a fusion
Winging far far wide
In gentle air
Relaying
Touching
Heart

Indira Renganathan
The Tetractys is:
a pentastich, a complete poem in a 5 lines.
syllabic, with a progressive syllable count 1-2-3-4-10 per line.
sometimes written as a Double Tetractys (2 quintains) , when doubled the
syllabic pattern is reversed,1-2-3-4-10-10-4-3-2-1.
sometimes it is stanzaic, written in any number of quintains. When written in
multiple stanzas the syllabic pattern is a Mirrored Tetractyssyllables per line 1-2-
3-4-10 10-4-3-2-1 1-2-3-4-10 10-4-3-2-1 etc....
unrhymed.

Claps

Once
He lived
Now laid in
His word built home
Clappingsalone showhim light to his march

Indira Renganathan
We Shall Sing Peace....(Sestennelle)

The Sestenelle is:
stanzaic, written in any number of sixains made up of 2 tercets.
The original is 3 sixains.
metric, iambic, L1&L4 a dimeter, L2&L5 are trimeter
and L3&L6 are pentameter.
rhymed, rhyme scheme aabccb ddefe gghiih etc.

We Shall Sing Peace...

We shall Sing Peace
Heartfelt hand in hand please
Our world this should cherish a life friendly
So shall be friends
To see rise in ascents
Our life, our lands one in this world lovely

Why fight, why war
Angry captives what for
Let us be pledged to peace and peace alone
We shall promise
That we will never miss
To see, this world can thrive on peace alone

We shall so join
In nexus to enjoin
By oath our earth, our world be united
No gore, no loss
Heaven on earth be gross
We shall sing peace all in one united

Indira Renganathan
Eating Out(Quintenelle)

The Quintanelle is:
stanzaic, written in any number of quintains.
metered, L1, L2, L5 pentameter, L3 dimeter and
L4 trimeter. Each quintain should be one complete iambic sentence.
rhymed, rhyme scheme aabbb, ccddd etc.

Eating Out

Some times sweet mind feasts me at a sea shore
In the silver full moon's elixir pour
With all happy
Talks and cheers of hearty
Moments wherein we friends share well classy

A nice chatting gourmet munching stories
And wise moonlight dinner serving glories
And sea trying
To reach the moon drifting
Ending college sending us off touching

Indira Renganathan
My Fall And Rise And Fall And Rise (The Fourteenth Century Stanza)

The Fourteenth Century Stanza is:
stanzaic, written in any number of sixains, made up of 2 tercets.
unmetered. The stanza could loosely be defined as trochaic,
with lines that vary from 4 to 9 syllables.
rhymed. Rhyme scheme aabccb or aabaab.

My Fall And Rise And Fall And Rise

Mind O' my weak legs, of your trip
Sand-grain even you might well trip
Why blame then limping self lifelong
My fall and rise and fall and rise
Like night and day has to surmise
Suspensive peaceless life along

Indira Renganathan
The Lyrelle is:
stanzaic, written in any number of quatrains.
metered, iambic. L1 dimeter, L2 trimeter, L3 tetrameter, L4 pentameter.
rhymed, rhyme scheme abab

O' God
Thou art my breath
How can I forget that
In and out along my life's path-
My breath thou art, how can I forget that

Indira Renganathan
Increasing Hexaverse is the exact opposite of the Diminishing Verse. beginning with a single stich of 1 syllable and increasing lines and syllables per line ending with a 6 line-6 syllable each stanza.

Birds' Morale

Birds

On trees
Chirping

Pecking fruits
Spitting seeds
Coo-cooing

Then away go
To other trees
Nearby for fruits
congregate, coo

They eat their way-fruit
Spit seeds on the mud
Rains pour, press them down
Birds leave when rains stop
Come back later fresh

In the run of time's wheels
Surprised, they find new trees
Flappings coo happily
Fed ripe on fruits chirpers
Spit seeds down to be pressed
They've learnt to grow more trees

Indira Renganathan
If Heaven Has A Throne..(Rhyme Royal)

Rhyme Royal is:

lyrical verse that is flexible and can be written as a narrative.
often written in iambic pentameter
stanzacic, written in any number of septets (7 line stanza)composed of a Sicilian
tercet,
rhymed aba, followed by a quatrains of 2 heroic couplets bbcc, the first of which
interlocks with the tercet.
rhymed, ababbcc.

If Heaven Has A Throne..

If heaven has a throne for me reserved
This moment I would die and soar willful
You might doubt of my throne how so deserved
My papa said, that I am so worthful
I should be thrown to that throne dutiful
Well nothing is ours to plan and decide
Only the higher Authority’s stride

But papa is still repeating the same
Peeping through his vision from his abode
But how? for me it's a hell of a game
For him, his heaven to check and forebode
Yes he's there in skies to block my abode
O' may his wish keep open heaven's gate
May my chaste soul break open this hell's gate

Indira Renganathan
The Sevenelle is:

stanzaic, written in no less than 2 septets, each made up of a rhymed couplet, tercet and couplet in that order.
meter, iambic tetrameter.
rhymed, aabbCC ddeeCC etc.
composed with L6&L7 of the first stanza
repeated as refrain in the last 2 lines of all subsequent stanzas.

Summer Event

Summer winds blowing suddenly
Nomadic clouds join urgently
Quick care to be taken at once
Friends meet sputtering to enounce
Restless they flounce, they jounce and trounce
In thunderbolts of angry heart
Settled to darken the sun's art

Storming winds booming clouds sending
Firing army of forked lightning
A smoky ceiling sealing sun
A healing pour on burnt earth done
What an event special to stun
In thunderbolts of angry heart
Settled to darken the sun's art

Indira Renganathan
The Cheated (Silva de consonantes)

Silva de consonantes, the defining features are:
stanzaic, any number of couplets.
syllabic, alternating 7-11 syllabic lines. 7-11 7-11 7-11 7-11 7-11 etc.
rhymed, consonant-full rhyme aabbccdd etc.

The Cheated

When the season turned rainy
She wished to wake only when sun turned shiny

She slept and woke up bit late
As the sun was too blinded and woke up late

Rains flooded around in dark
She thought of gone sun again and slept back stark

Sun never seemed to light though
She got up with a stirred heart with painful throe

Sun however did come next
Promising for a fresh season with new text

Cheated she rose up to sun
Went his way irked, burnt herself, paid off his run

Indira Renganathan
Too Vast, Too Far...(Hymnal Measure)

Hymnal Measure or Meter is:
stanzaic, written in any number of quatrains. A doubled quatrain is a Hymnal Octave
metered, L1 and L3 are iambic tetrameter and L2 and L4 are iambic trimeter.
rhymed, rhyme scheme abab cdcd etc.

Too Vast, Too Far...

Too vast, too far untouchable
For my little hands weak-
To reach to meet thee unable
My waiting heart here meek-

God! please know this little soul
May thy mercy read me
Thee ought to descend and console
From my longing heart's spree

And while thee do so for my sake
Please, grant my heart a feel
Momentous thou grace to awake
mymired heart thee to heal

Indira Renganathan
Time To Say Sorry

That I feel well my faults countless
I say sorry sorry
I repent, I bow times countless
Begging pardon of thee
But thee, heard of my pleas countless
Seem not to turn to me
Demand this little soul restless
Thy grace with thou sorry

How tricky thou art my dear God
Closed thy third eye pretends
Unclosed my third eye well befogged
Beware my heart portends
'Beware of all, aware of God'
Striving pressuredistends
Behold dear God, behold dear God
Wish peace, thy heart extends

Indira Renganathan
Their Love (Wreathed Octave)

Wreathed poetry is simply a natural blending of English poetry with the Celtic Welsh which uses an internal rhyme scheme with an external one and gives a couplet scheme of:

x. x. x. x. x. x. a.

x. a. x. x. x. x. b.

the internal rhyme can be anywhere in the first part of second line and can be a repeat word rather than a rhyme. It was later that poets saw the possibilities and created the octave with a rhyme scheme of:

x. x. x. x. x. x. a.

x. a. x. x. x. x. b.

x. b. x. x. x. x. a.

x. a. x. x. x. x. b.

x. b. x. x. x. x. c.

x. c. x. x. x. x. d.

x. d. x. x. x. x. c.

x. c. x. x. x. x. d.

Their Love

Breeze curls on their love silvery
Silvery moon flashes on feels
Hushed pool feels a hushed reverie
Their reverie it is that peals
Now their peals eastward raise the sun
Sun in their grip of love aflame
and she and their fun
Rolling aside...fun none to blame

Indira Renganathan
Life Has Lighter Sides Too (Octain Refrain)

This form is called Octain (Octain Refrain), invented by the great author Luke Prater. The form Structure - eight lines as two tercets and a couplet, eight syllables per line with the first line repeated (as much as possible) as the last. Meter is iambic or trochaic tetrameter, but fine to just count eight syllables per line for those who prefer that.

Rhyme scheme -
A-b-b
a-c/c-a
b-A
(A = repeated refrain line. c/c refers to line five having mid line (internal) rhym which is different to the a- and b-rhymes.

Life Has Lighter Sides Too

Life has lighter sides too to feel
To ease the heavy heart and mind
To fly, to float high in cheer signed

Sing and dance or just peal on heel
Walk and talk or keep mum and grin
Hop and shop or run for fun, squeal

Or the past pleasance just remind
Life has lighter sides too to feel

Indira Renganathan
A Train's Night Journey

Ottava Rima or Sonnetto Rispetto, is:
A fast narrative.
Stanzaic, written in any number of octaves.
Metered, most often iambic pentameter sometimes tetrameter.
Rhymed, Rhyme scheme is abababcc.
Best for blending serious and satirical attitudes.
Composed with the final couplet that sums up and brings a twist or enlightenment to the content of the stanza.
the Ottava Rima is a narrative and is most often written in more than one octave.

A Train's Night Journey

In urged haste it gluts its obese crowding
Kicking up its first breath whistles its drag
Slow huffs-puffs to tadak-tadaks speeding
Runs on rails with modesty of its brag
Oscillating bogies on fear-brooding
Of a lurking colleague in crossing lag
While benighted green breeze takes to refuge
In sleeping minds of varied colours huge

Going thus the train with pause then and there
A maze of moon glitters along its way
Passing midnight in somewhat gloomy scare
A cautious force tows the train fast right way
Cheered tadak-tadaks, tadak-tadaks flare
When rouged sky streaks an arc of a heyday
Dawning minds breathe in breezing greens' rebirth
And the halting train kicks out its last breath

Indira Renganathan
Enniu (Balassi Stanza)

The Balassi Stanza is:
stanzaic, written as a line which can be broken into a tercet at the rhyme. Any number of lines or tercets may be written.
syllabic, a line of 19 syllables which can be broken into a tercet of 6-6-7 syllables per line.
rhymed, internal rhyme at the 6th and 12th syllables and the end rhyme of the line is the end rhyme of subsequent lines. When broken into tercets, the rhyme scheme is bbA ccA ddA etc.

Enniu

They come they go the years
Immixed with woes and cheers
A monotone repeated
And summer is summer
Cold winter is winter
Changeless cycles repeated
My birth, my growth, my death
And what not else on this earth
A monotone repeated

or

Enniu

They Come They Go The Years Immixed with woes and cheers A monotone repeated
And summer is summer Cold winter is winter Changeless cycles repeated
My birth, my groth, my deathAnd what not else on this earth A monotone repeated

Indira Renganathan
Night Space Winkles Its Love..(Nocturna)

The Nocturna is basically a nine line poetry form based on the nocturne theme and it consists of three tercets linked by the rhyme of the centre line; Rhyme- a b a, c b c, d b d

Night Space Winkles Its Love..

Night space winkles its love at the moon full
But the dull clouds play cheat hiding the moon
Watching it the wind comes and blows in

And the awaiting earth now thanks the wind
That the earth too is in love with the moon
Busy blowing in higher force the wind

But then the clouds and trees shaken too much
Tired, beg for soothing breeze for earth and moon
In perfect match turn all breezed just that much

Indira Renganathan
Dear Wind(Rubliw)

The Rubliw is an invented form created by American poet Richard Wilbur then named and defined by Lewis Turco, author of The Book of Forms among other works.
A short metric poem was sent by Wilbur to Turco containing a challenge to name the verse form framing the poem.
Turco responded in kind and named the form by reversing the spelling of Wilbur's name.
He also wrote humorous, didactic messages in the same form to fellow poets Dana Gioia and Sam Gwynn.
The Rubliw as created would fall under the category of Light Verse.

The Rubliw is:
a poem in 9 lines.
metric, iambic pattern, L1 monometer, L2 dimeter, L3 trimeter, L4 tetrameter, L5 pentameter,
L6 tetrameter, L7 trimeter, L8 dimeter and L9 monometer.
monorhymed.

- - - - - - - - - - -Dear wind- - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - -Tell all so kind- - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - -Who talk too much so blind- - - - - - -
- - - - - - -Of positive thinking in mind- - - - - - -
- - - - -Forgetting that life with negative twined- - -
- - - - - Sequent like glued day and night bind- - - -
- - - - - - -My love too half way blind- - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - -Gone with you wind- - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - -Dead thinned- - - - - - - - - -

Indira Renganathan
Dream Not Sweet Sixteen..

The Trijan Refrain is:
stanzaic, written in any number of 9-line stanzas (3 are recommended).
syllabic, 8-6-8-6-8-4-4-8.
rhymed, AbabccDDc AaeeffGGf AhahiiJji
composed with a refrain within the stanza,
the first 4 syllables of L5 are repeated as a refrain in L7 and L8.
written a refrain between stanzas, L1 of
the first stanza repeated as L1 of each subsequent stanza.
There is a variation in which L1 is not repeated in the subsequent stanzas,
in that scenario the rhyme scheme is ababccDDc
eefggHHg ijijkkLLk.

Dream Not Sweet Sixteen..

Dream not sweet sixteen, just dream not
Earth is of hidden pits
Love is blind and these pits- knows not
Beware of pits and hits
You are too young now, yet to learn more
Fall and pain- to ignore and soar
You are too young
You are too young
Love is of hurdles-trip not more

Dream not sweet sixteen, just dream not
But I know you will dream
And having fallen in love sought
Be watchful not to scream
What shall I say than 'be watchful'
But I know you won't be watchful
What shall I say
What shall I say
Beware before it goes vengeful
Dream not sweet sixteen, just dream not
Oh, I know you can't dream
As fallen love will help you not
Should have thought before dream
Folly- your fate, spoilt- your life lo
Look, how the satan escapes- so
Folly- your fate
Folly- your fate
But no pity- rise, fight to grow

Indira Renganathan
Symbol Woman-3(Sonnetina Cinque)

Sonnetina Cinque is a decastich made up of two cinquains. Any 5 line frame may be used as long as it is has some metric or syllabic measure. The first stanza makes its statement, and the second gives an argument to that statement or the first asks a question and the second answers.

Symbol Woman-3

Life can't be soft always- with woes too oft
So strived a couple in love and despair
With kids to be raised to a level fair
Hardships they faced- support hers was a lot
She chose to teaching and worked hard aloft

Poverty was scared of her- she was not
Noted she grew helping her spouse a lot
Grown sons settled abroad she lived with them
Sometime now back here as a fresh anthem
She came- an angel from heaven a lot

Indira Renganathan
That Hometown House (Asean Sonnet)

The Asean Sonnet is:
lyrical.
a quatorzain made up of an octave followed by a sestet.
metric, iambic pentameter.
mono-rhymed, aaaaaaaaaaaa.
turned on the 9th line.

That Hometown House

It was in that housea home born and lived
Old and young and kids all happily lived
But the oldfor some years only survived
They passed away one by one, home deprived
But with the rest of the folkshome wellthrived
Nextline of youths grown strong and old revived
All was wellandthey all happily lived
Lovingly thetwo generations lived

But soona turn of life- new trend arrived
Taste for life abroad-the youths wished and vied
One by oneall fledaway as conceived
Soonthe homebecameempty, nil, deceived
House was left locked homeless bereaved and grieved
It was in that housea home born and lived

Indira Renganathan
Little Girl's Grumpy Song

Days are running short of holidays, I feel so sad
I feel so sad, short of holidays, I feel so sad
School will reopen next week, I feel so bad

I haven't done my assignment for the holidays
Haven't yet done my assignment for the holidays
I'm so scared to meet the teacher's shouting ways

Mama is pushing and scolding more than she ever
Pushing and scolding, mama is more than she ever
Ho, I don't know what to do, whatsoever

School van will come earlier than what it used to come
Earlier than what it used to come school van will come
Ho, bad, bad things build up to make myself crumb

Days are running short of holidays, I feel so sad
I feel so sad, short of holidays, I feel so sad
School will reopen next week, I feel so bad
Indira Renganathan
Under The Stars (Arkham Ballad)

Arkham Ballad can be identified by the last line of each stanza being repeated as the first three metric feet of the next stanza. The Arkham Ballad is:

stanzaic, written in any number of cinquains.
accentual syllabic, iambic, L1, L3, L4 tetrameter and L2 and L5 trimeter.
rhymed, rhyme scheme xabba xcddc xeffe etc. x being unrhymed.
composed with L5 repeated as the 1st three metric feet of L1 of the next stanza.
suited to current events and the news.

Under The Stars

A night stay with the homeless clan
They tried of charity
A group of old and young age trooped
Just to feel how 'homeless'are blooped
On earth with poverty

On earth with poverty night through
With blankets and without
With repellants and without they
Ventured barking dogs to dismay
An event to look out

An event to look out concerned
About the street life's pain
An event that made at the end
Each one to vow to helpand tend
At least one homeless fain

Indira Renganathan
Blank verse is narrative poetry, tells a story. It can also be used in dramatic poetry to develop a personality or to characterize, both are usually written in the 3rd person. Occasionally it is adapted to lyrical works such as the sonnet but its better suited to long verse.

composed in strophic (lines grouped in thought units much like paragraphs in prose) rather than stanzaic (lines grouped in uniform set numbers) form, there is no set poem length.

unrhymed.

composed with the use of caesura and enjambment which are critical to the success of of the form. An occasional period or comma at the end of a line is OK but it is considered better technique to begin and end a sentence within the line as long as the lines are 5 metric feet and the strophe is endstopped

Little Girl And Her Doll

Little girl was playing with her doll while
Granny was watching her from behind and
Suddenly when little girl felt some one
At her back she turned and saw her granny
Ready with questions to throw and granny
Did ask 'what were you playing with your doll? '
And little girl said 'teaching her English'
Which made granny curious to attend
And ask 'if c-a-t is cat what is
M-a-t, r-a-t? , is it that kind
Yeah, also if r-o-s-e is rose
What is d-o-s-e, p-o-s-e?
And that made granny grin and smile and ask
'Now you tell me what is b-o, c-o'
And little girl answered right straight with O
As bo and coand continued with all
Letters when suddenly granny stopped and
Asked ' whatis d-o, t-o? for which
Little girl thought for a while and quickly
Replied 'I'll ask my doll that too granny'

Indira Renganathan
How Little Girl Hassles

Early in the morning
That she can not get up
She irks her mother
Waking up very late
And there upon
Her mother starts shouting

But
Little girl is not worried
She keeps up her slow pace
Loitering here to there, there to here
Between the rooms

And
Her mother keeps shouting
To brush, to bathe, to eat
To get to school on time
All in a hurry-burry medley

Just
A cup of milk with three biscuits
She needs a story reader
Easily she drags the time
Sip-pause-sip-pause
Pausing more for a long while
And
No wonder the mother
Sandwiched between
Tiffin making and readying
Her Little girl is high pitched
Screaming hysterical...

Contd

Indira Renganathan
In free verse, the old 'rules' are broken, the line itself becomes the only verse is strophic, not contained in uniform stanzas. It must breath, think and sound like the poet. The rhythm keeps time with the poet's own heart beat. To ignore its form is irresponsible. It may be more difficult to create a line of free verse than metered verse, the length, word choice and placement become an extension of the poet even more without the 'rule' of predetermined patterns. With free verse it is up to the poet to create his/her own rules.

How Little Girl Hassles

And
Somehow pushed up
In last five minutes
Little girl is ready
In 'uniform'

But
Again slugs in bed
Saying 'I don't want to go'
Mamma asks why
' They force me to eat'

And
Mamma is happy for that
She wheedles little girl
This way and that way
And sends her to school

Now
Too tired mamma
Slips inbed
In closed eyes not
Knowing the forthcoming
Evening hubbub

Contd
Indira Renganathan
In free verse, the old 'rules' are broken, the line itself becomes the only verse is strophic, not contained in uniform stanzas. It must breath, think and sound like the poet. The rhythm keeps time with the poet's own heart beat. To ignore its form is irresponsible. It may be more difficult to create a line of free verse than metered verse, the length, word choice and placement become an extension of the poet even more without the 'rule' of predetermined patterns. With free verse it is up to the poet to create his/her own rules

How Little Girl Hassles

'Look,
You've not eaten
Your lunch at all
Wonder how capable
You are to cheat
Your teacher
And me as well

And
If your friend slaps
Well, that is the punishment
You deserve
Now finish your lunch'

Angrily
Mamma corners
Herself into a sofa
Long faced

And
Little girl too
Crying with snuffling
And wailing weak
Finally falls asleep
The house is moody

But
Papa and grand-pa
Don't seem to be bothered
Poor mamma only steps in
To wake up little girl
With consoling words

And
With loving hugs
Grand-ma whispers
'Don't worry dear
A song of praises to you
I'll sing to this whole world
I promise'

And
With that little girl
Gets back normal
Her day of dreaming
With grand-ma in sleep
Begins

And
Of course
A day of same design
Next day begins
Routine in sun's cycle

End

Indira Renganathan
A Burning Candle

A burning candle
Drips erasing
Fear, gloom
Hopefully
Insightfully, joyfully..
Kinetic life's
Mire, night
Oppression
Preyed..
Quested
Right solution
Truth ultimate
Visioned
Well x-rayed
Yonder Zenith

Indira Renganathan
Walking Which Way (Alliteration)

alliteration (from Latin al litera- to letter)
Repetition of 2 or more beginning sounds
of the stressed syllable of successive words in a line,
most commonly repeated consonants that phonetically match.

Walking Which Way?

Wavering 'WHAT' wandering
Wailing 'WHY' waiting
Waylaying 'WIMP' where?
Woeful 'WAKE' waxing
Wandering we walking which way
Waning wastefully

- - - - - - - -

Note: Always wavering mind asks 'What' is life? '- so
"What" is wavering
Wavering mind wailing questions 'Why' and is waiting for an answer- so
"Why" is wailing and waiting
Some obstruction mid way acting as a wimp- what is that and where? - so
Where is that waylaying "Wimp?"
Mind is in growing woeful wakefulness- so
Woeful "Wake" waxing
Wandering we walking which way
Waning wastefully

Indira Renganathan
Sweet Nothing Tickles (Shadorna)

The Shadorna is a simple syllabic verse form created by James Neill Northe that is most effective when written using strong words or phrases. The Shadorna is: a hexastich, a poem in 6 lines although you certainly could choose to write any number of sixains in this syllabic bic, 3-5-3-7-5 syllables per line. unrhymed.

Sweet Nothing Tickles

Somebody
Unknown on the street
Smiles at her
Sweet nothing
Yet tickles and tills her heart
A stranger's friendship

Indira Renganathan
Acrobatic (Acronet)

It's a two verse poem combining acrostic and nonet. The first verse is an acrostic done with reversed nonet. Then the second verse is done as a nonet with the title that formed the acrostic we have the acronet rhyming or not.

Acrobatic

A
Challenge
Repeated
Obsessively
Belligerently
Acrobatically
Trying to set its tumbling..
Intense pressure however helps
Challenge done to name it Acronet

Corrections done to name it Nonet
In terms of many up right stands
Tensed up this poem says 'no'
'Acrostic and Nonet
Be them reversed too
Of a new style
Revised and
Classed as
A'

Indira Renganathan
Elegiac (Katuata)

Katuata, is emotive verse.
Intuitive rather than logical;
the katuata asks a sudden question or makes an emotional statement and then
responds to it.
This is a stand alone, 3 line poem, however it is often written as a side poem to
the renga.
This dates back to 8th century Japan found in the Manyōshū (the oldest collection
of Japanese poetry)

Katuata is:
syllabic, 19 syllables or less.
usually a tercet. 5-7-7. This can also be reduced to a 5-7-5 syllable count if
desired.
emotive not necessarily logical.

Elegiac

Cancer revisits
Being to being to eat
Eaten will he come back live

Indira Renganathan
The Florette was invented by Jan Turner. It appears to be her attempt to emulate in poetic form, the growth of a flower by lengthening the last line of each stanza longer than the others, showing growth.

The Florette is stanzaic, written in any number of either quatrains or cinquains:
When written in quatrains the Florette is:
syllabic, quatrains 8-8-8-12
rhymed, quatrains aaba cccd etc with internal cross rhyme from L3 to the 8th syllable of L4.
\[
\begin{align*}
x & \ x \ x \ x \ x \ x \ x \ a \\
x & \ x \ x \ x \ x \ x \ a \\
x & \ x \ x \ x \ x \ x \ b \\
x & \ x \ x \ x \ x \ x \ b \ x \ x \ x \ a
\end{align*}
\]
enjambed, L3 and L4 must be enjambed without endstop in L3.

When written in cinquains the Florette is:
accentual syllabic, L1 thru L4 iambic tetrameter (8 syllables) and L5 iambic dodecamerter(12 syllables) .
rhymed, aabba ccddc etc. no internal rhyme suggested.
enjambment not a requirement.

Blooming At last(Florette Quatrain)
A Jasmine plant in her garden
For her to watch very often
But today she is sick and sad
For last night a bad tiff she had for no pardon

With heavy heart she is waiting
'Would hubby come back still fliting
Or smiling bright to reconcile
Or would he not..? but in exile staying, sighting? '

God, tensed up she is so fretful
Strolling up and down full and full
Longing for her husband's return
She prays to God for an upturn from heart painful

She prays and prays and keeps praying
But soon stops by the door-knocking
Ah, curiously she runs to
See him trusting God- yes, it's true, he's back smiling

And then she curiously runs
Oh there, her jasmine plant outruns
Fragrant blossoms scenting around
To heal and soothe her heart profound that peace reruns

Indira Renganathan
Abhanga, “the completion” is a stanzaic form commonly used for devotional poetic composition although it has also been used for cynicism, satire and reflective moods. It was popular from the 13th thru 17th centuries Marathi Region of India and is described as complex and classic.

The Abhanga is:
stanzaic, written in any number of 4 line stanzas.
syllabic, 6-6-6-4 syllables each
rhymed L2 and L3 rhyme. Often internal rhyme is employed.
End rhyme scheme x a a x, x being unrhymed

Mukthi

When I see a rose bloom
I see its prickles too
Causal make it's by you
Parashakthi

When I see a bee there
Know sucking its honey
Will sting the rose thorny
Parashakthi

When I see a small worm
I know it'll harm the corn
Causal you made to scorn
Parashakthi

When I see a cobra
I know it has poison
Causal it has reason
Parashakthi

When I see a vulture
I see its beak and claws
Causal it's of a class
Parashakthi
When I see a tiger
I know it is hungry
Ready to pounce on me
Parashakthi

Why so this kind are these
Who can answer for these
While all act by your keys
Parashakthi

You are the sole causer
You are the sole maker
You're the only Mother
Parashakthi

How can I then oppose
Or say all I dispose
I can only propose
Parashakthi

Truth is you Oh Shakthi
All from you Oh Shakthi
You're in all Oh Shakthi
Parashkthi

I'm in you Oh Shakthi
You're in me Oh Shakthi
In one we're Oh Shakthi
Parashakthi

As Oneness is Mukthi
Bless that Oneness Shakthi
For ever Oh Shakthi
Parashakthi

Indira Renganathan
Ovi is commonly known as 12th century folk-songs of the Marathi Region of India which expressed love, social irony and heroic events. Two forms of ovi are popular today: the granthik (literary) ovi and the women's ovi.

The literary ovi is sung without tala (rhythm) by a kirtankar in a kirtan, a devotional call-and-response chanting form. This is generally used for ovis of saints like Dnyaneshwar, Eknath and Namdev.

The women's ovi is sung with tala, when the women gather for work or pleasure. It is thought to be in the rhythm of songs sung by women on the grinding stone (jata). The ovi is sung while women use the mortar and pestle or the rahat (a manual water wheel) to pull water from the well. The women's ovis are 'protest songs more than work songs' — complaints about the hard work, unhappy marriages and 'despotic husbands'. They contain sarcasm of the patriarchal society. They also contain elements of bhakti (devotion) where the singer implores God to save her from these bondages.

An ovi poem has couplets (called kadva or ovi itself). Each couplet is generally divided into four charan (parts/lines). The first three charans are rhymed and have same number of matras (instants) composed of six or eight letters (vary from eight to ten syllables), while the fourth is 'open' (unrhymed with the rest), shorter with fewer matras and generally has four letters (vary from four to six syllables).

The Ovi is:
stanzaic, written in any number of 4 line stanzas.
syllabic, 8-8-8-(less than 8) syllables
rhymed, with L1, L2, L3 mono-rhymed L4 unrhymed. aaax, x being unrhymed.

Misery Overruled(Women's Ovi)

(Two sister-in-laws' conversational singing bemoaning their suffering caused by their husbands)
Oh sis in law, sister-in-law
Daughter of my mother-in-law
What brought you here tell me all blah
To each my pounding

sister-in-law, sister-in-law
Oh my mother's daughter-in-law
It's my hubby who breaks all law
My life is crumbling

I'm so sorry but don't worry
We shall carry this with fury
Teach your hubby lesson eerie
With each my pounding

And before that tell me all wrong
Your hubby brat did all along
One by one flat if you think strong
To each my pounding

Oh sis-in-law, sister-in-law
He smokes he drinks, his dirty flaw
Beats me bad by immoral law
My life is crumbling

And he spends lot but saves nothing
Life is a naught by suffering
Dreams are all lost, days tattering
My life is crumbling

Oh sis-in-law pounded, pounded
Your hubby's flaws all are pounded
Aha aha, pounded, pounded
Like these grains I do

But what I feel, yours is better
Than my worst peal that your brother
Worst of his reel eloped bitter
With another girl

And your parents, dear my in-laws
Not transparent but they do toss
My life be rent in silent loss
How I be rescued

For that reason I'm now pounding
Their only son I'm just pounding
Treason, treason I'm now pounding
Your parents too just mashed

Indira Renganathan
At The Wedding (Triveni)

The Triveni is a relatively new form introduced by Gulzar, poet and Oscar award winning lyricist who won for best original song in Slum Dog Millionaire. The form is a popular 3 line verse mostly written in Urdu or Hindi. It uses the sher of the ghazal and adds a third line with a totally different perspective. It is a sort of Indian haiku without the syllable count.

The Triveni is:
a poem in 3 lines.
written in lines of equal length.
unrhymed
written with a sher or complete closed couplet, a poem in itself. And concluded with single line which is an observation of the first 2 lines from a different perspective.

At The Wedding

The wedding jubilance was moving on extremely spirited exultation 
Bride's friend and bride groom's friend were the prime attraction 
A sprout of new love was felt budding in every one's apprehension

Indira Renganathan
The Payar is the most common form from the Bengali Region.
The Payar is:
stanzaic, written in any number of couplets.
rhymed. aa bb cc etc.
syllabic, 14 syllables lines which are normally broken into 4 units.

4 4 * 4 2
4 4 * 4 2
or
xxxx, xxxx, xxxx, xa
xxxx, xxxx, xxxx, xa

Inviting

Porch is so proud..potted roses..red red roses blushing
Invitees winged..flying colours..butterflies swarm flashing

Indira Renganathan
Piplikamadhya is from the Hindi region,
The Piplikamadhya is:
stanzaic, written in any number of tercets.
syllabic, 12-8-12 syllables per line.

Knowledge Speaks, Wisdom Listens

Knowledge and wisdom are sisters but too unlike
Knowledge always shows off blabby
Silent Wisdom talk is to let talk

Indira Renganathan
Who Is That 'I'? (Vakh)

Kashmiri poetry from the northwest, bordering Pakistan, is said to be influenced by its setting. Kashmir is a valley framed by the Himalaya Mountains which reflects grandeur, serenity and vivid color. It is the jewelled crown on the head of India. The language is descendant of Sanskrit and influenced by Urdu.

Vakh (Sanskrit - 'speech' interpreted by some as 'verse teaching') is a 14th century stanzaic form, originated by a woman poet, Lalla-Devi or Lallashwari, a Kashmiri Shaivite mystic and Sufi saint. 258 poems by Lalla were preserved in this form ranging from songs, proverbs and prayers. This form is found among the earliest Kashmiri literature and records when the Kashmiri language emerged from a descendant of Sanskrit.

The Vakh is:
a tetrastich, a poem in 4 lines although it has occasionally been found in a couple of stanzas of 4 lines.
syllabic, lines of 7 syllables each, with 4 stresses per line. occasionally rhymed with true or near rhyme.

Who Is That 'I'?

Bones, nerves, flesh, blood make body
Who drives it to live and die?
'I' says mine and hers and his
And others'.. who is that 'I'?

Indira Renganathan
A monostich has been described as 'a startling fragment that has its own integrity' and 'if a monostich has an argument, it is necessarily more subtle'.

A monostich could be also titled; due to the brevity of the form, the title is invariably as important a part of the poem as the verse itself:

Some one line poems have 'the characteristics of not exceeding one line of a normal page, to be read as one unbroken line without forced pauses or the poetics of ceasura', and others having 'a rhythm, (as with one-line haiku), dividing easily into three phrases'.

Monostich(Greek) is single line of verse, a poem in a single line. No structural limitation other than the line itself.

tic Dawn

Disturbed ocean on her breast romancing with the rising sun.

Atheists In The World

War between hunger-satan and food-God and all are for food-God only.

3. New Year's Birth

Sun is angry on next day's dawn at night

Indira Renganathan
Gnomic poetry consists of meaningful sayings put into verse to aid the memory. They were known by the Greeks as gnomes, from the Greek word for 'an opinion'.

A gnome was defined by the Elizabethan critic Henry Peacham (1576? -1643?) as 'a saying pertaining to the manners and common practices of men, which declareth, with an apt brevity, what in this our life ought to be done, or not done'.

It belongs to the broad family of wisdom literature, which expresses general truths about the world. Topics range over the divine and secular, to hierarchical social relationships.

Hope for the best, but prepare for the worst

An old man was scared of his karmic life and hell
On the verge of death he feared the beatings of hell
To avoid hell his way of atonement he found
Began wishing all good luck every now and then
To even some one imagined when there was none
Soon that old man became so dear to every one
He was the good-wishing uncle to all around
He went on like this till his end to avoid hell
On his death people prayed for him for heaven well
But who knows well where he was sent, heaven or hell?

Indira Renganathan
Their Way Of A Plea (Brhati)

Brhati ('that which grows' or 'life's breath', God of Words) is an ancient Vedic stanzaic form.
Brhati is named as one of the seven horses pulling the chariot of the sun.

In verse the Brhati is
stanzaic, 36 syllables written in any number of 4 line stanzas.
syllabic, 9 syllables each.
metric, the metric pattern of the line requires 2 heavy syllables.
In English break the cadence with caesura and attempt to include
a couple of long or heavy vowel syllables near the end of the line.
('heavy' is a dipthong, a hard vowel sound or a vowel followed by a combination of consonants)

Their Way Of A Plea

Sitting around the sacred fire blazed
Mantras were rising, rising, rising
Hand in hand all tones in one tone up
Reached the sky, fetched the rains, chucked the drought

Indira Renganathan
Gayatri (the one who protects the one who sings, Goddess of Past Present and Future) is considered a priestly Vedic meter and one of the most favored chandas or meters of the mantras of Indian verse. The Gayatri is associated with the head or intellect and is said to have originated from the skin of Prajapati. This is a form that seems to have transitioned to from Veda to Sanskrit during the overlapping period from 700 to 200 B.C. and appears to be synonymous with the Sanskrit sloka.

The defining features of the Gayatri are:
- stanzaic, written in any number of tercets
- syllabic, lines of 8 syllables each which are most often written in simple iambic cadence.

Every Morrow So Wipes Sorrow

Hides out the sun into the vast
His routine chore every evening
Left off is sunflower aghast

Sorrow enshrouds missing her lord
Her routine chore of feeling sad
Knowing of sun's daily errand

Discerning her heart comes morrow
Towing sun's colours signalling
Sun comes and soon drives her sorrow

But again when evening sets in
Morrow turns into a dark night
As has gone away far the sun

The sunflower is again sad
Thinking of its lover lord sun
Morrows repeat to help so good

E'er a ray of hope is morrow
Entrusted so to bring the sun
Every morrow so wipes sorrow

Indira Renganathan
Jagati (the god of nature and animals), in Hindu tradition Jagati is associated with the 4th horse harnessed to the golden chariot of the sun. This Vedic verse is a stanzaic form with a lot of room to maneuver. The defining features of the Jagati are:

- stanzaic, 4 lines or padas
- syllabic, lines of 12 syllables each.
- metric. The heavy-light or guru-laghu pattern of the lines is language specific and probably impossible to duplicate in English.
- But for the purist you can try by converting heavy-light to Long-short vowel sounds.

Friendly Intruder

Craving small girl ripening golden
Swift a parrot comes and pecks the mango golden
Small girl crying pleading mango tree for justice
High sun peers to say 'but season's pals are parrots'

Indira Renganathan
Alankar(Decor)-224

Oh God Of Sky...(Pankti)

Pankti (associated with food and the god of rain) is a Vedic meter found in one of the later books (Book V) of the Reg Vida. Also known as the 5th horse pulling the golden chariot of the sun god and is said to come from the bone marrow. In Hindi it means line or sentence and is a popular Indian girl's name.

The pankti meter is:
stanzaic, 40 syllables, written in any number of quintains, 5 padas or lines.
syllabic, lines of 8 syllable each.

Oh God Of Sky...

'Look down look down oh God of sky
Ere this bloodshed stilled in foul heaps
Oh God of sky, look down look down
Your grace to wash and wipe the stains
To have a life of no evil

Look down, look down oh God of sky
Ere this drought repletes in deep thirst
Oh God oh God, look down look down
To wet its parched lips then to pour
To revive its fecundity

Ah, look, look, sky is now pouring
Pouring pouring pouring pouring
Oh God, stains are gone, thirst is gone
Hopes are likely to sprout fertile
Earth is looking for a good life

Ah look, sky is still pouring on
Pouring pouring pouring pouring
Pouring pouring, oh more and more
But...but...this is unusual
Excessive...excessive and bad

Oh God of sky, look, is this fair
No, seems a flare of punishment
What for on this distressed, depressed
We are sinking, be merciful
Oh God bless us with betterment'

'Oh men I measure your karma
And treat you all accordingly
That drought is because of your deeds
Your enmity and rivalry..
Don't you think causes bad trauma

You need a heavy detersion
This is a fight against evil
Wait until you're thoroughly washed
Then you'll be free salvaged fully'
God throws his words in beating tone

Indira Renganathan
Oh Durga

Tristubh трée-shtoobh (hymn, from the god of devas -shining ones or nature spirits and originating from the flesh of Prajapati) is originally found in part of the Bhgavad Gita chapter 11 Verse 15 - 44 (including this phrase ‘brighter than a thousand suns’) and makes up about 40% of the meters in the Rig-Veda.

Many of the The Veda meters are associated with body parts, the Tristubh is associated with the chest and arms. This ancient meter does appear in poetry centuries later connecting the content to the Vedic character of the verse.

The Tristubh is:
stanzaic, written in any number of quatrains, 4 padas or lines.
syllabic, of 11 syllables each. The heavy-light or guru-laghu pattern of the lines is language specific and probably impossible to duplicate in English. But for the purist you can try by converting heavy-light to Long-short vowel sounds.
metric. The metric pattern would then be L or s L s L L - s s L s L L. (the first syllable may be either Long or short)

Oh Durga

Oh Durga, valour thine best may rise and fight vanquish evil, oh, Durga, scare it away
May thine raged heart calm, may thine hands sow deep love
Peace thence to spring upon the breast of this earth

Indira Renganathan
Gone With The Wind(Ushnik)

Ushnik (God of Wind originating from the hairs of the body of the almighty Prajapati) is a stanziac Vedic meter. The 7th horse pulling the golden chariot of the sun god is named for this meter.

The defining features of the Ushnik are:
stanziac, any number of quatrains, 4 padas or lines.
syllabic, lines of 7 syllable each.

Gone With The Wind

Wind, bring my love back to me
Gifting him all my breaths out
Making him feel my love's warmth
He to rest in me to live

Indira Renganathan
His Waiting Love (Kakuhb)

Sanskrit Poetry

Crossing over from Vedic to improved Sanskrit (perfected) language, there was an overlapping period and from 700 B.C. through 1100 A.D. Sanskrit poets provided narrative and heroic tales. Sanskrit poetry also often celebrates love and desire.

Kakuhb is a stanzaic Sanskrit form.
The defining features of the Kakuhb are:
- stanzaic, written in any number of tercets, 3 lines or padas.
- syllabic, 8-12-7 syllables,
- unrhymed.

His Waiting Love (Kakuhb)

Burning moon with love disturbs her
Thrown pebbles anger the river to hide the moon
Whence do the clouds come to pour..?

Indira Renganathan
Their Hearty Love (Mandakranta)

Mandakranta (lady slowly approaching) is referred to as a 'slow stepper'
This Sanskrit stanzaic form is often a poem of love and spirituality.

The defining features of the Mandakranta are:
stanzaic, written in any number of quatrains.
metric, all lines strictly carry the same heavy and light metric pattern
which is established by the first line (this is language specific).

In English, it is easier to simply consider the verse syllabic, 17 syllables per line.
unrhymed and composed with caesura, which appears twice, once after the 4th syllable
and again after the 9th or 10th syllable.

Their Hearty Love (Mandakranta)

She can not walk fast...with crutches she limps... but her heart can run love-fast
Oh, he has no eyes...can not see, so sad... but his heart can feel her love
Waiting for the bus, exchanging fond words, their hearts board the ship of love
Smooth they sail they sail, with dreams for good life...wish them good luck for ever

Indira Renganathan
ROSARIAN SONNET FORMS

This form is a poet's delight as firstly it uses couplets. These are always a favourite with poets, and then it uses a link for those who like the use of refrains or French poetry. Its creator Bruce Henderson, sets up the situation using two Quintains, the centre lines linking stanzas. This gives a rhyme scheme of... a. a. b. c. c..... d. d. b. e. e.
The final quatrain which contains the closure or counter statement gives a choice of linking, and using couplets an envelope. The forms creator chose an envelope form.... f. g. g. f. as the closure.

Cyclone Vardah (Rosarian Sonnet)

None knew why then the wind was to change bad
While the breeze was lovingly very good
They were the true lovers in cheers that day
Earth and sky were strung together in love
While the rain-strings tuning their trove of love

A sudden change began to blow bitter
Intruder to kill their love, a splitter
Satan Vardah like a demon to play
Came in squalling, howling, slaying the trees
Slammed clouds in dark mass thundered in wrong keys

A bad spell of rain poured to ruin the earth
Dismayed sky was blinded in sunless dark
Vardah sported too black leaving a mark
Fated city to lose vast green and mirth

Indira Renganathan
Tongue Twister Poetry

A Tongue Twister poem is made up of lines/verses that are hard to say when read aloud by using similar consonant sounds in succession (use of alliteration). In other words, the poem ties your tongue into knots. This form does not require end or internal rhyme.

A Tongue Twister

Twist your brain to twist your tongue
To twist some words into a tongue twister
Twist your brain to twist twist a paper
With twisted ton tongue twisters
To tell your friend that you
Twisted your brain to twist your tongue
To twist some words into a tongue twister
Then twisted twisted twisted a paper
With ton tongue twisters ton tongue twisters
To twist him tested tested with ton tongue twisters

Indira Renganathan
Bad Luck (Dixdeux)

Dixdeux, French for ten-two, is illustrated by Anthony Fusco in Caulkins' Handbook on Haiku and Other Form Poems, appears to have developed as an alternative to the Haiku.

The Dixdeux is:
written in any number of tercets. When written in more than one tercet, L3 becomes a refrain.
syllabic, with 10-10-2 syllables per line.
is unrhymed.
titled, unlike the haiku.

Bad Luck

A set mouse-trap waits in silence to hunt
Up and down running the pestering mouse..
- - - - - - - - - Alas! !

Morning mistress runs to the trap to check
A hole in that wooden trap laughs at her
- - - - - - - - - Alas! !

Indira Renganathan
The Sunken(Lune)
(5-3-5 words per line)

Lune is an American invented form in 3 lines. It provides 2 options. The lines can either be measured by syllables or elements of the Lune are: a poem in 3 lines. measured either by 5-3-5 syllables per line or 5-3-5 words per line. unrhymed.

The Sunken
(5-3-5 words per line)

Vani was making a cake
Suddenly she sank
Sunken cake made her sad

Indira Renganathan
The Vengeful (Trilinea)

The Trilinea, one more haiku copycat from Berg's Pathways for a Poet, created by Nellie Amos.
The defining feature is the word 'rose' must appear somewhere in the 3 lines.
The elements of the Trilinea are:
a tristich, a poem in 3 lines.
syllabic, with syllable count per line, 4-8-4.
rhymed, L1 and L3 rhyme.
composed to include the word 'rose'.
titled.

The Vengeful

A rose with thorns
Oh in heart with thorns killed his love
That fled with thorns

Indira Renganathan
The Hay(na)ku or Jánakú is an invented verse form inspired by the haiku that is measured by number of words instead of syllables. It was introduced in 2003 by Eileen Tabios, the then publisher of Meritage Press. The name Haynaku is the Tagalog equivalent of Oh My God!

The elements of the Hay(na)ku are:
- a tristich, a poem written in 3 lines.
- measured by number of words, L1 is one word, L2 is two words and L3 is three words.
- There is no restriction on number of syllables in the words.
- unrhymed.
- variable, the line order can be reversed, or the form can be chained to create a series of Haynakus.

1. Hearts

Eyes exchange
Love hosts feast

Nature's clinic
Free medical care

Zoomed cut
Swooped up snatch

Indira Renganathan
The Quinzaine is an internet form named from the French quinze (fifteen) for the 15 syllables
the poem contains.

The Quinzaine is:
a tristich, a 3 line poem.
syllabic, 7-5-3 syllables per line.
unrhymed.
composed of: L1 a statement, L2 and L3 questions related to the statement.

1. Love Is Blind

That neem tree has some sweet fruits
Will love birds eat them?
Will or won't?

2. Everyone's Sweetheart

Ice cream is of many castes
Do you mean its kind?
Or its fans?

Indira Renganathan
The Triquain, found in Berg's Pathways for the Poet 1977 appears to be an attempt at combining the haiku and Crapsey cinquain. It was created by L. Stanley Cheney and referred to in both the Caulkins' Handbook and Pathways. This form comes a little closer to the purpose of haiku than some other haiku wannabees.

There is another invented form also called a Triquain that appeared on the internet about 25 years later written in a syllabic heptastich.

The Triquain is:
a tristich, a poem in 3 lines. It is composed in 3 units, L1 introduces the subject, L2 expands and leads into action, L3 is the enlightenment or question. syllabic, with 2-7-7 syllable count per line. Titled, unlike the haiku.

Care

Baby
Kicking, shivering, crying
Milk or mother does she want?

y

Awing
Zephyr, gales, lightning, rumblings
Hooray, nature's crescendoes

Indira Renganathan
Uthra The Wild Tigress (Found Poem)

A Found Poem is the gathering and assembling of grouped words "found" in the environment and incorporating the "found" phrases and words into a larger poetic piece. It is a "snatch of poetry". Printed images or phrases assembled in a literary collage. The lineal arrangement rearranges the phrases to create an entirely different piece. It presents things found in the poet's surroundings such as a news article, a poem, letters, dialogue or anything. The poetry is much larger than the "found lines" that intersperse the poet's was recognized in the 20th century

Uthra The Wild Tigress

She whom Durga rides
She whom Sastha rides
She who birthed children..

Four of them all gone
Found dead next morning
Ere even first fed

"Injuries on the Thoracic area...,
A spokesperson said
While their mother
Tried to move them
By holding them
In her mouth"

"More like an accident..
Said an official,
Uthra was a new mother"

And so wild
Veterinarians said,
Could happen
When in captivity
A wild tiger gives birth

Vijay the father
wrote an epitaph

"Uthra whom Durga rides not
Uthra whom Sastha rides not
Uthra, fit not be a mom?
Uthra, Uthra, why...? , why...?"

Note: -The following is a news article from the daily english news paper The Hindu
used for the found poem above

4 tiger cubs die in Vandalur zoo

Injuries found in thoracic area; mother may have inadvertently caused deaths

When Uthra, a tigress, gave birth to four cubs, a sense of joy and happiness pervaded the Arignar Anna Zoological Park in Vandalur on Sunday. It was to be short-lived as the next morning, all the four tiger cubs were found dead inside the separate enclosure in which they were with their mother.

The cubs had injuries on the thoracic area.

A zoo spokesperson said the tiger cubs might have suffered injuries while their mother tried to move them to a secluded place in the enclosure by holding them in her mouth. The cubs might have died after suffering excessive bleeding.

"In this case, it looks more like an accident," said an official.
"Uthra was a new mother and the wild behaviour could have led to the
deaths, "the official adds.

The post-mortem reports stated that the cubs had not taken feed and that the deaths could have been due to the puncture in the thoracic area, sources said.

Forest veterinarians said this could happen when a wild tiger gives birth in captivity.

While those born in captivity are used to the enclosures, for the wild tigers it is difficult.

Also, in the forests, there would be lots of space to move around whereas in the enclosure space is limited and the tigress could have lifted one cub after another after they showed no movement.

Even in the wild, there is mortality, they say.

"Separation is also very difficult on the day of birth. After one or two days of feeding, then it's possible to separate the cubs from the mother. Normally, we leave them with their mother," says a senior wildlife official. "Officials were watching it on CCTV but could not go anywhere near as the tigress would have been ferocious. Next time, the mother will learn to raise the cubs," he added.

Found abandoned

Uthra was brought to the zoo from the Sathyamangalam forests when she was a cub, abandoned by her mother.
Vijay, another rescued tiger from the wild, was the father of the four cubs.

After the tigress was rescued from the Satyhyamangalam forests, it took several months to adapt to the captivity hideout, the zoo spokesperson said.

"It is the first ever incident of all the cubs born to a tigress in this zoo dying. As tigresses won't let anyone go near them, we couldn't do anything to save the cubs. Adequate measures would be taken in future to save the cubs when a tigress"
gives birth next time, &quot; he added.

The tiger cubs were kept separately in an enclosure away from the other tiger population in the zoo.

After the incident, the tiger population in the zoo is 26, officials said.

Indira Renganathan
Nonsense Verse: The words are pretty self explanatory, verse that is nonsense. A form of light verse, usually for children, depicting imaginative characters in amusing situations of fantasy, whimsical in tone and with a rhythmic appeal, often employing fanciful phrases and meaningless made-up words.

Limericks are probably the best known form of nonsense verse, although they tend nowadays to be used for bawdy or straightforwardly humorous, rather than nonsensical, effect.

Other nonsense verse makes use of nonsense words—words without a clear meaning or any meaning at all. Some other nonsense verse uses muddled or ambiguous grammar as well as invented words, Some simply illustrate nonsensical situations. Some nonsense verse simply presents contradictory or impossible scenarios in a matter-of-fact tone.

were friends doing group study
Suddenly one friend felt hungry
He started eating, so all joined eating
They were friends doing group study

2. Shetalkeda lot, hetalkedalot
Then the whole house talked, talked a lot
They kept on talking to end in fighting
Talked, fought, talked fought they a lot, lot

3. Pressure cooker whistled one time
Pressure cooker whistled two times
Pressure cooker whistled three times
Pressure cooker whistled four times
One, two, three, four... whistled ten times
Pressure cooker whistled ten times
And more and more and more one time
Lo, heeissedandhissed to die indrought

bought his baby some toys
Mamabought her baby some toys
Baby was in full of joy, joy
But he could shout only "aoy, aoy"
As he could not utter "toy, toy"

5."I broke a jar in school" she said cool
Dad panicked and said "respect your school
Give the jar back at once"
Daughter gave back at once
The broken jar to be called a fool

6. For a while he simply cried "aye, aye"
Finding nice went on with "aye, aye, aye"
A friend then came there saying "hi, hi"
For him the "aye, aye" sounded "hi, hi"
Hearing all these grandpa came nigh, nigh
Grandson too came there with high "aye, hi"
He, his son and the friend cried "aye, aye"
Irked grandpa cried high "don't cry aye, aye"
Feared friend at once fled bidding bye bye
Staring stood grandpa with fierce eye, eye
Son feigned, "oh my, my, dad your eye, eye"
More raged dad slapped "your aye aye"
Feared grandson fled at once with "bye, bye"
Dad and son kept staring eye to eye

Indira Renganathan
Cross Limerick is an American invented form, a variation of the Limerick by poet Viola Berg. It adds a couple of lines to the Limerick verse form. The elements of the Cross Limerick are:
1. a septet. (7 lines).
2. metric, anapestic patterns. L1, L2 and L7 are trimeter (3 metric feet) and L3, L4, L5 and L6 are dimeter (2 metric feet). (anapest = da da DUM or u-u-S = unstressed, unstressed, stressed syllables.)
3. rhymed, rhyme scheme aabcbca.
4. best used for witty, whimsical, bawdy themes, light verse.
5. untitled

How can a thinking brain stop its mind
How can a writing hand stop its wand
Thinking brain asked the heart
Give my poem a 'feel'
Writing hand asked the heart
Help me write with a 'feel'
But the heart said "no mood, can't feel good"

Indira Renganathan
Epigram

An epigram is a short, pithy saying, usually in verse, often with a quick, satirical twist at the end. The subject is usually a single thought or event. The word "epigram" comes from the Greek epigraphein, meaning "to write on, inscribe," and originally referred to the inscriptions written on stone monuments in ancient Greece. The first-century epigrams of the Roman poet Martial became the model for the modern epigram flourished in sixteenth and seventeenth-century England.

1 Dad wants to buy a big toyota car
"A big bus" says his little daughter
"A big lorry" says his wife
"For the junk cluttered all over the house
By dad and daughter

2 Sneezing is a good relief to the nose
But a bad omen to step out of the house
But for that matter you can not close your nose
Plastered to step out of the house

Indira Renganathan
The Alfred Dorn sonnet originated in a Formalist publication contest. Each year the Formalist runs a sonnet contest where the applicants make up their own form of sonnet. The sonnet form is named after the winning applicant, and in this case Alfred Dorn was the winner and the sonnet he devised named after him.

The elements of the Alfred Dorn Sonnet are:

- the quatorzain is made up of an Italian Sestet and a Sicilian Sestet bridged by a rhymed couplet.
- metered, iambic pentameter.
- rhymed, ababc dd aeaee (note "a" is a linking rhyme between the 2 sestets)

The Wasted Barks

Once upon a time there stood a tall man
With a stone to throw on a barking dog
But before he threw it the dog pounced fast
Panicked the man with the stone ran and ran
Seeking refuge to escape from the dog
Climbed upon a tree top so very fast

What next to do, he was blinking, blinking
What next to do, dog kept barking, barking

From the tree top could not get down the man
As the irked dog seemed not to change its stance
Luckily he had the stone in his hand
He threw the stone that fell at a distance
Dog thought it was its food, at once so ran
Got down the man ran away by that chance

Note: the sestets and the couplet are shown separate.
In reality they are joined to make the 14 line form of the sonnet.

Indira Renganathan
A style of popular music, developed in the late 1970s, in which an insistent, recurring beat pattern provides the background and counterpoint for rapid, slangy, and often boastful rhyming patter glibly intoned by a vocalist or vocalists.

Rap is verse set to a beat and is usually written in musical bars even though the verse is spoken or chanted rather than sung to a melody. Some believe the term "rap" refers to "rapid rhyme" and Rap competitions encourage off the cuff, spontaneous composition. The rapid fire of words is a distinct element of the genre. Rap in the dictionary means "to hit" and that is exactly what Rap does, it hits the beat. Originating in the African American community, associated with hip-hop and a "gangsta" lifestyle, it is the fastest growing, most popular verse of today.

The elements of Rap are:

usually written in 12 to 16 bars. Rap usually is 4 strong beats to the bar and it is imperative the lyrics stay on the beat with the background music. Rhythm and flow are emphasized. rhymed, rhyme is an integral element of rap and compound rhyme, complex rhyme schemes, internal rhyme and slant rhyme are all encouraged.
written in 3 verses or strophes of approximately 12 to 16 lines.
sometimes written with a chorus of 6 to 8 bars or lines which is repeated between each strophe and acts like a bridge to the next verse.

1) Breakfast Rap

Little girl making breakfast fast
Fasting grandma breaking fast
Everybody thanking steadfast last
Little girl making breakfast fast
Grandma is eating breakfast fast

- - - - -

2. A Girl's Rap Song

One day one girl wanted to learn
Fast fastrap songs very urgently
Teacher asked her for a song lovely
In triplets and she sang lovely thus

"staccato staccato staccato staccato
Sing it liketomato potato tomato
Potato tomato potato tomato
Tototo tototo tototo tototo&quo;

That girl tried to sing in triplets
But found so hard and she couldn't
Yet she simply sang too fast thus

"Staccato staccato staccato staccato
Difficult difficult difficult difficult
Doesn't like doesn't like doesn't like
Little child little child little child little child
Want it be want it be want it be want it be
Tomato potato tomato potato
Potato tomato potato tomato
Tototo tototo tototo tototo&quo;

"Tomato potato&quo; went on went on endless
Teacher started yelling &quo;legato legato
Meaning the song was too lengthy
He tried to stop her but in vain

"Legato legato&quo; went on went on went on
&quo;Staccato staccato&quo; went on went on went on
&quo;Legato staccato&quo; went on beating beating
Beating beating beating beating
Imagine how would be eaten eaten
Eaten eaten one and all there

Note: Rap music seems to stand by the strength of orchestral support of instruments and vocalists and the rhythmic articulation of the lyric to bring out the impact on the listener. A Rap song has different parts like Intro, Hook, Verse, Bridge, and Outro. I have tried my best here.

Indira Renganathan
Swap Quatrain is an invented stanzaic form that repeats L1 in inverted syntax as a refrain in L4 of the same stanza. Created by Lorraine M Kanter. The elements of the Swap Quatrain are:

- stanzaic, written in any number of quatrains.
- metered at the discretion of the poet. However the lines must be long enough to create 2 hemistiches written with 2 phrases of L1 of each stanza inverted and repeated as L4 in a refrain.
- rhymed aabb ccdd

� &quot;Freedom wanted&quot;. At last! a title found..! !
Words fill lines matching the title so sound
Not too fast but thoughtful in time needed
At last! a title found..&quot;Freedom wanted&quot;

Something great written. A must-read content
Great Mahatma Gandhiji whose intent
To get freedom, its history written
A must-read hing great written

Indira Renganathan
The Disciplined Mother (Alternating Sonnet)

The Alternating Sonnet is one of the French adaptations of the sonnet. It employs alternating quatrains and tercets.

The elements of the Alternating Sonnet are:

the quatorzain is made up of alternating tercets and quatrains.
rhymed, rhyme scheme abba ccd abba ede or ccd abba ede abba
or same envelope rhymed quatrains alternating with rhymed tercets at the poet's discretion.
pivot or volta at L8, L11 or L12.

The Disciplined Mother
(rhyme scheme-ccd abba ede abba)

I am a strict and stern father and that
I expect my kids be disciplined at
Their best level, be well groomed and righteous

Sun and moon and stars and all in nature
Obey God's laws and are all duty-bound
Why not humans too be morals abound
I want my kids too so be like nature

Good children grown as noble men today
Right path, right march, right deeds, they're virtuous
I'm proud when starts and ends good every day

Now I get a vision of my mother
Shouting at her son who all years wasted
Whom she wanted to be too disciplined
Who couldn't but raised his sons like his mother

Indira Renganathan
A Blues Song

There's no other musical genre quite like the blues. Steeped in lyrical emotion and sultry melodies, it's easy to understand why blues music has had such a deep and lasting impact on the music of the United States, the UK, and beyond. Its name notwithstanding, blues music can invoke a range of emotions: joy, anguish, triumph, or plain old sadness. Blues music instrumentation is as varied as its lyrical content, its influence is more widespread than you would believe, and best of all, the genre lives on in contemporary music styles that top the charts today.

A Blues Song

Newly married we were happy
we were happy
Happy days we long Long enjoyed
Long Long enjoyed

Happy happy love song it was
Happy song it was
Happy happy love song it was
Happy song it was

But what made it sick
To be so sad
What cursed you be sick
Made you so sad

Na na, na na, na na, na na
What changed it a sad blues
Why changed it a sick blues
Na na, na na, na na, na na

"Oh dear, oh dear don't poke, don't poke
Little is left
Why to regret
Pray, me to rest
In peace at last;”

When you so said I felt shattered
You're gone at last, left me tattered
You're gone and a year gone
I'm still living I'm still living
Holding you in my every breath of living

You'll not bother your birthday any more
But I will remember as long as I live more
So, let me celebrate this day of yours
Let me enjoy this birthday of yours
Thinking you be with me here
In my every breath so near

Happy Birth Day Dear
Happy Birth Day Dear
As many births you have
So many births I'm yours
Shall sing many many songs
Together happy happy songs
Happy Birth Day Dear
Happy Birth Day Dear

Indira Renganathan
That Great Man (Blues Sonnet)

The Blues Sonnet is derived from the Afro-American, melancholia music or lamentation.
It is a triplet form (Three rhyming lines) with lines 1 and 2 rhyme repeating and line 3
bringing the stanza to a climax in a manner similar to the Haiku. Purists state the meter should be
Iambic Pentameter, (IP), but others argue that IP is an English poetry form and Afro-Americans had no
concept of it and it should be left to the poet to &quot;do yo thang&quot;.
The Rhyme scheme is thus:
A. A. a. ... B. B. b. ... C. C. c. ... D. D. d. ... e. e..

Note: African-American writer Ralph Ellison said that although the blues are often about struggle
and depression, they are also full of determination to overcome difficulty
&quot;through sheer toughness of spirit.&quot;
This resilience in the face of hardship is one of the hallmarks of the blues poem.

That Great Man (Blues Sonnet)

That man was loved by all in this country
Truly was loved by all in our country
As he fought for our country’s victory

That great man who followed nonviolence
By whose righteous path of nonviolence
Our great nation gained its independence

That great man whose vision of three monkeys
'See, speak, hear no evil'..preach those monkeys
Is of a great moral with no bad keys

But that man when shot to death..God, oh God
When Godse shot him to death...God, oh God
That great man...he's gone my Lord...oh my Lord
He's Mahatma Gandhi, our great father
May he bless us from heaven though farther

Indira Renganathan
Synchronicity is an invented verse form written in the first person revealing accidental yet seemingly synchronized events. Created by Debra Gundy who suggests there be a pivot or twist in the last quarter of the poem. Synchronicity is the simultaneous occurrence of events which appear meaningfully related but have no discoverable causal connection.

The elements of the Synchronicity are:
- stanzaic, written 4 or more tercets.
- syllabic, 8-8-2 syllables per line of each tercet.
- unrhymed.
- written in the first person describing simultaneous events that appear to be connected but could simply be coincidental.
- written with a pivot or twist occurring at the end of the poem.

Expectations

I often tell myself so strong
'Hey dear, don't worry, dad will come
Be brave'

Bad moments and situations..
'Don't worry, dad will support you'
I say

I'm consoled and advised by my Dad alone to get rid of all Worries

Sitting in the porch I'm crying
So hurt by today's incident
Oh God..!

I wish dad comes and helps me find A way to get rid of present Problem
Now I'm struggling in a numb mood
Not knowing what to do, oh God
Send dad

I'm helplessly crying so long
Suddenly I sense...oh my God...!
My dad....! ! !

Indira Renganathan
The Tableau Of A Thirsty Land (Tableau)

The Tableau is an invented stanzaic form that paints a single image in keeping with the name of the form, tableau meaning picture. Created by Emily Romano who suggests the word “tableau” be included in the title.

The elements of the Tableau are:
stanzaic, written in any number of sixains.
syllabic, 5 syllable lines.
rhyme at the discretion of the poet.
written describing a single image.
written with a title that includes the word “tableau”.

The Tableau Of A Thirsty Land

There is a big sea
Having full in depths
Briny aqua tears
Bulky much sobbing
Being unable
To help the land's thirst

A high thirsty crow
With its followers
In search of water
Hastily flying
Hither and thither
Struggling and striving

Public on the land
In groups on mission
Thinking out schemes
Regardless of the
Government's silence
In great unity

Now is going on
Cleaning to restore
All water bodies
Ready for the next
Monsoon's shower boons
Flora, fauna cheered

Indira Renganathan
A Meaning Inferred(Tri-Fall)

Tri-fall is an invented verse form that groups lines and rhyme in threes. Created by Jan Turner who suggests little or no punctuation be used. The elements of the Tri-fall are:

a poem in 18 lines made up of 3 sixains.  
syllabic, 6-3-8-6-3-8 syllables per line.  
rhymed, rhyme scheme ababc defdef ghghi.  
written with little or no punctuation.

A Meaning Inferred

'Time to get to office'  
'Hurry up'  
Every morning he says to her  
And back home from office  
'Hurry up'  
'For an outing' he says to her

Daily it's his habit  
Demanding  
Each time he says she feels provoked  
An obstinate habit  
Commanding  
Irksome though she remains composed

One day his tone changes  
Ere dinner  
'Please hurry up, close the kitchen'  
He winks, she estranges  
A manner  
She retorts a meaning hidden

Indira Renganathan
The Trilonnet is a 14 line invented verse form that doesn't claim to be a sonnet. Created by Shelley A Cephas who offers two options in meter and rhyme scheme.

The elements of the Trilonnet are:

a 14 line poem made up of 4 tercets followed by a rhymed couplet.
metered, iambic, either pentameter or tetrameter.
rhymed abc abc abc abc dd or abc cba abc cba dd.

1 Angelic Dream
(Tetrameter- abc cba abc cba dd)

When some angels came in my dream
With widened eyes I was surprised
Wished to see them in real sight

And I told an angel one night
'Come in real all well this wise'
He promised to bring the whole team

Awaiting the angelic team
Daily I stayed awake well poised
But only in vain every night

Upset by no angel's true sight
I gave up my wish agonised
Every night I slept with no dream

Yet one day my nap felt bit nudged
God! ! no dream, at last all converged

2 Angelic Dream
(Pentameter- abc abc abc abc dd)

When a team of angels came before me
I didn't believe it as truly true
Pinched myself to test if it was a dream

One angel came smiling to talk to me
Told, 'come, to heaven we are taking you'
'Yes', I set out, but lo, caught by a scream

I thought I would not be seen by any
But mom screamed 'who're they? where they're taking you?'
'To heaven' I 's eyes were agleam

Upset more I backed out with a sorry
But mom went with them throwing a wry 'you'
Missing mom was wanted in next day's scream

'How would people believe me and this news'
'Pray mom returns to tell about her cruise'

Indira Renganathan
It's Thou Pride (Rondine)
(Based on a mango-contest between
the Lords Ganesh and Muruga
as per hindu mythology)

- -
The Rondine is:
a poem in 12 lines made up of a quatrain, a tercet and ending in a quintet.
syllabic 8 syllables per line except L7 and L12 which are 4 syllables each.
In English metered, most often iambic tetrameter
or pentameter except the refrain which is iambic dimeter.
composed with a refrain repeated from the opening phrase of the poem, rentrement.
rhymed, using only 2 rhymes except for the refrain being unrhymed,
rhyme scheme abba, abR, abbaR (R being the refrain)

It's Thou Pride

It is thou pride, gyre gyre my lord
Winning the game not so easy
Going around worlds too queasy
Yet flinch not, gyre gyre o'my lord

There thy peacock, just get on board
Finish quick thy rounds so easy
It is thou pride

Much unthought but Ganesh first scored
His parents His world, rounds easy
Lost Muruga felt uneasy
Shiva cheered, 'Ganesh! thee the Lord!
It's thou pride! ! '

Indira Renganathan
What To Do, What Not To Do (Trijan Refrain)

Trijan Refrain is an invented form created by Jan Turner
The elements of the Trian Refrain are:
stanzaic, written in any number of 9-line stanzas (3 are recommended).
syllabic, 8-6-8-6-8-8-4-4-8.
rhymed, AbabccDDc AeaeffGGf AhahiiJjI
composed with a refrain within the stanza, the first 4 syllables of L5 are repeated
as a refrain in L7 and L8.
written a refrain between stanzas, L1 of the first stanza repeated as L1 of each
subsequent stanza.

There is a variation in which L1 is not repeated in the subsequent stanzas,
in that scenario the rhyme scheme is ababccDDc efefggHHg ijijkkLLk.

What To Do, What Not To Do

What to do? what not to do? ...think
'What to do' done so well
As it's said brings reward in sync
'What not to do' done well
As it's so said brings punishment
Is it true in real as meant
As it's so said
As it's so said
But with shocking twist in judgement

What to do? what not to do? ...think
Sometimes good ends fruitless
Pushed down with no reward..bethink
Sometimes bad ends with gains
Lost faith muses on all to find
A shocking fate that plays behind
Lost faith muses
Lost faith muses
To do or not to do in mind

What to do? what not to do? ...think
Life seems puzzled so much
Two sides to be tossed...it does think
A lotto of luck which
Oh, good pays bad, bad pays good...oh God
Is it fair? good Lord? or bad Lord?
Oh, good pays bad
Oh, good pays bad
Where's a true truthful life oh God..?

Indira Renganathan
taTan taTan taTan....(Balanced Sonnet)

The Balanced Sonnet is stanzaic having two septets
This form was created by Barbara Dilworth.

Balanced Sonnet
Stanzaic: 2 septets (seven-line stanzas)
Meter: Iambic pentameter
Rhyme Scheme: ababcbc ededef

taTan taTan taTan....

'taTan tatan taTan taTan taTan'
Little Tinkle playing with a vessel
Beating it with a stick to sound taTan
The sound made him happy so to giggle
Giggled, giggled little Tinkle beating
Louder, loudest that dented the vessel
Broken the stick, Tinkle started crying

Mom came, consoled Tinkle saying good words
Promised to buy a new vessel to play
Indeed a new stick too to beat high chords
Little Tinkle but stood strong on his quay
Wanting right then a vessel and a stick
Short of time to buy a new one, 'hurray...! ! '
Angered mom screamed 'taTan taTan'till sick

Indira Renganathan
A Kite So Beautiful (Beymorlin Sonnet)

Beymorlin Sonnet is called “a Shakespearean sonnet of Italian form” probably meaning it is a cross between a Shakespearean and Italian sonnet. The distinguishing feature of this sonnet is that there seems to be a double rhyme pattern occurring simultaneously.

The elements of the Beymorlin Sonnet are:

- written in a quatorzain made up of 3 quatrains and a couplet.
- metered, primarily iambic pentameter.
- double rhymed, rhyme scheme abab cdcd efef gg with a separate internal rhyme in the same pattern as the end rhyme.
- The internal rhyme should occur within the first two syllables of each line.
- composed with the epiphany arriving slowly after the 2nd quatrain.

A Kite So Beautiful

A kite so beautiful when flies sky high
Has a big goal not to swoop down and loose
So straight up and up it does fly too high
So merrily it touches the sky's views

As it is a fighter kite with Manja
A thread rough dipped in glue and glass powder
And fit properly to a frame, aha
It slays the thread of other kite fighter

When flies sky high a kite so beautiful
It has a big goal to swoop down and win
Sharp eyes when spot its prey so dutiful
Ho, swift zooms down with its flying din din

This or that, kite is to play from far height
Just for preying, to alight sunny bright

Indira Renganathan
Thoughts (Waltz Wave)

The Waltz Wave is:
a poem in 19 lines.
syllabic, 1-2-1-2-3-2-1-2-3-4-3-2-1-2-3-1-2-1-2-1 syllables per line.
unrhymed.

Waves
Waving
Tides
Rising
Breezy hiss

Bewitched
Sink
Immixed
Azured puffs

Zealously zoom

Stars hover

Fishing
Hunt
Soaring

Up above
Accrued

Out
Profound
Thoughts

Indira Renganathan
The Waltz Wave is:
a poem in 19 lines.
syllabic, 1-2-1-2-3-2-1-2-3-4-3-2-1-2-3-2-1-2-1 syllables per line.
unrhymed.

He
Rises
She
Springs up
In oneness

Ripply
Purls
Springing
Existence

Creational

Creating
Cradling
There
Upon

Creating
Cradling
On
And~~on~~
On~~~

Indira Renganathan
A Visit To My Village (Chaucerian Roundel)

The Chaucerian Roundel is:
a decastich, made up of 2 tercets followed by a quatrain.
written in no particular line length or meter
Although the form is often written in lines of equal length.
Iambic tetrameter or pentameter lines are common.
rhymed Abb abA abbA.
composed with a refrain; L1 is repeated as a refrain in L6 and L10.

A Visit To My Village

Till my last ken it was once green alone
Looked just for God's tread carpeted sacred
Or an attire live, godlyemerald

Much a velvet thought even now I'm prone
To feel the heaven for me descended
Till my last ken it was once green alone

Such be, changing are not people alone
Even the paddy fields to houses changed
Last trip here to say there were all paved
'Till my last ken it was once green alone'

Indira Renganathan
The Pleiades is:

a heptastich, a poem in 7 lines.
syllabic, each line is 6 syllables.
titled with a single word.
composed with each line beginning with the same letter as the beginning letter of the title.

Shy

She is a little girl
So innocent and shy
Scripted by nature's law
Sun's love, lotus as charms
She blooms and charms her love
Something trickling she shies
Shyly smiles at her sun

Indira Renganathan
The Pleiades is:

a heptastich, a poem in 7 lines.
syllabic, each line is 6 syllables.
titled with a single word.
composed with each line beginning with the same letter as the beginning letter of the title.

Love

Look, hearts meet on eyes' road
Linked by each other's heart
Longing to blend, the souls
Let the minds muse in gaze
Limitless runs the hours
Lighted moon in full beams
Leers at lovers born new

Indira Renganathan
The Pleiades is:

a heptastich, a poem in 7 lines.
syllabic, each line is 6 syllables.
titled with a single word.
composed with each line beginning with the same letter as the beginning letter of the title.

Marriage

Most matching hand in hand
Most bewitching they look
Made for each other most
Many wish and greet and
Merry cheers spread around
Modest marriage earth made
Major plot Heaven's choice

Indira Renganathan
Living (Pleiades)

The Pleiades is:

a heptastich, a poem in 7 lines.
syllabic, each line is 6 syllables.
titled with a single word.
composed with each line beginning with the same letter as the beginning letter of the title.

Living

Life turns suddenly new
Lure blossoms around lots
Lovely pair new lured at
Longing hearts feel a boon
Lo, 'glitters are not gold'
Lessons teach life with thorns
Learn the truth wedded new

Indira Renganathan
1 Lotus(Cameo)

The Cameo is:
a heptastich, a poem in 7 lines.
syllabic, 2-5-8-3-8-7-2 syllables per line.
unrhymed, but end words should be strong.

Lotus,
From the depth of mire
To the spirit of blazing sun
Wonderful
As you bloom inwardly in me
Cease not your radiant bliss
In me

2 Freeing(Cameo)

Vanish
O'soul this moment
Forgetting self changing body
Engulfed
Into your poise of Lotus deep
Over to heaven to taste
Nectar

Indira Renganathan
Some Naani Poems

The defining features of the Naani are:
stanzaic, written in any number of quatrains.
syllabic, with a total syllable count of between 20 and 25 syllables.

1 Pursuer

He was waiting
For his full moon
Didn't turn up that moon
He still waited till a new moon's day

2 Revenger

Glossy red lips
Fluttering sans wings
Not to flee away on legs
But to bite, sever apart

3 Violators

Clouds thronged
Beat till her heart poured
Her gheraoed star
Could not see her sinking

4 Grumbler

Far away school
Welcomes little"
Grand-ma is grumbling
'Little babe is thinning'

5 Reciter

Customary prayers
Split mind elsewhere
Legs and hands, eyes and mouth
In their own routine recitation

Indira Renganathan
Some Acrostics In Triplets

A classic triplet is:
a 3 line poem or stanza.
monorhymed, aaa bbb.
metered at the discretion of the poet.

1 Cat

Crazy craving
Angry thinking
Tempted greedy being

2 Dog

Desire dedicates wise
Off the scale ofttimes
Good luck wigwags

3 Dam

Deduct extra spending
Allow adequate saving
Misery by wasting

4 Sun

Swollen fire blazing
Upon the mud cooking
New spirit feasting

5 Key

Kind words score
Early better store
Yes, a way to soar
Indira Renganathan
Some Acrostics In Triplets

6 Man

Most brainy species
Also inquisitive crazies
Noted 'yes, no'entities

7 Old

Obliging is only time
Leading years sublime
Destiny aging in rhyme

8 Tea

Tempted throat's thirst
East to west by next
Added herbs do addict

9 Ant

Accelerated kinetic force
Numbered in grouped rows
Thief inside foodstuff stores

10 Rat

Rambling, racing here and there
Ad hoc spoiling everywhere
Trapped captive yet no scare

Indira Renganathan
The Coin Poem is:
a short poem, 2 couplets, the first couplet presents a thought
and the second couplet flips it and shows the other side.
syllabic, each couplet is made up of a 7 and a 5 syllable line.
rhymed, ab cb or aa bb.

1 Round the globe currency wheels
   Fortune too on wheels
   Try flip the coin silvery
   Chance your luck cheery

2 Full moon in big round of shine
   Strange bliss breaths enshrine
   Strange yet more her far side far
   Covert her heart so far

3 Be bought for home list of things
   Loyal servant sent
   Hopeful madam sorted things
   Trusting the sum spent

Indira Renganathan
Alankar(Decor)-62

Some Acrostics In Triplets

A classic triplet is:
3 line poem or stanza.
monorhymed, aaa bbb.
metered at the discretion of the poet.

26 Cut

Cease, desist iniquity
Urge to abolish devilry
Turn down all animosity

27 Dab

Discredited the heart
Appease and comfort
Blotting pains apart

28 Dew

Dotted drop of water
Evaporated to recur
Water's magic wonder

29 AID
Assurance of help
In a timely step
Done to get up

Indira Renganathan
Alankar(Decor)-66

Some Acrostics In Triplets

A classic triplet is:  
a 3 line poem or stanza.  
monorhymed, aaa bbb.  
metered at the discretion of the poet.

36 Bat

Battling than what else  
Reversed woes in reverse  
Top downed hit in rolls

37 Beg

Bow in simplicity  
Eager for eligibility  
Great with sincerity

38 Bid

Bitter glitter borrowed  
In character mismatched  
Daintybetter-grounded

39 Big

Boost to betterment  
Incline to improvement  
Grade the achievement

40 Cab

Carefully driven  
Aimfully striven  
Bliss lifeful then

Indira Renganathan
Some Lanterne
-A lanterne is a five line quintain verse
with a syllabic pattern
of one, two, three, four, one,
Each line should go with the first line i.e the theme

1
Food
Hungry
Stomach craves
Gastronomic
Feast

2
Sleep
Full moon
Passing through
Soul gets up in
Dreams

3
Night
Eyes torch
Tiger's time
Caution-lit prey
Deer

4
Pond
Fishless
Sun-dried depth
Rain falls to hatch
Eggs

5
Green
Lush fields
Scenting breeze
Singing Paddy
Peace

Indira Renganathan
The Passionate Nuisance (Pantoum) -

a Malay verse form consisting of an indefinite number of quatrains with the second and fourth lines of each quatrain repeated as the first and third lines of the following sstable, but less common, to use the L1 and L3 of the 1st quatrain in the same order as originally written to end the poem with L3 of the 1st quatrain. Rhyme Scheme: abab bcbc cdcd dede eaea

'I feel fatigued, I want to stop writing'
No sooner than I felt so, just born next
A spark tempting me not to stop writing
Between my mind and my heart a conflict

No sooner than I felt so, just born next
A pantoum to twist me tangled of lines
Between my mind and my heart a conflict
Many times twisting me tangled of lines

A pantoum to twist me tangled of lines
Never I thought I would be caught in one
Many times twisting me tangled of lines
Just help me come out well o’my dear one

Never I thought I would be caught in one
What a passionate nuisance you are dear
Just help me come out well o’my dear one
Do not break my heart to cry o’ my dear

What a passionate nuisance you are dear
A spark tempting me not to stop writing
Do not break my heart to cry o’ my dear
'I feel fatigued, I want to stop writing'

Indira Renganathan
Hail To Thee Shanmukha-(Chain Verse)

Chain Verse is composed in one of three ways:

1 Chain Verse is composed
with the last word or syllable of one line repeated
in the beginning of the next line.

2 Chain Verse can be stanzaic, most often written in any number of quatrains
but any stanza form will do, linked by repeating the last word of a stanza
as the first word of the next stanza.
The repetition of a word from one Verse
or stanza to the next creates a chain-like link.

3 Chain Verse can be written
with the last line of the stanza repeated
as the first line of the next stanza.
- -

1

Hail To Thee Shanmukha

Eyes open still blind
Blindly desiring transience
Transiently fallen into nescience
Nescient mind footing on
On with the five senses gowned
Gowned into a devilkin.

Devilkin of slighted senses
Senselessly tones down the man
Maneuvering to vicious listen, sight and taste
Tasting venomous touch and puff
Puffed up with, lo!
Low in a chasm of sickly fear.

Fear-stricken, panic and punished
Punishment in murk dreadful
Fully the man, off his sixth sense
Sensible now does he cry heart out
Outburst much felt is heard
Heard by Thee Shanmukha, saviour of senses.

Senses six embodied Shanmukha, by Thou heads
Headed off this man by himself misled
Leader Thee! kindly reclaim his virtue
virtuously as Thee did Arunagiri
Girishwar, gyre, evil; implant good
Good-heartedly invoke human senses.

Senses alive be them in Thy bliss
Blissfully be them in Thy elation
Elated are we at Thy sight
Sightful six faces, twelve hands
Hands full of boons all time conferring
Conferred are we to extol Thy presence

'Presenting one face wisdom, the second dispassion
Passionately the third strength, the fourth wealth
Wealthily the fifth powers divine
Devout balance the sixth to our minds'
Mind-blowing, Thee riding the peacock envisioned
Visual so spectacular, a twelve-handed Saviour!
Saviour, Shanmukha! hail to Thee! praises!

Indira Renganathan
Bhaji-(Chain Verse)

Chain Verse is composed in one of three ways:

1 Chain Verse is composed with the last word or syllable of one line repeated in the beginning of the next line.

2 Chain Verse can be stanzaic, most often written in any number of quatrains but any stanza form will do, linked by repeating the last word of a stanza as the first word of the next stanza. The repetition of a word from one Verse or stanza to the next creates a chain-like link. usually rhymed, linking rhyme as well as alternate rhyme. often syllabic, alternating longer-shorter lines. One example is alternating 8-7-8-7 syllables the other is alternating 6-5-6-5 syllables per line.

3 Chain Verse can be written with the last line of the stanza repeated as the first line of the next stanza.

2

Bhaji-(Chain Verse-6-5-6-5 syllables With linking rhyme only)

I found a guava plant Silent in a nook Along my garden stroll On a rainy day

Day was cool in showers No wonder taste hyped Picked some fresh guava leaves Wishing for bhajis
Bhajis are many types
Of veggies and leaves
Can make tasty bhajis
Guava leaves too used

Used are gram and rice flours
With salt and chilli
Mixed in are leafy bits
And soda a dash

Dashing batter ready
When mixed with water
The center line Strung out
Dipped leaves get coated

Coated leaves then deep fried
Out from deep hot oil
Season's snack was ready
Why wait, munch said I

Indira Renganathan
Here He Dwelleth (Chain Verse)

Chain Verse is composed in one of three ways:

1. Chain Verse is composed with the last word or syllable of one line repeated in the beginning of the next line.

2. Chain Verse can be stanzaic, most often written in any number of quatrains but any stanza form will do, linked by repeating the last word of a stanza as the first word of the next stanza. The repetition of a word from one Verse or stanza to the next creates a chain-like link. Usually rhymed, linking rhyme as well as alternate rhyme. Often syllabic, alternating longer-shorter lines. One example is alternating 8-7-8-7 syllables the other is alternating 6-5-6-5 syllables per line.

3. Chain Verse can be written with the last line of the stanza repeated as the first line of the next stanza.

2b

Here He Dwelleth (8-5-8-5 syllables with linking and alternate rhymes abab, cdc, e..t.c)

'Woes have done intolerable
O'Lord please descend
Thee alone is responsible
This fate you to mend

Mend our lives o'divine mender
Our lives at your feet
Come o'lord ' pleaded man slender
Then spoke a voice sweet

Sweet from Nought, 'tell me o'my child
Which form you want me
Man or animal, mild or wild
Elements any? '

'Any form? ' man thought for a while
Knowing their foul tone
Chose not living beings hostile
But wished for stone

Stone, he carved hard created God
Thence forms more sculpted
Valorous with weapons to guard
Lighted life trusted

Trusted, God would sure come to bless
And that he be freed
Of slaying woes and killing stress
That way he waited

Waited lord too again asked man
From the Nought 'o' child
Tell, to what shall I hold on than
To conceal and hide'

'Hide not my Lord, here are my makes
Your choice my pleasure
Choose to be but in all my makes
Thee I shall treasure'

Treasured powers cloaked the idol
Thereon by prayers
Matins, litanies rose tidal
Joined all obeyers

Obeyers' way thus was one found
Gods and names many
Bathed with decor many profound
Bound He by any

Indira Renganathan
Chain Verse is composed in one of three ways:

1 Chain Verse is composed
with the last word or syllable of one line repeated
in the beginning of the next line.

2 Chain Verse can be stanzaic, most often written in any number of quatrains
but any stanza form will do, linked by repeating the last word of a stanza
as the first word of the next stanza.
The repetition of a word from one Verse or stanza to the next creates a chain-like
link.
usually rhymed, linking rhyme as well as alternate rhyme.
often syllabic, alternating longer-shorter lines.
One example is alternating 8-7-8-7 syllables the other is alternating 6-5-6-5
syllables per line.

3 Chain Verse can be written
with the last line of the stanza repeated
as the first line of the next stanza.

3
Sail O'Soul Sail

Once boarded why you fear o' soul
Just be watching where sails your mind
Aspiring to horizon-goal
All set on a smooth float by wind

All set on a smooth float by wind
On gentle waves across your sea
As you sail assailed by your mind
How those desires hit your heart free

How those desires hit your heart free
As of a choice in heaven's trade
That your mind is on aiming spree
In illumed dreamings in fate's shade

In illumed dreamings in fate's shade
While your sail is mid way caught up
How your sea baits in storming grade
And shocked you struggle to catch up

And shocked, you struggle to catch up
For not yours but your mind's misdeed
Helpless you are jailed in lockup
Your vessel too shatters indeed

Your vessel too shatters indeed
Such is your sea of greed and lust
Such is the fate of your sea's heed
Wind too is feeling difficult

Wind too is feeling difficult
Now that the sea somewhat calms still
Wind settles in silenced cool mute
Atlast your vessel too nihil

Atlast your vessel too nihil
And sea gone down the still of Nought
You are freed atlast to your will
To board the next the way you're caught

sea-life, wind-breath, vessel-body.

Indira Renganathan
Crapsey Cinquain-
a stand-alone poem, a complete poem in 5 lines. It can be written in a chain, but
each cinquain should be able to stand alone.
syllabic lines in a pattern of 2-4-6-8-2 syllable per line

1Stars

They do
Whole night their job
Perhaps looking from up
Down on earth's nightly danseuses
Winkling

2Star

He does
Whole life his deeds
Sincere, honest, loyal
Rewarded finally on top
Wondered

Indira Renganathan
Salt-(Cinquo)
The Cinquo is a half Crapsey Cinquain.
The Cinquo is:
a poem in 5 lines.
syllabic, 1-2-3-4-1 syllables per line.
unrhymed.

Salt
To taste
Eat or spit
Life's bittersweet
Ought

Indira Renganathan
Alankar(Decor)-85

Turn down(Cinqku)

Cinqku is a 5 line haiku
a poem in 5 lines.
syllabic. A strict syllable count of 2-3-4-6-2 syllables per line.
The Cinqku should have a turn or surprise in L4 and L5.

Turn down

High fly
Bird wingless
Looks down soaring
Sore of wounds vows to no
Rebirth

Note-
wingless bird- soul of the dead human

Indira Renganathan
Cinquino is
a form that reverses the syllable count of the Crapsey Cinquain.
a poem in 5 lines.
syllabic, 2-8-6-4-2 syllables per line.
unrhymed

Molesters

Happy
Little blooms playing in the street
Happy hearts turn sombre
Boozy big thorns
attack

Indira Renganathan
The doors of the mouth ever unshut on a pretext
Craving mouth craves blaming the teeth in set

The tainted teeth of gourmet-colours
Act to curse the tongue of tastes

Doused in tastes the luscious tongue
Chides the cooking hands fakely in slang

Berate the hands falsely the walking feet
For often they 're on a shopping fleet

'The order'mutter the shopping legs
'By the stomach and its hungry yowls'

It's the mind of my master
Grumbles the stomach with its hunger

O'mind what do you say
Towing your master your way

Gluttonous self clutches an impaired castle dangerous
O'master cherish a life then gorgeous?

Indira Renganathan
Some Acrostics In Triplets

46 Cot

Called on dreams
On weird streams
Try out screams

47 Cow

Calm creature
Oriental wonder
Worshipped Mother

48 Cub

Creator's mirth
Universal truth
Birth on earth

49 Cud

Casual grazing
Untiring munching
Digestive chewing

50 Cue

Commendable comfort
Upholding support
Effective report

Indira Renganathan
An Enclosed Tercet is a 3 line verse
in which L1 and L3 rhyme, 'enclosing' an unrhymed L2,
rhyme scheme axa bxb etc. The lines may be written in any meter.

What rhythms He plies in His dance-
All of good and healing cosmic
That we presume in our good trance

What rhythms does She cohere fully
In trance to yield in profuse
That we consume haunted thoroughly

Perhaps His malady is Her melody
Sorry, should never talk ill of Them
It is Theirs, Their shared secret psalmody

Indira Renganathan
Cruising For The Lost Moon (Terza Rima)

The Terza Rima is-
narrative and/or lyrical poetry.
usually in iambic pentameter or in tetrameter.
stanzaic, with any number of tercets that interlock by rhyme.
The poem is concluded by a single final line that rhymes
with the 2nd line of the preceding tercet.
rhymed in an interlocking rhyme scheme aba bcb cdc ded...
until the conclusion when the end line rhymes
with the 2nd line of the last tercet.

Cruising For The Lost Moon (Terza Rima)

That day dawned on a dark spread sea deadly
The moon was lost, he was bewildered much
Frenzied at once he cruised advertently

Submarined in twirls of strong currents'clutch
Strived and strived, he could not spot his dear moon
Manic he grew up and down tried too much

That day was dark spread sea without the moon
Thickets of sky were clashing and pouring
Love failed, hopes let down, gone mad he so soon

Yet ashore later Luna came smiling

Indira Renganathan
Return Of Monsoon (Terzanelle)

At last she is back here to me so close
This change of season to rains, the monsoon
Manured my heart doeth bloom from heaven's dose

How nice she heals all those hot throes so soon
And bids bye bye to summer! .. I wonder..
This change of season to rains the monsoon

How fine she calms and cools all to splendor
Thence in merry bounds of spirit joins life
And bids bye bye to summer I wonder

How well she drives drought to no more of strife
Vales and woods and hills and plains all flourish
Thence in merry bounds of spirit joins life

How great pools and brooks and rivers nourish
While flora-fauna grow bonnie a lot
Vales and woods and hills and plains flourish

Such a divine spit she is from God's heart
At last she is back here to me so close
While flora-fauna grow bonnie a lot
Manured my heart doeth bloom from heaven's dose

Indira Renganathan
Coconut-ty Dream (Rubaiyat)

Rubaiyat means, prosody (in Persian poetry) a verse form consisting of four-line stanzas.

Rubaiyat:
stanzaic, written in any number of quatrains that are interlocked by rhyme.
A series of the rubai quatrains is called a Rubaiyat.
The lines are of approximate equal length
rhymed. Interlocking rhyme scheme aaba, bbcb, ccdc, etc

A rubai is, though intended to stand alone, usually a suite of rubai (rubaiyat) composed and arranged in a standard rhyming order.
In a single rubai, the rhyme scheme of aaba is used with enjambment (the continuing of a sentence or thought) between the 3rd and 4th lines.
The usual meter used is iambic pentameter.

Coconut-ty Dream

Tired, he slept under the coconut tree
Dreaming, just started climbing up the tree
Of his routine fear the tree so shivered
And swayed wild unknowing itself to free

And he took out the sickle and severed
One by one the bunches dropped down slivered
And lo, high up the tree rested his soul
Lessoned not to die of a dream quivered

Indira Renganathan
Hope(Tercet)-

Tercet, unrhymed is any poem written with stanzaic three line units that are not end rhymed.

Hope

Hope is to hope for the best
Every season awaits its turn
Hoping for the best done

Why not I too hope for my time
Doing my level best Just
Awaiting my turn again

But blue sky is not so always
When they turn dark for rains
Lightnings thunder to flood

Threats hit human life too
Ridiculous are my bones
Aging has such bonehead

Never should hope be but dropped
So do I keep scribbling on
My hope is my poetry

What hope paints the sky with a 'bow
The sun says 'it's me'
Sunny birth ahead again for me

Indira Renganathan
All Those Whom I Met Before

For so long, I have this desire-
To meet intelligent, good, honest
Persons- in decent friendliness
To converse on righteous things-

But in vain- I know it's like
Looking for the full moon on
A new-moon day

Days gone- years gone- today
You're here for me my son

God is a joker- you know
My heart that says- all those
Whom I met in the past are-
My darling son, my heart says-
Far far better than-

Indira Renganathan
Almighty

Fogged Self
He, She in One
He in Her, in Her makes
His scheme She applies ceaselessly
Fogged One

Indira Renganathan
Along A Running Train

Trailing thunders in a swipe..
Hundreds chatting, hundreds eating
Within the boundary of my running
Along each count of a bogie..
Next sec
Racing brain mutes like a yogi
Standing still to realise

Indira Renganathan
Along The Highway

There were nude trees
Well seasoned by His hand
With His touch of resilience
Branching in many expressions
Like the many hands of a Goddess

After a sojourn later
On the return journey..

Wonderfully a wonder
They were freshly dressed
In His couture of a colourful taste
Their nudity hidden like does the attire
Of that Goddess freshly abluted

Indira Renganathan
Amma

Mother, words will not suffice
Overwhelmed am I thinking of your face
Tears deep from my heart come up
Hiding my eyes from looking you up
Efforts control me. There, memories refreshed
Remote days. Feeling the warmth of you
'Mum mum', I sucked along with ethics fed
Oh mom, my school of morals are you
Much to the 'will be' of my values
More to say as I grew on
Abundant you nurtured me to perfection
Moulded my character and wisdom of great use
Another woman of her own desires
Meaningfully is absent in you
An institution yourself of ethereal love is true
All along caring for my health and efforts
Magnanimity has been your quality
Marvellous you've been my teacher and philosopher
Amma your love is incomparable in eternal purity

Indira Renganathan
An Excused Syllogism

All doctors save lives

Mr. X is a doctor

Mr. X saves lives

All doctors save lives

Mr. X is a doctor

Mr. X is a vegetarian

And he has in his clinic

Words of a reconciling technique

' Medicines are made for lives

Of lives by lives'

Indira Renganathan
An Exempted Syllogism

Animals are inhumane
Man is an animal
An exception I am

I read this
You read this
'An exception I am'

Indira Renganathan
An Idle Treasure

A potful of gold coins
You collect cravingly
Then you bundle them
With stones..
To a remote sea sail
And trash them deep
Secretly..
Are you insane?

A hoard of books...
Your passion's library
You grow old...they too
None around of your taste
Whom will you bequeath...
An idle treasure?

Some day somebody
On some hunt..
At least that gold be found
But..

Indira Renganathan
An Inconclusive Syllogism

'Food is God' father tells his child
'So don't waste, He 'll get wild'

- On this advice

  Major

If food is God, God is food too
If God is food, food is God too

  Minor

All veggies and meat are food
All veggies and meat are God too

  Inconclusive Deduction

'Do we we kill God and eat papa? '
Child asks
Father keeps mum

Indira Renganathan
An Unfriendly Syllogism

Yes says always yes to No which is always disagreeable to No
No says always no to Yes which is always disagreeable to Yes

Mistakenly No accepts yes of Yes for its stride of no
But Yes simply does not admit no of No into its stride of yes

So two negatives remain unfriendly for ever

Indira Renganathan
Analyze..Whose Mistake Is It

Body has become frail and fragile
Unable to walk by the legs, work by the hands
In the long years even to see through the eyes
That all writings look imperceptible scription
Whose mistake is it possibly..?

Soul has grown faint and downing down
Neither to tenant its sheath nor to flee vibrant
In the long years even to vision through the mind
That it's wheezing inside a blurred description..
Whose mistake is it possibly..?

Indira Renganathan
Anger

It did warn her of its Lucifer effect
When she grabbed anger with her inane spirit
A captive, anger tried to vanish but in vain
Lo, its weakness was to rush wrathful to a top point
Fall from hill to vale in a reckless spirit

Indira Renganathan
Another Day Another Rose

Another day another rose
Flashing pink vanity scented
She showed off conceit
Whelmed of her beauty

Before her posing Shoeflower
Flashing pink rouged heart
Showing love and passion
Extending her hearty hand

Rose has crafty mouth
Behind which thorny mind
Helping with indign words
Mocking at pretty Shoeflower

'What a name yours
To shoo away others?
Scentless and fastly perishable
Why stand before me? '

But shoeflower calmly answered
'Yes I am perishable
So too you are
May be little late'

'You're more fragrant Damask
May be I'm not
You are more beautiful
May be I'm not'

'Yet both have curatives
We both are useful
Alive or dead equally
What way then higher? '

'I die shrunken earlier
But you are deciduous
Fade petal by petal
Just to wither away'
'Withered and blown drastically
Scattered you die cruelly
For long so painfully
What way then higher?'

'Tell me now Damask
Whose death is hell
Tomorrow I will vanish
Just so easily soar'

'But you slowly enjoy
Taste of your death
I am Hibiscus Rosa
Bidding you good bye'

Next day died hibiscus
She drooped a while
Then got dried papery
To get blown away

In another two days
Rose too lost lustre
Dulled to dim bloom
She began to die

Falling petals felt pain
It was a slow death
She thought of herself
Of her haughty words

A last breath's vow
Not to be conceited
But to be pleasing
For ever she swore

Indira Renganathan
Another New Year

All are happy about the New Year
Flying greetings on air everywhere
New Year too excited
Waiting to be treated
All through with heaps and heaps of good cheer

Indira Renganathan
Anti

Undone wishes give umbrage..
Worry and wrath on stage
Can't afflict umbrage beings stronger
To self but gives worry lowly to distress
Can smite but Umbrage beings weaker
To self but with wrath highly to destruction
Worst is lust..evil most is wrath
What loss will one gain
Gaming against wrath
Beware, beware..

Indira Renganathan
Apollo's Quill

Writing is tough but made easy
When I'm not lazy
When I'm not crazy
But choosy
About this brand of pen
Its ink a brand won..
Writing
In a style written golden
People rating it to number one
And calling it their way..
Blake and Byron one day
Yeats and Keats another day
Milton and Middleton any day

And words worth this pen
Naming it after an Indian
Kabir or Tagore or Amir
Kannadhasan or Bharathidhasan or Bharathiär..

This pen of poets
Be it aptly named in due deference
After the Lord as 'Apollo's quill'

Indira Renganathan
Applauding A Boo

Vegetables on the chopping board
Inaugurate a television recital..
I chop chop
Recital going on
The lady joins me harmoniously
Chopping, chopping, chopping
Chopping the brinjal, raga
Potato, tala, onion, lyric
Her vocal chords strain to wriggle
The accompaniments, onion shed laughing tears
Dissonant, discordant, cacophony
Screeches to countless decibels
I'm chopping lady's finger
My finger weeps red

Indira Renganathan
April Neem

Chirping flapping of iridescent tones
Co-occurring with a maestro's cuckoo-ing
Through the dulcet breeze
Breaking quiescence to break open
The spectrum of colours cooling
Aurora ready to sprinkle

Bathed in empyrean ablution aromatized
Nectarial Neem efflorescing shadily divine
Wide spread deterging eerie evils
A hoary pharmacy of villagers'providence
Glittering her bespangled blossoms
Welcoming Chithirai's celestial pleasance

April angel Azadirachta indica auguring
Auspice of Meenakshi-Sundareshwar wedding
Aloft the heaven amrit-fed, a goddess-manifesto
All to prosper set in spring's flavour
Opportune Neem abundant assuasive
Advantageous analgesic all time authenticity

Indira Renganathan
Art Of Lotus

Murky the heart soilure sad
Impatient the mind tainted
Dark and benighted
Absolving of sins
Meditate and contemplate multiple sittings
Resting like a lotus visioning a lotus
Does bloom a lotus?

Mire the pond muddy the aqua
Mucky mossy grimy etcetera
Afool never the blooming flora
Lotus red and white and blue aesthetic vista
Aeonian seed speaks flowered to aura
Its austere affinity to climatic aroma
Extends over cosmology the hidden dogma

Conserves murky though a pond a seed
Ages later a lotus to bloom and heed
Nerves mucky heart its enigma
Births later enlightened to defeat stigma
In the heart's cave karmic-insighta'lotus - dogma'

Indira Renganathan
Arthritis

Had you not been supportive to me in the past
Could I have done so much with my life
Presently like a rickety lid guarding not
A chest of treasure, with imbalanced postural shakes
Oh my head and limbs rickety, why guarding not
My chest of life

Indira Renganathan
As Brisk As A Bee

She rises to welcome the sunrise

Brisk bathing
Brisk cooking
As brisk as a bee

Pell-mell running
Busy others
Disrupting

As much like a bee
She stings with words

But

Brisk packing
All lunch boxes
Food filled, ready
As much as a honey filled beehive

Indira Renganathan
Ask The Sky Why

In the vault of the sky a mystery
Thunderbolts and lightnings play
To pour
In the vault of my mind a mystery
Thunderbolts and lightnings play
To beat
In the vault of my heart a mystery
Thunderbolts and lightnings play
To bang
For me it's the painful killing or
Killing pain
Ask the sky
Has it any pain as the clouds play
To hit thundering

Indira Renganathan
Asking

When I think of you
I don’t know
If you too think of me

That you perhaps think of me
You hide it in concealment
I don’t feel it at all

More than knowing
Feeling that counts much

Brain indicates of your
Presence all around

To vindicate in words
It fails to fill my heart
With feeling

Where and how to find you

Your
Form and Matter
Are evidence to prove

God
Is it like asking for a sun
Bathing
In the broad day light

Indira Renganathan
Asong Of repentance

Asong of repentance I sing
For thee to pardon me my Lord
A crying song of tears I sing
For thee to pardon me my Lord

Open thy ears to hear my cries
For thee to pardon memy Lord
Open thy eyes to see my stains
For thee to save me now my Lord
Open thy heart to show mercy
That I feel saved of sins my Lord

Whose son is Evil
Who made that Evil
Who's not here snared in Evil's trap
Like the deer is meat of lion
Innocents are meat of Evil
Who made that Evil

Asong of repentance I sing
A crying song of tears I sing
Open thy heart to show mercy
That I feel saved of sins my Lord

Indira Renganathan
Assuming

My life
Just twenty years more
Assumed of..

I cogitate..
Be righteous the best
Austere, spiritual
I expiate sins
Little and little of the whole chore
Pledges then my pristine heart
A goal of five hundred poems
Readable, referable
To my own achievement
Years pass away
Quiescence in satiation
But..but
Rejuvenated mind cognitive
Of my would-be rebirth
My assumption
Of me a songstress born nascent
Again a girl..
Back past masticating the mind..
All the lessons from my teacher and guide
A philosopher all through for what I am
Whom my voice has endorsed
My mother..my mother..
My father too
Born to them same again?
Assuming the finale..

Indira Renganathan
At The Poolside

Above were a few birds hovering
And an airplane passing

My grand-daughter put on her swim dress
And cap

She then put on her goggles
Wet herself under the tap

She plunged into the azure water
Began swimming

That day was quite sunny and hot
Even at 5 pm

That solitary silence and solitude
I always welcome

I too put on my goggles and plunged
Into the azure

All the strokes my grand-little did
I too did

But the way She enjoyed was different
From the way I did

As none else was there to watch me
I was all at ease

All wrong strokes..yet I could
Inebriate that solitary azure

That trance of bliss afloat
Was I away from the real

"That's it granny", moments later
Little girl nudged me
How could she know that I too was swimming
Hers was real, mine was virtual

But you know my imageries, I'm sure
As a poet

Indira Renganathan
At The Shore Of Chendur

That you feel you're a captive
Globed for the Lord's pastime
Incircles of benighted spheres
Immeasurable your anger I know
From your abysmal depths oh, ocean
As you surge and surge to a tsunami
You're receded albeit agonized
A waste of chaos you roll on
On your inability to touch the Lord

What you think, I am? same and alike
A captive of oceanic emotions
Ebbing, ebbing tsunami-high agitated
Just to decline to fear's feet
A mistake of an unseen creatrix
This life ours for the Lord's pastime
Behold, those captive-crowds ever tearful
In vain attempt to wash the Lord's feet
Here I await my turn as you do..when is it?

Indira Renganathan
Atlast I Found Her

Which is not divine on this earth
Flora, fauna, you, me they, this earth
And all..which is not divine?

My quest for divinity goes on
This time extended northwards
To tell you 'atlast I found her'

She is the Krishna kireetam
To be adorned by Him fitly
As she looks like a godly crown

Also she looks like the temple lamp
Lighted wicks arrayed in pyramid-steps
She is so made to glow divine

Though otherwise lovely in white, cream, red
Gorgeous, stunning and scenic she is in orange..
When I met her she was an orange-hostess

She treated my vision up from her green thicket
Lushly foliage flashing her grace
On my heart and mind and soul...just abluted

It was my blessed season of that godly flower
'Pagoda' with tiered pyramidal clusters was granting
Steepled blessings and boons she gifted readily

But not done with that I was still in need
On my asking she got on board with me back
For ever to enshrine her in my poetry here

Note:
Pagoda Flower: Clerodendrum paniculatum
Tamil: Krishna Kireetam

Indira Renganathan
'A formidable voice cried from within:  
'Back, creature of earth, lest tortured and torn thou die.'  
'The Serpent of the threshold hissing rose,  
A fatal guardian hood with monstrous coils,  
The hounds of darkness growled with jaws agape,  
And trolls and gnomes and goblins scowled and stared  
And wild beast roarings thrilled the blood with fear  
And menace muttered in a dangerous tongue.'

'Unshaken her will pressed on the rigid bars: '  
'Her being entered into the inner worlds.  
In a narrow passage, the subconscient's gate,  
She breathed with difficulty and pain and strove  
To find the inner self concealed in sense.'  
'She forced her way through body to the soul.'  
'Across a perilous border line she passed'  
'At first a difficult narrowness was there, '

At times an opening came, a door was forced;  
She crossed through spaces of a secret self  
And trod in passages of inner Time.  
At last she broke into a form of things,  
A start of finiteness, a world of sense:  
But all was still confused, nothing self-found.'  
'Soul was not there but only cries of life.  
A thronged and clamorous air environed her.'

'A horde of sounds defied significance,  
A dissonant clash of cries and contrary calls; '  
'But how shall come the glory and the flame  
If mind is cast away into the abyss?  
For body without mind has not the light,
The rapture of spirit sense, the joy of life; '......

............My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

=================================================================

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 7 Canto 3

Page 489

Into a dense of subtle Matter packed,  
A cavity filled with a blind mass of power,  
An opposition of misleading gleams,  
A heavy barrier of unseeing sight,  
She forced her way through body to the soul.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Three: The Entry into the Inner Countries
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'All then becomes subconscient, tenebrous,
Inconscience puts its seal on Nature's page'
'A chaos of disordered impulses
In which no light can come, no joy, no peace.'
'This state now threatened, this she pushed from her.'
'Hour after hour she trod without release
Holding by her will the senseless meute at bay; '
Not easy for a chaotic present being but she's Savitri..

'Out of the dreadful press she dragged her will
And fixed her thought upon the saviour Name;
Then all grew still and empty; she was free.
A large deliverance came, a vast calm space.'...
'Awhile she moved through a blank tranquillity'
'A blissful vacuum of nameless peace.'
'But now a mightier danger's front drew near: '
'It tossed all power into a single drive, '

'It tossed all power into a single drive,
It made its power a might of dangerous seas.'
'It drowned its banks, a mountain of climbing waves.'
'There was an ardour in the gaze of Life
That saw heaven blue in the grey air of Night: '
'The impulses godward soared on passion's wings.'
A trenchant blade that shore the nets of doubt,
Its sword of discernment seemed almost divine.

'Here in Life's nether realms all contraries meet; '
'Their bodies born out of some Nihil's womb
Ensnare the spirit in the moment's dreams,
Then perish vomiting the immortal soul
Out of Matter's belly into the sink of Nought.
'All now was still, the soil shone dry and pure.'...
...........My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune  

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 7 Canto 3  

Page 491  
Into the stillness of her silent self,  
Into the whiteness of its muse of Space  
A spate, a torrent of the speed of Life  
Broke like a wind-lashed driven mob of waves  
Racing on a pale floor of summer sand;  
It drowned its banks, a mountain of climbing waves.  

Page 492  
Out of the nether unseen deeps it tore  
Its lure and magic of disordered bliss,  
Into earth-light poured its maze of tangled charm  
And heady draught of Nature's primitive joy  
And the fire and mystery of forbidden delight  
Drunk from the world-libido's bottomless well,  
And the honey-sweet poison-wine of lust and death,  
But dreamed a vintage of glory of life's gods,  
And felt as celestial rapture's golden sting.  

Page 493  
Mind's quick-paced thoughts floated from their high necks,  
A glowing splendour as of an irised mane,  
A parure of pure intuition's light;  
Its flame-foot gallop they could imitate:  

Mind's voices mimicked inspiration's stress,  
Its ictus of infallibility,  
Truth lay with delight in error's passionate arms
Gliding downstream in a blithe gilded barge:
She edged her ray with a magnificent lie.

Truth stares and does her works with bandaged eyes
And Ignorance is Wisdom's patron here:

Indira Renganathan
Aurobindo 102 Savitri Book 7

An appreciation on Savitri
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Three: The Entry into the Inner Countries
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Then journeying forward through the self's wide hush
She came into a brilliant ordered Space.'
'There Life dwelt parked in an armed tranquillity;
A chain was on her strong insurgent heart.
Tamed to the modesty of a measured pace,
She kept no more her vehement stride and rush;
'A chastened epithet in the prose of life,
She must fill with colour just her sanctioned space,'

'Into a firm and settled space she came
Where all was still and all things kept their place.
Each found what it had sought and knew its aim.
All had a final last stability.
There one stood forth who bore authority
On an important brow and held a rod;
Command was incarnate in his gesture and tone;
Tradition's petrified wisdom carved his speech,'

'His sentences savoured the oracle.'
'Traveller or pilgrim of the inner world,
Fortunate art thou to reach our brilliant air
Flaming with thought's supreme finality.
O aspirant to the perfect way of life,
Here find it; rest from search and live at peace.
Ours is the home of cosmic certainty.
Here is the truth, God's harmony is here.'

'All here, docketed and tied, the mind can know,
All schemed by law that God permits to life.
This is the end and there is no beyond.'
Here is the victory of a single Truth,
Here burns the diamond of flawless bliss.
A favourite of Heaven and Nature live.'
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 7 Canto 3

Page 496

The Spirit's almighty freedom was not here:
A schoolman mind had captured life's large space,
But chose to live in bare and paltry rooms
Parked off from the too vast dangerous universe,
Fearing to lose its soul in the infinite.

Page 497

And worship turned to an exclusive God,
To the Universal in a chapel prayed
Whose doors were shut against the universe;

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Three: The Entry into the Inner Countries
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'But to the too satisfied and confident sage
Savitri replied casting into his world'
'Happy are they who in this chaos of things,
This coming and going of the feet of Time,
Can find the single Truth, the eternal Law:
Untouched they live by hope and doubt and fear.'
Happy are men anchored on fixed belief
In this uncertain and ambiguous world, '

Or who have planted in the heart's rich soil
One small grain of spiritual certitude.
Happiest who stand on faith as on a rock.'
'But I must pass leaving the ended search,
Truth's rounded outcome firm, immutable
And this harmonic building of world-fact,
This ordered knowledge of apparent things.
Here I can stay not, for I seek my soul.'

'None answered in that bright contented world, '
'But some murmured, passers-by from kindred spheres:
Each by his credo judged the thought she spoke.'
But others, 'Nay, it is her spirit she seeks.
A splendid shadow of the name of God,
A formless lustre from the Ideal's realm,
The Spirit is the Holy Ghost of Mind;
But none has touched its limbs or seen its face.'

... 'she cried: 'O happy company of luminous gods,
Reveal, who know, the road that I must tread, '
'O Savitri, '..'We are the messengers, the occult gods
Who help men's drab and heavy ignorant lives'
Then Savitri following the great winding road
Came where it dwindled into a narrow path,
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 7 Canto 3

"...Who then is this who knows not that the soul
Is a least gland or a secretion's fault
Disquieting the sane government of the mind,
Disordering the function of the brain,
Or a yearning lodged in Nature's mortal house
Or dream whispered in man's cave of hollow thought
Who would prolong his brief unhappy term
Or cling to living in a sea of death?"

"Each soul is the great Father's crucified Son,
Mind is that soul's one parent, its conscious cause,
The ground on which trembles a brief passing light,
Mind, sole creator of the apparent world.
All that is here is part of our own self;
Our minds have made the world in which we live."

To a road she came thronged with an ardent crowd
Who sped brilliant, fire-footed, sunlight-eyed,
Pressing to reach the world's mysterious wall,
And pass through masked doorways into outer mind
Where the Light comes not nor the mystic voice,
Messengers from our subliminal greatnesses,
Guests from the cavern of the secret soul.

End of Book-7 Canto-3
Indira Renganathan
So that was a visit to the inner countries
'Here from a low and prone and listless ground
The passion of the first ascent began; '
'A rugged and ragged soil was her bare seat,
Beneath her feet a sharp and wounding stone.'
'She looked out far and saw from inner mind
This questionable world of outward things,
Of false appearances and plausible shapes,'

'Accepting the universe as her body of woe,
The Mother of the seven sorrows bore
The seven stabs that pierced her bleeding heart:
The beauty of sadness lingered on her face,
Her eyes were dim with the ancient stain of tears.
Her heart was riven with the world's agony
And burdened with the sorrow and struggle in Time,
An anguished music trailed in her rapt voice.'

'Absorbed in a deep compassion's ecstasy,'
'In soft sweet training words slowly she spoke: '
'O Savitri, I am thy secret 26 to
I know that one day he shall come at last.'Line 90
How true, how true all above said on a woman's soul
I go by'Mine is the prayer that climbs in vain from earth,'
AndI am the hope that looks towards my God,
My God who never came to me till now; '....

She ceased, and like an echo from below
Answering her pathos of divine complaint
A voice of wrath took up the dire refrain,
A growl of thunder or roar of angry beast,
The beast that crouching growls within man's depths,
Voice of a tortured Titan once a God......
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 7 Canto 4

Page 503

A moon-bright face in a sombre cloud of hair,
A Woman sat in a pale lustrous robe.

Page 503&504

To share the suffering of the world I came,
I draw my children's pangs into my breast.
I am the nurse of the dolour beneath the stars;
I am the soul of all who wailing writhe
Under the ruthless harrow of the Gods.
I am woman, nurse and slave and beaten beast;
I tend the hands that gave me cruel blows.
The hearts that spurned my love and zeal I serve;
I am the courted queen, the pampered doll,
I am the giver of the bowl of rice,
I am the worshipped Angel of the House.
I am in all that suffers and that cries.
Mine is the prayer that climbs in vain from earth,
I am traversed by my creatures' agonies,
I am the spirit in a world of pain.

Page 505

A pallid resignation lights my brow,
Within me a blind faith and mercy dwell;
I carry the fire that never can be quenched
And the compassion that supports the suns.
I am the hope that looks towards my God,
My God who never came to me till now;
His voice I hear that ever says `I come':
I know that one day he shall come at last.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Four: The Triple Soul-Forces
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'I am the Man of Sorrows, I am he Line 97 to
'I suffer and toil and weep; I moan and hate.'Line 158
All quality lines on depicting man
I go by 'I am the seeker who can never find,
I am the fighter who can never win,
I am the runner who never touched his goal: '
'And Savitri heard the voice, the echo heard
And turning to her being of pity spoke: '..

'Madonna of suffering, Mother of grief divine, '
'Because thou art, men yield not to their doom,
But ask for happiness and strive with fate; '
One day I will return, a bringer of strength,
And make thee drink from the Eternal's cup;
'His streams of force shall triumph in thy limbs
And Wisdom's calm control thy passionate heart.'
'There shall be peace and joy for ever more.'

'On passed she in her spirit's upward route.'
All beautiful grew, subtle and high and strange.
Here on a boulder carved like a huge throne
A Woman sat in gold and purple sheen,
Armed with the trident and the thunderbolt,
Her feet upon a couchant lion's back.
A formidable smile curved round her lips,
Heaven-fire laughed in the corners of her eyes; '

'August on her seat in the inner world of Mind,
The Mother of Might looked down on passing things,
Listened to the advancing tread of Time,
Saw the irresistible wheeling of the suns
And heard the thunder of the march of God.
A great driven by a great for a goal great....
........... My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 7 Canto 4

Page 505&506

He has sent me naked into his bitter world
And beaten me with his rods of grief and pain
That I might cry and grovel at his feet
And offer him worship with my blood and tears.
I am Prometheus under the vulture's beak,
Man the discoverer of the undying fire,
In the flame he kindled burning like a moth;

Page 506

I am the seeker who can never find,
I am the fighter who can never win,
I am the runner who never touched his goal:
Hell tortures me with the edges of my thought,
Heaven tortures me with the splendour of my dreams.
What profit have I of my animal birth;
What profit have I of my human soul?
I toil like the animal, like the animal die.
I am man the rebel, man the helpless serf;

Page 506&507

So God has made his harsh and dreadful world,
So has he built the petty heart of man.
Only by force and ruse can man survive:
For pity is a weakness in his breast,
His goodness is a laxity in the nerves,
His kindness an investment for return,
His altruism is ego's other face:
If once the Titan’s strength could wake in me,
If Enceladus from Etna could arise,
I then would reign the master of the world
And like a god enjoy man’s bliss and pain.

An ardent grandeur climbed mid ferns and rocks,
A quiet wind flattered the heart to warmth,
A finer perfume breathed from slender trees.

Her body a mass of courage and heavenly strength,
She menaced the triumph of the nether gods.
A halo of lightnings flamed around her head
And sovereignty, a great cestus, zoned her robe

Amid the swaying Forces in their strife
Sovereign was her word of luminous command,
Her speech like a war-cry rang or a pilgrim chant.

Indira Renganathan
'A charm restoring hope in failing hearts
Aspired the harmony of her puissant voice: '
'O Savitri, I am thy secret soul. Line 213 to
When God comes out to meet the soul of the world.'Line 277
I admit and go by 'I am Durga, goddess of the proud and strong,
And Lakshmi, queen of the fair and fortunate;
I wear the face of Kali when I kill,
I trample the corpses of the demon hordes.'

'The voice rose up and smote some inner sun,'
'I am the heir of the forces of the earth, Line 306 to
Omnipotence and omniscience shall be mine.'384
'Immortal spirit in the perishing clay,
I am God still unevolved in human form;
Even if he is not, he becomes in me.'...
Treasurable Truth told in treasurable words
Will He ever evolve like the said godliness herein...

'And Savitri heard the voice, the warped echo heard
And turning to her being of power she spoke: '
'Thou hast given men strength, wisdom thou couldst not give.
One day I will return, a bringer of light;
Then will I give to thee the mirror of God;
Thou shalt see self and world as by him they are seen
Reflected in the bright pool of thy soul.
Thy wisdom shall be vast as vast thy power.'

'Ascending still her spirit's upward route
She came into a high and happy space,
A wide tower of vision whence all could be seen
And all was centred in a single view
As when by distance separate scenes grow one
And a harmony is made of hues at war.'...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and
informative lines from Book 7 Canto 4

Page 509

I am Durga, goddess of the proud and strong,
And Lakshmi, queen of the fair and fortunate;
I wear the face of Kali when I kill,
I trample the corpses of the demon hordes.

I fear not for the angry frown of Heaven,
I flinch not from the red assault of Hell;

Page 510

I crush the opposition of the gods,
Tread down a million goblin obstacles.
I guide man to the path of the Divine
And guard him from the red Wolf and the Snake.
I set in his mortal hand my heavenly sword
And put on him the breastplate of the gods.

Page 511

"I am the heir of the forces of the earth,
Slowly I make good my right to my estate;
A growing godhead in her divinised mud,
I climb, a claimant to the throne of heaven.
The last-born of the earth I stand the first;
Her slow millenniums waited for my birth.

I am God still unevolved in human form;
Even if he is not, he becomes in me.
The sun and moon are lights upon my path;
Air was invented for my lungs to breathe,
Conditioned as a wide and wall-less space
For my winged chariot's wheels to cleave a road,
The sea was made for me to swim and sail
And bear my golden commerce on its back:
It laughs cloven by my pleasure's gliding keel,
I laugh at its black stare of fate and death.
The earth is my floor, the sky my living's roof.

I will make glass and raiment out of milk,
Make iron velvet, water unbreakable stone,
Like God in his astuce of artist skill,
Mould from one primal plasm protean forms,
In single Nature multitudinous lives,
All that imagination can conceive
In mind intangible, remould anew
In Matter's plastic solid and concrete.

But without wisdom power is like a wind,
It can breathe upon the heights and kiss the sky,
It cannot build the extreme eternal things.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Four: The Triple Soul-Forces
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Here, living centre of that vision of peace,
A Woman sat in clear and crystal light:
Heaven had unveiled its lustre in her eyes,
Her feet were moonbeams, her face was a bright sun,
Her smile could persuade a dead lacerated heart
To live again and feel the hands of calm.
A low music heard became her floating voice: '
'dead lacerated heart To live again'...meaningful

'O Savitri, I am thy secret soul.'Line 426 to
And body bear the immense descent of God.' 494
'I have come down to the wounded desolate earth
To heal her pangs and lull her heart to rest
And lay her head upon the Mother's lap
That she may dream of God and know his peace'
May these words work this moment for our peace...

All our needs, feels, actions, their results
All the powers in and surrounding are of Him
'But human mind clings to its ignorance
And to its littleness the human heart
And to its right to grief the earthly life.
Only when Eternity takes Time by the hand,
Only when infinity weds the finite's thought,
Can man be free from himself and live with God.'

'She spoke and from the ignorant nether plane
A cry, a warped echo naked and shuddering came.
A voice of the sense-shackled human mind
Carried its proud complaint of godlike power
Hedged by the limits of a mortal's thoughts,
Bound in the chains of earthly ignorance.....

...........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 7 Canto 4

Page 515

In the anomalies of the human heart
Where Good and Evil are close bedfellows
And Light is by Darkness dogged at every step,
Where his largest knowledge is an ignorance,
I am the Power that labours towards the best
And works for God and looks up towards the heights.

Page 516

Many are God's forms by which he grows in man;
They stamp his thoughts and deeds with divinity,
Uplift the stature of the human clay
Or slowly transmute it into heaven's gold.

Page 515&516

He is the Good for which men fight and die,
He is the war of Right with Titan wrong;
He is Freedom rising deathless from her pyre;
He is Valour guarding still the desperate pass
Or lone and erect on the shattered barricade
Or a sentinel in the dangerous echoing Night.
He is the crown of the martyr burned in flame
And the glad resignation of the saint
And courage indifferent to the wounds of Time
And the hero's might wrestling with death and fate.
He is Wisdom incarnate on a glorious throne
And the calm autocracy of the sage's rule.
He is the high and solitary Thought
Aloof above the ignorant multitude:
He is the prophet's voice, the sight of the seer.
He is Beauty, nectar of the passionate soul,
He is the Truth by which the spirit lives.
He is the riches of the spiritual Vast
Poured out in healing streams on indigent Life;
He is Eternity lured from hour to hour,
He is infinity in a little space:
He is immortality in the arms of death.

Indira Renganathan
Man only sees the cosmic surfaces.
Then wondering what may lie hid from the sense
A little way he delves to depths below:
But soon he stops, he cannot reach life's core
Or commune with the throbbing heart of things.'
'He has the blind man's subtle unerring touch
Or the slow traveller's sight of distant scenes; '
'The soul's revealing contacts are not his.'

'But only reason and sense he feels as sure,
They only are his trusted witnesses.'
'His knowledge scans bright pebbles on the shore
Of the huge ocean of his ignorance.'
'Yet grandiose were the accents of that cry,
A cosmic pathos trembled in its tone.'
'I am the mind of God's great ignorant world Line 536 to
This wizard gods may dream, not thinking men.'Line 624..

His all capability of exploring and discovering
Man's self defining in Thou superb words..
'Only what end he serves I know not yet
Or if there is aim at all or any end
Or push of rich creative purposeful joy
In the wide works of the terrestrial power.'
His incapability of knowing the ends
In between where he is..Thou words, Thee exemplify

'And Savitri heard the voice, the warped answer heard'
'Thou art a portion of my self put forth
To raise the spirit to its forgotten heights
And wake the soul by touches of the heavens.'
'One day I will return, His hand in mine, '
'There shall be light and peace in all the worlds.'
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 7 Canto 4

Page 517

He sees the naked body of the Truth
Though often baffled by her endless garbs,
But cannot look upon her soul within.
Then, furious for a knowledge absolute,
He tears all details out and stabs and digs:
Only the shape's contents he holds for use;
The spirit escapes or dies beneath his knife.
He sees as a blank stretch, a giant waste
The crowding riches of infinity.
The finite he has made his central field,
Its plan dissects, masters its processes,
That which moves all is hidden from his gaze,
His poring eyes miss the unseen behind.

Page 519

A mystery is this mighty Nature's birth;
A mystery is the elusive stream of mind,
A mystery the protean freak of life.
What I have learned, Chance leaps to contradict;
What I have built is seized and torn by Fate.

In the end the world itself becomes a doubt:
The infinitesimal's jest mocks mass and shape,
A laugh peals from the infinite's finite mask.
Perhaps the world is an error of our sight,
A trick repeated in each flash of sense,
An unreal mind hallucinates the soul
With a stress-vision of false reality,
Or a dance of Maya veils the void Unborn.
In a frozen grandeur lone and desolate
Call me not to die the great eternal death,
Left naked of my own humanity
In the chill vast of the spirit's boundlessness.

Because thou art, the soul draws near to God;
Because thou art, love grows in spite of hate
And knowledge walks unslain in the pit of Night.

End of Book-7 Canto-4

Indira Renganathan
Onward she passed seeking the soul's mystic cave.  
At first she stepped into a night of God.  
The light was quenched that helps the labouring world,  
The power that struggles and stumbles in our life;  
'All knowledge failed and the Idea's forms  
And Wisdom screened in awe her lowly head  
Feeling a Truth too great for thought or speech,  
Formless, ineffable, for ever the same.'

In a simple purity of emptiness  
Her mind knelt down before the unknowable.  
'There was no strength in her, no pride of force;  
'A sacred darkness brooded now within,  
The world was a deep darkness great and nude.'  
'In endless Time her soul reached a wide end,  
The spaceless Vast became her spirit's place.  
At last a change approached, the emptiness broke;

A wave rippled within, the world had stirred;  
Once more her inner self became her space.  
'She recognised in her prophetic mind  
The imperishable lustre of that sky,  
The tremulous sweetness of that happy air  
And, covered from mind's view and life's approach,  
The mystic cavern in the sacred hill  
And knew the dwelling of her secret soul.'

'Across the threshold's sleep she entered in  
And found herself amid great figures of gods  
Conscious in stone and living without breath,  
Watching with fixed regard the soul of man,  
Executive figures of the cosmic self,  
World-symbols of immutable potency......
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May thereso, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused thereso be knowledge and fortune

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Five: The Finding of the Soul
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'There was no step of breathing men, no sound,
Only the living nearness of the soul.'
'Yet all the worlds and God himself were there,
For every symbol was a reality
And brought the presence which had given it life.
All this she saw and inly felt and knew
Not by some thought of mind but by the self.'
The feeling on inner wakefulness, shall I say..?

'As thus she passed in that mysterious place
Through room and room, through door and rock-hewn door,
She felt herself made one with all she saw.'
A sealed identity within her woke;
'These Gods and Goddesses were he and she:
The Mother was she of Beauty and Delight,
The Word in Brahma's vast creating clasp,
The World-Puissance on almighty Shiva's lap,-

'The Master and the Mother of all lives'
'Watching the worlds their twin regard had made,
And Krishna and Radha for ever entwined in bliss,
The Adorer and Adored self-lost and one.'
Meaningful accounting for the god and goddess..
'In the last chamber on a golden seat
One sat whose shape no vision could define;
Only one felt the world's unattainable fount,'

'A Power of which she was a straying Force,
An invisible Beauty, goal of the world's desire,
A Sun of which all knowledge is a beam,
A Greatness without whom no life could be.'
'Then through a tunnel dug in the last rock
She came out where there shone a deathless sun.'
...........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May thereso, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused thereso be knowledge and fortune

Indira Renganathan
A house was there all made of flame and light
And crossing a wall of doorless living fire
There suddenly she met her secret soul.
A being stood immortal in transience,
Deathless dallying with momentary things,
In whose wide eyes of tranquil happiness
Which pity and sorrow could not abrogate
Infinity turned its gaze on finite shapes: '

In the mystery of its selecting will,
In the Divine Comedy a participant,
The Spirit's conscious representative,
God's delegate in our humanity,
Comrade of the universe, the Transcendent's ray,
She had come into the mortal body's room
To play at ball with Time and Circumstance.'
The passion of the game lighted her eyes: '

A smile on her lips welcomed earth's bliss and grief, '
All things she saw as a masquerade of Truth
Disguised in the costumes of Ignorance,
Crossing the years to immortality; '
I need to intervene here o'words...tell me
Who can surpass your beauty-build than this Guru himself
'As a mother feels and shares her children's lives,
She puts forth a small portion of herself, '

A being no bigger than the thumb of man
Into a hidden region of the heart
To face the pang and to forget the bliss,
To share the suffering and endure earth's wounds
And labour mid the labour of the stars.'
'This in us"Exults in victory, struggles for the crown; '"
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Five: The Finding of the Soul
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Here in this chamber of flame and light they met;
They looked upon each other, knew themselves,
The secret deity and its human part,
The calm immortal and the struggling soul.
Then with a magic transformation's speed
They rushed into each other and grew one.'
'Once more she was human upon earthly soil'
'And the rude cottage where she sat in trance: '

'That subtle world withdrew deeply within
Behind the sun-veil of the inner sight.
But now the half-opened lotus bud of her heart
Had bloomed and stood disclosed to the earthly ray;
'In its deep lotus home her being sat
As if on concentration's marble seat,
Calling the mighty Mother of the worlds
To make this earthly tenement her house.'

'As in a flash from a supernal light,
A living image of the original Power,
A face, a form came down into her heart
And made of it its temple and pure abode.
But when its feet had touched the quivering bloom,
A mighty movement rocked the inner space
As if a world were shaken and found its soul: '
Indeed a weighty inward journey of a mighty mortal..

'Out of the Inconscient's soulless mindless night
A flaming Serpent rose released from sleep.
It rose billowing its coils and stood erect
And climbing mightily, stormily on its way
It touched her centres with its flaming mouth;
Is this the spiritual power by name 'Kundalini'...
 ..........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
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Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Five: The Finding of the Soul
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'As if a fiery kiss had broken their sleep,
They bloomed and laughed surcharged with light and bliss.
Then at the crown it joined the Eternal's space.'
'An image sat of the original Power
Wearing the mighty Mother's form and face.
Armed, bearer of the weapon and the sign
Whose occult might no magic can imitate,
Manifold yet one she sat, a guardian force:

'A saviour gesture stretched her lifted arm,
And symbol of some native cosmic strength,
A sacred beast lay prone below her feet,'
'A silent flame-eyed mass of living force.'
'Breaking the black Inconscient's blind mute wall,
Effacing the circles of the Ignorance,
Powers and divinities burst flaming forth;
'A felt experience to be felt....

'In the country of the lotus of the head
Which thinking mind has made its busy space,
In the castle of the lotus twixt the brows
Whence it shoots the arrows of its sight and will,
In the passage of the lotus of the throat
Where speech must rise and the expressing mind
And the heart's impulse run towards word and act,
A glad uplift and a new working came.'

'All things now bore a deeper heavenlier sense.'
'A loose republic once of wants and needs,
Then bowed to the uncertain sovereign mind,
Life now obeyed to a diviner rule
And every act became an act of God.'
Indeed a lofty attempt upon a heavenlier search..
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May thereso, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused thereso be knowledge and fortune  

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Five: The Finding of the Soul
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'In the deep place where once the Serpent slept,
There came a grip on Matter's giant powers
For large utilities in life's little space;'
'Surrendered into the great World-Mother's hands
Only she obeyed her sole supreme behest
In the enigma of the Inconscient's world.'
'A secret soul behind supporting all'
'Admits the Person's look and Nature's role.'

'An inner law of beauty shapes our lives;'
'Then sin and virtue leave the cosmic lists;
Our acts chime with God's simple natural good
Or serve the rule of a supernal Right.'
'Then lifts the mind a cry of victory:'
'O soul, my soul, we have created Heaven,
Within we have found the kingdom here of God,
His fortress built in a loud ignorant world.'

'Our life is entrenched between two rivers of Light,
We have turned space into a gulf of peace
And made the body a Capitol of bliss.
What more, what more, if more must still be done?'
'Out of the wood and stone of our nature's stuff
A temple is shaped where the high gods could live.
Even if the struggling world is left outside
One man's perfection still can save the world.'

'There is won a new proximity to the skies,
A first betrothal of the Earth to Heaven,
A deep concordat between Truth and Life:
A camp of God is pitched in human time.'
'May many men's 'perfection save the world'..
May all turmoil vanish to save Mother Earth..'
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune  

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 7 Canto 5

Page 530

Possessor of our passionate hopes and dreams,  
The beloved despot of our thoughts and acts,  
She streams into us with her unbound force,  
Into mortal limbs the Immortal's rapture and power.

Page 531

Each thought is a ripple on a sea of Light.

End of Book-7 Canto-5

Indira Renganathan
A calm slow sun looked down from tranquil heavens.'
'And Savitri's life was glad, fulfilled like earth's;
She had found herself, she knew her being's aim.
Although her kingdom of marvellous change within
Remained unspoken in her secret breast,
All that lived round her felt its magic's charm: '
'This bright perfection of her inner state
Poured overflowing into her outward scene,'

'A light invaded all from her being's light; '
'Above the cherished head of Satyavan
She saw not now Fate's dark and lethal orb;
A golden circle round a mystic sun
Disclosed to her new-born predicting sight
The cyclic rondure of a sovereign life.'
'In brief shiftings of the future's heavy screen,
He lay not by a dolorous decree'

'Always he was with her, a living soul
'A living body near to her body's joy.'
'But now no longer in these great wild woods'
'They were tied in the single circling of their days
Together by love's unseen atmosphere,
Inseparable like the earth and sky.'
'Thus for a while she trod the Golden Path; '
'This was the sun before abysmal Night.'

'Once as she sat in deep felicitous muse,
'An abyss yawned suddenly beneath her heart.'
'A rolling surge of silent death, it came
Curving round the far edge of the quaking globe; '
The reader is now squeezed in his heart...
A dolorous moment alerts for Savitri....
..........My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune  

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Six: Nirvana and the Discovery of the All-Negating Absolute

Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Effacing heaven with its enormous stride
It willed to expunge the choked and anguished air
And end the fable of the joy of life.'
'It seemed to cry to her without thought or word
The message of its dark eternity
And the awful meaning of its silences: '
'In her own depths she heard the unuttered thought
That made unreal the world and all life meant.'

'Who art thou who claimst thy crown of separate birth, Line 102 to
At last know thyself, from vain existence cease.'Line 132
'I am Death and the dark terrible Mother of life,
I am Kali black and naked in the world,
I am Maya and the universe is my cheat.'
'For only the blank Eternal can be true.'
'O soul, inventor of man's thoughts and hopes, '
'At last know thyself, from vain existence cease.'132

All well said here and me spellbound in silence
Thine askesis has felt high such and I wonder..
'A shadow of the negating Absolute,
The intolerant Darkness travelled surging past
And ebbed in her the formidable Voice.
It left behind her inner world laid waste:
A barren silence weighed upon her heart,
Her kingdom of delight was there no more; '

'Only her soul remained, its emptied stage,
Awaiting the unknown eternal Will.
Then from the heights a greater Voice came down,
The voice of Light after the voice of Night:
The cry of the Abyss drew Heaven's reply,
A might of storm chased by the might of the Sun...'
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May thereso, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused thereso be knowledge and fortune

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Six: Nirvana and the Discovery of the All-Negating Absolute
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'O soul, bare not thy kingdom to the foe; 'Line 146 to
Annul thyself that only God may be.'Line 220
'Assent to the emptiness of the Supreme
That all in thee may reach its absolute.
Accept to be small and human on the earth,
Interrupting thy new-born divinity,
That man may find his utter self in God.'
A heavenly stroke of preaching to everyone..

'He who would save the world must share its pain.
If he knows not grief, how shall he find grief's cure?
If far he walks above mortality's head,
How shall the mortal reach that too high path?
If one of theirs they see scale heaven's peaks,
Men then can hope to learn that titan climb.'
So indulge in mortal running between birth and death
Take off with an uplift to heavenward.....

'And the miraculous world he has become
And the diviner miracle still to be
When Nature who is now unconscious God
Translucent grows to the Eternal's light,
Her seeing his sight, her walk his steps of power
And life is filled with a spiritual joy
And Matter is the Spirit's willing bride.
'Annul thyself that only God may be.'

'Thus following the complex human play
She heard the prompter's voice behind the scenes,
Perceived the original libretto's set
And the organ theme of the composer Force.'
'She saw the Powers that stare from the Abyss
And the wordless Light that liberates the soul.....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
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Note: More inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book-7, canto-6

Page 536

Hide whilst thou canst thy treasure of separate self
Behind the luminous rampart of thy depths
Till of a vaster empire it grows part.

Fear not to be nothing that thou mayst be all;

The day-bringer must walk in darkest night.

Page 537

God must be born on earth and be as man
That man being human may grow even as God.

Page 538

Aloof and standing back detached and calm,
A witness of the drama of herself,
A student of her own interior scene,
She watched the passion and the toil of life
And heard in the crowded thoroughfares of mind
The unceasing tread and passage of her thoughts.

All she beheld that surges from man's depths,
The animal instincts prowling mid life's trees,
The impulses that whisper to the heart
And passion's thunder-chase sweeping the nerves;
Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Six: Nirvana and the Discovery of the All-Negating Absolute

Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'But most her gaze pursued the birth of thought.'
'Affranchised from the look of surface mind
She paused not to survey the official case,
The issue of forms from the office of the brain,
Its factory of thought-sounds and soundless words
And voices stored within unheard by men,
Its mint and treasury of shining coin.
These were but counters in mind's symbol game,'

'In our unseen subtle body thought is born
Or there it enters from the cosmic field.
Oft from her soul stepped out a naked thought
Luminous with mysteried lips and wonderful eyes;'
'A seeing will pondered between the brows;'
Thoughts, glistening Angels, stood behind the brain
In flashing armour, folding hands of prayer,
And poured heaven's rays into the earthly form.'

'Impenetrable, withheld from mortal sense,
The inner chambers of the spirit's house
Disclosed to her their happenings and their guests;'
'A sight opened upon the invisible
And sensed the shapes that mortal eyes see not,
The sounds that mortal listening cannot hear,
The blissful sweetness of the intangible's touch;'
So spiritual sense differs from mortal sense..

'She felt the movements crossing unknown minds;
The past's events occurred before her eyes.
The great world's thoughts were part of her own thought,'
'The unseen grew visible and audible:'
'So she beheld the many births of thought,
If births can be of what eternal is;'......
...........My consciousness this moment, 
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights 
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation 
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine 
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise 
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note: More inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book-7, canto-6

Page 539

Or from her heart emerged some burning face 
And looked for life and love and passionate truth, 
Aspired to heaven or embraced the world 
Or led the fancy like a fleeting moon 
Across the dull sky of man's common days, 
Amidst the doubtful certitudes of earth's lore, 
To the celestial beauty of faith gave form, 
As if at flower-prints in a dingy room 
Laughed in a golden vase one living rose.

Page 539-540

Around her navel lotus clustering close 
Her large sensations of the teeming worlds 
Streamed their dumb movements of the unformed Idea

Invading the small sensitive flower of the throat 
They brought their mute unuttered resonances 
To kindle the figures of a heavenly speech.

Below, desires formed their wordless wish, 
And longings of physical sweetness and ecstasy 
Translated into the accents of a cry 
Their grasp on objects and their clasp on souls.

Her body's thoughts climbed from her conscious limbs 
And carried their yearnings to its mystic crown 
Where Nature's murmurs meet the Ineffable.
But for the mortal prisoned in outward mind
All must present their passports at its door;
Disguised they must don the official cap and mask
Or pass as manufactures of the brain,
Unknown their secret truth and hidden source.
Only to the inner mind they speak direct,
Put on a body and assume a voice,
Their passage seen, their message heard and known,
Their birthplace and their natal mark revealed,
And stand confessed to an immortal's sight,
Our nature's messengers to the witness soul.

Thoughts leaped down from a superconscient field
Like eagles swooping from a viewless peak,
Thoughts gleamed up from the screened subliminal depths
Like golden fishes from a hidden sea.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Six: Nirvana and the Discovery of the All-Negating Absolute
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'For the Eternal's powers are like himself,
Timeless in the Timeless, in Time ever born.'
'This too she saw that all in outer mind
Is made, not born, a product perishable,
Forged in the body's factory by earth-force.
'This mind is a dynamic small machine
Producing ceaselessly, till it wears out,
With raw material drawn from the outside world,'

Although his ego claims the world for its use,
Man is a dynamo for the cosmic work;
Nature does most in him, God the high rest:
Only his soul's acceptance is his own.'
'This independent, once a power supreme,
Self-born before the universe was made,
Accepting cosmos, binds himself Nature's serf
Till he becomes her freedman-or God's slave.'

'This is the appearance in our mortal front;
Our greater truth of being lies behind:
Our consciousness is cosmic and immense,
'But only when we break through Matter's wall
In that spiritual vastness can we stand
Where we can live the masters of our world
And mind is only a means and body a tool.'
How intense we should be to break through Matter's wall..!

'Our spirit's truth lives in the naked self
And from that height, unbound, surveys the world.
Out of the mind she rose to escape its law'
'High she attained and stood from Nature free'
'All now was a wide mighty vacancy,'
'For still was far the repose of the Absolute'.....

.........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: More inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book-7, canto-6

Page 542

Often our thoughts are finished cosmic wares
Admitted by a silent office gate
And passed through the subconscient's galleries,
Then issued in Time's mart as private make.

Nothing is all our own that we create:
The Power that acts in us is not our force.

The word, the form, the charm, the glory and grace
Are missioned sparks from a stupendous Fire;

He listens for Inspiration's postman knock
And takes delivery of the priceless gift
A little spoilt by the receiver mind
Or mixed with the manufacture of his brain;

Page 543

Then all grew tranquil in her being's space,
Only sometimes small thoughts arose and fell
Like quiet waves upon a silent sea
Or ripples passing over a lonely pool
When a stray stone disturbs its dreaming rest.

But to her deeper sight all yet was there,
Effervescing like a chaos under a lid;
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Six: Nirvana and the Discovery of the All-Negating Absolute
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Children of cosmic Nature from a far world,
Idea's shapes in complete armour of words
Posted like travellers in an alien space.'
'Then looking to know whence the intruders came
She saw a spiritual immensity
Pervading and encompassing the world-space
As ether our transparent tangible air,
And through it sailing tranquilly a thought.'

'As smoothly glides a ship nearing its port,
Ignorant of embargo and blockade,
Confident of entrance and the visa's seal,
It came to the silent city of the brain
Towards its accustomed and expectant quay,
But met a barring will, a blow of Force
And sank vanishing in the immensity.'
Now I apprehend how thoughts swarm in and out...

'Then all grew still, nothing moved any more:
Immobile, self-rapt, timeless, solitary
A silent spirit pervaded silent Space.'
Her spirit seemed the substance of a name,
The world a pictured symbol drawn on self,
A dream of images, a dream of sounds
Built up the semblance of a universe
Or lent to spirit the appearance of a world.'

'Nothing within answered an outside touch,
No nerve was stirred and no reaction rose.
Yet still her body saw and moved and spoke; '
'It understood without the aid of thought,
It said whatever needed to be said,
It did whatever needed to be done.'......
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I’m in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book-7 Canto-6

Even now some thoughts could cross her solitude;
These surged not from the depths or from within
Cast up from formlessness to seek a form,
Spoke not the body's need nor voiced life's call.
These seemed not born nor made in human Time:

Out of some far expanse they seemed to come
As if carried on vast wings like large white sails,
And with easy access reached the inner ear
As though they used a natural privileged right
To the high royal entries of the soul.

After a long vacant pause another appeared
And others one by one suddenly emerged,
Mind’s unexpected visitors from the Unseen
Like far-off sails upon a lonely sea.

In that absolute stillness bare and formidable
There was glimpsed an all-negating Void Supreme
That claimed its mystic Nihil's sovereign right
To cancel Nature and deny the soul.

Even the nude sense of self grew pale and thin:
Impersonal, signless, featureless, void of forms
A blank pure consciousness had replaced the mind.
This was self-seeing; ....
A sheer self-sight was there, no thought arose.
Emotion slept deep down in the still heart
Or lay buried in a cemetery of peace:

Indira Renganathan
'As if continuing old habitual turns, 
And pushed by an old unexhausted force 
The engine did the work for which it was made: 
Her consciousness looked on and took no part; '
A new conscious mind in the front 
Pushing behind all routine of a mechanical mind... 
'A hollow physical shell persisted still. 
'All seemed a brilliant shadow of itself, '

'Wherever she turned, at whatsoever she looked, 
It was perceived, yet hid from mind and sight. 
The One only real shut itself from Space 
And stood aloof from the idea of Time. 
Its truth escaped from shape and line and hue.' 
'It faced her as some vast Nought's immensity, 
An endless No to all that seems to be, 
An endless Yes to things ever unconceived'

'If all existence could renounce to be 
And Being take refuge in Non-being's arms 
And Non-being could strike out its ciphered round, 
Some lustre of that Reality might appear. 
A formless liberation came on her.' 
'She was no more a Person in a world, 
She had escaped into infinity.' 
'There was no frame of things, no figure of soul.'

'She shared the Superconscient's high retreat 
Beyond the self-born Word, the nude Idea, 
The first bare solid ground of consciousness; '
'A lonely Absolute negated all: 
It effaced the ignorant world from its solitude 
And drowned the soul in its everlasting peace.'
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 7 Canto 6

Page 545

There was no person there behind the act,
No mind that chose or passed the fitting word:
All wrought like an unerrring apt machine.

Page 546

An incoherence crossing a firm void
Slipped into an order of related chance.

The enduring mass and outline of the hills
Was a design sketched on a silent mind
And held to a tremulous false solidity
By constant beats of visionary sight.

The forest with its emerald multitudes
Clothed with its show of hues vague empty Space,
A painting's colours hiding a surface void
That flickered upon dissolution's edge;

The blue heavens, an illusion of the eyes,
Roofed in the mind's illusion of a world.

The men who walked beneath an unreal sky
Seemed mobile puppets out of cardboard cut
And pushed by unseen hands across the soil
Or moving pictures upon Fancy's film:
The brain’s vibrations that appear like thought,
The nerve’s brief answer to each contact’s knock,
The heart’s quiverings felt as joy and grief and love
Were twitchings of the body, their seeming self,
That body forged from atoms and from gas
A manufactured lie of Maya’s make,
Its life a dream seen by the sleeping Void.

It met her like an omnipresent point
Pure of dimensions, unfixed, invisible,
The single oneness of its multiplied beat
Accentuating its sole eternity.

The world is but a spark-burst from its light,
All moments flashes from its Timelessness,
All objects glimmerings of the Bodiless
That disappear from Mind when That is seen.

It held, as if a shield before its face,
A consciousness that saw without a seer,
The Truth where knowledge is not nor knower nor known,
The Love enamoured of its own delight
In which the Lover is not nor the Beloved
Bringing their personal passion into the Vast,

She was in That but still became not That.

Even now her splendid being might flame back
Out of the silence and the nullity,
A gleaming portion of the All-Wonderful,
A power of some all-affirming Absolute,
A shining mirror of the eternal Truth
To show to the One-in-all its manifest face,
To the souls of men their deep identity.
Or she might wake into God’s quietude
Beyond the cosmic day and cosmic night
And rest appeased in his white eternity.

End of Book-7 Canto-6

Indira Renganathan
'In the little hermitage in the forest's heart,
In the sunlight and the moonlight and the dark
The daily human life went plodding on
Even as before with its small unchanging works
And its spare outward body of routine
And happy quiet of ascetic peace.
The old beauty smiled of the terrestrial scene;
She too was her old gracious self to men.'

'A accustomed only to read outward signs
None saw aught new in her, none divined her state; '
'To all she was the same perfect Savitri: '
'An impersonal emptiness walked and spoke in her,
Something perhaps unfelt, unseen, unknown
Guarded the body for its future work,
Or Nature moved in her old stream of force.'
A preparatory mind alert inside...

'Thus was she lost within to separate self;
Her mortal ego perished in God's night.'
'There was some high surpassing Secrecy,
And when she sat alone with Satyavan,
Her moveless mind with his that searched and strove,
In the hush of the profound and intimate night
She turned to the face of a veiled voiceless Truth
Hid in the dumb recesses of the heart

'Something unknown, unreached, inscrutable
Sent down the messages of its bodiless Light,
Cast lightning flashes of a thought not ours
Crossing the immobile silence of her mind: '
If it is not the told mythology
'What's next? ' is my curiosity.........
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book7 Canto7

Page 551

The Ancient Mother clutched her child to her breast  
Pressing her close in her environing arms,  
As if earth ever the same could for ever keep  
The living spirit and body in her clasp,  
As if death were not there nor end nor change.

They saw a person where was only God's vast,  
A still being or a mighty nothingness.

Around her soul's muteness all moved as of old;  
A vacant consciousness watched from within,  
Empty of all but bare Reality.

Page 552

Perhaps she bore made conscious in her breast  
........A zero circle of being's totality.

It used her speech and acted in her acts,  
It was beauty in her limbs, life in her breath;  
The original Mystery wore her human face.

Only a body was left, the ego's shell  
Afloat mid drift and foam of the world-sea,  
A sea of dream watched by a motionless sense
In a figure of unreal reality.

These gone, the transcendental grew a myth,
The Holy Ghost without the Father and Son,
Or, a substratum of what once had been,

Indira Renganathan
In its might of irresponsible sovereignty
It seized on speech to give those flamings shape,
Made beat the heart of wisdom in a word
And spoke immortal things through mortal lips.'
'A thought came through draped as an outer voice.'
'It came direct to the pure perception's seat,
An only centre now of consciousness,
If centre could be where all seemed only space; '

In her the Unseen, the Unknown waited his hour.'
But now she sat by sleeping Satyavan,
Awake within, and the enormous Night
Surrounded her with the Unknowable's vast.
A voice began to speak from her own heart
That was not hers, yet mastered thought and sense.
As it spoke all changed within her and without;
All was, all lived; she felt all being one; '

She passed beyond Time into eternity,
Slipped out of space and became the Infinite;
Her being rose into unreachable heights
And found no end of its journey in the Self.'
'Her mind became familiar with its mind,
Its body was her body's larger frame
In which she lived and knew herself in it
One, multitudinous in its multitudes.'

She challenged herself towards the divine goal
Captured it to live divine by supra mental practice
A journey detached victoriously from Matter-bond
Inwardly breaking all hindrance cosmic, universal
Atlast to the abode of the Absolute in oneness
Savitri is exemplary for human beings to follow....
My consciousness this moment, 
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book7 Canto7

Page 553

These thoughts were formed not in her listening brain,
Her vacant heart was like a stringless harp;

Page 555

A Truth in which negation had no place,
A being and a living consciousness,
A stark and absolute Reality.

Page 556

An individual, one with cosmic self
In the heart of the Transcendent's miracle
And the secret of World-personality
Was the creator and the lord of all.

Mind was a single innumerable look
Upon himself and all that he became.
Life was his drama and the Vast a stage,
The universe was his body, God its soul.

Page 557

She was a subconscient life of tree and flower,
The outbreak of the honied buds of spring;
She burned in the passion and splendour of the rose,
She was the red heart of the passion-flower,
The dream-white of the lotus in its pool.

The cosmos flowered in her, she was its bed.

End of Canto 7
End of Book 7

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Eight: The Book of Death
Canto Three*: Death in the Forest
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

* The Book of Death was taken from Canto Three of an early version of Savitri which had only six cantos and an epilogue. It was slightly revised at a late stage and a number of new lines were added, but it was never fully worked into the final version of the poem. Its original designation, "Canto Three", has been retained as a reminder of this.-(As given in the book)

'By her still sleeping husband lain she gazed
Into her past as one about to die'
'The whole year in a swift and eddying race
Of memories swept through her and fled away
Into the irrecoverable past.'
Then silently she rose and, service done,
Bowed down to the great goddess simply carved
By Satyavan upon a forest stone.'

'What prayer she breathed her soul and Durga knew.
Perhaps she felt in the dim forest huge
The infinite Mother watching over her child,
Perhaps the shrouded Voice spoke some still word.'
Out of stress always cries the heart Ma
At last she came to the pale mother queen.
She spoke but with guarded lips and tranquil face
'All else she pressed back into her anguished heart'

'O'my heart do not grieve, for Savitri is sure to win..
Such Thou words are bouffant with pathos o'Guru
She answered: 'Do as thy wise mind desires,'
'I hold thee for a strong goddess who has come
Pitying our barren days; so dost thou serve'
'Like the strong sun that serves earth from above.'...

...........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book8 Canto 3

Page561

Looks back upon the sunlit fields of life
Where he too ran and sported with the rest,
Lifting his head above the huge dark stream
Into whose depths he must for ever plunge.

Page562

Here on the emerald edge of the vast woods
In the iron ring of the enormous peaks
Under the blue rifts of the forest sky,
I have not gone into the silences

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Eight: The Book of Death
Canto Three*: Death in the Forest
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Then the doomed husband and the woman who knew
Went with linked hands into that solemn world'
Beside her Satyavan walked full of joy
Because she moved with him through his green haunts:
He showed her all the forest's riches, flowers
Innumerable of every odour and hue'
'But little dwelt her mind upon their sense;
Of death, not life she thought or life's lone end.'

'Love in her bosom hurt with the jagged edges
Of anguish moaned at every step with pain
Crying, 'Now, now perhaps his voice will cease
For ever.' Even by some vague touch oppressed
Sometimes her eyes looked round as if their orbs
Might see the dim and dreadful god's approach.
'But Satyavan had paused. He meant to finish
His labour here that happy, linked, uncaring'

'She like a pantheress leaped upon his words
And carried them into her cavern heart.
But as he worked, his doom upon him came.
The violent and hungry hounds of pain
Travelled through his body biting as they passed
Silently, and all his suffering breath besieged
Strove to rend life's strong heart-cords and be free.
'She came to him in silent anguish and clasped, '

'And he cried to her, 'Savitri, a pang
Cleaves through my head and breast as if the axe
Were piercing it and not the living branch.'
'Awhile let me lay my head upon thy lap
And guard me with thy hands from evil fate:
Perhaps because thou touchest, death may pass.'...
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book8 Canto 3

Page 563

A tree that raised its tranquil head to heaven
Luxuriating in verdure, summoning
The breeze with amorous wideness of its boughs,
He chose and with his steel assailed the arm
Brown, rough and strong hidden in its emerald dress.

Page 563&564

every moment she economised
Like a pale merchant leaned above his store,
The miser of his poor remaining gold.
But Satyavan wielded a joyous axe.
He sang high snatches of a sage’s chant

That pealed of conquered death and demons slain,
And sometimes paused to cry to her sweet speech
Of love and mockery tenderer than love:

Page 564

Now the great woodsman
Hewed at him and his labour ceased: lifting
His arm he flung away the poignant axe
Far from him like an instrument of pain.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Eight: The Book of Death
Canto Three*: Death in the Forest
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Then Savitri sat under branches wide,
Cool, green against the sun, not the hurt tree
Which his keen axe had cloven, -that she shunned;
But leaned beneath a fortunate kingly trunk
She guarded him in her bosom and strove to soothe
His anguished brow and body with her hands.
All grief and fear were dead within her now
And a great calm had fallen.'

'Griefless and strong she waited like the gods.
But now his sweet familiar hue was changed'
He cried out in a clinging last despair, '
'Savitri, Savitri, O Savitri,
Lean down, my soul, and kiss me while I die.'
'His mouth still with her living mouth, as if
She could persuade his soul back with her kiss; '

'Then grew aware they were no more alone.'
'Something had come there conscious, vast and dire.
Near her she felt a silent shade immense'
'As if from a Silence without form or name'
The Shadow of a remote uncaring god
Doomed to his Nought the illusory universe, '
'She knew that visible Death was standing there
And Satyavan had passed from her embrace.'....

Reading these this moment a ball of breath
Blocking my life in my throat
Breathless even I grow; and screaming my heart
Prays, pleads, implores sunken in tears
'Save o'Savitri save, Thy true love thine alone
Saved this Earth then in mundane bliss....
...........My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book8 Canto 3

Page 565

Only the dull and physical mind was left,
Vacant of the bright spirit's luminous gaze.

And even as her pallid lips pressed his,
His failed, losing last sweetness of response;

.............A cosmic mind
Looked out on all from formidable eyes
Contemning all with its unbearable gaze
And with immortal lids and a vast brow
It saw in its immense destroying thought
All things and beings as a pitiful dream,
Rejecting with calm disdain Nature's delight,

End of Book 8
End of Part 2

Indira Renganathan
'So was she left alone in the huge wood, 
Surrounded by a dim unthinking world, 
Her husband's corpse on her forsaken breast.' 
'Over the body she loved her soul leaned out 
In a great stillness without stir or voice, 
As if her mind had died with Satyavan.' 
Oh, the union divine wished the most 
Seemed lost was not to be lost however...

'Then suddenly there came on her the change 
Which in tremendous moments of our lives 
Can overtake sometimes the human soul 
And hold it up towards its luminous source.' 
'Only the spirit sees and all is known.'
'A new sight comes, new voices in us form 
A body of the music of the Gods.'
'This in a moment's depths was born in her.'

'As in a choric robe of unheard sounds 
A Force descended trailing endless lights; '
'Linking Time's seconds to infinity, 
Illimitably it girt the earth and her: 
It sank into her soul and she was changed.'
'Then like a thought fulfilled by some great word 
That mightiness assumed a symbol form: ' 
She sowed her faith to reap the fruit...

'Her being's spaces quivered with its touch, 
It covered her as with immortal wings; 
On its lips the curve of the unuttered Truth, 
A halo of Wisdom's lightnings for its crown, 
It entered the mystic lotus in her head, 
A thousand-petalled home of power and light.'
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and
informative lines from Book9 Canto 1

Page 571

She measured not her loss with helpless thoughts,
Nor rent with tears the marble seals of pain:
She rose not yet to face the dreadful god.

The veil is torn, the thinker is no more:

Then a calm Power seated above our brows
Is seen, unshaken by our thoughts and deeds,
Its stillness bears the voices of the world:

Page 571&572

To mate with the Glory it sees, the spirit grows:
The voice of life is tuned to infinite sounds,
The moments on great wings of lightning come
And godlike thoughts surprise the mind of earth.

Page 572

Immortal yearnings without name leap down,
Large quiverings of godhead seeking run
And weave upon a puissant field of calm
A high and lonely ecstasy of will.

The Spirit who had hidden in Nature soared
Out of his luminous nest within the worlds:
Like a vast fire it climbed the skies of night.
Thus were the cords of self-oblivion torn:
A Presence was there that filled the listening world;
A central All assumed her boundless life.

A sovereignty, a silence and a swiftness,
One brooded over abysses who was she.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Nine: The Book of Eternal Night
Canto One: Towards the Black Void
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Assuming a spiritual wide control,
Making life's sea a mirror of heaven's sky,
The young divinity in her earthly limbs
Filled with celestial strength her mortal part.'
What a sane wording..'young divinity'!
What a ripe rendering for our easy grasping!
'There came a freedom from the heart-strings' clutch,
Now all her acts sprang from a godhead's calm.'

'Sole now she rose to meet the dreadful god.'
That mightier spirit turned its mastering gaze
On life and things, inheritor of a work
Left to it unfinished from her halting past,
When yet the mind, a passionate learner, toiled
And ill-shaped instruments were crudely moved.
'A moment yet she lingered motionless
And looked down on the dead man at her feet; '

'Then like a tree recovering from a wind
She raised her noble head; fronting her gaze
Something stood there, unearthly, sombre, grand,
A limitless denial of all being
That wore the terror and wonder of a shape.'
'In its appalling eyes the tenebrous Form
Bore the deep pity of destroying gods; '
'A sorrowful irony curved the dreadful lips'

'The two opposed each other with their eyes'
'Vacant eternities forbidding hope
Laid upon her their huge and lifeless look,
And to her ears, silencing earthly sounds,
A sad and formidable voice arose
Which seemed the whole adverse world's. 'Unclasp', it cried,
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I’m in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 9 Canto 1

Page 573

Immortal leader of her mortality,
Doer of her works and fountain of her words,
Invulnerable by Time, omnipotent,
It stood above her calm, immobile, mute.

All in her mated with that mighty hour,
As if the last remnant had been slain by Death
Of the humanity that once was hers.

Page 574

His shape was nothingness made real, his limbs
Were monuments of transience and beneath
Brows of unwearying calm large godlike lids
Silent beheld the writhing serpent, life.

Unmoved their timeless wide unchanging gaze
Had seen the unprofitable cycles pass,
Survived the passing of unnumbered stars
And sheltered still the same immutable orbs.

around her,
Piling their void unbearable loneliness
Upon her mighty unaccompanied soul,
Many inhuman solitudes came close.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Nine: The Book of Eternal Night
Canto One: Towards the Black Void
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

Ho, look, how bittered the God of Death..
"Thy passionate influence and relax, O slave
Of Nature, changing tool of changeless Law,
Who vainly writh'st rebellion to my yoke,
Thy elemental grasp; weep and forget.'
'weep and forget'... as a common folk does
Did it suit Savitri? no, she pursued..
'Entomb thy passion in its living grave.'

'Leave now the once-loved spirit's abandoned robe:
Pass lonely back to thy vain life on earth.'
How easily said He... but Savitri was exceptional
For she the god-child... and she in Thy words Guru, marvelous
'It ceased, she moved not, and it spoke again, '
'Wilt thou for ever keep thy passionate hold,
Thyself a creature doomed like him to pass,
Denying his soul death's calm and silent rest? '

'Relax thy grasp; this body is earth's and thine,
His spirit now belongs to a greater power.
Woman, thy husband suffers.' Savitri
Drew back her heart's force that clasped his body still'
'She rose and stood gathered in lonely strength, '
'The dim and awful godhead rose erect
From his brief stooping to his touch on earth, '
'brief stooping'... oh, very picturesque...

'And, like a dream that wakes out of a dream,
Forsaking the poor mould of that dead clay,
Another luminous Satyavan arose,
Starting upright from the recumbent earth
As if someone over viewless borders stepped
Emerging on the edge of unseen worlds........
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 9Canto 1

Page 575

It ceased, she moved not, and it spoke again,
Lowering its mighty key to human chords,
Yet a dread cry behind the uttered sounds,
Echoing all sadness and immortal scorn,
Moaned like a hunger of far wandering waves.

...............now too, as if called,
She rose and stood gathered in lonely strength,
Like one who drops his mantle for a race
And waits the signal, motionlessly swift.

...............her spirit above
On the crypt-summit of her secret form
Like one left sentinel on a mountain crest,
A fiery-footed splendour puissant-winged,
Watched flaming-silent, with her voiceless soul
Like a still sail upon a windless sea.

Page 576

Then Death the king leaned boundless down, as leans
Night over tired lands, when evening pales
And fading gleams break down the horizon's walls,
Nor yet the dusk grows mystic with the moon.
Indira Renganathan
'This knowledge first he had of time-born men.'
'Admitted through a curtain of bright mind'
'He found the occult cave, the mystic door
Near to the well of vision in the soul,
And entered where the Wings of Glory brood
In the silent space where all is for ever known.'
'He shore the cord of mind that ties the earth-heart
And cast away the yoke of Matter's law.'

'Thus could he step into that magic place'
'There in a hidden chamber closed and mute'
'Record graphs of the cosmic scribe, 'tables of the sacred Law, '
'Book of Being's index page, 'text and glossary of the Vedic truth'
'Rhythms and metres of the stars significant of the movements of our fate'
'Symbol powers of number and of form', 'secret code of the history of the world'
'Nature's correspondence with the soul
Are written in the mystic heart of Life.'

'He could re-read now and interpret new
Its strange symbol letters, scattered abstruse signs,
Resolve its oracle and its paradox,
Its riddling phrases and its blindfold terms,
The deep oxymoron of its truth's repliques,
Its hard conditions for the mighty work, "
'l aw of the opposition of the gods,
Its list of inseparable contraries.'

'A conscious wideness filled the old dumb Space.
In the Void he saw throned the Omniscience supreme.'
'A Will, a hope immense now seized his heart,
And to discern the superhuman's form
He raised his eyes to unseen spiritual heights,
Aspiring to bring down a greater world.....

..........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note: Some more inspiring descriptive lines from
Book-1 canto-5

Page 74

The body's rules bound not the spirit's powers:
When life had stopped its beats, death broke not in;
He dared to live when breath and thought were still.

Page 75

The dumb great Mother in her cosmic trance
Exploiting for creation's joy and pain
Infinity's sanction to the birth of form,
Accepts indomitably to execute
The will to know in an inconscient world,
The will to live under a reign of death,
The thirst for rapture in a heart of flesh,
And works out through the appearance of a soul
By a miraculous birth in plasm and gas
The mystery of God's covenant with the Night.

Page 75&76

Out of the depths the world's buried secret rose;
He read the original ukase kept back
In the locked archives of the spirit's crypt,
And saw the signature and fiery seal
Of Wisdom on the dim Power's hooded work
Who builds in Ignorance the steps of Light.
A sleeping deity opened deathless eyes:

Page 76

In the light flooding thought's blank vacancy,
Interpreting the universe by soul signs
He read from within the text of the without:

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Nine: The Book of Eternal Night
Canto One: Towards the Black Void
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

And that's how a blessed spirit shines..
'Such seemed he as if one departed came
Wearing the light of a celestial shape
Splendidly alien to the mortal air.'
'Only the spirit knew the spirit still,'
'Between two realms he stood, not wavering,
But fixed in quiet strong expectancy,
Like one who, sightless, listens for a command.'

'Silence battled with silence, vast with vast.
But now the impulse of the Path was felt'
'To touch the confines of the visible world.'
'Luminous he moved away; behind him Death
Went slowly with his noiseless tread,'
'And Savitri moved behind eternal Death,
Her mortal pace was equalled with the god's.'
A war of words to begin 'twixt life and death..

'At first in a blind stress of woods she moved
With strange inhuman paces on the soil,
Journeying as if upon an unseen road.'
'Earth stood aloof, yet near: round her it wove
Its sweetness and its greenness and delight,'
'The silent god grew mighty and remote
In other spaces, and the soul she loved
Lost its consenting nearness to her life.'

'Then flaming from her body's nest alarmed
Her violent spirit soared at Satyavan.'
'From her eyrie streams against the ascending death,'
'A fierce she-eagle threatened in her brood,
Borne on a rush of puissance and a cry,
Outwinging like a mass of golden fire.'.....
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 9 Canto 1

Page 576

So were they immobile on that earthly field,
Powers not of earth, though one in human clay.
On either side of one two spirits strove;

Page 577

Wordless she travelled in her lover's steps,
Planting her human feet where his had trod,
Into the perilous silences beyond.

Around her on the green and imaged earth
The flickering screen of forests ringed her steps;
Its thick luxurious obstacle of boughs
Besieged her body pressing dimly through
In a rich realm of whispers palpable,
And all the murmurous beauty of the leaves
Rippled around her like an emerald robe.

The luminous spirit glided stillly on
And the great shadow travelled vague behind.

Page 577&578
Still with an amorous crowd of seeking hands
Softly entreated by their old desires
Her senses felt earth's close and gentle air
Cling round them and in troubled branches knew
Uncertain treadings of a faint-foot wind:
She bore dim fragrances, far callings touched;
The wild bird's voice and its winged rustle came
As if a sigh from some forgotten world.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Nine: The Book of Eternal Night
Canto One: Towards the Black Void
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Thought, time and death were absent from her grasp:
She knew not self, forgotten was Savitri.'
'Her aim, joy, origin, Satyavan alone.'
'Her sovereign prisoned in her being's core,
He beat there like a rhythmic heart, -herself'
'Around him nameless, infinite she surged,
Her spirit fulfilled in his spirit, rich with all Time, '
'Onward the three still moved in her soul-scene.'

'In voiceless regions they were travellers
Alone in a new world where souls were not,
But only living moods: a strange hushed weird
Country was round them, strange far skies above,
A doubting space where dreaming objects lived
Within themselves their one unchanged idea.'
'Phantasmal between pillared conscious rocks
...Lost their huge sense beyond in giant night.'

'Then, to that chill sere heavy line arrived
Where his feet touched the shadowy marches' brink,
Turning arrested luminous Satyavan
Looked back with his wonderful eyes at Savitri.'
'But Death pealed forth his vast abysmal cry: '
'O mortal, turn back to thy transient kind; Line 336 to
Your transient loves bind not the eternal gods.'Line 361
No Yes, no No to death; But Yes to Thy beautiful words Guru..

'The Woman answered not. Her high nude soul,
Stripped of the girdle of mortality,
Against fixed destiny and the grooves of law
Stood up in its sheer will a primal force.'
'Against midnight's dumb abysses piled in front
A columned shaft of fire and light she rose.'.....
.........My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and
informative lines from Book 9 Canto 1

Page 578

Like pale discarded sheaths dropped dully down
Her mortal members fell back from her soul.

Page 579

All was the violent ocean of a will
Where lived captive to an immense caress,
Possessed in a supreme identity,
Her aim, joy, origin, Satyavan alone.

Page 579&580

Weird were the grasses, weird the treeless plains;
Weird ran the road which like fear hastening
Towards that of which it has most terror, passed
Phantasmal between pillared conscious rocks
Sombre and high, gates brooding, whose stone thoughts
Lost their huge sense beyond in giant night.

End of Book-9 Canto-1

Indira Renganathan
'As thoughts stand mute on a despairing verge
Where the last depths plunge into nothingness
And the last dreams must end, they paused; '
'The Woman first affronted the Abyss
Daring to journey through the eternal Night.
Armoured with light she advanced her foot to plunge
Into the dread and hueless vacancy; '
On par with Savitri's beautiful venture Thou words...

'A mystery of terror's boundlessness,
Gathering its hungry strength the huge pitiless void
Surrounded slowly with its soundless depths,
And monstrous, cavernous, a shapeless throat
Devoured her into its shadowy strangling mass,
The fierce spiritual agony of a dream.'
'A curtain of impenetrable dread,
The darkness hung around her cage of sense'

'As disappears a golden lamp in gloom
Borne into distance from the eyes' desire,
Into the shadows vanished Savitri.
There was no course, no path, no end or goal: '
'She saw no more the vague tremendous god,
Her eyes had lost their luminous Satyavan.'
'Yet not for this her spirit failed, but held
More deeply than the bounded senses can'

'Solitary in the anguish of the void
She lived in spite of death, she conquered still;
In vain her puissant being was oppressed:
Her heavy long monotony of pain
Tardily of its fierce self-torture tired.'
Yet of 'let not loose' was mindful Savitri

My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 9 Canto 2

Page 582

Heaven leaned towards them like a cloudy brow
Of menace through the dim and voiceless hush.

in their front
Were glooms like shadowy wings, behind them, pale,
The lifeless evening was a dead man's gaze.

But still in its lone niche of templed strength
Motionless, her flame-bright spirit, mute, erect,
Burned like a torch-fire from a windowed room
Pointing against the darkness' sombre breast.

Immortal, unappalled, her spirit faced
The danger of the ruthless eyeless waste.

Page 583

A curtain of impenetrable dread,
The darkness hung around her cage of sense
As, when the trees have turned to blotted shades
And the last friendly glimmer fades away,
Around a bullock in the forest tied
By hunters closes in no empty night.

it seemed
A hollow gulf of sterile emptiness,
A zero oblivious of the sum it closed,
An abnegation of the Maker's joy
Saved by no wide repose, no depth of peace.
Long hours, since long it seems when sluggish time
Is measured by the throbs of the soul's pain,
In an unreal darkness empty and drear
She travelled treading on the corpse of life,
Lost in a blindness of extinguished souls.

Page 585

Serpentine in the gleam the darkness lollled,
Its black hoods jewelled with the mystic glow;
Its dull sleek folds shrank back and coiled and slid,
As though they felt all light a cruel pain
And suffered from the pale approach of hope.

Indira Renganathan
'Night felt assailed her heavy sombre reign; '
'The splendour of some bright eternity
Threatened with this faint beam of wandering Truth
Her empire of the everlasting Nought.
Implacable in her intolerant strength
And confident that she alone was true,
She strove to stifle the frail dangerous ray; '
Queen of perseverance was Savitri..

'Aware of an all-negating immensity
She reared her giant head of Nothingness,
Her mouth of darkness swallowing all that is;
She saw in herself the tenebrous Absolute.
But still the light prevailed and still it grew,
And Savitri to her lost self awoke;
Her limbs refused the cold embrace of death, '
Her wakeful spirit of her soul was no more concealed..

'Before her in the stillness of the world
Once more she heard the treading of a god,
And out of the dumb darkness Satyavan,
Her husband, grew into a luminous shade.
Then a sound pealed through that dead monstrous realm:
Vast like the surge in a tired swimmer's ears,
Clamouring, a fatal iron-hearted roar,
Death missioned to the night his lethal call.'

"This is my silent dark immensity, Line 139 to
'Hopest thou still always to last and love? 'Line146
Claimed the Death its territory of Nothingness..
'The Woman answered not. Her spirit refused..'  
'But still' "Death, the dire god, inflicted on her eyes
The immortal calm of his tremendous gaze: ....

..........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 9 Canto 2

Page 586

This is the home of everlasting Night,
This is the secrecy of Nothingness
Entombing the vanity of life's desires.

(An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Nine: The Book of Eternal Night
Canto Two: The Journey in Eternal Night
and the Voice of the Darkness
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's)

Indira Renganathan
'Although thou hast survived the unborn void..
Choose a life's hopes for thy deceiving prize.' 
'Yet since thy strength deserves no trivial crown,
Gifts I can give to soothe thy wounded life.'
First degree of Death's failure stepped down
Uttered an offer of a gift albeit he insisted
'Hope not to win back to thee Satyavan.'
An exquisite narration on human life on earth..

'As ceased the ruthless and tremendous Voice,
Unendingly there rose in Savitri,
Like moonlit ridges on a shuddering flood,
A stir of thoughts out of some silence born
Across the sea of her dumb fathomless heart.
At last she spoke; her voice was heard by Night:
'I bow not to thee, O huge mask of death, 
Give, if thou must, or, if thou canst, refuse.'

'First I demand whatever Satyavan,
My husband, waking in the forest's charm
Out of his long pure childhood's lonely dreams,
Desired and had not for his beautiful life.
Give, if thou must, or, if thou canst, refuse.'
Brave Savitri was thoughtful in firm voice...
'Death bowed his head in scornful cold assent'
'Uplifting his disastrous voice he spoke: '

'Indulgent to the dreams my touch shall break, 
Open at last on thee their marble eyes.'
'Go, mortal, to thy small permitted sphere!
Hasten swift-footed, lest to slay thy life
The great laws thou hast violated, moved,
Open at last on thee their marble eyes.'

............My consciousness this moment, 
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
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Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 9 Canto 2

Page 586

The primal violence that fashioned thought, Forcing the immobile vast to suffer and live,

A fragile miracle of thinking clay, Armed with illusions walks the child of Time.

Page 587

For the sea roars around him and earth quakes Beneath his steps, and fire is at his doors, And death prowls baying through the woods of life.

His mortality vexing with the immortal's dreams, Troubling his transience with the infinite's breath, They gave him hungers which no food can fill;

He is the cattle of the shepherd gods. His body the tether with which he is tied, They cast for fodder grief and hope and joy: His pasture ground they have fenced with Ignorance.

Page 588

My unwept tears have turned to pearls of strength: I have transformed my ill-shaped brittle clay Into the hardness of a statued soul.

I stoop not with the subject mob of minds Who run to glean with eager satisfied hands And pick from its mire mid many trampling feet Its scornful small concessions to the weak.
The sensuous solace of the light I give
To eyes which could have found a larger realm,
A deeper vision in their fathomless night.

Indira Renganathan
Aurobindo 135 Savitri Book 9

An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Nine: The Book of Eternal Night
Canto Two: The Journey in Eternal Night
and the Voice of the Darkness
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

A warning from his intense heart Death gave
'But Savitri answered the disdainful Shade: ' 'World-spirit, I was thy equal spirit to Wherever thou leadst his soul I shall pursue.'='='296 'I tremble not before the immobile gaze'
'That look with the stone eyes of Law and Fate. 
My soul can meet them with its living fire.'
'Wherever thou leadst his soul I shall pursue.'

Applaudable efforts Savitri's and her courage stupendous..
'But to her claim opposed, implacable, '
'As when the storm-haired Titan-striding sea
Throws on a swimmer its tremendous laugh
Remembering all the joy its waves have drowned,
So from the darkness of the sovereign night
Against the Woman's boundless heart arose
The almighty cry of universal Death.'

Need to write separately on thou descriptive style..
'Hast thou god-wings or feet that tread my stars, Line 310 to Depart in peace, if peace for man is just.'Line342
His obstructed job had all anger in his indignant cry..
'But Savitri answered meeting scorn with scorn, ' 'Who is this God imagined by thy night, Line345 to He shall remake thy universe, O Death.'Line 364
Wonderful answer Savitri's defining her God of Love

'What is thy hope? to what dost thou aspire? Line373 to Then shalt thou rise into thy unmoved source.'Line438
Boasting of himself Death elucidates in extensive words 'I, Death, am He; there is no other God.
All from my depths are born, they live by death;
All to my depths return and are no more.'.....

...........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and
informative lines from Book 9 Canto 2

Page 590

Out of thy shadow give me back again
Into earth's flowering spaces Satyavan
In the sweet transiency of human limbs
To do with him my spirit's burning will.

I will bear with him the ancient Mother's load,
I will follow with him earth's path that leads to God.

All things I have built in them and I destroy.
I made the worlds my net, each joy a mesh.
A Hunger amorous of its suffering prey,
Life that devours, my image see in things.

Page 591

Blind slave of my deaf force whom I compel
To sin that I may punish, to desire
That I may scourge thee with despair and grief
And thou come bleeding to me at the last,
Thy nothingness recognised, my greatness known,
Turn nor attempt forbidden happy fields
Meant for the souls that can obey my law,
Lest in their sombre shrines thy tread awake
From their uneasy iron-hearted sleep
The Furies who avenge fulfilled desire.

Dread lest in skies where passion hoped to live,
The Unknown's lightnings start and, terrified,
Lone, sobbing, hunted by the hounds of heaven,
A wounded and forsaken soul thou flee
Through the long torture of the centuries,
Nor many lives exhaust the tireless Wrath
Hell cannot slake nor Heaven's mercy assuage.

"Who is this God imagined by thy night,
Contemptuously creating worlds disdained,
Who made for vanity the brilliant stars?

My God is will and triumphs in his paths,
My God is love and sweetly suffers all.
To him I have offered hope for sacrifice
And gave my longings as a sacrament.

Page 592

Love's golden wings have power to fan thy void:
The eyes of love gaze starlike through death's night,
The feet of love tread naked hardest worlds.

And thou, what art thou, soul, thou glorious dream
Of brief emotions made and glittering thoughts,
A thin dance of fireflies speeding through the night,
A sparkling ferment in life's sunlit mire?

Page 592&593

Death only lasts and the inconscient Void.
I only am eternal and endure.
I am the shapeless formidable Vast,
I am the emptiness that men call Space,
I am a timeless Nothingness carrying all,
I am the Illimitable, the mute Alone.

Page 593
I have made a world by my inconscient Force.
My Force is Nature that creates and slays
The hearts that hope, the limbs that long to live.

That which thou seest as thy immortal self
Is a shadowy icon of my infinite,
Is Death in thee dreaming of eternity.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Nine: The Book of Eternal Night
Canto Two: The Journey in Eternal Night
and the Voice of the Darkness
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

But Savitri replied to the dread Voice:
'O Death, who reasonest, I reason not,
Reason that scans and breaks, but cannot build
Or builds in vain because she doubts her work.
I am, I love, I see, I act, I will.'
Her extraordinary confidence inviolable
Her extraordinary courage unbeatable
A lesson for us to shatter Death

Death answered her, one deep surrounding cry:
'Know also. Knowing, thou shalt cease to love
And cease to will, delivered from thy heart.
So shalt thou rest for ever and be still,
Consenting to the impermanence of things.'
But Savitri replied for man to Death:
'When I have loved for ever, I shall 450to
Dowered with a mind and heart to conquer thee.'263

Savitri was exceptionally a god-child
No wonder so was she determined to win
No doubt so was she marching on victory
'I know the calm Transcendent bears the world,
The veiled Inhabitant, the silent Lord:
I feel his secret act, his intimate fire;
I hear the murmur of the cosmic Voice.
I know my coming was a wave from God.'

So were her words for Death to be silent
'Like one disdaining violent helpless words
From victim lips Death answered not again.'
'Through the long fading night by her compelled,
Gliding half-seen on their unearthly path,
Phantasmal in the dimness moved the three.'.........
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 9 Canto 2

Page 594

Love in me knows the truth all changings mask.
I know that knowledge is a vast embrace:

I know my coming was a wave from God.
For all his suns were conscient in my birth,
And one who loves in us came veiled by death.

Page 595

He stood in silence and in darkness wrapped,
A figure motionless, a shadow vague,
Girt with the terrors of his secret sword.
Half-seen in clouds appeared a sombre face;
Night's dusk tiara was his matted hair,
The ashes of the pyre his forehead's sign.

Around her rolled the shuddering waste of gloom,
Its swallowing emptiness and joyless death
Resentful of her thought and life and love.

End of Canto 2
End of Book 9

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto One: The Dream Twilight of the Ideal
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'All still was darkness dread and desolate;'
'It was as if she must pay now her debt,
Her vain presumption to exist and think,
To some brilliant Maya that conceived her soul.'
'In that tremendous darkness heavy and bare
She atoned for all since the first act whence sprang
The error of the consciousness of Time,
The rending of the Inconscient's seal of sleep,'

'Accursed in what had been her godhead source,
Condemned to live for ever empty of bliss,
Her immortality her chastisement,
Her spirit, guilty of being, wandered doomed,
Moving for ever through eternal Night.
But Maya is a veil of the Absolute;'
'The inconscient world is the spirit's self-made room,
Eternal Night shadow of eternal Day.'....

What definition else could be more appropriate
Than Thou words to beautify Inconscience..?
'Night is not our beginning nor our end;
We came to her from a supernal Light,
By Light we live and to the Light we go.
Here in this seat of Darkness mute and lone,
In the heart of everlasting Nothingness
Light conquered now even by that feeble beam: '

'A golden fire came in and burned Night's heart;'
'The Inconscient conscious grew, Night felt and thought.'
'Passed was the heaviness of the eyeless dark
And all the sorrow of the night was dead: '
'Surprised by a blind joy with groping hands'
'She slipped; there far-off raptures drew more close'...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 1

An ineffectual beam of suffering light
Through the despairing darkness dogged their steps
Like the remembrance of a glory lost;

The primal and unpardoned revolt that broke
The peace and silence of the Nothingness
Which was before a seeming universe
Appeared in a vanity of imagined Space
And life arose engendering grief and pain:

A Truth occult has made this mighty world:
The Eternal's wisdom and self-knowledge act
In ignorant Mind and in the body's steps.
The Inconscient is the Superconscient's sleep.
An unintelligible Intelligence
Invents creation's paradox profound;

Although Death walks beside us on Life's road,
A dim bystander at the body's start
And a last judgment on man's futile works,
Other is the riddle of its ambiguous face:

Death is a stair, a door, a stumbling stride
The soul must take to cross from birth to birth,
A grey defeat pregnant with victory,
A whip to lash us towards our deathless state.

Page 601

Night is not our beginning nor our end;
She is the dark Mother in whose womb we have hid
Safe from too swift a waking to world-pain.

A golden fire came in and burned Night's heart;
Her dusky mindlessness began to dream;

Adversary of the slow struggling Dawn
Defending its ground of tortured mystery,
It trailed its coils through the dead martyred air
And curving fled down a grey slope of Time.

There breaks a passion and splendour of new birth
And hue-winged visions stray across the lids,
Heaven's chanting heralds waken dim-eyed Space.

Indira Renganathan
Aurobindo 138 Savitri Book 10

An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto One: The Dream Twilight of the Ideal
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'And deep anticipations of delight,
For ever eager to be grasped and held,
Were never grasped, yet breathed strange ecstasy.'
'A pearl-winged indistinctness fleeting swam, 'Line115 to
'Hidden in mist and passing towards the sun.'Line 135
Visuals of the dreaming night in feeble light
Highly colourful in descriptive words..
All worldly invisible beings visible in dim space...

'These fugitive beings, these elusive shapes
Were all that claimed the eye and met the soul,
The natural inhabitants of that world.'
'But nothing there was fixed or stayed for long; '
'In that fine chaos joy fled dancing past
And beauty evaded settled line and form
And hid its sense in mysteries of hue; '
Like this poem has its sense in Thou dictional beauty

'Yet gladness ever repeated the same notes
And gave the sense of an enduring world; '
'One touched incessantly things never seized,
A skirt of worlds invisibly divine.'
'An adoration reigned in the yearning heart,
A spirit of purity, an elusive presence'
'Much sweeter seemed than any rapture known
Earth or all-conquering heaven can ever give.'

'Heaven ever young and earth too firm and old
Delay the heart by immobility: '
'Carved by an anguish of divine endeavour
They stand up sculptured on the eternal hills, '
Or quarried from the living rocks of God
Win immortality by perfect form.'...........
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 1

Page 602

A pearl-winged indistinctness fleeting swam,
An air that dared not suffer too much light.
Vague fields were there, vague pastures gleamed, vague trees,
Vague scenes dim-hearted in a drifting haze;

Vague cattle white roamed glimmering through the mist;
Vague spirits wandered with a bodiless cry,
Vague melodies touched the soul and fled pursued
Into harmonious distances unseized;

A ripple of gleaming wings crossed the far sky;
Birds like pale-bosomed imaginations flew
With low disturbing voices of desire,
And half-heard lowings drew the listening ear,
As if the Sun-god's brilliant kine were there
Hidden in mist and passing towards the sun.

Page 603

And all renewed unendingly its charm
Alluring ever the expectant heart
Like music that one always waits to hear,
Like the recurrence of a haunting rhyme.

As if a trail of disappearing stars
There showered upon the floating atmosphere
Colours and lights and evanescent gleams
That called to follow into a magic heaven,

Indira Renganathan
'Vessels of infinite significances,
They are too clear, too great, too meaningful;
'These only touched a golden hem of bliss,
The gleaming shoulder of some godlike hope,
The flying feet of exquisite desires.'
'On a slow trembling brink between night and day
They shone like visitants from the morning star,'
Golden words out of heavenly trance....

'All in this world was shadowed forth, not limned,'
Like faces leaping on a fan of fire
Or shapes of wonder in a tinted blur,
Like fugitive landscapes painting silver mists.
Here vision fled back from the sight alarmed,
And sound sought refuge from the ear's surprise,
And all experience was a hasty joy.'
'All things in this fair realm were heavenly strange'

'Past vanishing hedges, ........that fled her feet'
Journeying she wished no end: 'she walked besieged
By the illusion of a mystic space,'
'In this beauty as of mind made visible,
Dressed in its rays of wonder Satyavan
Before her seemed the centre of its charm,
Head of her loveliness of longing dreams
And captain of the fancies of her soul.

'Half-vanquished by the dream-happiness around,
Awhile she moved on an enchantment's soil,
But still remained possessor of her soul.
Above, her spirit in its mighty trance
Saw all, but lived for its transcendent task,
Immutable like a fixed eternal star.'
My consciousness this moment, 
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights 
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation 
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine 
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise 
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

End of Canto One

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 1

Page 604

On a slow trembling brink between night and day 
They shone like visitants from the morning star, 
Satisfied beginnings of perfection, first 
Tremulous imaginings of a heavenly world:

Timorous soul-bridals delicately veiled 
As when a goddess' bosom dimly moves 
To first desire and her white soul transfigured, 
A glimmering Eden crossed by faery gleams, 
Trembles to expectation's fiery wand,

Page 604&605

..........as one through clouds 
Travels upon a mountain ridge and hears 
Arising to him out of hidden depths 
Sound of invisible streams, she walked besieged 
By the illusion of a mystic space, 
A charm of bodiless touches felt and heard 
A sweetness as of voices high and dim 
Calling like travellers upon seeking winds 
Melodiously with an alluring cry. 

Page 605
As if a music old yet ever new,
Moving suggestions on her heart-strings dwelt,
Thoughts that no habitation found, yet clung
With passionate repetition to her mind,
Desires that hurt not, happy only to live
Always the same and always unfulfilled
Sang in the breast like a celestial lyre.

The sombre Shadow sullen, implacable
Made beauty and laughter more imperative;
Enhanced by his grey, joy grew more bright and dear;

Pain grew a trembling undertone of bliss
And transience immortality's floating hem,
A moment's robe in which she looked more fair,
Its antithesis sharpening her divinity.

Page 605&606

A comrade of the Ray and Mist and Flame,
By a moon-bright face a brilliant moment drawn,
Almost she seemed a thought mid floating thoughts,
Seen hardly by a visionary mind
Amid the white inward musings of the soul.

End of Book-10 Canto-1

Indira Renganathan
The glory he had glimpsed must be his home.  
As through a mist a sovereign peak is seen, 
The greatness of the eternal Spirit appeared, 
Exiled in a fragmented universe 
Amid half-semblances of diviner things. 
These now could serve no more his regal turn; 
The Immortal's pride refused the doom to live..' 
'His height repelled the lowness of earth's state: ' 

In each success a seed of failure lurks. 
He saw the doubtfulness of all things here, 
The incertitude of man's proud confident thought, 
The transience of the achievements of his force.' 
'And yet a greater destiny may be his, 
For the eternal Spirit is his truth.' 
'He can re-create himself and all around 
'And fashion new the world in which he lives' 

'A call was on him from intangible heights; 
He dwelt in the wideness of the Eternal's reign.' 
'A universal light was in his eyes, 
A golden influx flowed through heart and brain; 
A Force came down into his mortal limbs, 
A current from eternal seas of Bliss; 
He felt the invasion and the nameless joy.' 
He climbed to meet the infinite more above. 

'A lone forerunner of the Godward earth, ' 
'In the eternal courts of Solitude.' 
'His spirit mingles with eternity's heart ' 
'In a divine retreat from mortal thought' 
'His being towered into pathless heights,
Naked of its vesture of humanity.'

...............My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note: Some more inspiring descriptive lines from
Book-1 canto-5

Page 76

A brighter heavenlier sun must soon illume
This dusk room with its dark internal stair,
The infant soul in its small nursery school
Mid objects meant for a lesson hardly learned
Outgrow its early grammar of intellect
And its imitation of Earth-Nature's art,
Its earthly dialect to God-language change,
In living symbols study Reality
And learn the logic of the Infinite.

Page 77

A packed assemblage of crude tentative lives
Are pieced into a tessellated whole.
There is no perfect answer to our hopes;
There are blind voiceless doors that have no key;

Page 78

A thinking being in an unthinking world,
An island in the sea of the Unknown,
He is a smallness trying to be great,
An animal with some instincts of a god,
His life a story too common to be told,
His deeds a number summing up to nought,
His consciousness a torch lit to be quenched,
His hope a star above a cradle and grave.

The Silence was his sole companion left.  
Impassive he lived immune from earthly hopes, 
A figure in the ineffable Witness' shrine  
Pacing the vast cathedral of his thoughts  
Under its arches dim with infinity  
And heavenward brooding of invisible wings.

The Immobile's ocean-silence saw him pass,  
An arrow leaping through eternity  
Suddenly shot from the tense bow of Time,  
A ray returning to its parent sun.

Opponent of that glory of escape,  
The black Inconscient swung its dragon tail  
Lashing a slumbrous Infinite by its force  
Into the deep obscurities of form:  
Death lay beneath him like a gate of sleep.

Questing for God as for a splendid prey,  
He mounted burning like a cone of fire.

Is chosen by a secret witness Eye  
And driven by a pointing hand of Light  
Across his soul's unmapped immensitudes.

A pilgrim of the everlasting Truth,  
Our measures cannot hold his measureless mind;

A nameless Marvel fills the motionless hours.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Two: The Gospel of Death and Vanity of the Ideal
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Then pealed the calm inexorable voice:
'Abolishing hope, cancelling life's golden truths,
Fatal its accents smote the trembling air.'
'Prisoner of Nature, many-visioned spirit, Line 7 to
And souls emerged into mortality.'Line 199
'The subtle marvellous mind of man has feigned,
This is the world from which thy yearnings came.'
True, Truth here is awesome awfulness...

'This is the stuff from which the ideal is formed:
Its builder is thought, its base the heart's desire,
But nothing real answers to their call.
The ideal dwells not in heaven, nor on the earth,
A bright delirium of man's ardour of hope
Drunk with the wine of its own fantasy.
It is a brilliant shadow's dreamy trail.'
Serf of his own illusory self the human...

'This angel in thy body thou callst love,
Who shapes his wings from thy emotion's hues,'
'It is a passion of thy yearning cells,
It is flesh that calls to flesh to serve its lust;
'It is thy mind that seeks an answering mind'
'It is thy life that asks a human prop'
'This beast thou dreamst immortal and a god.'
Strong enough Death pealing but Savitri more stronger...

'Earth only is there and not some heavenly source.
If heavens there are they are veiled in their own light,
If a Truth eternal somewhere reigns unknown,
It burns in a tremendous void of God;
For truth shines far from the falsehoods of the world;
True to today's world-life..save us oh Savitri.....
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 2

Page 607

That lovely world swam thin and frail, most like
Some pearly evanescent farewell gleam
On the faint verge of dusk in moonless eves.

Prophesying glories it shall never see,
It labours delicately among its dreams.
Behold this fleeing of light-tasselled shapes,
Aerial raiment of unbodied gods;

A rapture of things that never can be born,
Hope chants to hope a bright immortal choir;
Cloud satisfies cloud, phantom to longing phantom
Leans sweetly, sweetly is clasped or sweetly chased.

Page 608

A beast of prey that pauses in its prowl,
It crouches under a bush in splendid flower
To seize a heart and body for its food:

All here emerges born from Nothingness;
Encircled it lasts by the emptiness of Space,
Awhile upheld by an unknowing Force,
Then crumbles back into its parent Nought:
Only the mute Alone can for ever be.
How can the heavens come down to unhappy earth
Or the eternal lodge in drifting time?
How shall the Ideal tread earth's dolorous soil
Where life is only a labour and a hope,
A child of Matter and by Matter fed,
A fire flaming low in Nature's grate,
A wave that breaks upon a shore in Time,
A journey's toilsome trudge with death for goal?
The Avatars have lived and died in vain,
Vain was the sage's thought, the prophet's voice;
In vain is seen the shining upward Way.
Earth lies unchanged beneath the circling sun;

What is this love thy thought has deified,
This sacred legend and immortal myth?
It is a conscious yearning of thy flesh,
It is a glorious burning of thy nerves,
A rose of dream-splendour petalling thy mind,
A great red rapture and torture of thy heart.

A ravishing edge of sweetness and of pain,
A thrill in its yearning makes it seem divine,

When love breaks suddenly into the life
At first man steps into a world of the sun;
In his passion he feels his heavenly element:
But only a fine sunlit patch of earth
The marvellous aspect took of heaven's outburst;
The snake is there and the worm in the heart of the rose.
A word, a moment's act can slay the god;

Love cannot live by heavenly food alone,
Only on sap of earth can it survive.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Two: The Gospel of Death and Vanity of the Ideal
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Thus is the ideal falsified in man's world;
Trivial or sombre, disillusion comes,
Life's harsh reality stares at the soul:
Heaven's hour adjourned flees into bodiless Time.
Death saves thee from this and saves Satyavan:
He now is safe, delivered from himself;
He travels to silence and felicity.
Call him not back to the treacheries of earth'

But Savitri replied to the dark Power:
'A dangerous music now thou findst, O Death, Line 201 to
I cherish God the Fire, not God the Dream. 'Line 280
'But I forbid thy voice to slay my soul.
My love is not a hunger of the heart,
My love is not a craving of the flesh;
It came to me from God, to God returns.'
An honest reply true to Savitri's godly love

'A breath is felt from the eternal spheres.
Allowed by Heaven and wonderful to man
A sweet fire-rhythm of passion chants to love.
There is a hope in its wild infinite cry; '
It rings with callings from forgotten heights,
And when its strains are hushed to high-winged souls
In their empyrean, its burning breath
Survives beyond, the rapturous core of suns'...

'One who came love and lover and beloved
Eternal, built himself a wondrous field
And wove the measures of a marvellous dance.'
'He named himself for me, grew Satyavan.'
'For we were man and woman from the first,
The twin souls born from one undying fire.....
...........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 2

Page 613

One day I shall behold my great sweet world
Put off the dire disguises of the gods,
Unveil from terror and disrobe from sin.

Then shall we clasp the ecstasy we chase,
Then shall we shudder with the long-sought god,
Then shall we find Heaven's unexpected strain.

Ever he comes to us across the years
Bearing a new sweet face that is the old.

Page 614

His bliss laughs to us or it calls concealed
Like a far-heard unseen entrancing flute
From moonlit branches in the throbbing woods,
Tempting our angry search and passionate pain.

How has he through the thickets of the world
Pursued me like a lion in the night
And come upon me suddenly in the ways
And seized me with his glorious golden leap!

He rose like a wild wave out of the floods
And dragged me helpless into seas of bliss.
Out of my curtained past his arms arrive;
They have touched me like the soft persuading wind,
They have plucked me like a glad and trembling flower,
And clasped me happily burned in ruthless flame.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Two: The Gospel of Death and Vanity of the Ideal
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

Well designed words on defining love
Well worded verses on Savitri's stern love
'If there is a yet happier greater god,
Let him first wear the face of Satyavan
And let his soul be one with him I love;
So let him seek me that I may desire.'
Factual practicality of this Bharat
The husband is the God of his woman...

'For only one heart beats within my breast
And one god sits there throned. Advance, O Death,
Beyond the phantom beauty of this world;
For of its citizens I am not one.
I cherish God the Fire, not God the Dream.'
But Death once more inflicted on her heart
'A bright hallucination are thy 283 to
There into the hush from which thou cam'st retire.' Line 471

'Thou sendest eagle-poised to meet the sun'
'All thy high dreams were made by Matter's mind
To solace its dull work in Matter's jail,
Its only house where it alone seems true.'
'If Matter fails, all crumbling cracks and falls.
All upon Matter stands as on a rock.'
'All by Death's mercy breathe and live awhile,
'Accept the brief light that falls upon thy days;'

Oh, what an accuracy of words conceptual
Perfect verses hued with heaven's brush
Dominating, demanding...Death or Savitri?
Savitri of course...quoted again here her words
'For only one heart beats within my breast
And one god sits there throned'.. that's for women....
My consciousness this moment, 
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
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Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 2

Page 614

A prisoner haled by a spiritual cord,
Of thy own sensuous will the ardent slave,
Thou sendest eagle-poised to meet the sun
Words winged with the red splendour of thy heart.

Page 615

Artificer of Ideal and Idea,
Mind, child of Matter in the womb of Life,
To higher levels persuades his parents' steps:
Inapt, they follow ill the daring guide.

But Mind, a glorious traveller in the sky,
Walks lamely on the earth with footsteps slow;
Hardly he can mould the life's rebellious stuff,
Hardly can he hold the galloping hooves of sense:
His thoughts look straight into the very heavens;
They draw their gold from a celestial mine,
His acts work painfully a common ore.

A solid image of reality
Carved out of being to prop the works of Time,
Matter on the firm earth sits strong and sure.
It is the first-born of created things,
It stands the last when mind and life are slain,
And if it ended all would cease to be.
All else is only its outcome or its phase:

Thy soul is a brief flower by the gardener Mind
Created in thy matter's terrain plot;
It perishes with the plant on which it grows,
For from earth's sap it draws its heavenly hue:
Thy thoughts are gleams that pass on Matter's verge,
Thy life a lapsing wave on Matter's sea.

Page 615&616

A careful steward of Truth's limited means,
Treasuring her founded facts from the squandering Power,
It tethers mind to the tent-posts of sense,
To a leaden grey routine clamps Life's caprice
And ties all creatures with the cords of Law.
A vessel of transmuting alchemies,
A glue that sticks together mind and life,
If Matter fails, all crumbling cracks and falls.
All upon Matter stands as on a rock.
Yet this security and guarantor
Pressed for credentials an impostor proves:

Page 616

What seemed most real once, is Nihil's show.
Its figures are snares that trap and prison the sense;
The beginningless Void was its artificer:

Page 617

A huge expanding and contracting Breath
Harboured the fires of the universe:

I formed earth's beauty out of atom and gas,
And built from chemic plasm the living man.

Matter began to hope and think and feel,
Tissue and nerve bore joy and agony.

An ignorant personal God was born in Mind
And to understand invented reason's law,

Page 618
Wisdom and love thou claimest as thy right;
But knowledge in this world is error's mate,

A sweet secretion from the erotic glands
Flattering and torturing the burning nerves,
Love is a honey and poison in the breast
Drunk by it as the nectar of the gods.

But not on earth can divine wisdom reign
And not on earth can divine love be found;

This is the illusion of thy mortal heart
Dazzled by a ray of happiness or light.

Impotent to live by their own right divine,
Convinced of their brilliant unreality,
When their supporting ground is cut away,
These children of Matter into Matter die.

Even Matter vanishes into Energy's vague
And Energy is a motion of old Nought.

How shall the Ideal's unsubstantial hues
Be painted stiff on earth's vermilion blur,
A dream within a dream come doubly true?
How shall the will-o'-the-wisp become a star?
The Ideal is a malady of thy mind,
A bright delirium of thy speech and thought,
A strange wine of beauty lifting thee to false sight.

End of Book-10 Canto-2

Indira Renganathan
Aurobindo 143 Savitri Book 10

An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Three - The Debate of Love and Death
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'O dark-browed sophist of the universe Line 5 to
Love is man's lien on the Absolute.' Line 461
Who veilst the Real with its own Idea, '
'Thou hast used words to shutter out the Light
And called in Truth to vindicate a lie.'
'O Death, thou speakest truth but truth that slays,
I answer to thee with the Truth that saves.'
So was Savitri's determined reply

'O Death, thou lookst on an unfinished world
Assailed by thee and of its road unsure,
Peopled by imperfect minds and ignorant lives,
And sayest God is not and all is vain.
How shall the child already be the man?
Because he is infant, shall he never grow?
Because he is ignorant, shall he never learn?'
A spiritual metamorphosis through a cosmic journey

'A miracle structure of the eternal Mage,
Matter its mystery hides from its own eyes,
A scripture written out in cryptic signs,
An occult document of the All-Wonderful's art.
All here bears witness to his secret might,
In all we feel his presence and his power.'
'He has built a world in the unknowing Void.
His forms he has massed from infinitesimal dust;'

'Immortality assured itself by death;
The Eternal's face was seen through drifts of Time.'
'His knowledge he disguised as Ignorance,
His Good he sowed in Evil's monstrous bed,'
'Made error a door by which Truth could enter in,
His plant of bliss watered with Sorrow's tears.'...
.........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 3

Page 621

Hiding with brute objects Nature's living face,
Masking eternity with thy dance of death,
Thou hast woven the ignorant mind into a screen
And made of Thought error's purveyor and scribe,
And a false witness of mind's servant sense.

A lying reality is falsehood's crown
And a perverted truth her richest gem.

A traveller new-discovering himself,
One made of Matter's world his starting-point,
He made of Nothingness his living-room
And Night a process of the eternal light
And death a spur towards immortality.

God wrapped his head from sight in Matter's cowl,
His consciousness dived into inconscient depths,
All-Knowledge seemed a huge dark Nescience;
Infinity wore a boundless zero's form.
His abysms of bliss became insensible deeps,
Eternity a blank spiritual Vast.

Page 622

In inert Matter breathed a slumbering Life,
In a subconscient Life Mind lay asleep;
In waking Life it stretched its giant limbs
To shake from it the torpor of its drowse;
In waking Mind, the Thinker built his house.
A reasoning animal willed and planned and sought;

Page 623

In a small fragile seed a great tree lurks,
In a tiny gene a thinking being is shut;

A little element in a little sperm,
It grows and is a conqueror and a sage.

In God concealed the world began to be,
Tardily it travels towards manifest God:

Our imperfection towards perfection toils,
The body is the chrysalis of a soul:

The infinite holds the finite in its arms,
Time travels towards revealed eternity.

Page 623&624

A blaze of his sovereign glory is the sun,
A glory is the gold and glimmering moon,
A glory is his dream of purple sky.

Page 624

A march of his greatness are the wheeling stars.
His laughter of beauty breaks out in green trees,
His moments of beauty triumph in a flower;

The blue sea's chant, the rivulet's wandering voice
Are murmurs falling from the Eternal's harp.
This world is God fulfilled in outwardness.

If mind is crippled, life untaught and crude,
If brutal masks are there and evil acts,
They are incidents of his vast and varied plot,
His great and dangerous drama's needed steps;
A play and yet no play but the deep scheme
Of a transcendent Wisdom finding ways
To meet her Lord in the shadow and the Night:
Above her is the vigil of the stars;

Page 624&625

The Mighty Mother her creation wrought,
A huge caprice self-bound by iron laws,
And shut God into an enigmatic world:
She lulled the Omniscient into nescient sleep,
Omnipotence on Inertia's back she drove,
Trod perfectly with divine unconscious steps
The enormous circle of her wonder-works.

A thousand aspects point back to the One;
A dual Nature covered the Unique.
In this meeting of the Eternal's mingling masques,
This tangle-dance of passionate contraries
Locking like lovers in a forbidden embrace
The quarrel of their lost identity,
Through this wrestle and wrangle of the extremes of Power
Earth's million roads struggled towards deity.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Three - The Debate of Love and Death
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'All stumbled on behind a stumbling Guide,
Yet every stumble is a needed pace
On unknown routes to an unknowable goal'
'All blundered and straggled towards the One Divine.'
'Even wisdom, hewer of the roads of God,
Is a partner in the deep disastrous game: '
Satanic is wisdom of mortals and dark
Stumbled to be corrected only by godly thoughts

'Our knowledge walks leaning on Error's staff, '
'A darkness wallows in the paths of Time'
'It makes a cloud of the interpreting mind
And intercepts the oracles of the Sun.
Yet Light is there; it stands at Nature's doors:
It holds a torch to lead the traveller in.
It waits to be kindled in our secret cells; '
To look into ourselves is our duty

'It is a star lighting an ignorant sea,
A lamp upon our poop piercing the night.
As knowledge grows Light flames up from within:
It is a shining warrior in the mind,
An eagle of dreams in the divining heart,
An armour in the fight, a bow of God.'
Then larger dawns arrive and Wisdom's pomps
Cross through the being's dim half-lighted fields; '

'Philosophy climbs up Thought's cloud-bank peaks
And Science tears out Nature's occult powers,
Enormous djinns who serve a dwarf's small needs,
Exposes the sealed minutiae of her art
And conquers her by her own captive force.....

.............My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 3

Page 625

Idols of an oblique divinity,
They wore the heads of animal or troll,
Assumed ears of the faun, the satyr’s hoof,
Or harboured the demoniac in their gaze:

A crooked maze they made of thinking mind,
They suffered a metamorphosis of the heart,
Admitting bacchant revellers from the Night
Into its sanctuary of delights,
As in a Dionysian masquerade.

On the highways, in the gardens of the world
They wallowed oblivious of their divine parts,
As drunkards of a dire Circean wine
Or a child who sprawls and sports in Nature's mire.

Page 626

On the ocean surface of vast Consciousness
Small thoughts in shoals are fished up into a net

Page 627

On heights unreached by mind's most daring soar,
Upon a dangerous edge of failing Time
The soul draws back into its deathless Self;
Man's knowledge becomes God's supernal Ray.
There is the mystic realm whence leaps the power
Whose fire burns in the eyes of seer and sage;
A lightning flash of visionary sight,
It plays upon an inward verge of mind:

Above the planes that climb from nescient earth,
A hand is lifted towards the Invisible's realm,
Beyond the superconscient's blinding line
And plucks away the screens of the Unknown;
A spirit within looks into the Eternal's eyes.

Thus all was plunged into the riddling Night,
Thus all is raised to meet a dazzling Sun.

Indira Renganathan
"O Death, this is the mystery of thy reign.
In earth's anomalous and magic field
Carried in its aimless journey by the sun
Mid the forced marches of the great dumb stars,
A darkness occupied the fields of God,
And Matter's world was governed by thy shape.
Thy mask has covered the Eternal's face,
The Bliss that made the world has fallen asleep.'

'Abandoned in the Vast she slumbered on:
'But now the primal innocence is lost
And Death and Ignorance govern the mortal world
'Earth still has kept her early charm and grace,
The grandeur and the beauty still are hers,
But veiled is the divine Inhabitant.'
'The souls of men have wandered from the Light
And the great Mother turns away her face.'

'The eyes of the creatrix Bliss are closed
And sorrow's touch has found her in her dreams.'
'Forgetting her instinct of felicity,
Forgetting to create a world of joy,
She weeps and makes her creatures' eyes to weep;
'A puritan God made pleasure a poisonous fruit,
Or red drug in the market-place of Death,
And sin the child of Nature's ecstasy.'

A long strong slap of words haunting Death
A strong long answer for Death to realise
A long strong discourse for the humans
A strong long preaching for us to discern
'Yet every creature hunts for happiness,' Savitri continues with her accounting....
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 3

Page 628

Only through her creative slumber flit  
Frail memories of the joy and beauty meant  
Under the sky's blue laugh mid green-scarfed trees  
And happy squanderings of scents and hues,  
In the field of the golden promenade of the sun  
And the vigil of the dream-light of the stars,  
Amid high meditating heads of hills,  
On the bosom of voluptuous rain-kissed earth  
And by the sapphire tumblings of the sea.

Page 629

Our nature twisted by the abortive birth  
Returns wry answers to life's questioning shocks,  
An acrid relish finds in the world's pangs,  
Drinks the sharp wine of grief's perversity.  

Delight, God's sweetest sign and Beauty's twin,  
Dreaded by aspiring saint and austere sage,  
Is shunned, a dangerous and ambiguous cheat,  
A specious trick of an infernal Power  
It tempts the soul to its self-hurt and fall

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Three - The Debate of Love and Death
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Even joy itself becomes a poisonous draught;'
'Yet for joy and not for sorrow earth was made
And not as a dream in endless suffering Time.'
'A secret air of pure felicity
Deep like a sapphire heaven our spirits breathe;
Our hearts and bodies feel its obscure call,
Our senses grope for it and touch and lose.'
Despite its eerie abysm every heart is aware of it

'If this withdrew, the world would sink in the Void;
If this were not, nothing could move or live.
A hidden Bliss is at the root of things.'
'A mute Delight regards Time's countless works:
To house God's joy in things Space gave wide room,
To house God's joy in self our souls were born.'
Wonderful words of expounding soul
'To house God's joy in self our souls were born.'

'Even in this labour and dolour of Ignorance,
On the hard perilous ground of difficult earth,
In spite of death and evil circumstance
A will to live persists, a joy to be.'
'It grows towards the Titan and the God.
On earth it lingers drinking its deep fill,
Through the symbol of her pleasure and her pain,
'All being it explores for unknown bliss,'

'Life brings into the earthly creature's days
A tongue of glory from a brighter sphere: '
'To the enjoyer of the cosmic scene
His greatness and his littleness equal are,
His magnanimity and meanness hues
Cast on some neutral background of the gods: '.....
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 3

Page 630

This universe an old enchantment guards;  
Its objects are carved cups of World-Delight  
Whose charmed wine is some deep soul's rapture-drink:

His fires of grandeur burn in the great sun,  
He glides through heaven shimmering in the moon;  
He is beauty carolling in the fields of sound;  
He chants the stanzas of the odes of Wind;  
He is silence watching in the stars at night;  
He wakes at dawn and calls from every bough,  
Lies stunned in the stone and dreams in flower and tree.

Indifferent to the threat of Karmic law,  
Joy dares to grow upon forbidden soil,  
Its sap runs through the plant and flowers of Pain:

It thrills with the drama of fate and tragic doom,  
It tears its food from sorrow and ecstasy,  
On danger and difficulty whets its strength;

It wallows with the reptile and the worm  
And lifts its head, an equal of the stars;  
It shares the faeries' dance, dines with the gnome:

Page 630&631
It basks in the light and heat of many suns,
The sun of Beauty and the sun of Power
Flatter and foster it with golden beams;

Angel and demon brides his chamber share,
Possessors or competitors for life's heart.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Three - The Debate of Love and Death
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Beyond the earth, but meant for delivered earth,
Wisdom and joy prepare their perfect crown;
Truth superhuman calls to thinking man.
At last the soul turns to eternal things,
In every shrine it cries for the clasp of God.
Then is there played the crowning Mystery,
Then is achieved the longed-for miracle.'
Just only for the thinking man....

'A mystic slow transfiguration works.
All our earth starts from mud and ends in sky,
And Love that was once an animal's desire,
Then a sweet madness in the rapturous heart,
An ardent comradeship in the happy mind,
Becomes a wide spiritual yearning's space.
A lonely soul passions for the Alone,'
Lovely, lovely..variegated colours of love

'All is itself, all is new-felt in God:
A Lover leaning from his cloister's door
Gathers the whole world into his single breast.
Then shall the business fail of Night and Death:
When unity is won, when strife is lost
And all is known and all is clasped by Love
Who would turn back to ignorance and pain?
Clever Truth to fail 'Night and Death'

'O Death, I have triumphed over thee within;
I quiver no more with the assault of grief;
A mighty calmness seated deep within
Has occupied my body and my sense:
It takes the world's grief and transmutes to strength,
It makes the world's joy one with the joy of God....
My consciousness this moment,  
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 3

Page 632

Time thrills to the sapphics of her amour-song  
And Space fills with a white beatitude.

In the vast golden laughter of Truth's sun  
Like a great heaven-bird on a motionless sea  
Is poised her winged ardour of creative joy  
On the still deep of the Eternal's peace.

Out of the Void this grand creation rose, -  
For this the Spirit came into the Abyss  
And charged with its power Matter's unknowing force,  
In Night's bare session to cathedral Light,  
In Death's realm repatriate immortality.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Three - The Debate of Love and Death
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's.

Arduous her efforts along the dark road was heroic
Her venturous word-war against Death was valorous
'O Death, not for my heart's sweet poignancy
Nor for my happy body's bliss alone
I have claimed from thee the living Satyavan,
But for his work and mine, our sacred charge.
Our lives are God's messengers beneath the stars;
What a clever talk from Savitri to Death..

'To dwell under death's shadow they have come
Tempting God's light to earth for the ignorant race,
His love to fill the hollow in men's hearts,
His bliss to heal the unhappiness of the world.
For I, the woman, am the force of God,
He the Eternal's delegate soul in man.
My will is greater than thy law, O Death;
My love is stronger than the bonds of Fate:

'Our love is the heavenly seal of the Supreme.
I guard that seal against thy rending hands.
Love must not cease to live upon the earth;
For Love is the bright link twixt earth and heaven,
Love is the far Transcendent's angel here;
Love is man's lien on the Absolute.'
Her determination was heaven-high
So were her words godly nectarous

'But to the woman Death the god replied,
With the ironic laughter of his voice
Discouraging the labour of the stars:
Death is Inconscience and Inconscience is dark
Dark is Death and his shadowy job and to Savitri
His soundless voice even was dark.....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 3

Page 633

My love eternal sits throned on God's calm;
For Love must soar beyond the very heavens
And find its secret sense ineffable;

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Three - The Debate of Love and Death
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Even so men cheat the Truth with splendid thoughts.
Thus wilt thou hire the glorious charlatan, Mind,
To weave from his Ideal's gossamer air
A fine raiment for thy body's nude desires
And thy heart's clutching greedy passion clothe?
Daub not the web of life with magic hues: '
A charlatan even in Savitri's era? unbelievable
O'Death, had in mind this our kind even then?

'Thy words are large murmurs in a mystic dream.
For how in the soiled heart of man could dwell
The immaculate grandeur of thy dream-built God, '
'O human face, put off mind-painted masks: '
'Accept thy futile birth, thy narrow life.
For truth is bare like stone and hard like death;
Bare in the bareness, hard with truth's hardness live.'
'But Savitri replied to the dire God: '

'Yes, my humanity is a mask of God:
He dwells in me, the mover of my acts,
Turning the great wheel of his cosmic work.'
'I am the thinking instrument of his power,
I incarnate Wisdom in an earthly breast,
I am his conquering and unslayable will.
The formless Spirit drew in me its shape;
In me are the Nameless and the secret Name.'

Seemingly strenuous and challenging continual
The debate of Love and Death along the dark
Yet a pleasant stress for the presaged victory
Their war of words battled fiery in spirited field
For Savitri to light her soul in Satyavan
'Death from the incredulous Darkness sent its cry: '..
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and
informative lines from Book 10 Canto 3

Page 634

Make rather thy thought a plain and faithful glass
Reflecting Matter and mortality,
who can see a face and form divine
In the naked two-legged worm thou callest man?

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book I The Book of Beginnings-
Canto V The Yoga of the King:
The Yoga of the Spirit's Freedom and Greatness
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'As thus it rose, to meet him bare and pure
A strong Descent leaped down. A Might, a Flame,
A Beauty half-visible with deathless eyes,
A violent Ecstasy, a Sweetness dire,
Enveloped him with its stupendous limbs
And penetrated nerve and heart and brain
That thrilled and fainted with the epiphany:
His nature shuddered in the Unknown's grasp.'

'His wakened mind became an empty slate
On which the Universal and Sole could write.'
'Eternity's contact broke the moulds of sense.'
'The imprisoned deity rent its magic fence.'
'The python coils of the restricting Law
Could not restrain the swift arisen God:
Abolished were the scripts of destiny.'
'He saw unpathed, unwalled, his titan scope.'

'All once impossible deemed could now become
A natural limb of possibility,
A new domain of normalcy supreme.'
'All's miracle here and can by miracle change.
This is that secret Nature's edge of might.'
'Across the unfolding of the seas of self
Appeared the deathless countries of the One.'
'He broke into another Space and Time.'

Like a child in primary class I touched this book
My curious eyes as passing through the pages
Bewared my heart my mind 'be wakeful'.
I became an alerted child not to misconstrue
Thou unsurpassable poetic beauty and Thine'reality
I pursued bowing Thee with wonderment that further pursues
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
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End of book-1
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Note: Some more inspiring descriptive lines from
Book-1 canto-5

Page 81

In a moment shorter than death, longer than Time,
By a Power more ruthless than Love, happier than Heaven,

An Omniscient knowing without sight or thought,
An indecipherable Omnipotence,
A mystic Form that could contain the worlds,
Yet make one human breast its passionate shrine,
Drew him out of his seeking loneliness
Into the magnitudes of God's embrace.

As when a timeless Eye annuls the hours
Abolishing the agent and the act,
So now his spirit shone out wide, blank, pure:

A fire that seemed the body of a god
Consumed the limiting figures of the past
And made large room for a new self to live.

Page 82

As through a dress the wearer's shape is seen,
There reached through forms to the hidden absolute
A cosmic feeling and transcendent sight.

Illusion lost her aggrandising lens;
As with a sound of thunder and of seas,
Vast barriers crashed around the huge escape.

Immutably coeval with the world,
Circle and end of every hope and toil
Inexorably drawn round thought and act,
The fixed immovable peripheries
Effaced themselves beneath the Incarnate's tread.

Page 83

The great hammer-beats of a pent-up world-heart
Burst open the narrow dams that keep us safe
Against the forces of the universe.

All was uncovered to his sealless eye.
A secret Nature stripped of her defence,
Once in a dreaded half-light formidable,
Overtaken in her mighty privacy
Lay bare to the burning splendour of his will.

In shadowy chambers lit by a strange sun
And opening hardly to hid mystic keys
Her perilous arcanes and hooded Powers
Confessed the advent of a mastering Mind
And bore the compulsion of a time-born gaze.

Page 84

An almighty occultist erects in Space
This seeming outward world which tricks the sense;
He weaves his hidden threads of consciousness,
He builds bodies for his shapeless energy;

Out of the unformed and vacant Vast he has made
His sorcery of solid images,
His magic of formative number and design,
The fixed irrational links none can annul,
This criss-cross tangle of invisible laws;

All she new-fashions by the thought and word,
Compels all substance by her wand of Mind.
Mind is a mediator divinity:
Its powers can undo all Nature's work:
Mind can suspend or change earth's concrete law.
Affranchised from earth-habit's drowsy seal
The leaden grip of Matter it can break;
Indifferent to the angry stare of Death,
It can immortalise a moment's work:
A simple fiat of its thinking force,
The casual pressure of its slight assent
Can liberate the Energy dumb and pent
Within its chambers of mysterious trance:

It makes the body's sleep a puissant arm,
Holds still the breath, the beatings of the heart,
While the unseen is found, the impossible done,
Communicates without means the unspoken thought;
It moves events by its bare silent will,
Acts at a distance without hands or feet.

This giant Ignorance, this dwarfish Life
It can illumine with a prophet sight,
Invoke the bacchic rapture, the Fury's goad,
In our body arouse the demon or the god,
Call in the Omniscient and Omnipotent,
Awake a forgotten Almightyness within.

In its own plane a shining emperor,
Even in this rigid realm, Mind can be king:

A mediatrix with veiled and nameless gods
Whose alien will touches our human life,
Imitating the World-Magician's ways
She invents for her self-bound free-will its grooves
And feigns for magic's freaks a binding cause.

From every source she has taken her cunning means,
She draws from the free-love marriage of the planes
Elements for her creation's tour-de-force:

A wonder-weft of knowledge incalculable,
A compendium of divine invention's feats
She has combined to make the unreal true
Or liberate suppressed reality:

In her unhedged Circean wonderland
Pell-mell she shepherds her occult mightinesses;

Page 88

A magic porch of entry glimmering
Quivered in a penumbra of screened Light,
A court of the mystical traffic of the worlds,
A balcony and miraculous facade.
Above her lightened high immensities;

Her gulf's stood nude, her far transcendences
Flamed in transparencies of crowded light.

Page 89

A last high world was seen where all worlds meet;
In its summit gleam where Night is not nor Sleep,
The light began of the Trinity supreme.

Page 90

A grand solution closed the long impasse
In which the heights of mortal effort end.
A reconciling Wisdom looked on life;

Page 91

As if the strophes of a cosmic ode,
A hierarchy of climbing harmonies
Peopled with voices and with visages
Aspired in a crescendo of the Gods
From Matter's abysses to the Spirit's peaks.

Sunbelts of knowledge, moonbelts of delight
Stretched out in an ecstasy of widenesses
Beyond our indigent corporeal range.
There he could enter, there awhile abide.

End of book-1
Indira Renganathan

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Three - The Debate of Love and Death
(Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's)

Stubborn Death was mindless to mind Savitri's plea
"O priestess in Imagination's house,
Persuade first Nature's fixed immutable laws
And make the impossible thy daily work.
How canst thou force to wed two eternal foes? '
'How shall thy will make one the true and false?
Where Matter is all, there Spirit is a dream: '
'The Real with the unreal cannot mate.'

'He who would turn to God, must leave the world;
He who would live in the Spirit, must give up life;
He who has met the Self, renounces self.'
'Two only are the doors of man's escape,
Death of his body Matter's gate to peace,
Death of his soul his last felicity.
In me all take refuge, for I, Death, am God.'
Our questions in Thou mind are answered Guru..

'But Savitri replied to mighty Death:
'My heart is wiser than the Reason's thoughts,
My heart is stronger than thy bonds, O Death.'
Stubborn was Savitri even extra-bold
'It sees and feels the one Heart beat in all,
It feels the high Transcendent's sunlike hands,
It sees the cosmic Spirit at its work;
In the dim Night it lies alone with God.'

'My heart's strength can carry the grief of the universe
And never falter from its luminous track,
Its white tremendous orbit through God's peace.
It can drink up the sea of All-Delight
And never lose the white spiritual touch,
'The calm that broods in the deep Infinite.'.....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and
informative lines from Book 10 Canto 3

If all are the Spirit, Matter is a lie,
And who was the liar who forged the universe?

The voyagers of the million routes of mind
Who have travelled through Existence to its end,
Sages exploring the world-ocean's vasts,
Have found extinction the sole harbour safe.

Indira Renganathan
Aurobindo 151 Savitri Book 10

An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Three - The Debate of Love and Death
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'He said, 'Art thou indeed so strong, O heart,
O soul, so free? And canst thou gather then
Bright pleasure from my wayside flowering boughs,
Yet falter not from thy hard journey's goal,
Meet the world's dangerous touch and never fall?
Show me thy strength and freedom from my laws.'
Oh, a debate upping towards the abysmal steeple
Oh Death, Savitri but to surely prove and win

But Savitri answered, 'Surely I shall find
Among the green and whispering woods of Life
Close-bosomed pleasures, only mine since his,
Or mine for him, because our joys are one.
And if I linger, Time is ours and God's,
And if I fall, is not his hand near mine?
All is a single plan; each wayside act
Deepens the soul's response, brings nearer the goal.'

'Death the contemptuous Nihil answered her:
'So prove thy absolute force to the wise gods,'
'Then will I give thee all thy soul desires,
All the brief joys earth keeps for mortal hearts.
Only the one dearest wish that outweighs all,
Hard laws forbid and thy ironic fate.'
'My will once wrought remains unchanged through Time,
And Satyavan can never again be thine.'

'But Savitri replied to the vague Power:
'If the eyes of Darkness can look straight at Truth,
Look in my heart and, knowing what I am,
Give what thou wilt or what thou must, O Death.
Nothing I claim but Satyavan alone.'
Behold! how vehement her plea was..
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May thereso, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused thereso be knowledge and fortune

Indira Renganathan
'Death bowed his sovereign head in cold assent:
'I give to thee, saved from death and poignant fate
Whatever once the living Satyavan
Desired in his heart for Savitri.
Bright noons I give thee and unwounded dawns,
Daughters of thy own shape in heart and mind,
Fair hero sons and sweetness undisturbed
Of union with thy husband dear and true.'

A ransom-whim to provoke her to return to earth
Wonderful cunning words by Death..
'The opposite sweetness in thy days shall meet
Of tender service to thy life's desired'
'Two poles of bliss made one, O Savitri.
Return, O child, to thy forsaken earth.'
Earth cannot flower if lonely I return.'

'What knowst thou of earth's rich and changing life
Who thinkst that one man dead all joy must cease? '
'O'Death fair your words to Savitri? much unfair
'Hope not to be unhappy till the end:
For grief dies soon in the tired human heart;
Soon other guests the empty chambers fill.
A transient painting on a holiday's floor
Traced for a moment's beauty love was made.'

'Give me back Satyavan, my only lord.
Thy thoughts are vacant to my soul that feels
The deep eternal truth in transient things.'
'Death answered her, 'Return and try thy soul!
Soon shalt thou find appeased that other men
On lavish earth have beauty, strength and truth, '...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 3

Page 637

Or if a voyager on the eternal trail,
Its objects fluent change in its embrace
Like waves to a swimmer upon infinite seas.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Three - The Debate of Love and Death
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

Oh Death, you sound satanic and not godly..
'For who, being mortal, can dwell glad alone?
Then Satyavan shall glide into the past,
A gentle memory pushed away from thee
By new love and thy children's tender hands,
Till thou shalt wonder if thou lov'dst at all.
Such is the life earth's travail has conceived,
A constant stream that never is the same.'

'But Savitri replied to mighty Death:
'O dark ironic critic of God's work,
'Mine is a heart that worshipped, though forsaken,
The image of the god its love adored; '
'Why dost thou vainly strive with me, O Death, '
'For now at last I know beyond all doubt,
The great stars burn with my unceasing fire'
'Earth saw my struggle, heaven my victory; '

'All shall be seized, transcended; there shall kiss
Casting their veils before the marriage fire
The eternal bridegroom and eternal bride.
The heavens accept our broken flights at last.
On our life's prow that breaks the waves of Time
No signal light of hope has gleamed in vain.'
'Thus with armed speech the great opponents strove.'
'Intent upon her silent will she walked'

'But now her spirit's flame of conscient force
Retiring from a sweetness without fruit
Called back her thoughts from speech to sit within
In a deep room in meditation's house.'
'Death walked in front of her and Satyavan,
In the dark front of Death, a failing star.'...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 3

Page 638&639

She spoke; the boundless members of the god
As if by secret ecstasy assailed,
Shuddered in silence as obscurely stir
Ocean's dim fields delivered to the moon.
Then lifted up as by a sudden wind
Around her in that vague and glimmering world
The twilight trembled like a bursting veil.

Page 639

Around those spirits in the glittering mist
A deepening half-light fled with pearly wings
As if to reach some far ideal Morn.

Outlined her thoughts flew through the gleaming haze
Mingling bright-pinioned with its lights and veils
And all her words like dazzling jewels were caught
Into the glow of a mysterious world,
Or tricked in the rainbow shifting of its hues
Like echoes swam fainting into far sound.

All utterance, all mood must there become
An unenduring tissue sewn by mind
To make a gossamer robe of beautiful change.

A floating veil of visions in her front,
A trailing robe of dreams behind her feet.
The mortal led, the god and spirit obeyed
And she behind was leader of their march
And they in front were followers of her will.
Onward they journeyed through the drifting ways
Vaguely companioned by the glimmering mists.

A heaven-bird upon jewelled wings of wind
Borne like a coloured and embosomed fire,
By spirits carried in a pearl-hued cave,
On through the enchanted dimness moved her soul.

End of Book-10 Canto-3

Indira Renganathan
A dolorous moment in chasmal depths
Yet Hope would not let down Savitri
'The dim-heart marvel of the ideal was lost; '
'A straining taut and dire besieged her heart;
Heavy her sense grew with a dangerous load,
And sadder, greater sounds were in her ears, '
'A foiled cinema of lit shadowy shapes
Enveloped in the grey mantle of a dream.'

'As if lost remnants of forgotten light,
Before her mind there fled with trailing wings
Dimmed revelations and delivering words,
Emptied of their mission and their strength to save,
The messages of the evangelist gods,
Voices of prophets, scripts of vanishing creeds.'
'The rolling cycles passed and came again,
Brought the same toils and the same barren end, '

'Once more arose the great destroying Voice: '
"Behold the figures of this symbol realm, Line 87 to
'I, Death, am the gate of immortality.'Line 233
'In its motion-parable of human life
Here thou canst trace the outcome Nature gives
To the sin of being and the error in things'
'In an immutable order's hierarchy
Where Nature changes not, man cannot change: '

'For mind is man, beyond thought he cannot soar.'
'He is a captive in his net of mind
And beats soul-wings against the walls of life.'
'In vain his heart lifts up its yearning prayer,
Peopling with brilliant Gods the formless Void; '
Wonderful study of human mind in Thou words....
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 4

Page 641

There came a slope that slowly downward sank;
It slipped towards a stumbling grey descent.

The dim-heart marvel of the ideal was lost;
Its crowding wonder of bright delicate dreams
And vague half-limned sublimities she had left:
Thought fell towards lower levels; hard and tense
It passioned for some crude reality.
The twilight floated still but changed its hues
And heavily swathed a less delightful dream;
It settled in tired masses on the air;
Its symbol colours tuned with duller reds
And almost seemed a lurid mist of day.

And through stern breakings of the lambent glare
Her vision caught a hurry of driving plains
And cloudy mountains and wide tawny streams,
And cities climbed in minarets and towers
Towards an unavailing changeless sky:
Long quays and ghauts and harbours white with sails
Challenged her sight awhile and then were gone.

Page 641&642

A savage din of labour and a tramp
Of armoured life and the monotonous hum
Of thoughts and acts that ever were the same,
As if the dull reiterated drone
Of a great brute machine, beset her soul,
A grey dissatisfied rumour like a ghost
Of the moaning of a loud unquiet sea.

A huge inhuman cyclopean voice,
A Babel-builders' song towering to heaven,
A throb of engines and the clang of tools
Brought the deep undertone of labour's pain.
As when pale lightnings tear a tortured sky,
High overhead a cloud-rimmed series flared
Chasing like smoke from a red funnel driven,
The forced creations of an ignorant Mind:

Ascetic voices called of lonely seers
On mountain summits or by river banks
Or from the desolate heart of forest glades
Seeking heaven's rest or the spirit's worldless peace,
Or in bodies motionless like statues, fixed
In tranced cessations of their sleepless thought
Sat sleeping souls, and this too was a dream.

Indira Renganathan
Aurobindo 155 Savitri Book 10

An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Four: The Dream Twilight of the Earthly Real
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'He imparts to the Immobile his own will,
Attributes to the Eternal wrath and love
And to the Ineffable lends a thousand names.
Hope not to call God down into his life.
How shalt thou bring the Everlasting here?
There is no house for him in hurrying Time.
Vainly thou seekst in Matter's world an aim;
No aim is there, only a will to be.'

'nothing ever have solved since earth began,
And sciences omnipotent in vain
By which men learn of what the suns are made,
Transform all forms to serve their outward needs,
Ride through the sky and sail beneath the sea,
But learn not what they are or why they came;'
'Why is it all, the labour and the din, Line 154 to
'Or nothing is there but only a Mind that dreams: 'Line 165

'The world is a myth that happened to come true,
A legend told to itself by conscious Mind,
Imaged and played on a feigned Matter's ground
On which it stands in an unsubstantial Vast.
Mind is the author, spectator, actor, stage:
Mind only is and what it thinks is seen.
If Mind is all, renounce the hope of bliss;
If Mind is all, renounce the hope of Truth.'

'Mind is a tissue woven of light and shade
Where right and wrong have sewn their mingled parts;
Or Mind is Nature's marriage of convenance
Between truth and falsehood, between joy and pain:
This struggling pair no court can separate.'
Awe-struck dumb my mind in silent wonderment....
...........My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and
informative lines from Book 10 Canto 4

Page 645

Why is it all, the labour and the din,
The transient joys, the timeless sea of tears,
The longing and the hoping and the cry,
The battle and the victory and the fall,
The aimless journey that can never pause,
The waking toil, the incoherent sleep,
Song, shouts and weeping, wisdom and idle words,
The laughter of men, the irony of the gods?
Where leads the march, whither the pilgrimage?
Who keeps the map of the route or planned each stage?
Or else self-moved the world walks its own way,
Or nothing is there but only a Mind that dreams:

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Four: The Dream Twilight of the Earthly Real
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Each thought is a gold coin with bright alloy
And error and truth are its obverse and reverse:
This is the imperial mintage of the brain
And of this kind is all its currency.
Think not to plant on earth the living Truth
Or make of Matter's world the home of God;
These words touch my heart at its immense depth
An appraisal of every human thought in true sense

'Truth comes not there but only the thought of Truth,
God is not there but only the name of God.'
'All things he sees with calm indifferent gaze,'
'How shall the mighty Mother her calm delight
Keep fragrant in this narrow fragile vase,
Or lodge her sweet unbroken ecstasy
In hearts which earthly sorrow can assail
And bodies careless Death can slay at will?'

Hmm..answer o'Savitri, only you can..
'If heavens there are whose gates are shut to grief,'
'If thou art Spirit and Nature is thy robe,
Cast off thy garb and be thy naked self
Immutable in its undying truth,
 Alone for ever in the mute Alone.'
Strongblow of terms but all true
Verses to ponder over again and again

'Turn then to God, for him leave all behind;
Forgetting love, forgetting Satyavan,
Annul thyself in his immobile peace.
O soul, drown in his still beatitude.
For thou must die to thyself to reach God's height:
I, Death, am the gate of immortality.'...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 4

Page 646

Immeasurably wise, he exceeds thy thought;
His solitary joy needs not thy love.
His truth in human thinking cannot dwell:

If thou desirest Truth, then still thy mind
For ever, slain by the dumb unseen Light.
Immortal bliss lives not in human air:

Page 647

If heavens there are whose gates are shut to grief,
There seek the joy thou couldst not find on earth;
Or in the imperishable hemisphere
Where Light is native and Delight is king
And Spirit is the deathless ground of things,
Choose thy high station, child of Eternity.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Four: The Dream Twilight of the Earthly Real
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

Well, Savitri was not ordinary but godly o'Death
Extraordinary inner powers dominated her heart..
'Once more wilt thou call Light to blind Truth's eyes, Line 235 to
'My spirit's liberty I ask for all.' Line 308
'Offer, O King, thy boons to tired spirits'
'Surely thy boons are great since thou art He! '
'But how shall I seek rest in endless peace
Who house the mighty Mother's violent force, '

'The soul is a figure of the Unmanifest,
The mind labours to think the Unthinkable,
The life to call the Immortal into birth,
The body to enshrine the Illimitable.
The world is not cut off from Truth and God.'
'In vain thou hast dug the dark unbridgeable gulf,
In vain thou hast built the blind and doorless wall: '
All she speaks, authentic is all....

'My mind is a torch lit from the eternal sun,
My life a breath drawn by the immortal Guest,
My mortal body is the Eternal's house.
Already the torch becomes the undying ray,
Already the life is the Immortal's force, '
'How sayst thou Truth can never light the human mind
And Bliss can never invade the mortal's heart
Or God descend into the world he made? '

'If in the meaningless Void creation rose,
If from a bodiless Force Matter was born, '
'If sense could wake in tissue, nerve and cell
And Thought seize the grey matter of the brain,
And soul peep from its secrecy through the flesh,
How shall the nameless Light not leap on men, '....
My consciousness this moment,  
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 4

Page 648

The world is a spiritual paradox  
Invented by a need in the Unseen,  
A poor translation to the creature’s sense  
Of That which for ever exceeds idea and speech,  
A symbol of what can never be symbolised,  
A language mispronounced, misspelt, yet true.

Man's soul crosses through thee to Paradise,  
Heaven's sun forces its way through death and night;  
Its light is seen upon our being’s verge.

Indira Renganathan
Answer o' Death to Savitri on the omnipresent One
And how'unknown powers emerge from Nature's sleep?'
'Even now the deathless Lover's touch we feel:
If the chamber's door is even a little ajar,
What then can hinder God from stealing in
Or who forbid his kiss on the sleeping soul?
Already God is near, the Truth is close:
Challenge o' Death can youSavitri and the Truth?

'Because the dark atheist body knows him not,
Must the sage deny the Light, the seer his soul?'
Yes, the right way of perceiving Him only helps
'I live in the glory of the Infinite,
I am near to the Nameless and Unknowable,
The Ineffable is now my household mate.
But standing on Eternity's luminous brink
I have discovered that the world was He;'

'I have met Spirit with spirit, Self with self,
But I have loved too the body of my God.
I have pursued him in his earthly form.
A lonely freedom cannot satisfy
A heart that has grown one with every heart:
I am a deputy of the aspiring world,
My spirit's liberty I ask for all.'
So she, Savitri is there to protect us all

'Then rang again a deeper cry of Death.'
'His form of dread was altered and admitted
Our transient effort at eternity,
Yet flung vast doubts of what might else have been
On grandiose hints of an impossible day.
The great voice surging cried to Savitri: '
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune
Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 4

Page 649

Even now hints of a luminous Truth like stars
Arise in the mind-mooned splendour of Ignorance;

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Four: The Dream Twilight of the Earthly Real
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Because thou knowst the wisdom that transcends Line 337 to
Respect the calm of great established things.' Line 382
'If free thou hadst kept thy mind from life's fierce stress,
Thou mightst have been like them omniscient, calm.
But the violent and passionate heart forbids.'
'Hasteners to action, violators of God
Are these great spirits who have too much love, '
Words of wisdom carry still a long debate...

'The wise are tranquil; silent the great hills
Rise ceaselessly towards their unreached sky,
Seated on their unchanging base, their heads
Dreamless in heaven's immutable domain.'
Wonderful example o' Death
'The wise think with the cycles, they hear the tread
Of far-off things; patient, unmoved they keep
Their dangerous wisdom in their depths restrained, '

'God hides his thought and, even, he seems to err.
Be still and tardy in the slow wise world.
Mighty art thou with the dread goddess filled,
To whom thou criedst at dawn in the dim woods.
Use not thy strength like the wild Titan souls!
Touch not the seated lines, the ancient laws,
Respect the calm of great established things.'
Who is wiser? Savitri or Death...

'What is the calm thou vauntst, O Law, O Death?
Is it not the dull-visioned tread inert
Of monstrous energies chained in a stark round
Soulless and stone-eyed with mechanic dreams?
Vain the soul's hope if changeless Law is all: '
Savitri will never give up her hope....
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 4

Page 650

It is the storm bird of an anarch Power  
That would upheave the world and tear from it  
The indecipherable scroll of Fate,  
Death's rule and Law and the unknowable Will.

Page 651

Motionlessly moving with the might of earth,  
They see the ages pass and are the same.

Lest man's frail days into the unknown should sink  
Dragged like a ship by bound leviathan  
Into the abyss of his stupendous seas.

Lo, how all shakes when the gods tread too near!  
All moves, is in peril,anguished, torn, upheaved.

The hurrying aeons would stumble on too swift  
If strength from heaven surprised the imperfect earth  
And veilless knowledge smote these unfit souls.  
The deities have screened their dreadful power:

Indira Renganathan
'Impose not upon sentient minds and hearts
The dull fixity that binds inanimate things.'
'I trample on thy law with living feet;
For to arise in freedom I was born.
If I am mighty let my force be unveiled
Equal companion of the dateless powers,
Or else let my frustrated soul sink down
Unworthy of Godhead in the original sleep.'

'I claim from Time my will's eternity,
God from his moments.' Decisive indeed she was..
'Why should the noble and immortal will
Stoop to the petty works of transient earth,
Freedom forgotten and the Eternal's path? '
Despite her words earlier on the All-Pervading
How you utter dark words still o' Death?
How well on the word-stairs they go I wonder

'Child, hast thou trodden the gods beneath thy feet
Only to win poor shreds of earthly life
For him thou lov'st cancelling the grand release,
Keeping from early rapture of the heavens
His soul the lenient deities have called?
Are thy arms sweeter than the courts of God? '
'She answered, 'Straight I trample on the road
The strong hand hewed for me which planned our paths.'

'I run where his sweet dreadful voice commands
And I am driven by the reins of God.'
'Easy the heavens were to build for God.
Earth was his difficult matter, earth the glory
Gave of the problem and the race and strife.
There are the ominous masks, the terrible powers; '...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 4

Page 653

Why drew he wide his scheme of mighty worlds
Or filled infinity with his passionate breath?
Or wherefore did he build my mortal form
And sow in me his bright and proud desires,
If not to achieve, to flower in me, to love,
Carving his human image richly shaped
In thoughts and largenesses and golden powers?
Far Heaven can wait our coming in its calm.

Indira Renganathan
There it is greatness to create the gods.
Is not the spirit immortal and absolved
Always, delivered from the grasp of Time?
Why came it down into the mortal's Space?
A charge he gave to his high spirit in man
And wrote a hidden decree on Nature's tops.'
An obligatory analysis and preaching
Needed words for the questers of the Absolute

'Freedom is this with ever seated soul,
Large in life's limits, strong in Matter's knots,
Building great stuff of action from the worlds
To make fine wisdom from coarse, scattered strands
And love and beauty out of war and night,
The wager wonderful, the game divine.'
'What liberty has the soul which feels not free'
'This is my answer to thy lures, O Death.'

'However mighty, whatever thy secret name Line 462 to
Leave then thy dead, O Savitri, and live.' Line 538
'Thy heart's ephemeral passion cannot break
The iron rampart of accomplished things
With which the great Gods fence their camp in Space.
Whoever thou art behind thy human mask,
Even if thou art the Mother of the worlds'
'The cosmic Law is greater than thy will.'

'Even God himself obeys the Laws he made:
The Law abides and never can it change,
The Person is a bubble on Time's sea.
A forerunner of a greater Truth to come,
A Light above which none but thou hast seen,
Thou claimst the first fruits of Truth's victory
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Indira Renganathan
'But what is Truth and who can find her form'
'where is Truth and when was her footfall heard'
'is Truth aught but a high starry name'
'All things hang here between God's yes and no,
Two Powers real but to each other untrue,
Two consort stars in the mooned night of mind
That towards two opposite horizons gaze,
The white head and black tail of the mystic drake, '

'Too dangerously thy high proud truth must live
Entangled in Matter's mortal littleness.
'Objects are seemings and none knows their truth,
Ideas are guesses of an ignorant god.
Truth has no home in earth's irrational breast:
Yet without reason life is a tangle of dreams,
But reason is poised above a dim abyss
And stands at last upon a plank of doubt.'

All truth bound in Thy splendid explication Guru! !
'Eternal truth lives not with mortal men.
Or if she dwells within thy mortal heart,
Show me the body of the living Truth'
'Then will I give thee back thy Satyavan.
But here are only facts and steel-bound Law.
This truth I know that Satyavan is dead'
But that's a human feeling o'Death not a god's

'No power of earth cancel the thing once done,
No joy of the heart can last surviving death,
No bliss persuade the past to live again.
But Life alone can solace the mute Void
And fill with thought the emptiness of Time.
Leave then thy dead, O Savitri, and live.'....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 4

Page 654

But what is Truth and who can find her form
Amid the specious images of sense,
Amid the crowding guesses of the mind
And the dark ambiguities of a world
Peopled with the incertitudes of Thought?

For where is Truth and when was her footfall heard
Amid the endless clamour of Time's mart
And which is her voice amid the thousand cries
That cross the listening brain and cheat the soul?

Or is Truth aught but a high starry name
Or a vague and splendid word by which man's thought
Sanctions and consecrates his nature's choice,

Page 655

All in this world is true, yet all is false:
Its thoughts into an eternal cipher run,
Its deeds swell to Time's rounded zero sum.

Thus man at once is animal and god,
A disparate enigma of God's make
Unable to free the Godhead's form within,
A being less than himself, yet something more,
The aspiring animal, the frustrate god
Yet neither beast nor deity but man,
But man tied to the kind earth's labour strives to exceed
Climbing the stairs of God to higher things.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Four: The Dream Twilight of the Earthly Real
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'The Woman answered to the mighty Shade,
And as she spoke, mortality disappeared;
Her Goddess self grew visible in her eyes,
Light came, a dream of heaven, into her face.'
A long preaching on God she discoursed
The omnipresent all and ever pervading
In this and that, here and there, all and nothing
Formed and formless that can be only felt...

'O Death, thou too art God and yet not He, Line 543 to
And earthly life become the life divine.' Line 805
Through my eyes into my heart these words when seat
Overwhelmed and spellbound my mind with no move next
You read and feel the God therein my dear friend...
'But who can show to thee Truth's glorious face?
Our human words can only shadow her.'
Ah, harken, how great she enunciates....

'To thought she is an unthinkable rapture of light,
To speech a marvel inexpressible.
O Death, if thou couldst touch the Truth supreme
Thou wouldst grow suddenly wise and cease to be.
If our souls could see and love and clasp God's Truth,
Its infinite radiance would seize our hearts,
Our being in God's image be remade
And earthly life become the life divine.'

'Then Death the last time answered Savitri:
'If Truth supreme transcends her shadow here
Severed by Knowledge and the climbing vasts,
What bridge can cross the gulf that she has left
Between her and the dream-world she has made? '
'O soul who flutterest to escape my net? ...

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 4

Page 656

"O Death, thou too art God and yet not He,
But only his own black shadow on his path
As leaving the Night he takes the upward Way
And drags with him its clinging inconscient Force.

All contraries are aspects of God's face.
The Many are the innumerable One,
The One carries the multitude in his breast;

He is the Impersonal, inscrutable, sole,
He is the one infinite Person seeing his world;

The Silence bears the Eternal's great dumb seal,
His light inspires the eternal Word;

He is the Immobile's deep and deathless hush,
Its white and signless blank negating calm,
Yet stands the creator Self, the almighty Lord
And watches his will done by the forms of Gods
And the desire that goads half-conscious man
And the reluctant and unseeing Night.

These wide divine extremes, these inverse powers
Are the right and left side of the body of God;

Page 657

A still deep sea, he laughs in rolling waves;
Universal, he is all, transcendent, none.

Page 658

Ingenious notes plugged into a motived score,
These million discords dot the harmonious theme
Of the evolution's huge orchestral dance.

Its gleaming shards are Wisdom's diamond thoughts,
Its shadowy reflex our ignorance.

Page 659

A demigod animal, came thinking man;
He wallows in mud, yet heavenward soars in thought;

A few have dared the last supreme ascent
And break through borders of blinding light above,
And feel a breath around of mightier air,
Receive a vaster being's messages
And bathe in its immense intuitive Ray.

On summit Mind are radiant altitudes
Exposed to the lustre of Infinity,
Outskirts and dependencies of the house of Truth,
Upraised estates of Mind and measureless.
There man can visit but there he cannot live.
A cosmic Thought spreads out its vastitudes;
Its smallest parts are here philosophies
Challenging with their detailed immensity,
Each figuring an omniscient scheme of things.
But higher still can climb the ascending light;

Page 660

A highest flight climbs to a deepest view:

Intuition's lightnings range in a bright pack
Hunting all hidden truths out of their lairs,
Its fiery edge of seeing absolute
Cleaves into locked unknown retreats of self,
Rummages the sky-recesses of the brain,
Lights up the occult chambers of the heart;

Thought there has revelation's sun-bright eyes;

The Word, a mighty and inspiring Voice,
Enters Truth's inmost cabin of privacy
And tears away the veil from God and life.

The Powers that build the cosmos station take
In its house of infinite possibility;
Each god from there builds his own nature's world;

Page 662

A cosmic vision, a spiritual sense
Feels all the Infinite lodged in finite form
And seen through a quivering ecstasy of light
Discovers the bright face of the Bodiless,
In the truth of a moment, in the moment's soul
Can sip the honey-wine of Eternity.

Page 662&663

The Truth supreme, vast and impersonal
Fits faultlessly the hour and circumstance,
Its substance a pure gold ever the same
But shaped into vessels for the spirit's use,
Its gold becomes the wine jar and the vase.
All there is a supreme epiphany:

Indira Renganathan
'Who then art thou hiding in human guise?
Thy voice carries the sound of infinity,
Knowledge is with thee, Truth speaks through thy words;
The light of things beyond shines in thy eyes.
'Hast thou God's force to build heaven's values here?
For truth and knowledge are an idle gleam
If Knowledge brings not power to change the world,
If Might comes not to give to Truth her right.'

'O human claimant to immortality,
Reveal thy power, lay bare thy spirit's force,
Then will I give back to thee Satyavan.
Or if the Mighty Mother is with thee,
Show me her face that I may worship her;
'Then can thy dead return to thee and live.'
The prostrate earth perhaps shall lift her gaze
And feel near her the secret body of God'

So Death had none but to surrender it seems..
'Almost it seemed as if in his symbol shape
The world's darkness had consented to Heaven-light'
'A mighty transformation came on her.
A halo of the indwelling Deity,
The Immortal's lustre that had lit her face
And tented its radiance in her body's house,
Overflowing made the air a luminous sea.'

'In a flaming moment of apocalypse
The Incarnation thrust aside its veil.
A little figure in infinity
Yet stood and seemed the Eternal's very house,
As if the world's centre was her very soul
And all wide space was but its outer robe.'.....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 4

Page 664

A blind Force, not Truth has made this ignorant world,
A blind Force, not Truth orders the lives of men:
By Power, not Light, the great Gods rule the world;
Power is the arm of God, the seal of Fate.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight
Canto Four: The Dream Twilight of the Earthly Real
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'A curve of the calm hauteur of far heaven
Descending into earth's humility,
Her forehead's span vaulted the Omniscient's gaze,
Her eyes were two stars that watched the universe.'
These heavenly words are too special
For they launch here from a heavenly heart..Guru's
'The Presence chambered in lotus secrecy,
Came down and held the centre in her brow'

'Where the mind's Lord in his control-room sits;
There throned on concentration's native seat
He opens that third mysterious eye in man, '
Yes even to open the third eye fate needs Him
'It stirred in the lotus of her throat of song,
And in her speech throbbed the immortal Word,
Her life sounded with the steps of the world-soul
Moving in harmony with the cosmic Thought.'

'It glided into the lotus of her heart
And woke in it the Force that alters Fate.'
'Thus changed she waited for the Word to speak.
Eternity looked into the eyes of Death
And Darkness saw God's living Reality.
Then a Voice was heard that seemed the stillness' self
"I hail thee, almighty and victorious Death, Line 824 to
'The eternal bridegroom of the eternal bride.'Line926

'Thou art my shadow and my instrument.'
'But now, O timeless Mightiness, stand aside
And leave the path of my incarnate Force.
Relieve the radiant God from thy black mask:
Release the soul of the world called Satyavan
Freed from thy clutch of pain and ignorance'...
My consciousness this moment, 
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and
informative lines from Book 10 Canto 4

Page 665

As glides God's sun into the mystic cave
Where hides his light from the pursuing gods,
It glided into the lotus of her heart
And woke in it the Force that alters Fate

Page 666

Hunger that gnawest at the universe
Consuming the cold remnants of the suns
And eatst the whole world with thy jaws of fire,
Waster of the energy that has made the stars,

Live, Death, awhile, be still my instrument.
One day man too shall know thy fathomless heart
Of silence and the brooding peace of Night
And grave obedience to eternal Law
And the calm inflexible pity in thy gaze.

Indira Renganathan
She spoke; Death unconvinced resisted still,
Although he knew refusing still to know,
Although he saw refusing still to see.
Unshakable he stood claiming his right.
His spirit bowed; his will obeyed the law
Of its own nature binding even on Gods.
The Two opposed each other face to face.
His being like a huge fort of darkness towered; '

Around it her light grew, an ocean's siege.
Awhile the Shade survived defying heaven:
Assailing in front, oppressing from above,
A concrete mass of conscious power, he bore
The tyranny of her divine desire.
Miracles are by the Divine heavenly
So too with Savitri herself the divine daughter
Obey o' Death, stoop to the divine command.

His darkness muttered perishing in her blaze.
Her mastering Word commanded every limb
And left no room for his enormous will'
He called to Night but she fell shuddering back,
He called to Hell but sullenly it retired: '
He turned to the Inconscient for support,'
'It drew him back towards boundless vacancy'
'He called to his strength, but it refused his call.'

At last he knew defeat inevitable'
'Afar he fled shunning her dreaded touch
And refuge took in the retreating Night.'
'And Satyavan and Savitri were alone.
But neither stirred: between those figures rose
A mute invisible and translucent wall.'...
My consciousness this moment,
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 10 Canto 4

Page 667

A pressure of intolerable force
Weighed on his unbowed head and stubborn breast;
Light like a burning tongue licked up his thoughts,
Light was a luminous torture in his heart,
Light coursed, a splendid agony, through his nerves;

Page 668

In the dream twilight of that symbol world
The dire universal Shadow disappeared
Vanishing into the Void from which it came.

End of Canto 4
End of Book 10

Indira Renganathan
'A marvellous sun looked down from ecstasy's skies'
Capturing his secret heart-beats of delight.'
'God's everlasting day surrounded her,'
'Infinity's finite fronts she lived in, new
For ever to an everliving sight.'
'Twilight and mist were exiles from that air,
Night was impossible to such radiant heavens.'
A life divine winning over Death to deathless...

'Of all the beauty and the marvel here,
Of all Time's intricate variety
Eternity was the substance and the source; '
A Truth only to be felt and realised...
'Thought's wings climbed up towards heaven's vast repose
Lost in blue deeps of immortality.
A changed earth-nature felt the breath of peace.'
'All thrilled with the immanence of one divine.'

'Ecstatic voices smote at hearing's chords,
Each movement found a music all its own;
'Songs thrilled of birds upon unfading boughs
The colours of whose plumage had been caught
From the rainbow of imagination's wings.
Immortal fragrance packed the quivering breeze.'
Oh, what a wonderful spec with word-beauty..
'She saw all Nature marvellous without fault.'

'The mighty signs of which earth fears the stress,
Trembling because she cannot understand,
And must keep obscure in forms strange and sublime,
Were here the first lexicon of an infinite mind
Translating the language of eternal bliss.'
'The heart was a torch lit from infinity'....

..........My consciousness this moment,
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1

Page 671

Immortal to the rapturous heart and eyes,
In serene arches of translucent calm
From Wonder's dream-vasts cloudless skies slid down
An abyss of sapphire; sunlight visited eyes
Which suffered without pain the absolute ray
And saw immortal clarities of form.

Page 672

Air seemed an ocean of felicity
Or the couch of the unknown spiritual rest,
A vast quiescence swallowing up all sound
Into a voicelessness of utter bliss;

Page 673

Eternal mountains ridge on gleaming ridge
Whose lines were graved as on a sapphire plate
And etched the borders of heaven's lustrous noon
Climbed like piled temple stairs and from their heads
Of topless meditation heard below
The approach of a blue pilgrim multitude
And listened to a great arriving voice
Of the wide travel hymn of timeless seas.

A chanting crowd from mountain bosoms slipped
Past branches fragrant with a sigh of flowers
Hurrying through sweetmesses with revel leaps;
The murmurous rivers of felicity
Divinely rippled honey-voiced desires,
Mingling their sister eddies of delight,
Then, widening to a pace of calm-lipped muse,
Down many-glimmered estuaries of dream
Went whispering into lakes of liquid peace.

Page 674

In groves that seemed moved bosoms and trembling depths
The million children of the undying spring
Bloomed, pure unnumbered stars of hued delight
Nestling for shelter in their emerald sky:

Faery flower-masses looked with laughing eyes.

A dancing chaos, an iridescent sea
Eternised to Heaven's ever-wakeful sight
The crowding petal-glow of marvel's tints
Which float across the curtained lids of dream.

Page 675

In those far-lapsing symphonies she could hear,
Breaking through enchantments of the ravished sense,
The lyric voyage of a divine soul
Mid spume and laughter tempting with its prow
The charm of innocent Circean isles,
Adventures without danger beautiful
In lands where siren Wonder sings its lures
From rhythmic rocks in ever-foaming seas.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Eleven: The Book of Everlasting Day
Canto One: The Eternal Day: The Soul's Choice
and the Supreme Consummation
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'The heart was a torch lit from infinity,
The limbs were trembling densities of soul.
These were the first domains, the outer courts'
'The slightest ecstasies of the undying gods.'
'Then on what seemed one crown of the ascent
Where finite and the infinite are one,
Immune she beheld the strong immortals' seats'
'The middle regions of the unfading Ray.'

'Great forms of deities sat in deathless tiers,
Eyes of an unborn gaze towards her leaned
Through a transparency of crystal fire.'
'Drawn by the cords of ecstasies unknown,
Her human nature faint with heaven's delight,
She beheld the clasp to earth denied and bore
The imperishable eyes of veilless love.'
More climbed above, level to level reached, '

'Worlds of an infinite reach crowned Nature's stir.
There was a greater tranquil sweetness there,
A subtler and profounder ether's field
And mightier scheme than heavenliest sense can give.'
'The high perfected sense illumined lived
A happy vassal of the inner ray,
Each feeling was the Eternal's mighty child
And every thought was a sweet burning god.'

'All Nature's struggle was its easy price,
The universe and its agony seemed worth while.
As if the choric calyx of a flower
Aerial, visible on music's waves,
A lotus of light-petalled ecstasy
Took shape out of the tremulous heart of things.'
My consciousness this moment,
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1

Page 676

Feet glimmering upon the sunstone courts of mind,
Heaven's cupbearers bore round the Eternal's wine.

Page 676&677

The harmonious tread of lives for ever joined
In the passionate oneness of a mystic joy
As if sunbeams made living and divine,
The golden-bosomed Apsara goddesses,
In groves flooded from an argent disk of bliss
That floated through a luminous sapphire dream,
In a cloud of raiment lit with golden limbs
And gleaming footfalls treading faery swards,
Virgin motions of bacchant innocences
Who know their riot for a dance of God,
Whirled linked in moonlit revels of the heart.

Page 677

Impeccable artists of unerring forms,
Magician builders of sound and rhythmic words,
Wind-haired Gandharvas chanted to the ear
The odes that shape the universal thought,
The lines that tear the veil from Deity's face,
The rhythms that bring the sounds of wisdom's sea.

There lightning-filled with glory and with flame,
Melting in waves of sympathy and sight,
Smitten like a lyre that throbs to others' bliss,

Page 677&678

There breath carried a stream of seeing mind,
Form was a tenuous raiment of the soul:
Colour was a visible tone of ecstasy;

Page 678

Air was a luminous feeling, sound a voice,
Sunlight the soul's vision and moonlight its dream.

Experience mounted on joy's coloured breast
To inaccessible spheres in spiral flight.

Page 679

Night the dim mask had grown a wonderful face.

Fled was the error that arms the hands of grief,
And lighted the ignorant gulf whose hollow deeps
Had given to nothingness a dreadful voice.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Eleven: The Book of Everlasting Day
Canto One: The Eternal Day: The Soul's Choice
and the Supreme Consummation
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'There was no more the torment under the stars,
The evil sheltered behind Nature's mask;
There was no more the dark pretence of hate,
The cruel rictus on Love's altered face.'
As weighty was her effort so strong was the bliss
'All grace and glory and all divinity
Were here collected in a single form;
All worshipped eyes looked through his from one face; '

'Objects are his letters, forces are his words,
Events are the crowded history of his life,
And sea and land are the pages for his tale.
Matter is his means and his spiritual sign;
He hangs the thought upon a lash's lift,
In the current of the blood makes flow the soul.
His is the dumb will of atom and of clod;
Only a heavenly soul can utter heavenly...superb

'A Will that without sense or motive acts,
An Intelligence needing not to think or plan,
The world creates itself invincibly;
For its body is the body of the Lord
And in its heart stands Virat, King of Kings.
In him shadows his form the Golden Child
Who in the Sun-capped Vast cradles his birth: '
A needed explication to me this is....

'Hiranyagarbha, author of thoughts and dreams,
Who sees the invisible and hears the sounds
That never visited a mortal ear,
Discoverer of unthought realities
Truer to Truth than all we have ever known,
He is the leader on the inner roads; '....

...............My consciousness this moment,
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1

Page 679

Hate was the grip of a dreadful amour's strife;

Page 680

Death's sombre cowl was cast from Nature's brow;
There lightened on her the godhead's lurking laugh.

Indira Renganathan
A seer, he has entered the forbidden realms;
'Imagist casting the formless into shape,
'He is the carrier of the hidden fire,
'All from his stillness came as grows a tree;
He is our seed and core, our head and base.
All light is but a flash from his closed eyes:
An all-wise Truth is mystic in his heart,
The omniscient Ray is shut behind his lids:

'He is the Wisdom that comes not by thought,
His wordless silence brings the immortal word.
He sleeps in the atom and the burning star,
He sleeps in man and god and beast and stone:
Because he is there the Inconscient does its work,
Because he is there the world forgets to die.
He is the centre of the circle of God,
He the circumference of Nature's run.'

'His slumber is an Almightiness in things,
Awake, he is the Eternal and Supreme.'
'Above was the brooding bliss of the Infinite,
Its omniscient and omnipotent repose,
Its immobile silence absolute and alone.'
'All powers were woven in countless concords here.'
The bliss that made the world in his body lived,
Love and delight were the head of the sweet form.'

'In the alluring meshes of their snare
Recaptured, the proud blissful members held
All joys outrunners of the panting heart
Then'A voice soared up whose magic sound could turn
The poignant weeping of the earth to sobs
Of rapture and her cry to spirit song.'.....

...........My consciousness this moment,
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1
Page 681

Armed with the golden speech, the diamond eye,
His is the vision and the prophecy:

A third spirit stood behind, their hidden cause,
A mass of superconscience closed in light,
Creator of things in his all-knowing sleep.

Page 682

The nectar spilled by love with trembling hands,
The joy the cup of Nature cannot hold,
Had crowded to the beauty of his face,
Were waiting in the honey of his laugh.

Things hidden by the silence of the hours,
The ideas that find no voice on living lips,
The soul's pregnant meeting with infinity
Had come to birth in him and taken fire:

His lips curved eloquent like a rose of dawn;

His gaze was the regard of eternity;
The spirit of its sweet and calm intent
Was a wise home of gladness and divulged
The light of the ages in the mirth of the hours,
A sun of wisdom in a miracled grove.
Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Eleven: The Book of Everlasting Day
Canto One: The Eternal Day: The Soul's Choice
and the Supreme Consummation
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'O human image of the deathless word, Line 442 to
O immortal, to felicity arise.'Line 516
'I am the hushed search of the jealous gods
Pursuing my wisdom's vast mysterious work'
'I am the beauty of the unveiled ray
Drawing through the deep roads of the infinite night'
'I am the inviolable Ecstasy;
They who have looked on me, shall grieve no more.'

'The eyes that live in night shall see my form.'
'you two shall serve the dual law
Which only now the scouts of vision glimpse
Who pressing through the forest of their thoughts
Have found the narrow bridges of the gods.
Making division your delightful means
Of happy oneness rapturously enhanced
By attraction in the throbbing air between.'

More caring serious that voice sayeth, harken..
'Yet if thou wouldst abandon the vexed world,
Careless of the dark moan of things below,
Tread down the isthmus, overleap the flood,
Cancel thy contract with the labouring Force;
Renounce the tie that joins thee to earth-kind,
Cast off thy sympathy with mortal hearts.
Arise, vindicate thy spirit's conquered right: '

'Here in the playground of the eternal Child
Or in domains the wise Immortals tread
'Roam with thy comrade splendour under skies
Spiritual lit by an unsetting sun, '
'Cast off the ambiguous myth of earth's desire,
O immortal, to felicity arise.'

...........My consciousness this moment,
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1

Page 683

"O human image of the deathless word,
How hast thou seen beyond the topaz walls
The gleaming sisters of the divine gate,
Summoned the genii of their wakeful sleep,

Page 684

Heaven in its rapture dreams of perfect earth,
Earth in its sorrow dreams of perfect heaven.
The two longing to join, yet walk apart,
Idly divided by their vain conceits;
They are kept from their oneness by enchanted fears;
Sundered mysteriously by miles of thought,
They gaze across the silent gulfs of sleep.

On the pale shores of foaming steely straits
That flow beneath a grey tormented sky,
Two powers from one original ecstasy born
Pace near but parted in the life of man;
One leans to earth, the other yearns to the skies:

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
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Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'on Savitri listening in her tranquil heart
To the harmony of the ensnaring voice
A joy exceeding earth's and heaven's poured down,
The bliss of an unknown eternity,'
'A smile came rippling out in her wide eyes,
Its confident felicity's messenger
As if the first beam of the morning sun
Rippled along two wakened lotus-pools.'

Astounded! by what blessing, what boons
Thou verses are graced heavenly so much?
'As if the first beam of the morning sun
Rippled along two wakened lotus-pools.'
These words...limitless bliss
'O besetter of man's soul with life and death Line 526 to
And the mandate of thy secret world-wide love.'Line 600
O my heart, just listen to her confident and decisive words...

'O besetter of man's soul with life and death'
'Tempting his heart with the far lure of heaven,
Testing his strength with the close touch of hell,'
How precisely verbal she sketches the causer..!
'I climb not to thy everlasting Day,
Even as I have shunned thy eternal Night.
To me who turn not from thy terrestrial Way,
Give back the other self my nature asks.'

'Thy spaces need him not to help their joy;
Earth needs his beautiful spirit made by thee
To fling delight down like a net of gold.
Earth is the chosen place of mightiest souls;
Earth is the heroic spirit's battlefield,
The forge where the Archmason shapes his works.'...

..........My consciousness this moment,
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and the Supreme Consummation
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'The heavens were once to me my natural home, I too have wandered in star-jewelled groves, ' 'I too have revelled in the fields of light' 'There where the gods and demons battle in night' 'Taught by the sweetness and the pain of life To bear the uneven strenuous beat that throbs Against the edge of some divinest hope, To dare the impossible with these pangs of search, '

'In me the spirit of immortal love Stretches its arms out to embrace mankind. Too far thy heavens for me from suffering men. Imperfect is the joy not shared by all.' 'O king-smith, clang on still thy toil begun, Weld us to one in thy strong smithy of life. Thy fine-curved jewelled hilt call Savitri, Thy blade's exultant smile name Satyavan.'

Speciality of Thou poetic insight here Enchanting and feasting our souls... 'Break not the lyre before the song is found; Are there not still unnumbered chants to weave? O subtle-souled musician of the years, Play out what thou hast fluted on my stops; Arise from the strain their first wild plaint divined And that discover which is yet unsung.'

'I know that I can lift man's soul to God, I know that he can bring the Immortal down. Our will labours permitted by thy will And without thee an empty roar of storm, A senseless whirlwind is the Titan's force
And without thee a snare the strength of gods....

..........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1

Page 686

I too have wandered in star-jewelled groves,
Paced sun-gold pastures and moon-silver swards
And heard the harping laughter of their streams
And lingered under branches dropping myrrh;

Touched by the ethereal raiment of the winds,
Thy wonder-rounds of music I have trod,
Lived in the rhyme of bright unlabouring thoughts,
I have beat swift harmonies of rapture vast,
Danced in spontaneous measures of the soul
The great and easy dances of the gods.

Page 687

For victory in the tournament with death,
For bending of the fierce and difficult bow,
For flashing of the splendid sword of God!
O thou who soundst the trumpet in the lists,
Part not the handle from the untried steel,
Take not the warrior with his blow unstruck.
Are there not still a million fights to wage?

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Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

Appeasing, there was Savitri to plead for us
So that we are left with a hope even today
'Let not the inconscient gulf swallow man's race
That through earth's ignorance struggles towards thy Light.
O Thunderer with the lightnings of the soul,
Give not to darkness and to death thy sun,
Achieve thy wisdom's hidden firm decree
And the mandate of thy secret world-wide love.'

Oh look, how she was put under test more and more
The godhead didn't seem to end...
'How shall earth-nature and man's nature rise Line609 to
O miracle, where thou beganst, there cease! 'Line 755
Heaven and earth towards each other gaze
Across a gulf that few can cross, none touch,
Arriving through a vague ethereal mist
Out of which all things form that move in space,'

'The shore that all can see but never reach.
Heaven's light visits sometimes the mind of earth;
Its thoughts burn in her sky like lonely stars;
In her heart there move celestial seekings soft
And beautiful like fluttering wings of birds,
Visions of joy that she can never win
Traverse the fading mirror of her dreams.'
Where to seek for Heaven? in these words here

'Above her little finite steps she feels,
Careless of knot or pause, worlds which weave out
A strange perfection beyond law and rule,
A universe of self-found felicity,'
'Order of the freedom of the infinite,
The wonder-plastics of the Absolute.

..........My consciousness this moment,
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'There is the All-Truth and there the timeless bliss. 
But hers are fragments of a star-lost gleam,
Hers are but careless visits of the gods.'
'Few are the silences in which Truth is heard,
Unveiling the timeless utterance in her deeps;
Few are the splendid moments of the seers.
Heaven's call is rare, rarer the heart that heeds;
The doors of light are sealed to common mind'

'My will, my call is there in men and things;
But the Inconscient lies at the world's grey back
And draws to its breast of Night and Death and Sleep.'
'The Inconscient could not read without man's mind
The mystery of the world its sleep has made:
Man is its key to unlock a conscious door.
But still it holds him dangled in its grasp: '
True, consciously in complete weak

'He is barred out from his own inner depths;
He cannot look on the face of the Unknown.
How shall he see with the Omniscient's eyes,
How shall he will with the Omnipotent's force? '
'All shall be done by the long act of Time.
Although the race is bound by its own kind,
The soul in man is greater than his fate: '
So, immense should be the spirit's will-power

'O flame, withdraw into thy luminous self.
Or else return to thy original might
On a seer-summit above thought and world;
Partner of my unhoured eternity,
Be one with the infinity of my power:
For thou art the World-Mother and the Bride.

..........My consciousness this moment,
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1

Page 688

Hers are but careless visits of the gods.
They are a Light that fails, a Word soon hushed
And nothing they mean can stay for long on earth.
There are high glimpses, not the lasting sight.

Only in an uplifting hour of stress
Men answer to the touch of greater things:

To be the common man they think the best,
To live as others live is their delight.

For most are built on Nature's early plan
And owe small debt to a superior plane;

The human average is their level pitch,
A thinking animal's material range.

In the stark economy of cosmic life
Each creature to its appointed task and place
Is bound by his nature's form, his spirit's force.

Indira Renganathan
'Pass back into the Power from which thou cam'st.'
'Breath into eternity thy mortal mould;
Melt, lightning, into thy invisible flame!'
'Clasp, Ocean, deep into thyself thy wave,
Happy for ever in the embosoming surge.
Grow one with the still passion of the depths.
Then shalt thou know the Lover and the Loved,
Leaving the limits dividing him and thee.'

'Receive him into boundless Savitri,
Lose thyself into infinite Satyavan.
O miracle, where thou beganst, there cease!"
Oh, as much as she strives so much defied..
But already gone high, almost to His feet
Her persuasive perseverance perpetuates..
Debated with Death, now this godhead
Harken, how she answers...

'But Savitri answered to the radiant God:
'In vain thou temptst with solitary bliss
Two spirits saved out of a suffering world;
My soul and his indissolubly linked
In the one task for which our lives were born,
To raise the world to God in deathless Light,
To bring God down to the world on earth we came,
To change the earthly life to life divine.'

'If man lives bound by his humanity,
If he is tied for ever to his pain,
Let a greater being then arise from man,
The superhuman with the Eternal mate
And the Immortal shine through earthly forms.'
So much power in her to utter words authentic....

...........My consciousness this moment, 
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and 
informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1

Page 692

I keep my will to save the world and man; 
.................................. 
I sacrifice not earth to happier worlds.

Whence came this profitless wilderness of stars, 
This mighty barren wheeling of the suns? 
Who made the soul of futile life in Time, 
Planted a purpose and a hope in the heart, 
Set Nature to a huge and meaningless task 
Or planned her million-aeoned effort's waste? 
What force condemned to birth and death and tears 
These conscious creatures crawling on the globe?

Page 692&693

If earth can look up to the light of heaven 
And hear an answer to her lonely cry, 
Not vain their meeting, nor heaven's touch a snare. 
If thou and I are true, the world is true; 
Although thou hide thyself behind thy works, 
To be is not a senseless paradox; 
Since God has made earth, earth must make in her God;

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Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'I have felt a secret spirit stir in things
Carrying the body of the growing God:
It looks through veiling forms at veilless truth;
It pushes back the curtain of the gods;
It climbs towards its own eternity.'
'But the god answered to the woman's heart:
'O living power of the incarnate Word, Line 802 to
Choose destiny's curve and stamp thy will on Time.'Line858

'In the impetuous drive of thy heart of flame,
In thy passion to deliver man and earth,
Indignant at the impediments of Time
And the slow evolution's sluggard steps,
Lead not the spirit in an ignorant world
To dare too soon the adventure of the Light,
Pushing the bound and slumbering god in man
Awakened mid the ineffable silences'

'But if thou wilt not wait for Time and God,
Do then thy work and force thy will on Fate.'
Savitri was patient enough to pass in her venture
'As I have taken from thee my load of night
And taken from thee my twilight's doubts and dreams,
So now I take my light of utter Day.'
'These are my symbol kingdoms but not here'
Savitri has to up further for her goal...

'Can the great choice be made that fixes fate
Or uttered the sanction of the Voice supreme.
Arise upon a ladder of greater worlds
To the infinity where no world can be.'
Can there be any His touch without world?
Hurry up high o'Savitri if you say yes....

............My consciousness this moment,
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1

Page 694

All that the Spirit has dreamed thou canst create:
Thou art the force by which I made the worlds,
Thou art my vision and my will and voice.
But knowledge too is thine, the world-plan thou knowest
And the tardy process of the pace of Time.

Indira Renganathan
'But not in the wide air where a greater Life
Uplifts its mystery and its miracle,
And not on the luminous peaks of summit Mind,
Or in the hold where subtle Matter's spirit
Hides in its light of shimmering secrecies,
Can there be heard the Eternal's firm command
That joins the head of destiny to its base.'
These only are the mediating links; '

Two are the Powers that hold the ends of Time;
Spirit foresees, Matter unfolds its thought,
The dumb executor of God's decrees,
Omitting no iota and no dot,
Agent unquestioning, inconscient, stark,
Evolving inevitably a charged content,
Intention of his force in Time and Space,
In animate beings and inanimate things; '

Marvelous elaboration on Matter and Spirit..
'Immutably it fulfils its ordered task,
It cancels not a tittle of things done; '
'If thou must indeed deliver man and earth
On the spiritual heights look down on life,
Discover the truth of God and man and world; '
'Ascend, O soul, into thy timeless self;
Choose destiny's curve and stamp thy will on Time.'

'He ended and upon the falling sound
A power went forth that shook the founded spheres
And loosed the stakes that hold the tents of form.'
'Rapt from her sense like disappearing scenes
In the stupendous theatre of Space
The heaven-worlds vanished in spiritual light.'

...........My consciousness this moment,
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and
informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1

Page 694

A movement was abroad, a cry, a word,
Beginningless in its vast discovery,
Momentless in its unthinkable return:
Choired in calm seas she heard the eternal Thought
Rhythming itself abroad unutterably
In spaceless orbits and on timeless roads.

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Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'In an ineffable world she lived fulfilled.'
'A virgin unity, a luminous spouse,
Housing a multitudinous embrace
To marry all in God's immense delight,
Bearing the eternity of every spirit,
Bearing the burden of universal love,
A wonderful mother of unnumbered souls.
All things she knew, all things imagined or willed: '

'A thousand doors of oneness was her heart.
A crypt and sanctuary of brooding light
Appeared, the last recess of things beyond.
Then in its rounds the enormous fiat paused,
Silence gave back to the Unknowable
All it had given. Still was her listening thought.
'And in the phantom of abolished Space
There was a voice unheard by ears that cried: '

'Choose, spirit, thy supreme choice not given again; Line 898 to
O stream, wide breaking of thy channel banks.' Line 909
So pristine, words are built to Savitri's heights
A chance up there, will modern women be like Savitri?
'A point that disappears in the infinite, -
Felicity of the extinguished flame,'
'End of the trouble of thy wandering thoughts,
Close of the journeying of thy pilgrim soul.'

'Accept, O music, weariness of thy notes, '
'And silently the woman's heart replied: '
'Thy peace, O Lord, a boon within to keep
Amid the roar and ruin of wild Time
For the magnificent soul of man on earth.
Thy calm, O Lord, that bears thy hands of joy.'....

..........My consciousness this moment, 
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'A second time the eternal cry arose:
'Wide open are the ineffable gates in front.
My spirit leans down to break the knot of earth,
Amorous of oneness without thought or sign
To cast down wall and fence, to strip heaven bare,
See with the large eye of infinity,
Unweave the stars and into silence pass.'
O'Savitri, what a labyrinth of an endeavour you're through

May that Almighty bless you Savitri
For you speak and see Him in all creatures
'In an immense and world-destroying pause
She heard a million creatures cry to her.
'Thy oneness, Lord, in many approaching hearts,
My sweet infinity of thy numberless souls.'
'A third time swelled the great admonishing call: '
Break the law, bless the great soul o'high-cry..

'I spread abroad the refuge of my wings.
Out of its incommunicable deeps
My power looks forth of mightiest splendour, stilled
Into its majesty of sleep, withdrawn
Above the dreadful whirlings of the world.'
'Thy energy, Lord, to seize on woman and man,
To take all things and creatures in their grief
And gather them into a mother's arms.'

'I open the wide eye of solitude
To uncover the voiceless rapture of my bliss,
Where in a pure and exquisite hush it lies
Motionless in its slumber of ecstasy,
Resting from the sweet madness of the dance
Out of whose beat the throb of hearts was born.'...
My consciousness this moment,
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1

Page 697

Solemn and distant like a seraph's lyre
A last great time the warning sound was heard:

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'Breaking the Silence with appeal and cry
A hymn of adoration tireless climbed, '
'Then all the woman yearningly replied:
'Thy embrace which rends the living knot of pain,
Thy joy, O Lord, in which all creatures breathe,
Thy magic flowing waters of deep love,
Thy sweetness give to me for earth and men.'
So much considerate you, Savitri...

'Then after silence a still blissful cry'
Began, "O beautiful body of the incarnate Word, Line 965 to
This earthly life become the life divine.' Line 1430
A great strengthy explication on all
Lashing my heart to feel a space-ride around the spheres
Empowered eternal Savitri supports me motherly
Hugging me is a world of word-bliss while
Awaken Satyavan soulfully applaudes..

'My will is thine, what thou hast chosen I choose:
All thou hast asked I give to earth and men.'
'I lay my hands upon thy soul of flame,
I lay my hands upon thy heart of love,
I yoke thee to my power of work in Time.'
'O Sun-Word, thou shalt raise the earth-soul to Light'
'Earth shall be my work-chamber and my house,
My garden of life to plant a seed divine.'

'Thou shalt bear all things that all things may change,
Thou shalt fill all with my splendour and my bliss,
Thou shalt meet all with thy transmuting soul.'
'The wheeling forces of my universe
Shall cry to thee the summons of my name.'
'All beings shall be to thy life my emissaries; '.....

.........My consciousness this moment,  
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1

Page 698

All shall be written out in destiny's book  
By my trustee of thought and plan and act,  
The executor of my will, eternal Time.

Because thou hast obeyed my timeless will,  

I bind by thy heart's passion thy heart to mine  
And lay my splendid yoke upon thy soul.

I will fasten thy nature with my cords of strength,  
Subdue to my delight thy spirit's limbs  
And make thee a vivid knot of all my bliss  
And build in thee my proud and crystal home.

Thy days shall be my shafts of power and light,  
Thy nights my starry mysteries of joy  
And all my clouds lie tangled in thy hair  
And all my springtides marry in thy mouth.

Page 699

When all thy work in human time is done  
The mind of earth shall be a home of light,  
The life of earth a tree growing towards heaven,  
The body of earth a tabernacle of God.
Assailed by my infinitudes above,
And quivering in immensities below,
Pursued by me through my mind's wall-less vast,
Oceanic with the surges of my life,
A swimmer lost between two leaping seas
By my outer pains and inner sweetnesses
Finding my joy in my opposite mysteries
Thou shalt respond to me from every nerve.

Thy heart shall drive thee on the wheel of works,
Thy mind shall urge thee through the flames of thought,

The pains of hell shall be to thee my kiss,
The flowers of heaven persuade thee with my touch.
My fiercest masks shall my attractions bring.

Music shall find thee in the voice of swords,
Beauty pursue thee through the core of flame.

Thou shalt know me in the rolling of the spheres
And cross me in the atoms of the whirl.

Delight shall drop down from my nectarous moon,
My fragrance seize thee in the jasmine's snare,
My eye shall look upon thee from the sun.

Thou shalt drink down my sweetness unalloyed
In my pure lotus-cup of starry brim.

Thou shalt discover the one and quivering note,
And cry, the harp of all my melodies,
And roll, my foaming wave in seas of love.

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'Drawn to me on the bosom of thy friend,
Compelled to meet me in thy enemy's eyes,
My creatures shall demand me from thy heart
Thou shalt not shrink from any brother soul.
Thou shalt be attracted helplessly to all.'
So am I here in need of your help Savitri..
'All that thou hast, shall be for others' bliss,
All that thou art, shall to my hands belong.'

'Who hunts and seizes me, my captive grows: ' 
Gospel words these are..
'For ever love, O beautiful slave of God!
O lasso of my rapture's widening noose,
Become my cord of universal love.'
'O Mind, grow full of the eternal peace;
O Word, cry out the immortal litany:
Built is the golden tower, the flame-child born.'

'Descend to life with him thy heart desires.
O Satyavan, O luminous Savitri,
I sent you forth of old beneath the stars,
A dual power of God in an ignorant world,
In a hedged creation shut from limitless self,
Bringing down God to the insentient globe,
Lifting earth-beings to immortality.'
'You are my Force at work to uplift earth's fate, '

'He is my soul that gropes out of the beast'
'He is the godhead growing in human lives
And in the body of earth-being's forms: '
'O Savitri, thou art my spirit's Power'
'The Spirit's mightiness shall cast off its mask;
'Its greatness shall be felt shaping the world's course: '.....
My consciousness this moment,
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1

Page 701

Men seeing thee shall feel my hands of joy,
In sorrow's pangs feel steps of the world's delight,
Their life experience its tumultuous shock
In the mutual craving of two opposites.

I will pour delight from thee as from a jar,
I will whirl thee as my chariot through the ways,
I will use thee as my sword and as my lyre,
I will play on thee my minstrelsies of thought.

Page 703

O Savitri, thou art my spirit's Power,
The revealing voice of my immortal Word,
The face of Truth upon the roads of Time
Pointing to the souls of men the routes to God.

Page 703& 704

Yet shall there glow on mind like a horned moon
The Spirit's crescent splendour in pale skies
And light man's life upon his Godward road.

Page 704

There are greater destinies mind cannot surmise
Fixed on the summit of the evolving Path
Mind is not all his tireless climb can reach,
There is a fire on the apex of the worlds,
There is a house of the Eternal's light,
There is an infinite truth, an absolute power.

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Goes on that voice of eternity making them force
'You shall reveal to them the hidden eternities, '
The breath of infinitudes not yet revealed,
'But when the hour of the Divine draws near
The Mighty Mother shall take birth in Time
And God be born into the human clay
In forms made ready by your human lives.
Then shall the Truth supreme be given to men: ' 

'The incarnate dual Power shall open God's door,
Eternal supermind touch earthly Time.'
'The superman shall wake in mortal man'
'Then shall the earth be touched by the Supreme,
His bright unveiled Transcendence shall illumine
The mind and heart and force the life and act'
'All then shall change, a magic order come
Overtopping this mechanical universe.'

'A mightier race shall inhabit the mortal's world.'
'Then in the process of evolving Time
All shall be drawn into a single plan,
A divine harmony shall be earth's law,
Beauty and joy remould her way to live: '
'This world shall be God's visible garden-house,
The earth shall be a field and camp of God,
Man shall forget consent to mortality'

'This universe shall unseal its occult sense, '
Thus shall the earth open to divinity'
'Nature shall live to manifest secret God,
The Spirit shall take up the human play,
This earthly life become the life divine.'
I sigh, they sigh, when is this all o'Savitri.....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1

Page 705

There is a being beyond the being of mind,
An Immeasurable cast into many forms,
A miracle of the multitudinous One,
There is a consciousness mind cannot touch,
Its speech cannot utter nor its thought reveal.

It is the origin of all truth here,
The sun-orb of mind's fragmentary rays,
Infinity's heaven that spills the rain of God,
The Immense that calls to man to expand the Spirit,
The wide Aim that justifies his narrow attempts,
A channel for the little he tastes of bliss.

Page 706

The Immanent shall be the witness God
Watching on his many-petalled lotus-throne
His actionless being and his silent might
Ruling earth-nature by eternity's law,
A thinker waking the Inconscient's world,
An immobile centre of many infinitudes
In his thousand-pillared temple by Time's sea.

Page 707

Life's tops shall flame with the Immortal's thoughts,
Light shall invade the darkness of its base.
A greater truth than earth's shall roof-in earth
And shed its sunlight on the roads of mind;

A power infallible shall lead the thought,
A seeing Puissance govern life and act,
In earthly hearts kindle the Immortal's fire.
A soul shall wake in the Inconscient's house;

The mind shall be God-vision's tabernacle,
The body intuition's instrument,
And life a channel for God's visible power.

Page 708

Even there shall come as a high crown of all
The end of Death, the death of Ignorance.

Page 709

Man shall desire to climb to his own heights.
The truth above shall wake a nether truth,
Even the dumb earth become a sentient force.

The Spirit shall look out through Matter's gaze
And Matter shall reveal the Spirit's face.

Then man and superman shall be at one
And all the earth become a single life.

Page 709&710

Earth's bodies shall be conscious of a soul;
Mortality's bondslaves shall unloose their bonds,
Mere men into spiritual beings grow
And see awake the dumb divinity.

Page 710

For knowledge shall pour down in radiant streams
And even darkened mind quiver with new life
And kindle and burn with the Ideal's fire
And turn to escape from mortal ignorance.

Indira Renganathan
A power leaned down, a happiness found its home.

An ardent charm after-effected Savitri glorious
'She kept within her strong embosoming soul
Like a flower hidden in the heart of spring
The soul of Satyavan drawn down by her
Inextricably in that mighty lapse.'
'Invisible heavens in a thronging flight
Soared past her as she fell.'
And here, awaiting my heart to be blessed..

'.......................Then all the blind
And near attraction of the earth compelled
Fearful rapidities of downward bliss.'
'A hospitable softness drew her in
Into a wonder of miraculous depths,
Above her closed a darkness of great wings
And she was buried in a mother's breast.'
'All still was in a silence of the gods.'

'But where the silence of the gods had passed,
A greater harmony from the stillness born
Surprised with joy and sweetness yearning hearts,
An ecstasy and a laughter and a cry.
A power leaned down, a happiness found its home.
Over wide earth brooded the infinite bliss.'....

...........My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 11 Canto 1

Page 711

She bore the burden of infinity
And felt the stir of all ethereal space.

Crowned as with peacock plumes of gorgeous hue
Framing a sapphire, whose heart-disturbing smile
Insatiably attracted to delight,
Voluptuous to the embraces of her soul.

Changed in its shape, yet rapturously the same,
It grew a woman's dark and beautiful
Like a mooned night with drifting star-gemmed clouds,
A shadowy glory and a stormy depth,
Turbulent in will and terrible in love.

Page 712

Lost in the giddy proneness of that speed,
Whirled, sinking, overcome she disappeared,
Like a leaf spinning from the tree of heaven,
In broad unconsciousness as in a pool;

The prophet moment covered limitless Space
And cast into the heart of hurrying Time
A diamond light of the Eternal's peace,
A crimson seed of God’s felicity;
A key turned in a mystic lock of Time.

End of Canto 1
End of Book 11

Indira Renganathan
"Out of abysmal trance her spirit woke.  
Lain on the earth-mother's calm inconscient breast  
She saw the green-clad branches lean above  
Guarding her sleep with their enchanted life,  
'And overhead a blue-winged ecstasy  
Fluttered from bough to bough with high-pitched call.'  
As if from the dark clouds escaped the sunshine  
Saving Satyavan from death's grip rose Savitri...

'She pressed the living body of Satyavan:  
On her body's wordless joy to be and breathe  
She bore the blissful burden of his head  
Between her breasts' warm labour of delight,  
The waking gladness of her members felt  
The weight of heaven in his limbs, ......'  
'And all her life was conscious of his life  
And all her being rejoiced enfolding his.'

'The immense remoteness of her trance had passed;  
'All things in Time and Space she had taken for hers; '  
'But soon she leaned down over her loved to call  
His mind back to her with her travelling touch  
On his closed eyelids; settled was her still look  
Of strong delight, not yearning now, but large  
With limitless joy or sovereign last content,  
Pure, passionate with the passion of the gods.'

'Then sighing to her touch the soft-winged sleep  
Rose hovering from his flowerlike lids and flew  
Murmurous away. Awake, he found her eyes  
Waiting for his, and felt her hands, and saw  
The earth his home given back to him once more  
And her made his again, his passion's all.'...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 12 Epilogue

Into the magic secrecy of the woods
Peering through an emerald lattice-window of leaves,
In indolent skies reclined, the thinning day
Turned to its slow fall into evening's peace.

A power dwelt in her soul too great for earth,
A bliss lived in her heart too large for heaven;

Light too intense for thought and love too boundless
For earth's emotions lit her skies of mind
And spread through her deep and happy seas of soul.

All that is sacred in the world drew near
To her divine passivity of mood.
A marvellous voice of silence breathed its thoughts.

Outw wingings of a bird from its bright home,
Her earthly morns were radiant flights of joy.
Boundless she was, a form of infinity.

Ever she held on the paradise of her breast
Her lover charmed into a fathomless sleep,
Lain like an infant spirit unaware
Lulled on the verge of two consenting worlds.
Desire stirred not its wings; for all was made
An overarching of celestial rays
Like the absorbed control of sky on plain,
Heaven's leaning down to embrace from all sides earth,
A quiet rapture, a vast security.

Indira Renganathan
Like the sun concealed in night resumes light
Thrilled at the sight of the divine lotus
'He murmured with hesitating lips her name,
And vaguely recollecting wonder cried, '
'Whence hast thou brought me captive back, love-chained,
To thee and sunlight's walls, O golden beam
And casket of all sweetness, Savitri,
Godhead and woman, moonlight of my soul? '

'For surely I have travelled in strange worlds
By thee companioned, a pursuing spirit,
Together we have disdained the gates of night.'
'Where now has passed that formidable Shape
Which rose against us, the Spirit of the Void,
Claiming the world for Death and Nothingness,
Denying God and soul? Or was all a dream
Or a vision seen in a spiritual sleep, ...'

'But she replied, 'Our parting was the dream;
'Look round thee and behold, glad and unchanged
Our home, this forest with its thousand cries'
'Only our souls have left Death's night behind,
Changed by a mighty dream's reality,
Illumined by the light of symbol worlds
And the stupendous summit self of things,
And stood at Godhead's gates limitless, free.'

Then filled with the glory of their happiness
They rose and with safe clinging fingers locked
Hung on each other in a silent look.
But he with a new wonder in his heart
And a new flame of worship in his eyes:
'What high change is in thee, O Savitri? ...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 12 Epilogue

Page 718

Our home, this forest with its thousand cries
And the whisper of the wind among the leaves
And, through rifts in emerald scene, the evening sky,
God's canopy of blue sheltering our lives,
And the birds crying for heart's happiness,
Winged poets of our solitary reign,
Our friends on earth where we are king and queen.

Indira Renganathan
Like a new born celestial, look there  
The way Satyavan comprehends Savitri...  
'What high change is in thee, O Savitri? Bright  
Ever thou wast, a goddess still and pure,  
Yet dearer to me by thy sweet human parts  
Earth gave thee making thee yet more divine.'  
'A statue of silence in my templed spirit,  
A yearning godhead and a golden bride.'

'But now thou seemst almost too high and great  
For mortal worship; Time lies below thy feet  
And the whole world seems only a part of thee,  
Thy presence the hushed heaven I inhabit, '  
'Hast thou not taken my heart to treasure it  
In the secure environment of thy breast?  
Awakened from the silence and the sleep,  
I have consented for thy sake to be.'

'By thee I have greatened my mortal arc of life,  
But now far heavens, unmapped infinitudes  
Thou hast brought me, thy illimitable gift!  
If to fill these thou lift thy sacred flight,  
My human earth will still demand thy bliss.  
Make still my life through thee a song of joy  
And all my silence wide and deep with thee.'  
And that is the ilk of divine love..

'All now is changed, yet all is still the same.  
Lo, we have looked upon the face of God,  
Our life has opened with divinity.  
We have borne identity with the Supreme  
And known his meaning in our mortal lives.'  
An epoch fresh and divine new began...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and
informative lines from Book 12 Epilogue

Page 718

My life a whisper of thy dreaming thoughts,
My morns a gleaming of thy spirit's wings,
And day and night are of thy beauty part.

A heavenly queen consenting to his will,
She clasped his feet, by her enshrining hair
Enveloped in a velvet cloak of love,
And answered softly like a murmuring lute:

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Twelve: Epilogue
The Return to Earth
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Like a murmuring lute' Savitri spoke on (Lines 155-211)
'Our love has grown greater by that mighty touch
And learned its heavenly significance,
Yet nothing is lost of mortal love's delight.'
'Heaven's touch fulfils but cancels not our earth:
Our bodies need each other in the same last;
'Still am I she who came to thee mid the murmur
Of sunlit leaves upon this forest verge;

'I am thy kingdom even as thou art mine,
The sovereign and the slave of thy desire,
Thy prone possessor, sister of thy soul
And mother of thy wants; thou art my world'
'Our wedded walk through life begins anew,
'We have each other found, O Satyavan,
In the great light of the discovered soul.'
Peak of enlightenment, they stayed as beacon together

'Lo, all these beings in this wonderful world!
Let us give joy to all, for joy is ours.'
'To lead man's soul towards truth and God we are born,
To draw the chequered scheme of mortal life
Into some semblance of the Immortal's plan,
To shape it closer to an image of God,
A little nearer to the Idea divine.'
The whole mankind bows for your blessing o'mighty Savitri

'So for a while they stood entwined, their kiss
And passion-tranced embrace a meeting-point
In their commingling spirits one for ever,
Two-souled, two-bodied for the joys of Time.'
'Then hand in hand they left that solemn place'
'To the green distance of their sylvan home'...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 12 Epilogue

Page 719

All happy contraries I would join for thee.
All sweet relations marry in our life;

Page 720

Thy body is my body's counterpart
Whose every limb my answering limb desires,
Whose heart is key to all my heart-beats,
I am and thou to me, O Satyavan.

Let us go through this new world that is the same,
For it is given back, but it is known,
A playing-ground and dwelling-house of God
Who hides himself in bird and beast and man
Sweetly to find himself again by love,
By oneness. His presence leads the rhythms of life
That seek for mutual joy in spite of pain.

Out of the deep immense Unknowable
Upon the ignorant breast of dubious earth,
Into the ways of labouring, seeking men,
Two fires that burn towards that parent Sun,
Two rays that travel to the original Light.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Twelve: Epilogue
The Return to Earth
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Light slipped down to the brightly sleeping verge,
And the birds came back winging to their nests,
And day and night leaned to each other's arms.'
'Through the screened dusk it deepened still and there neared
Floating of many voices and the sound
Of many feet, till on their sight broke in
As if a coloured wave upon the eye
The brilliant strenuous crowded days of man.'

'Topped by a flaring multitude of lights
A great resplendent company arrived.'
'In front King Dyumatsena walked, no more
Blind, faltering-limbed, but his far-questing eyes
Restored to all their confidence in light
Took seeingly this imaged outer world; '
'By him that queen and mother's anxious face
Came changed from its habitual burdened look'

'Then tenderly Cried Dyumatsena chiding Satyavan:
'The fortunate gods have looked on me today,
A kingdom seeking came and heaven's rays.'
'Not like thyself was this done, Savitri,
Who ledst not back thy husband to our arms,'
'But Satyavan replied with smiling lips,
'Lay all on her; she is the cause of all.
With her enchantments she has twined me round.'

'What gleaming marvel of the earth or skies
Stands silently by human Satyavan
To mark a brilliance in the dusk of eve?
If this is she of whom the world has heard,
Wonder no more at any happy change.'
Yes it is she of whom the world still wonders....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 12 Epilogue

Page 721

Now the dusk shadowy trees stood close around
Like dreaming spirits and, delaying night,
The grey-eyed pensive evening heard their steps,
And from all points the cries and movements came
Of the four-footed wanderers of the night
Approaching.

Page 721&722

Life in its ordered tumult wavering came
Bringing its stream of unknown faces, thronged
With gold-fringed headdresses, gold-broidered robes,
Glittering of ornaments, fluttering of hems,
Hundreds of hands parted the forest-boughs,
Hundreds of eyes searched the entangled glades.
Calm white-clad priests their grave-eyed sweetness brought,
Strong warriors in their glorious armour shone,
The proud-hooved steeds came trampling through the wood.

Page 722

Her patient paleness wore a pensive glow
Like evening's subdued gaze of gathered light
Departing, which foresees sunrise her child.

Sinking in quiet splendours of her sky,
She lives awhile to muse upon that hope,
The brilliance of her rich receding gleam
A thoughtful prophecy of lyric dawn.

Indira Renganathan
So was Satyavan there alive awakened
'Then one spoke there who seemed a priest and sage:
'O woman soul, what light, what power revealed,
Working the rapid marvels of this day,
Opens for us by thee a happier age? '
'They claimed for their deep childlike motherhood
The life of all these souls to be her life,
Then falling veiled the light.'

'Low she replied, 'Awakened to the meaning of my heart
That to feel love and oneness is to live
And this the magic of our golden change,
Is all the truth I know or seek, O sage.'
'Wondering at her and her too luminous words
Westward they turned in the fast-gathering night.'
Then'Drawn by white manes upon a high-roofed car'
Went 'With linked hands Satyavan and Savitri, '

'Then while they skirted yet the southward verge,
Lost in the halo of her musing brows
Night, splendid with the moon dreaming in heaven
In silver peace, possessed her luminous reign.
She brooded through her stillness on a thought
Deep-guarded by her mystic folds of light,
And in her bosom nursed a greater dawn.'
'A greater dawn'...bless us with that O'Savitri

..........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune
Note; Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 12 Epilogue

Page 723

Her lashes fluttering upwards gathered in
To a vision which had scanned immortal things,
Rejoicing, human forms for their delight.

Page 724

Murmur and movement and the tread of men
Broke the night's solitude; the neigh of steeds
Rose from that indistinct and voiceful sea
Of life and all along its marchings swelled
The rhyme of hooves, the chariot's homeward voice.

Numberless the stars swam on their shadowy field
Describing in the gloom the ways of light.

The End

After reading the long epic Savitri....

My words are speechless in mum bliss
When mind reads the verses comprehended
Heart is painted of its poetic colour..
Of its similes, metaphors, choice of words
style of write tremendously outstanding
And as the soul just resting wakefully
On the couch of its tranquil transcendence
Lighted vision enjoying its spotless light

And when awakes my 'I', urgent it wishes
To mark the sacred rise of Savitri again
A golden touch of her glorious mien supreme
A spark of her vision that ventured over Dark
A shower of her diligent puissance saving Satyavan
All this earth to be fed; it's time, her promise to act
'Lo, all these beings in this wonderful world!
Let us give joy to all, for joy is ours'..she said

Not an yogi, not a philosopher but a mother
Home bound, duty bound stuck in livelihood
Wonder at my luck blessed to read this epic
In timeless life to find time for this work
This kitchen bound woman 'how? ', may I ask o'Savitri
To muse to be amused of His blessing as you did?
May you so descend o' divine Mother per your promise
'Let us give joy to all, for joy is ours'..you said

A pastime writer and not a poet grammarian
My diction, this English too far from me
That I grope hard to get even a speck of it
O'Guru, Thee doeth know well reading my mind
May Thy cognitive presence all around censed
Pardon me, save and sow in me seed of knowledge....

............My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Indira Renganathan
'A fixed and narrow power with rigid forms,
He saw the empire of the little life,
An unhappy corner in eternity.'
'Then, hoping to learn the secret of this world
He peered across its scanty fringe of sight,'
'A busy restless uncouth populace
Teemed in their dusky unnoted thousands there.'
I bow, what an expression wonderful on 'uncouth populace'!

'In a mist of secrecy wrapping the world-scene
The little deities of Time's nether act
Who work remote from Heaven's controlling eye,
Plotted, unknown to the creatures whom they move,
The small conspiracies of this petty reign
Amused with the small contrivings, the brief hopes
And little eager steps and little ways'
' And the crouch and ignominy of creeping life.'

'Astonished by the unaccustomed glow,
As if immanent in the shadows started up
Imps with wry limbs and carved beast visages,
Sprite-prompters goblin-wizened or faery-small,
And genii fairer but unsouled and poor
And fallen beings, their heavenly portion lost,
And errant divinities trapped in Time's dust.'
Ignorant and dangerous wills but armed with power..

'Out of the greyness of a dim background
Their whispers come, an inarticulate force,
Awake in mind an echoing thought or word,
To their sting of impulse the heart's sanction draw,
And in that little Nature do their work
And fill its powers and creatures with unease.'
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 4

Page 151

It lived upon the margin of the Idea
Protected by Ignorance as in a shell.

He plunged his gaze into the siege of mist
That held this ill-lit straitened continent
Ringed with the skies and seas of ignorance
And kept it safe from Truth and Self and Light.

As when a searchlight stabs the Night's blind breast
And dwellings and trees and figures of men appear
As if revealed to an eye in Nothingness,
All lurking things were torn out of their veils
And held up in his vision's sun-white blaze.

Page 152

A trepidant and motley multitude,
A strange pell-mell of magic artisans,
Was seen moulding the plastic clay of life,
An elfin brood, an elemental kind.

Its seed of joy they curse with sorrow's fruit,
Put out with error's breath its scanty lights
And turn its surface truths to falsehood's ends,

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri
Book II The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto V The Godheads of the Little Life
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Luring to failure and meaningless success,
All models they corrupt, all measures cheat,
Make knowledge a poison, virtue a pattern dull
And lead the endless cycles of desire
Through semblances of sad or happy chance
To an inescapable fatality.'...

Whole gist of present life sparkles here
And the concealed betterment still awaited

'A structure of unseeing thoughts is built
And reason used by an irrational Force.
This earth is not alone our teacher and nurse;
The powers of all the worlds have entrance here'..

'Into a creative chaos they are cast
Where all asks order but is driven by Chance; '
'BUT never can we know and truly live
Till all have found their divine harmony.'

'But now the Light supreme is far away: '
'This is our doom until our souls are free.
A mighty Hand then rolls mind's firmaments back,
Infinity takes up the finite's acts
And Nature steps into the eternal Light.
Then only ends this dream of nether life.'
'....God sits impassive everywhere'
'Yet is all here his action and his will.'

'In this whirl and sprawl through infinite vacancy
The Spirit became Matter and lay in the whirl,
A body sleeping without sense or soul.'
'There was none there to see and none to feel;
Only the miraculous Inconscient,
A subtle wizard skilled, was at its task.
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 5

Page 153

Wherever are soulless minds and guideless lives
And in a small body self is all that counts,
Wherever love and light and largeness lack,
These crooked fashioners take up their task.
To all half-conscious worlds they extend their reign.

Here too these godlings drive our human hearts,
Our nature's twilight is their lurking-place:

Page 153&154

Our life's uncertain way winds circling on,
Our mind's unquiet search asks always light,
Till they have learned their secret in their source,
In the light of the Timeless and its spaceless home,
In the joy of the Eternal sole and one.

Page 154

Even our mind's conquests wear a battered crown.
A slowly changing order binds our will.

At the outset of this enigmatic world
Which seems at once an enormous brute machine
And a slow unmasking of the spirit in things,
In this revolving chamber without walls
In which God sits impassive everywhere
As if unknown to himself and by us unseen
In a miracle of inconscient secrecy,
Yet is all here his action and his will.

Being was an inert substance driven by Force.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri
Book II The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto V The Godheads of the Little Life
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'At first was only an etheric Space:
Its huge vibrations circled round and round
Housing some unconceived initiative:
Upheld by a supreme original Breath
Expansion and contraction's mystic act
Created touch and friction in the void,
Into abstract emptiness brought clash and clasp: '
Highly informative and must-read lines

'Parent of an expanding universe
In a matrix of disintegrating force,
By spending it conserved an endless sum.
On the hearth of Space it kindled a viewless Fire
That, scattering worlds as one might scatter seeds,
Whirled out the luminous order of the stars.'
Poetic science and spirituality..
What an alignment of verses to enlighten...

'An ocean of electric Energy
Formlessly formed its strange wave-particles
Constructing by their dance this solid scheme,
Its mightiness in the atom shut to rest;
Masses were forged or feigned and visible shapes;
Light flung the photon's swift revealing spark
And showed, in the minuteness of its flash
Imaged, this cosmos of apparent things.'

'Thus has been made this real impossible world,
An obvious miracle or convincing show.
Or so it seems to man's audacious mind'
His personal vision as impersonal fact,
As witnesses of an objective world
His erring sense and his instruments' artifice.'..
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Indira Renganathan
Thus must he work life's tangible riddle out
In a doubtful light, by error seize on Truth
And slowly part the visage and the veil.
'A subtler breath quickened dead Matter's forms; '
'A serpent Power twinned the insensible Force.'
'A Life was born that followed Matter's law,
Ignorant of the motives of its steps; '
'It repeated the paradox that gave it birth: '

'Infant self-feeling grew and birth was born.
A godhead woke but lay with dreaming limbs;
Her house refused to open its sealed doors.'
'At first she raised no voice, no motion dared: '
'Then slowly sense quivered and thought peered out;
She forced the reluctant mould to grow aware.
The magic was chiselled of a conscious form; '
'Awoke in Matter spirit's identity'

'A thinking mind had come to lift life's moods,
'An intelligence half-witness, half-machine.'
'This seeming driver of her wheel of works
Missioned to motive and record her drift
And fix its law on her inconstant powers'
'He raised his eyes; Heaven-light mirrored a Face.'
'Amazed at the works wrought in her mystic sleep,
She looked upon the world that she had made: '

'On Matter's acts she imposed a patterned law;
She made a thinking body from chemic cells
And moulded a being out of a driven force.'
'She turned her dream towards some high Unknown;
A breath was felt below of One supreme.'
'A quick celestial flash could sometimes come: ' 

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My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 5

Page 156

This vast perpetual motion caught and held
In the mysterious and unchanging change
Of the persistent movement we call Time

A little the Dreamer changed his pose of stone.
But when the Inconscient's scrupulous work was done
And Chance coerced by fixed immutable laws,
A scene was set for Nature's conscious play.

Then stirred the Spirit's mute immobile sleep;
The Force concealed broke dumbly, slowly out.
A dream of living woke in Matter's heart,
A will to live moved the Inconscient's dust,
A freak of living startled vacant Time,
Ephemeral in a blank eternity,
Infinitesimal in a dead Infinite.

Islands of living dotted lifeless Space
And germs of living formed in formless air.

Page 157

An inarticulate sensibility,
Throbs of the heart of an unknowing world,
Ran through its somnolent torpor and there stirred
A vague uncertain thrill, a wandering beat,
A dim unclosing as of secret eyes.
Insentient to our eyes that only see
The form, the act and not the imprisoned God,
Life hid in her pulse occult of growth and power
A consciousness with mute stifled beats of sense,
A mind suppressed that knew not yet of thought,
An inert spirit that could only be.

Page 158

An animal creation crept and ran
And flew and called between the earth and sky,
Hunted by death but hoping still to live
And glad to breathe if only for a while.
Then man was moulded from the original brute.

Page 159

The illumined soul-ray fell on heart and flesh
And touched with semblances of ideal light
The stuff of which our earthly dreams are made.

A creature insignificant and small
Visited, uplifted by an unknown Power,
Man laboured on his little patch of earth
For means to last, to enjoy, to suffer and die.

Indira Renganathan
'A spirit that perished not with the body and breath
Was there like a shadow of the Unmanifest
And stood behind the little personal form
But claimed not yet this earthly embodiment.'
'This huge world unintelligibly turns
In the shadow of a mused Inconscience;
It hides a key to inner meanings missed,
It locks in our hearts a voice we cannot hear.'

'Transient creations point and hit the sky: '
'Our reason cannot sound life's mighty sea
And only counts its waves and scans its foam;
It knows not whence these motions touch and pass,
It sees not whither sweeps the hurrying flood:
'Unseen here act dim huge world-energies
And only trickles and currents are our share.
Our mind lives far off from the authentic Light'

'Our acts emerge from a crypt our minds ignore.
Our deepest depths are ignorant of themselves; '
'In the subterranean reaches of the spirit
A puissance acts and recks not what it means; '
'Using unthinking monitors and scribes,
It is the cause of what we think and feel.'
'The troglodytes of the subconscious Mind, 'Line 386 to
Transmits the messages of the cosmic Force'Line 393

'A whisper falls into life's inner ear
And echoes from the dun subconscient caves,
Speech leaps, thought quivers, the heart vibrates, the will
Answers and tissue and nerve obey the call.'
Our lives translate these subtle intimacies;
All is the commerce of a secret Power.
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 5

Page 160

An enigmatic labour of the spirit,
An exact machine of which none knows the use,
An art and ingenuity without sense,
This minute elaborate orchestrated life
For ever plays its motiveless symphonies.

A world-conjecture's scheme is laboured out
On the dim floor of mind's incertitude,
Or painfully built a fragmentary whole.
Impenetrable, a mystery recondite
Is the vast plan of which we are a part;

Page 161

Impotent to share in Nature's mystic tact,
Inapt to feel the pulse and core of things,
Our reason cannot sound life's mighty sea
And only counts its waves and scans its foam;

Only it strives to canalise its powers
And hopes to turn its course to human ends:
But all its means come from the Inconscient's store.

Our lives are inlets of an ocean's force.

No understanding binds our comrade parts;
As our earth's roots lurk screened below our earth,
So lie unseen our roots of mind and life.
Our springs are kept close hid beneath, within;
Our souls are moved by powers behind the wall.

Indira Renganathan
'A thinking puppet is the mind of life:
Its choice is the work of elemental strengths'
'For none can see the masked ironic troupe
To whom our figure-selves are marionettes,
Our deeds unwitting movements in their grasp,
Our passionate strife an entertainment's scene.'
'Ignorant themselves of their own fount of strength
They play their part in the enormous whole.'

'Agents of darkness imitating light,
Spirits obscure and moving things obscure,
Unwillingly they serve a mightier Power.'
'Tools of the Unknown who use us as their tools,'
'toss the lives of men from hand to hand'
'Against all higher truth their stuff rebels;'
'Inordinate their hold on human hearts,
In all our nature's turns they intervene.'

'These slight illusion-makers with their masks,
Painters of the decor of a dull-hued stage
And nimble scene-shifters of the human play,
Ever are busy with this ill-lit scene.'
Thus they inflict their little pigmy law
And curb the mounting slow uprise of man,
Then his too scanty walk with death they close.
'This is the ephemeral creature's daily life.

As long as the human animal is lord'
'An incurable littleness pursues his days.'
'A gross content prolongs his fallen state;
'Hardship and toil are the heavy price he pays
For the right to live and his last wages death.'
'A sleep that imitates death is his repose.'....

............My consciousness this moment, 
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights 
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation 
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine 
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise 
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 5

Page 162

In this nether life of man drab-hued and dull, 
Yet filled with poignant small ignoble things, 
The conscious Doll is pushed a hundred ways 
And feels the push but not the hands that drive.

Ananke's engines organising Chance, 
Channels perverse of a stupendous Will,

Page 163

Insignificant architects of low-built lives 
And engineers of interest and desire, 
Out of crude earthiness and muddy thrills 
And coarse reactions of material nerve 
They build our huddled structures of self-will 
And the ill-lighted mansions of our thought, 
Or with the ego's factories and marts 
Surround the beautiful temple of the soul.

Artists minute of the hues of littleness, 
They set the mosaic of our comedy 
Or plan the trivial tragedy of our days, 
Arrange the deed, combine the circumstance 
And the fantasia of the moods costume.
These unwise prompters of man's ignorant heart  
And tutors of his stumbling speech and will,  
Movers of petty wraths and lusts and hates  
And changeful thoughts and shallow emotion's starts,

These slight illusion-makers with their masks,  
Painters of the decor of a dull-hued stage  
And nimble scene-shifters of the human play,  
Ever are busy with this ill-lit scene.
Page 164

Ever since consciousness was born on earth,  
Life is the same in insect, ape and man,  
Its stuff unchanged, its way the common route.

His small successes are failures of the soul,  
His little pleasures punctuate frequent griefs:

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri
Book II The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto V The Godheads of the Little Life

Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Trivial amusements stimulate and waste
The energy given to him to grow and be.
His little hour is spent in little things.'

'If something great awakes, too frail his pitch
To reveal its zenith tension of delight,
His thought to eternise its ephemeral soar,
Art's brilliant gleam is a pastime for his eyes,
A thrill that smites the nerves is music's spell.'

'His motion on too short an axis wheels;
Hardly a few can climb to greater life.
All tunes to a low scale and conscious pitch.
His knowledge dwells in the house of Ignorance;
Rare are his visits of heavenly ecstasy.'

Rare is man's bon trip en route to heaven,
Rare is he awake of living in His haven..
'He is satisfied with his common average kind;'

'In a narrow plot he has pitched his tent of life
Beneath the wide gaze of the starry Vast.
He is the crown of all that has been done:
Thus is creation's labour justified;
This is the world's result, Nature's last poise!
'At times all looks unreal and remote:
'We seem to live in a fiction of our thoughts..
'A figment or circumstance in cosmic sleep.'

'All here is dreamed or doubtfully exists,
But who the dreamer is and whence he looks
Is still unknown or only a shadowy guess.
'Or the world is real but ourselves too small,
Insufficient for the mightiness of our stage.'
Such is our scene in the half-light below.
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 5

Page 164

A touch of friendship mid indifferent crowds
Draw his heart-plan on life's diminutive map.

Page 165

Amidst his harassed toil and welter of cares,
Pressed by the labour of his crowding thoughts,
He draws sometimes around his aching brow
Nature's calm mighty hands to heal his life-pain.

His days are tinged with the red hue of strife
And lust's hot glare and passion's crimson stain;
Battle and murder are his tribal game.

The bliss which sleeps in things and tries to wake,
Breaks out in him in a small joy of life:
This scanty grace is his persistent stay;
It lightens the burden of his many ills
And reconciles him to his little world.

Page 166

His being's kinship to infinity
He has shut away from him into inmost self,
Fenced off the greatnesses of hidden God.
His being was formed to play a trivial part
In a little drama on a petty stage;
We seem to live in a fiction of our thoughts
Pieced from sensation's fanciful traveller's tale,
Or caught on the film of the recording brain,
A figment or circumstance in cosmic sleep.

Page 166&167

A somnambulist walking under the moon,
An image of ego treads through an ignorant dream
Counting the moments of a spectral Time.

In a false perspective of effect and cause,
Trusting to a specious prospect of world-space,
It drifts incessantly from scene to scene,
Whither it knows not, to what fabulous verge.

Page 167

A thin life-curve crosses the titan whirl
Of the orbit of a soulless universe,
And in the belly of the sparse rolling mass
A mind looks out from a small casual globe
And wonders what itself and all things are.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri
Book II The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto V The Godheads of the Little Life
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'This is the sign of Matter's infinite
This the weird purport of the picture shown
'To Science the giantess, measurer of her field,
As she pores on the record of her close survey
And mathematises her huge external world,
To Reason bound within the circle of sense,
Or in Thought's broad impalpable Exchange line 591 to
'We know not with what firm values for its base.'line 594

'Only religion in this bankruptcy
Presents its dubious riches to our hearts
Or signs unprovisioned cheques on the Beyond:
Our poverty shall there have its revenge.'
'But knowledge ends not in these surface powers'
'There is a deeper seeing from within'
'At last there wakes in us a witness Soul
That looks at truths unseen and scans the Unknown; '

'Life's borders crumble and join infinity.'
'A game, a work ambiguously divine.'
'It peers at the Real through the apparent form;
It labours in our mortal mind and sense;' 
'All is not here a blinded Nature's task:
A Word, a Wisdom watches us from on high'
'An Eye unseen in the unseeing vast; '
'There is an Influence from a Light above'

'In our body's cells there sits a hidden Power
That sees the unseen and plans eternity,
Our smallest parts have room for deepest needs; '
'Lulled by Time's beats eternity sleeps in us.'
'Each part in us desires its absolute.'
'Our very senses blindly seek for bliss.'
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 5

Page 167&168

Our spirits depart discarding a futile life
Into the blank unknown or with them take
Death's passport into immortality.
Yet was this only a provisional scheme,
A false appearance sketched by limiting sense,
Mind's insufficient self-discovery,
An early attempt, a first experiment.
This was a toy to amuse the infant earth;

Page 168

The world quivers with a God-light at its core,
In Time’s deep heart high purposes move and live,
Life's borders crumble and join infinity.

Our seekings are short-lived experiments
Made by a wordless and inscrutable Power
Testing its issues from inconscient Night
To meet its luminous self of Truth and Bliss.

It looks for the source of Light with vision's lamp;
It works to find the Doer of all works,
The unfelt Self within who is the guide,
The unknown Self above who is the goal.

Page 169

A mystic motive drives the stars and suns.
In this passage from a deaf unknowing Force
To struggling consciousness and transient breath
A mighty Supernature waits on Time.

Our minds are starters in the race to God,
Our souls deputed selves of the Supreme.

Across the cosmic field through narrow lanes
Asking a scanty dole from Fortune's hands
And garbed in beggar's robes there walks the One.

An Infant nursed on Nature's covert breast,
An Infant playing in the magic woods,
Fluting to rapture by the spirit's streams,
Awaits the hour when we shall turn to his call.

Indira Renganathan
And when that greater Self comes sea-like down
The body's tissues thrill apotheosised,
Its cells sustain bright metamorphosis.
'As if reversing a deformation's spell,
'It shall learn at last who lived within unseen, '
And seized with marvel in the adoring heart
To the enthroned Child-Godhead kneel aware,
Trembling with beauty and delight and love.'

'But first the spirit's ascent we must achieve
Out of the chasm from which our nature rose.
The soul must soar sovereign above the form
And climb to summits beyond mind's half-sleep;
Our hearts we must inform with heavenly strength,
Surprise the animal with the occult god.'
And all it needs determination for a heart and soul
Tamed with spiritual food caged in perseverance..

'Then kindling the gold tongue of sacrifice,
Calling the powers of a bright hemisphere,
We shall shed the discredit of our mortal state,
Make the abyss a road for Heaven's descent,
Acquaint our depths with the supernal Ray
And cleave the darkness with the mystic Fire.'
'Adventuring once more in the natal mist
He through the astral chaos shore a way'

'He trod a soil that failed beneath his feet'
'The darkness glimmered like a dying torch.
Around him an extinguished phantom glow
Peopled with shadowy and misleading shapes
The vague Inconscient's dark and measureless cave.
His only sunlight was his spirit's flame.'
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
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Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 5

Page 171

This little being of Time, this shadow soul,  
This living dwarf-figurehead of darkened spirit  
Out of its traffic in petty dreams shall rise.

192 Its shape of person and its ego-face  
Divested of this mortal travesty,  
Like a clay troll kneaded into a god  
New-made in the image of the eternal Guest,  
It shall be caught to the breast of a white Force  
And, flaming with the paradisal touch  
In a rose-fire of sweet spiritual grace,  
In the red passion of its infinite change,  
Quiver, awake, and shudder with ecstasy.

Page 172

As one who walks unguided through strange fields  
Tending he knows not where nor with what hope,  
He trod a soil that failed beneath his feet

His trail behind him was a vanishing line  
Of glimmering points in a vague immensity;

End of Book 2-Canto 5

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri

Book II The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto VI The Kingdoms and Godheads of the Greater Life

Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'So he escaped from that grey anarchy.  
Into an ineffectual world he came'  
'Above there gleamed a pondering brow of sky  
Tormented, crossed by wings of doubtful haze  
Adventuring with a voice of roaming winds  
And crying for a direction in the void  
Like blind souls looking for the selves they lost  
And wandering through unfamiliar worlds;'

'Wings of vague questioning met the query of Space.  
'After denial dawned a dubious hope'  
'To a strange uncertain tract his journey came'  
'A charm drew near that could not keep its spell,  
An eager Power that could not find its way,'  
'A multitude that could not guard its sum  
Which less than zero grew and more than one.'  
Life laboured in a strange and mythic air

'The marvels of a twilight wonderland..'  
'Awoke the passion of the eyes' desire,  
Compelled belief on the enamoured thought  
And drew the heart but led it to no goal.'  
'A Will that unpersisting failed, worked there:  
Life was a search but finding never came.'  
There nothing satisfied, but all allured,  
Things seemed to be that never wholly are, '

'It seemed a realm of lives that had no base.'  
'Then dawned a greater seeking, broadened sky,  
A journey under wings of brooding Force.  
First came the kingdom of the morning star: '  
'Then slowly rose a great and doubting sun  
And in its light she made of self a world.'
My consciousness this moment, 
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 6

Page 173

As one who between dim receding walls
Towards the far gleam of a tunnel's mouth,
Hoping for light, walks now with freer pace
And feels approach a breath of wider air,
So he escaped from that grey anarchy.

Page 174

Life laboured in a strange and mythic air
Denuded of her sweet magnificent suns.

Full of a beauty strangely, vainly made,
A surge of fanciful realities,
Dim tokens of a Splendour sealed above,
Awoke the passion of the eyes' desire,

A magic flowed as if of moving scenes
That kept awhile their fugitive delicacy
Of sparing lines limned by an abstract art
In a rare scanted light with faint dream-brush
On a silver background of incertitude.

Page 175

All ran like hopes that hunt a lurking chance;

A growing volume of the will-to-be,
A text of living and a graph of force,
A script of acts, a song of conscious forms
Burdened with meanings fugitive from thought's grasp
And crowded with undertones of life's rhythmic cry,
Could write itself on the hearts of living things.

Indira Renganathan
'A hierophant of the bodiless Secrecy
Interned in an unseen spiritual sheath,
The Will that pushes sense beyond its scope
To feel the light and joy intangible,
Half found its way into the Ineffable's peace,
Half captured a sealed sweetness of desire
That yearned from a bosom of mysterious Bliss,
Half manifested veiled Reality.'

'This realm inspires us with our vaster hopes;
Its forces have made landings on our globe,
Its signs have traced their pattern in our lives: '
'An Energy of perpetual transience makes
The journey from which no return is sure,
The pilgrimage of Nature to the Unknown.'
A wholesome description..'pilgrimage of nature'
I bow to your true spiritual diction Guru..

'Her high procession moves from stage to stage, ..
A progress leap from sight to greater sight,
A process march from form to ampler form,
A caravan of the inexhaustible
Formations of a boundless Thought and Force.'
Almost she nears what never can be attained;
She shuts eternity into an hour
'The Immobile leans to the magic of her call; '

'This is her secret and impossible task
To catch the boundless in a net of birth,
To cast the spirit into physical form,
To lend speech and thought to the Ineffable;
She is pushed to reveal the ever Unmanifest.
Yet by her skill the impossible has been done: '

...........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 6

Page 176
A soul not wrapped into its cloak of mind
Could glimpse the true sense of a world of forms;

Illumined by a vision in the thought,
Upbuoyed by the heart's understanding flame,
It could hold in the conscious ether of the spirit
The divinity of a symbol universe.

Incarnate in the mystery of the days,
Eternal in an unclosed Infinite,
A mounting endless possibility
Climbs high upon a topless ladder of dream
For ever in the Being's conscious trance.
All on that ladder mounts to an unseen end.

An Energy of perpetual transience makes
The journey from which no return is sure,

Page 178
She has lured the Eternal into the arms of Time.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri
Book II The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto VI The Kingdoms and Godheads of the Greater Life
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Insignificant her means, infinite her work;'
'An endless Truth she endlessly unfolds;'
'A timeless mystery works out in Time.'
'Her labour is a passion and a pain,'
A world she made touched by truth's fleeing hem,
A world cast into a dream of what it seeks,
An icon of truth, a conscious mystery's shape.'
'It dared to trust the dream-mind and the soul.'

'It seized in imagination and confined
A painted bird of paradise in a cage. '
This greater life is enamoured of the Unseen;
'It can feel the Silence that absolves the soul;
It feels a saviour touch, a ray divine:
Beauty and good and truth its godheads are.'
'It has kinship with the demon and the god.'
'It hungers for heights, it passions for the supreme'

'A child of heaven who never saw his home,
Its impetus meets the eternal at a point: '
'On every plane, this Greatness must create.'
'Opposed, oppressed she bears God's urge to be born: '
'When most unseen, most mightily she works; '
'Housed in the atom, buried in the clod,
Her quick creative passion cannot cease.'
Time-born, she hides her immortality; '

'In death, her bed, she waits the hour to rise.'
'She refuses motionless in the dust to sleep.
Then, for her rebel waking's punishment
Given only hard mechanic Circumstance
As the enginery of her magic craft,
She fashions godlike marvels out of mud; '
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 6

Page 178

As long as the world lasts her failure lives
Astonishing and foiling Reason's gaze,
A folly and a beauty unspeakable,
A superb madness of the will to live,
A daring, a delirium of delight.

Page 179

It can only near and touch, it cannot hold;
It can only strain towards some bright extreme:
Its greatness is to seek and to create.

On every plane, this Greatness must create.
On earth, in heaven, in hell she is the same;
Of every fate she takes her mighty part.

A guardian of the fire that lights the suns,
She triumphs in her glory and her might:

Page 180

In chill insentient depths where joy is none,
Immured, oppressed by the resisting Void
Where nothing moves and nothing can become,
Still she remembers, still invokes the skill
The Wonder-worker gave her at her birth,
Imparts to drowsy formlessness a shape,
Reveals a world where nothing was before.

Page 180&181

In the plasm she sets her dumb immortal urge,
Helps the live tissue to think, the closed sense to feel,
Flashes through the frail nerves poignant messages,
In a heart of flesh miraculously loves,
To brute bodies gives a soul, a will, a voice.
Ever she summons as by a sorcerer's wand
Beings and shapes and scenes innumerable,
Torch-bearers of her pomps through Time and Space.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri
Book IIThe Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto VIThe Kingdoms and Godheads of the Greater Life
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'This world is her long journey through the night,
The suns and planets lamps to light her road,
Our reason is the confidante of her thoughts,
Our senses are her vibrant witnesses.'
There drawing her signs from things half true, half false,
She labours to replace by realised dreams
The memory of her lost eternity.'
'These are her deeds in this huge world-ignorance:

Till the veil is lifted, till the night is dead,
In light or dark she keeps her tireless search;
Time is her road of endless pilgrimage.
One mighty passion motives all her works.
Her eternal Lover is her action's cause;
Her will is to shut God into her works
And keep him as her cherished prisoner
That never they may part again in Time.'

'A sumptuous chamber of the spirit's sleep
At first she made, a deep interior room,
Where he slumbers as if a forgotten guest.
But now she turns to break the oblivious spell,
Awakes the sleeper on the sculptured couch;
'Across a luminous dream of spirit-space
She builds creation like a rainbow bridge
Between the original Silence and the Void.'

'A net is made of the mobile universe;
She weaves a snare for the conscious Infinite.
'There every thought and feeling is an act,
And every act a symbol and a sign,
And every symbol hides a living power'
'All shown is a figure or copy of the Truth,'
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I’m in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
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Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and
informative lines from Book 2 Canto 6

Page 181

His moods she takes for her heart's passionate moulds;
In beauty she treasures the sunlight of his smile.

Only to attract her veiled companion
And keep him close to her breast in her world-cloak
Lest from her arms he turn to his formless peace,
Is her heart's business and her clinging care.
Yet when he is most near, she feels him far.
For contradiction is her nature's law.

Page 182

A knowledge is with her that conceals its steps
And seems a mute omnipotent Ignorance.
A might is with her that makes wonders true;
The incredible is her stuff of common fact.
Her purposes, her workings riddles prove;
Examined, they grow other than they were,
Explained, they seem yet more inexplicable.
Even in our world a mystery has reigned
Earth's cunning screen of trivial plainness hides;

Although no earthen mask weighs on her face,
Into herself she flees from her own sight.

Page 183

A consciousness lit by a Truth above
Was felt; it saw the light but not the Truth:
It caught the Idea and built from it a world;
It made an Image there and called it God.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri
Book II The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto VI The Kingdoms and Godheads of the Greater Life
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

"In that intense domain of intimacy
Objects dwell as companions of the soul;"
"In all who have risen to a greater Life,
A voice of unborn things whispers to the ear,
To their eyes visited by some high sunlight
Aspiration shows the image of a crown:
To work out a seed that she has thrown within,
To achieve her power in them her creatures live.'

"This was transition-line and starting-point,
A first immigration into heavenliness,
For all who cross into that brilliant sphere:
This wider world our greater movements gives,
Its strong formations build our growing selves;
'There is a knowledge in the heart of sleep
And Nature comes to them as a conscious force.'
An ideal is their leader and their king:

"Her worshippers proclaim her sacred right'.
'At Wisdom's altar they are kings and priests
Or their life a sacrifice to an idol of Power.'
'There Matter is soul's result and not its cause.'
'This world's apparent sensible design
Looks vibrant back to some interior might.'
'Powers here subliminal that act unseen
Came out in front uncovering their face.'

'The unseen was felt and jostled visible shapes.'
"In the communion of two meeting minds
Thought looked at thought and had no need of speech;
Emotion clasped emotion in two hearts,
They felt each other's thrill in the flesh and nerves'
'As when two houses burn and fire joins fire: '..."
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 6

Page 183

The body's actions are a minor script,
The surface rendering of a life within.

All forces are Life's retinue in that world
And thought and body as her handmaids move.
The universal widenesses give her room:

Page 184

To achieve her power in them her creatures live.
Each is a greatness growing towards the heights
Or from his inner centre oceans out;
In circling ripples of concentric power
They swallow, glutted, their environment.
Even of that largeness many a cabin make;

There is kept grandeur's store, the hero's mould;
The soul is the watchful builder of its fate;

Page 185

Aspiring to the monarchy of the sun
They call in Truth for their high government,

Or to the truth of Darkness they subscribe;
Whether for Heaven or Hell they must wage war:
Warriors of Good, they serve a shining cause
Or are Evil's soldiers in the pay of Sin.
For evil and good an equal tenure keep
Wherever Knowledge is Ignorance's twin.

A red-tiaraed Falsehood they revere,
Worship the shadow of a crooked God,
Admit the black Idea that twists the brain
Or lie with the harlot Power that slays the soul.

A mighty victory or a mighty fall,
A throne in heaven or a pit in hell,
The dual Energy they have justified
And marked their souls with her tremendous seal:

Whatever Fate may do to them they have earned;
Something they have done, something they have been, they live.

As quivers with the thought the expressive word,
As yearns the act with the passion of the soul

Hate grappled hate and love broke in on love,
Will wrestled with will on mind's invisible ground;
Others' sensations passing through like waves
Left quivering the subtle body's frame,
Their anger rushed galloping in brute attack,
A charge of trampling hooves on shaken soil;
One felt another's grief invade the breast,
Another's joy exulting ran through the blood:
Hearts could draw close through distance, voices near
That spoke upon the shore of alien seas.
There beat a throb of living interchange:

Indira Renganathan
'Being felt being even when afar
And consciousness replied to consciousness.
And yet the ultimate oneness was not there.
There was a separateness of soul from soul: '
'All was imperfect still, half-known, half-done: '
'As forms they came of the formless Infinite,
As names lived of a nameless Eternity.'
Uncertain they lived in a great climbing Space;

'A riddling answer met the riddle of things.'
'As he moved in this ether of ambiguous life,
Himself was soon a riddle to himself;
A thousand baffling faces of the Truth
Looked at him from her forms with unknown eyes..
'Embodied was there what we but think and feel,
Self-framed what here takes outward borrowed shapes.'
'He stood with her on meditating peaks'

'Life's secret sense is written within, above.'
'The thought that gives it sense lives far beyond; '
'It is not seen in its half-finished design.
In vain we hope to read the baffling signs
Or find the word of the half-played charade.'
'Only in that greater life a cryptic thought
Is found, is hinted some interpreting word
That makes the earth-myth a tale intelligible.'

'Here is the gap, here stops or sinks life's force; '
'This greater life wavers twixt earth and sky.'
'Death is a passage, not the goal of our walk:
Some ancient deep impulsion labours on: '
'nothing has been achieved of infinite worth: '
'A greatness yet unreached by the halting world.'
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 6

Page 187

The beginning and the end were there occult;
A middle term worked unexplained, abrupt:
They were words that spoke to a vast wordless Truth,
They were figures crowding an unfinished sum.

Page 188

Across the leaping springs of death and birth
And over shifting borders of soul-change,
A hunter on the spirit's creative track,
He followed in life's fine and mighty trails

Page 188&189

As one who spells illumined characters,
The key-book of a crabbed magician text,
He scanned her subtle tangled weird designs
And the screened difficult theorem of her clues,
Traced in the monstrous sands of desert Time
The thread beginnings of her titan works,
Watched her charade of action for some hint,
Read the No-gestures of her silhouettes,
And strove to capture in their burdened drift
The dance-fantasia of her sequences
Escaping into rhythmic mystery,
A glimmer of fugitive feet on fleeing soil.

Page 189

A sun that dazzled its own eye of sight,
A luminous enigma's brilliant hood
Lit the dense purple barrier of thought's sky:
A dim large trance showed to the night her stars.

The strange significant forms woven on her robe,
Her meaningful outlines of the souls of things
He saw, her false transparencies of thought-hue,
Her rich brocades with imaged fancies sewn
And mutable masks and broideries of disguise.

Page 190

In her green wilderneses and lurking depths,
In her thickets of joy where danger clasps delight,
He glimpsed the hidden wings of her songster hopes,
A glimmer of blue and gold and scarlet fire.

In her covert lanes, bordering her chance field-paths
And by her singing rivulets and calm lakes
He found the glow of her golden fruits of bliss
And the beauty of her flowers of dream and muse.

As if a miracle of heart's change by joy
He watched in the alchemist radiance of her suns
The crimson outburst of one secular flower
On the tree-of-sacrifice of spiritual love.

In the sleepy splendour of her noons he saw,
A perpetual repetition through the hours,
Thought's dance of dragonflies on mystery's stream
That skim but never test its murmurs' race,
And heard the laughter of her rose desires
Running as if to escape from longed-for hands,
Jingling sweet anklet-bells of fantasy.

Page 191
Impassioned he bore the sorceries of her might,
Felt laid on him her abrupt mysterious will,

Always he met a veiled and seeking Force,
An exiled goddess building mimic heavens,
A Sphinx whose eyes look up to a hidden Sun.

Page 192

As in a fragmentary half-lost design
Life's meanings fled from the pursuing eye.
Life's visage hides life's real self from sight;

Page 193

Unseen, a captive in a house of sound,
The spirit lost in the splendour of a dream
Listens to a thousand-voiced illusion's ode.

Page 194

Turned are her tears to gems of diamond pain,
Her sorrow into a magic crown of song.

A lost remembrance echoes in her depths,
A deathless longing is hers, a veiled self's call;

Astray in the echo caverns of Desire,
It guards the phantoms of a soul's dead hopes
And keeps alive the voice of perished things
Or lingers upon sweet and errant notes
Hunting for pleasure in the heart of pain.

Page 195

An evanescent music it repeats
Wasting on transience Time's eternity.
A tremolo of the voices of the hours
Oblivious screens the high intended theme
The self-embodying spirit came to play
On the vast clavichord of Nature-Force.

Here is the gap, here stops or sinks life's force;
This deficit paupers the magician's skill:

Her depths remember what she came to do,
But the mind has forgotten or the heart mistakes:
In Nature's endless lines is lost the God.

Page 196

A demigod emerging from an ape
Is all she can in our mortal element.
Here the half-god, the half-titan are her peak:
This greater life wavers twixt earth and sky.

A sense of limit haunts her masteries
And nowhere is assured content or peace:

Page 197

Our being must move eternally through Time;
Death helps us not, vain is the hope to cease;
A secret Will compels us to endure.

Page 197&198

A hundred ways to live were tried in vain:

A different picture that was still the same
Appeared upon the cosmic vague background.
Only another labyrinthine house
Of creatures and their doings and events,
A city of the traffic of bound souls,
A market of creation and her wares,
Was offered to the labouring mind and heart.
A circuit ending where it first began
Is dubbed the forward and eternal march
Of progress on perfection's unknown road.
End of Book 2-Canto 6

Indira Renganathan
'A mind absolved from life, made calm to know,
The seal of tears, the bond of ignorance,
He turned to find that wide world-failure's cause.'
'Away he looked from Nature's visible face
And sent his gaze into the viewless Vast,
The formidable unknown Infinity,'
'That carries the universe in its timeless breadths
And the ripples of its being are our lives.'

'He saw the fount of the world's lasting pain
And the mouth of the black pit of Ignorance;
The evil guarded at the roots of life
Raised up its head and looked into his eyes.'
'A vague and lurking Presence everywhere,'
'A contrary Doom that threatens all things made,
'A Death figuring as the dark seed of life,
Seemed to engender and to slay the world.'

'Then from the sombre mystery of the gulfs
And from the hollow bosom of the Mask
Something crept forth that seemed a shapeless Thought.'
'A fatal Influence upon creatures stole
Whose lethal touch pursued the immortal spirit,'
'Even Light and Love by that cloaked danger's spell
Turned from the brilliant nature of the gods
Became themselves a danger and a charm,'

'Arrived the shadowy dreadful messengers,
Invaders from a dangerous world of power,
Ambassadors of evil's absolute.'
'Life looked at him with changed and sombre eyes:
Her beauty he saw and the yearning heart in things'
'Answering to a small ray of truth or love; '....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and
informative lines from Book 2 Canto 7

Page 202

The worlds are built by its unconscious Breath
And Matter and Mind are its figures or its powers,
Our waking thoughts the output of its dreams.
The veil was rent that covers Nature's depths:

Page 203

Interceptor of the listening of the soul,
Afflicting knowledge with the hue of doubt
It captured the oracles of the occult gods,
Effaced the signposts of Life's pilgrimage,
Cancelled the firm rock-edicts graved by Time,
And on the foundations of the cosmic Law
Erected its bronze pylons of misrule.

The grey Mask whispered and, though no sound was heard,
Yet in the ignorant heart a seed was sown
That bore black fruit of suffering, death and bale.

Page 204

Life looked at him with changed and sombre eyes:

He saw her gold sunlight and her far blue sky,
Her green of leaves and hue and scent of flowers
And the charm of children and the love of friends
And the beauty of women and kindly hearts of men,
But saw too the dreadful Powers that drive her moods
And the anguish she has strewn upon her ways,
Fate waiting on the unseen steps of men
And her evil and sorrow and last gift of death.

Indira Renganathan
Aurobindo 43 Savitri Book 2

An appreciation on Savitri
Book Two: The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto Seven: The Descent into Night
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'A breath of disillusion and decadence
Corrupting watched for Life's maturity
And made to rot the full grain of the soul:
Progress became a purveyor of Death.'
'A darkness settled on the heavy air;
'The lust that warps the spirit's natural good
Replaced by a manufactured virtue and vice'
The frank spontaneous impulse of the soul:

'In rejected heaps by a monotonous road
The old simple delights were left to lie
On the wasteland of life's descent to Night.'
'All knowledge was left a questioning Ignorance.'
'As from a womb obscure he saw emerge
The body and visage of a dark Unseen
Hidden behind the fair outsides of life.'
'It's dangerous commerce is our suffering's cause.'

'He followed the track of dim tremendous steps
Returning to the night from which they came.'
'It was a no man's land of evil air,'
'There unreality was Nature's lord: '
'Each rainbow brilliance was a splendid lie;
'Announcing the advent of a perilous Form
An ominous tread softened its dire footfall
That none might understand or be on guard; '

'The Fiend was visible but cloaked in light;
'His rigorous logic made the false seem true.'
'Attack sprang suddenly vehement and unseen;
'There was no truce and no safe place to rest;
'It was a world of battle and surprise.'
'All who were there lived for themselves alone; '
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 7

Page 204

A world that clung to the law of a slain Light
Cherished the putrid corpses of dead truths,

A darkness settled on the heavy air;
It hunted the bright smile from Nature's lips
And slew the native confidence in her heart
And put fear's crooked look into her eyes.

Page 205

Afflicting Nature with the dual's lie,
Their twin values whetted a forbidden zest,
Made evil a relief from spurious good,
The ego battened on righteousness and sin
And each became an instrument of Hell.

All beauty ended in an aging face;
All power was dubbed a tyranny cursed by God

A march of goddess figures dark and nude
Alarmed the air with grandiose unease;

Page 206

All was belied, yet thought itself the truth;
All were beset but knew not of the siege:
For none could see the authors of their fall.
An unsubstantial Nihil guaranteed
The falsehood of the forms this Nature took
And made them seem awhile to be and live.
A borrowed magic drew them from the Void;

Each rainbow brilliance was a splendid lie;
A beauty unreal graced a glamour face.

Joy nurtured tears and good an evil proved,
But never out of evil one plucked good:

A Power that laughed at the mischiefs of the world,
An irony that joined the world's contraries
And flung them into each other's arms to strive,
Put a sardonic rictus on God's face.

He deceived with wisdom, with virtue slew the soul
And led to perdition by the heavenward path.

Amazing the elect with holy lore
He spoke as with the very voice of God.

Each friend might turn an enemy or spy,
The hand one clasped ensleeved a dagger's stab
And an embrace could be Doom's iron cage.

Indira Renganathan
Aurobindo 44 Savitri Book 2

An appreciation on Savitri
Book Two: The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto Seven: The Descent into Night
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Then the scene changed, but kept its dreadful core:
Altering its form the life remained the same.'
'He saw a city of ancient Ignorance
Founded upon a soil that knew not Light.'
A pragmatist judge within passed false decrees,
'Posed worst iniquities on equity's base,
Reasoned ill actions just, sanctioned the scale
Of the merchant ego's interest and desire.'

'Thus was a balance kept, the world could live.'
'A lie was there the truth and truth a lie.
Here must the traveller of the upward Way-
For daring Hell's kingdoms winds the heavenly route-
Pause or pass slowly through that perilous space,
A prayer upon his lips and the great Name.'
'If probed not all discernment's keen spear-point,
He might stumble into falsity's endless net.'

'This No-man's-land he passed without debate;
Him the heights missioned, him the Abyss desired:
None stood across his way, no voice forbade.
For swift and easy is the downward path,
And now towards the Night was turned his face.'
'He crossed a boundary whose stealthy trace
Eye could not see but only the soul feel.
Into an armoured fierce domain he came'

'The approach alarmed his mind for ever dumb
Of pain inhuman and intolerable.'
'A lifeless vacancy was now his breast'
'But he endured, stilled the vain terror'
'Then peace returned and the soul's sovereign gaze.'
'Mighty and mute the Godhead in him woke'.....
My consciousness this moment, 
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights 
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation 
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine 
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise 
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune 

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 7

Page 208

There Ego was lord upon his peacock seat 
And Falsehood sat by him, his mate and queen: 
The world turned to them as Heaven to Truth and God.

Page 209

In high professions wrapped self-will walked wide 
And licence stalked prating of order and right: 
There was no altar raised to Liberty;

An eagle rapacity clawed its coveted good, 
Beaks pecked and talons tore all weaker prey.

Oblivious of their own deep-hid offence, 
Moblike they stoned a neighbour caught in sin.

Page 210

Amid her clashing creeds and warring sects 
Religion sat upon a blood-stained throne.

Over his shoulder often he must look back 
Like one who feels on his neck an enemy's breath;

Page 211

Only were safe who kept God in their hearts: 
Courage their armour, faith their sword, they must walk,
The hand ready to smite, the eye to scout,
Casting a javelin regard in front,
Heroes and soldiers of the army of Light.

A greater darkness waited, a worse reign,
If worse can be where all is evil's extreme;
Yet to the cloaked the uncloaked is naked worst.

Around him crowded grey and squalid huts
Neighbouring proud palaces of perverted Power,
Inhuman quarters and demoniac wards.
A pride in evil hugged its wretchedness;

Page 212

A strong and fallen goddess without hope,
Obscured, deformed by some dire Gorgon spell,
As might a harlot empress in a bouge,
Nude, unashamed, exulting she upraised
Her evil face of perilous beauty and charm
And, drawing panic to a shuddering kiss
Twixt the magnificence of her fatal breasts,
Allured to their abyss the spirit's fall.

Across his field of sight she multiplied
As on a scenic film or moving plate
The implacable splendour of her nightmare pomps.
On the dark background of a soulless world
She staged between a lurid light and shade
Her dramas of the sorrow of the depths
Written on the agonised nerves of living things:

Abusing Nature's gift her pervert skill
Immortalised the sown grain of living death,
In a mud goblet poured the bacchic wine,
To a satyr gave the thyrsus of a god.

Impure, sadistic, with grimacing mouths,
Grey foul inventions gruesome and macabre
Came televisioned from the gulfs of Night.

Page 212&213
A gape of nude exaggerated lines,
Gave caricature a stark reality,
And art-parades of weird distorted forms,
And gargoyle masques obscene and terrible
Trampled to tormented postures the torn sense.

Page 213

Agony was made a red-spiced food for bliss,
Hatred was trusted with the work of lust
And torture took the form of an embrace;
A ritual anguish consecrated death;

Page 214

A mighty energy, a monster god,
Hard to the strong, implacable to the weak,
It stared at the harsh unpitying world it made
With the stony eyelids of its fixed idea.

Page 216

There wretchedness believed in its own joy
And fear and weakness hugged their abject depths;

A lone discoverer in these menacing realms
Guarded like termite cities from the sun,

Page 217

A travelling dot on downward roads of Dusk
Mid barren fields and barns and straggling huts
And a few crooked and phantasmal trees,
He faced a sense of death and conscious void.

Nothing was left, not even an evil face.
He was alone with the grey python Night.
Haled by a serpent-force from its warm home
And dragged to extinction in bleak vacancy
Life clung to its seat with cords of gasping breath;
Lapped was his body by a tenebrous tongue.

As a sea nears a victim bound and still,
The approach alarmed his mind for ever dumb
Of an implacable eternity
Of pain inhuman and intolerable.

Page 219

He mastered the tides of Nature with a look:
He met with his bare spirit naked Hell.

End of Book 2-Canto 7

Indira Renganathan
'Then could he see the hidden heart of Night: '
A spiritless blank Infinity was there;
'A Nature that denied the eternal Truth
In the vain braggart freedom of its thought
Hoped to abolish God and reign alone.
There was no sovereign Guest, no witness Light; '..
'Unhelped it would create its own bleak world.'
'Evil and pain begot a monstrous soul.'

'A shadow substance into emptiness came,
Dim forms were born in the unthinking Void
And eddies met and made an adverse Space
In whose black folds Being imagined Hell.'
'It was the gate of a false Infinite,
An eternity of disastrous absolutes,
An immense negation of spiritual things.'
'Being collapsed into a pointless void'

'All high things served their nether opposite:
The forms of Gods sustained a demon cult;
Heaven's face became a mask and snare of Hell.'
'There in the heart of vain phenomenon, '
'He saw a Shape illimitable and vague
Sitting on Death who swallows all things born.'
'But from the Night another answer came.'
'A seeking Mind replaced the seeing Soul: '

'Assuring God's self-cowled neutrality
A mighty opposition conquered Space.'
'Implanting error in the stuff of things
It made an Ignorance of the all-wise Law;'
'Obscured was the Truth-light in the cavern heart'
'Companioniing the Godhead of the shrine.'....

.............My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 8

Page 220

Its large blind eyes looked out on demon acts,
Its deaf ears heard the untruth its dumb lips spoke;
Its huge misguided fancy took vast shapes,
Its mindless sentience quivered with fierce conceits;

Impatient architects of error's house,
Leaders of the cosmic ignorance and unrest
And sponsors of sorrow and mortality
Embodied the dark Ideas of the Abyss.

Page 221

Thought sat, a priestess of Perversity,
On her black tripod of the triune Snake
Reading by opposite signs the eternal script,
A sorceress reversing life's God-frame.

16 In darkling aisles with evil eyes for lamps
And fatal voices chanting from the apse,
In strange infernal dim basilicas
Intoning the magic of the unholy Word,
The ominous profound Initiate
Performed the ritual of her Mysteries.

Page 221&222

There Good, a faithless gardener of God,
Watered with virtue the world's upas-tree
And, careful of the outward word and act,
Engrafted his hypocrite blooms on native ill.

Page 222

A chill fixed face with dire and motionless eyes,
Her dreadful trident in her shadowy hand
Outstretched, she pierced all creatures with one fate.

Then in a fatal and stupendous hour
Something that sprang from the stark Inconscient's sleep
Unwillingly begotten by the mute Void,
Lifted its ominous head against the stars;

Indira Renganathan
The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds Canto Eight: The World of Falsehood, the Mother of Evil and the Sons of Darkness
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Thus was the dire antagonist Energy born'
'Arresting the passion of the climbing soul,
She forced on life a slow and faltering pace; '
'Oppressing the God-spark within the soul
She forces back to the beast the human fall.'
'Incalculable are her strength and ruse; '
'Oppressing the God-spark...'very truthful..
Third eye shut in submersion of mayic ocean..

'This is the tragedy of the inner death
When forfeited is the divine element
And only a mind and body live to die.'
'Always the dark Adventurers seem to win; '
'The world's shrines they have occupied, usurped its thrones.'
'Night is their refuge and strategic base.'
'No wandering ray of Heaven can enter there.'
Nocturnal deeds in ostentatious culture....

'Armoured, protected by their lethal masks,
As in a studio of creative Death
The giant sons of Darkness sit and plan'..
What a marvelous portrayal of the present trend..
'The drama of the earth, their tragic stage.'
'None can reach heaven who has not passed through hell.'
'This too the traveller of the worlds must dare.'
This..a Beware-Beat on the pang of each human heart...

'Thought ceased, sense failed, his soul still saw and knew.'
'Arousing consciousness in things inert,
He imposed upon dark atom and dumb mass
The diamond script of the Imperishable
'The infernal Gleam died and could slay no more.'
'Matter and spirit mingled and were one.'...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe...in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 8

Page 224

The tortuous line of her deceiving mind
The Gods see not and man is impotent;

Even Good she makes a hook to drag to Hell.
For her the world runs to its agony.

Often the pilgrim on the Eternal's road
Ill-lit from clouds by the pale moon of Mind,
Or in devious byways wandering alone,
Or lost in deserts where no path is seen,
Falls overpowered by her lion leap,
A conquered captive under her dreadful paws.

Intoxicated by a burning breath
And amorous grown of a destroying mouth,
Once a companion of the sacred Fire,
The mortal perishes to God and Light,
An Adversary governs heart and brain,
A Nature hostile to the Mother-Force.

A cowled fifth-columnist is now thought's guide;
His subtle defeatist murmur slays the faith

Page 225
Offspring of the gulfs, agents of the shadowy Force,
Haters of light, intolerant of peace,
Aping to the thought the shining Friend and Guide,
Opposing in the heart the eternal Will,
They veil the occult uplifting Harmonist.

The doors of God they have locked with keys of creed
And shut out by the Law his tireless Grace.
Along all Nature's lines they have set their posts
And intercept the caravans of Light;

A yoke is laid upon the world's dim heart;
Masked are its beats from the supernal Bliss,
And the closed peripheries of brilliant Mind
Block the fine entries of celestial Fire.

Page 226

In the vacant precincts of the sacred Fire,
In front of the reredos in the mystic rite
Facing the dim velamen none can pierce,
Intones his solemn hymn the mitred priest
Invoking their dreadful presence in his breast:

He chants the syllables of the magic text
And summons the unseen communion's act,
While twixt the incense and the muttered prayer
All the fierce bale with which the world is racked
Is mixed in the foaming chalice of man's heart
And poured to them like sacramental wine.

Against the sword of Flame, the luminous Eye,
Bastioned they live in massive forts of gloom,
Calm and secure in sunless privacy:

Page 227

A warrior in the dateless duel's strife,
He entered into dumb despairing Night
Challenging the darkness with his luminous soul.

Ignorant like men born blind who know not light,
They could equate worst ill with highest good,

A dire administration's penal code
Making of grief and pain the common law,

An act was passed to chastise happiness;
Laughter and pleasure were banned as deadly sins:

Page 227&228

There thought and life were a long punishment,
The breath a burden and all hope a scourge,
The body a field of torment, a massed unease;

Page 228

A hard sombre heart, a harsh unsmiling mind
Rejected happiness like a cloying sweet;

Tranquillity was a tedium and ennui:
Only by suffering life grew colourful;
It needed the spice of pain, the salt of tears.

To watch the drama of infelicity,
The writhing of creatures under the harrow of doom
And sorrow's tragic gaze into the night
And horror and the hammering heart of fear
Were the ingredients in Time's heavy cup
That pleased and helped to enjoy its bitter taste.

The dry gnarled trees stood up like dying men
Stiffened into a pose of agony,

And from each window peered an ominous priest
Chanting Te Deums for slaughter's crowning grace,
Uprooted cities, blasted human homes,
Burned writhen bodies, the bombshell's massacre.

Page 229

It was a world of sorrow and of hate,
Sorrow with hatred for its lonely joy,
Hatred with others' sorrow as its feast;

A bitter rictus curled the suffering mouth;
A tragic cruelty saw its ominous chance.
Hate was the black archangel of that realm

Page 230

Companionless he roamed through desolate ways
Where the red Wolf waits by the fordless stream
And Death's black eagles scream to the precipice,
And met the hounds of bale who hunt men's hearts
Baying across the veldts of Destiny,

Pinned to the black inertia of our base
He treasured between his hands his flickering soul.

Page 231

Into the abysmal secrecy he came
Where darkness peers from her mattress, grey and nude,

Page 232

He imposed upon dark atom and dumb mass
The diamond script of the Imperishable,

.........
A paean-song of the free Infinite

...............  
The lyric of the love that waits through Time
And the mystic volume of the Book of Bliss
And the message of the superconscient Fire.

Hell split across its huge abrupt facade
As if a magic building were undone,
Night opened and vanished like a gulf of dream.

There poured a wide intimate and blissful Dawn;

The soul lit the conscious body with its ray,
Matter and spirit mingled and were one.
Indira Renganathan
Around him shone a great felicitous Day.
'A favourite and intimate of the Gods
Obeying the divine command to joy,
It was the sovereign of its own delight
And master of the kingdoms of its force.'
It needed not to curb its passionate beats;
'It lived in a jewel-rhythm of the laughter of God
And lay on the breast of universal love.'

'A silence of felicity wrapped the heavens,
A careless radiance smiled upon the heights;
A murmur of inarticulate ravishment
Trembled in the winds and touched the enchanted soil; '
'Advancing under an arch of glory and peace,
Traveller on plateau and on musing ridge, ...'
'He traversed scenes of an immortal joy'
And gazed into abysms of beauty and bliss.'

'Across the vibrant secrecies of Space
A dim and happy music sweetly stole, ..'
'A summit and core of all that marvellous world,
Apart stood high Elysian nameless hills,
Burning like sunsets in a trance of eve.'
'Their peaks climbed towards a greatness beyond life.'
'The shining Edens of the vital gods
Received him in their deathless harmonies.

'All things were perfect there that flower in Time; '
'All life's high visions are embodied there'
'No lower note could break the endless charm
Of her sweetness ardent and immaculate; '
'He foundered drowned in sweet and burning vasts: '
'Immortal pleasure cleansed him in its waves..'

............My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 9

Page 233

Thrilled by the clasp of the warm satisfied sense
And the swift wonder-rush and flame and cry
Of the life-impulses' red magnificent race,
It lived in a jewel-rhythm of the laughter of God
And lay on the breast of universal love.

Immune the unfettered Spirit of Delight
Pastured his gleaming sun-herds and moon-flocks
Along the lyric speed of griefless streams
In fragrance of the unearthly asphodel.

Page 234

Incessant in the arms of ecstasy
Repeating its sweet involuntary note
A sob of rapture flowed along the hours.

Traveller on plateau and on musing ridge,
As one who sees in the World-Magician's glass
A miracled imagery of soul-scapes flee
He traversed scenes of an immortal joy
And gazed into abysms of beauty and bliss.

Below him lay like gleaming jewelled thoughts
Rapt dreaming cities of Gandharva kings.

And voices of unearthly melody
Chanted the glory of eternal love
In the white-blue-moonbeam air of Paradise.

As if to some new unsearched profundity,
Into a joyful stillness plunged their base;

17 Their slopes through a hurry of laughter and voices sank,
Crossed by a throng of singing rivulets,
Adoring blue heaven with their happy hymn,
Down into woods of shadowy secrecy:

Page 235

Dream walked along the highways of the stars;

Her wandering hopes achieved, her aureate combs
Caught by the honey-eater's darting tongue,
And laid its hand upon the body of Time.

End of Book 2-Canto 9

Indira Renganathan
'This too must now be overpassed and left,
As all must be until the Highest is gained
In whom the world and self grow true and one:
'Always a nameless goal beckons beyond,
Always ascends the zigzag of the gods
And upward points the spirit's climbing Fire.
"This breath of hundred-hued felicity"
'A little output of God's vast delight.'

'A musing spirit looked out on the worlds
And like a brilliant clambering of skies
Passing through clarity to an unseen Light
Large lucent realms of Mind from stillness shone.'
'But first he met a silver-grey expanse'..
'A coalition of uncertainties
There exercised uneasy government'..
'A rendezvous of Knowledge with Ignorance.'

'At its low extremity held difficult sway
A mind that hardly saw and slowly found; '
'This was the first means of our slow ascent'
'In a realm it cannot understand nor change; '
'The slow process of a material mind
Which serves the body it should rule and use
And needs to lean upon an erring sense,
Was born in that luminous obscurity.'

'It reasons from the half-known to the unknown, '
'Ever undoing the web that it has spun.'
'At the glow-worm top of these pale glimmer-realms'
'Escaping over a wide and shimmering bridge,
He came into a realm of early Light
'And the regency of a half-risen sun.'...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 10

Page 238

This breath of hundred-hued felicity
And its pure heightened figure of Time's joy,
Tossed upon waves of flawless happiness,
Hammered into single beats of ecstasy,

A glory and sweetness of satisfied desire
Tied up the spirit to golden posts of bliss.

Page 239

A memory soft as grass and faint as sleep,
The beauty and call receding sank behind
Like a sweet song heard fading far away
Upon the long high road to Timelessness.

But first he met a silver-grey expanse
Where Day and Night had wedded and were one:
It was a tract of dim and shifting rays
Parting Life's sentient flow from Thought's self-poise.

Page 240

A twilight sage whose shadow seems to him self,
Moving from minute to brief minute lives;

Out of earth's heavy smallness we must break,
We must search our nature with spiritual fire:
An insect crawl preludes our glorious flight;

At the glow-worm top of these pale glimmer-realms
Where dawn-sheen gambolled with the native dusk
And helped the Day to grow and Night to fail,
Escaping over a wide and shimmering bridge,
He came into a realm of early Light
And the regency of a half-risen sun.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Two: The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto Ten: The Kingdoms and Godheads of the Little Mind
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Out of its rays our mind's full orb was born.'
'A bodiless energy put on Matter's robe;
Proton and photon served the imager Eye
To change things subtle into a physical world
And the invisible appeared as shape
And the impalpable was felt as mass:
'Magic of percept joined with concept's art
And lent to each object an interpreting name: '

'Even a greater miracle was done.
The mediating light linked body's power,
To the effulgence of a Ray above.'
'Still Knowledge could not come and firmly grasp
This huge invention seen as a universe.'
'None the true body found, its soul seemed dead:
None had the inner look which sees Truth's whole;
All glorified the glittering substitute.'

'Then from the secret heights a wave swept down,
A brilliant chaos of rebel light arose;
It looked above and saw the dazzling peaks,
It looked within and woke the sleeping god.'
'Thus worked the Power upon the growing world; '
'Its subtle craft withheld the full-orbed blaze, '
'Thus streamed down from the realm of early Light
Ethereal thinkings into Matter's world; '

'In those bright realms are Mind's first forward steps.'
'It looked within itself but saw not God.'
'Earth all perceives through doubtful images, '
'In her own realm she stumbles not nor fails,
But moves in boundaries of subtle power
Across which mind can step towards the sun.'
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 10

Page 241

A prototypal deft Intelligence
Half-poised on equal wings of thought and doubt
Toiled ceaselessly twixt being's hidden ends.
33 A Secrecy breathed in life's moving act;
A covert nurse of Nature's miracles,
It shaped life's wonders out of Matter's mud:

A robot exact and serviceable and false
Displaced the spirit's finer view of things:
A polished engine did the work of a god.

Page 242&243

Imagination called her shining squads
That venture into undiscovered scenes
Where all the marvels lurk none yet has known:

Lifting her beautiful and miraculous head,
She conspired with inspiration's sister brood
To fill thought's skies with glimmering nebulae.
A bright Error fringed the mystery-altar's frieze;
Darkness grew nurse to wisdom's occult sun,
Myth suckled knowledge with her lustrous milk;
The infant passed from dim to radiant breasts.
Its gold-horned herds trooped into earth's cave-heart.

Its morning rays illume our twilight's eyes,
Its young formations move the mind of earth
To labour and to dream and new-create,
To feel beauty's touch and know the world and self:
The Golden Child began to think and see.

Ardent and golden-gleamed with sunrise fires,
Alert it lives upon invention's verge.

Yet all it does is on an infant's scale,
As if the cosmos were a nursery game,
Mind, life the playthings of a Titan's babe.

62 As one it works who builds a mimic fort
Miraculously stable for a while,
Made of the sands upon a bank of Time
Mid an occult eternity's shoreless sea.

For knowledge comes not to us as a guest
Called into our chamber from the outer world;

A friend and inmate of our secret self,
It hid behind our minds and fell asleep
And slowly wakes beneath the blows of life;

This was the imbroglio made by sovereign Mind
Looking from a gleam-ridge into the Night
In her first tamperings with Inconscience:
Its alien dusk baffles her luminous eyes;

Indira Renganathan
'A dwarf three-bodied trinity was her serf.
First, smallest of the three, but strong of limb, '
A pigmy Thought needing to live in bounds
'A technician admirable, a thinker crude,
A riveter of Life to habit's grooves,
Obedient to gross Matter's tyranny,
A prisoner of the moulds in which it works,
It binds itself by what itself creates.'

A fiery spirit came, next of the three.
A hunchback rider of the red Wild-Ass,
A rash Intelligence leaped down lion-maned
From the great mystic Flame that rings the worlds
And with its dire edge eats at being's heart.
Thence sprang the burning vision of Desire.
A thousand shapes it wore, took numberless names: '
'It squandered life's force to achieve the impossible: '

'Of all these Powers the greatest was the last.'
'Came Reason, the squat godhead artisan,
Adept of clear contrivance and design,
A pensive face and close and peering eyes,
She took her firm and irremovable seat,
The strongest, wisest of the troll-like Three.
She strove to reduce to rules the mystic world.
Nothing she knew but all things hoped to know.

'In dark inconscient realms once void of thought,
'An imperfect light leading an erring mass
By the power of sense and the idea and word,
She ferrets out Nature's process, substance, cause.
All life to harmonise by thought's control,
She with the huge imbroglio struggles still; '
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 10

Page 245

A slave of a fixed mass of absolute rules,
It sees as Law the habits of the world,
It sees as Truth the habits of the mind.

Page 246

The old sure memories are its capital stock:
Only what sense can grasp seems absolute:

things long known and actions always done
Are to its clinging hold a balustrade
Of safety on the perilous stair of Time.

Page 246&247

In decayed and crumbling offices of Time
It keeps close guard in front of custom's wall,
Or in an ancient Night's dim environs
It dozes on a little courtyard's stones
And barks at every unfamiliar light
As at a foe who would break up its home,
A watch-dog of the spirit's sense-railed house
Against intruders from the Invisible,
Nourished on scraps of life and Matter's bones
In its kennel of objective certitude.
The stars' changeless orbits furrow inert Space,
A million species follow one mute Law.
A huge inertness is the world's defence,
Even in change is treasured changelessness;

Into inertia revolution sinks,
In a new dress the old resumes its role;
The Energy acts, the stable is its seal:
On Shiva's breast is stayed the enormous dance.

Thence sprang the burning vision of Desire.
A thousand shapes it wore, took numberless names:
A need of multitude and uncertainty
Pricks it for ever to pursue the One
On countless roads across the vasts of Time
Through circuits of unending difference.
It burns all breasts with an ambiguous fire.

A radiance gleaming on a murky stream,
It flamed towards heaven, then sank, engulfed, towards hell;
It climbed to drag down Truth into the mire
And used for muddy ends its brilliant Force;

A huge chameleon gold and blue and red
Turning to black and grey and lurid brown,
Hungry it stared from a mottled bough of life
To snap up insect joys, its favourite food,
The dingy sustenance of a sumptuous frame
Nursing the splendid passion of its hues.

A snake of flame with a dull cloud for tail,
Followed by a dream-brood of glittering thoughts,
A lifted head with many-tinged flickering crests,
It licked at knowledge with a smoky tongue.
A whirlpool sucking in an empty air,
It based on vacancy stupendous claims,
In Nothingness born to Nothingness returned,
Yet all the time unwittingly it drove
Towards the hidden Something that is All.

Ardent to find, incapable to retain,
A brilliant instability was its mark,
To err its inborn trend, its native cue.

At once to an unreflecting credence prone,
It thought all true that flattered its own hopes;

It cherished golden nothings born of wish,
It snatched at the unreal for provender.

In darkness it discovered luminous shapes;
Peering into a shadow-hung half-light
It saw hued images scrawled on Fancy's cave;

Or it swept in circles through conjecture's night
And caught in imagination's camera
Bright scenes of promise held by transient flares,
Fixed in life's air the feet of hurrying dreams,
Kept prints of passing Forms and hooded Powers
And flash-images of half-seen verities.

Page 249

One chance made true warranted all the rest.
Attempt, not victory, was the charm of life.

An uncertain winner of uncertain stakes,
Instinct its dam and the life-mind its sire,

It saw in the dark and vaguely blinked in the light,
Ignorance was its field, the unknown its prize.

Came Reason, the squat godhead artisan,
To her narrow house upon a ridge in Time.
In her strong purposeful laborious mind,
Inventing her scheme-lines of reality
And the geometric curves of her time-plan,
She multiplied her slow half-cuts at Truth:

Indira Renganathan
'A sovereign worker through the centuries
Observing and remoulding all that is,
Confident she took up her stupendous charge.'
A rigorous stare in her creative eyes
Coercing the plastic stuff of cosmic Mind,
She sets the hard inventions of her brain
In a pattern of eternal fixity:
'For the world seen she weaves a world conceived: '

'In her high works of pure intelligence, ..'
'There dawns no light of heavenly certitude.'
'A million faces wears her knowledge here
And every face is turbaned with a doubt.'
'An inconclusive play is Reason's toil.
Each strong idea can use her as its tool; '
'Absolute her judgments seem but none is sure; '
Time cancels all her verdicts in appeal.

'An aided sense is her seeking's arbiter.
This now she uses as the assayer's stone.'
'As if she knew not facts are husks of truth,
The husks she keeps, the kernel throws aside.'
'An ancient wisdom fades into the past, '
'Only she seeks mechanic Nature's keys.'
'A lifeless Energy irresistibly driven, '
'Then wonders why all was and whence it came.'

'The little Mind is tied to little things: '
'The Truth is known only when all is seen.'
'A fire shall come out of the infinitudes,
A greater Gnosis shall regard the world '
'A timeless knowledge it shall bring to Mind,
Its aim to life, to Ignorance its close.'
...........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 10

Page 250

She leans to forge her credos and iron codes
And metal structures to imprison life
And mechanic models of all things that are

Page 250&251

She spins in stiff but unsubstantial lines
Her gossamer word-webs of abstract thought,
Her segment systems of the Infinite,
Her theodicies and cosmogonic charts
And myths by which she explains the inexplicable.

At will she spaces in thin air of mind
Like maps in the school-house of intellect hung,
Forcing wide Truth into a narrow scheme,
Her numberless warring strict philosophies;

Out of Nature's body of phenomenon
She carves with Thought's keen edge in rigid lines,
Like rails for the World-Magician's power to run,
Her sciences precise and absolute.

On the huge bare walls of human nescience
Written round Nature's deep dumb hieroglyphs
She pens in clear demotic characters
The vast encyclopaedia of her thoughts;
An algebra of her mathematics' signs,
Her numbers and unerring formulas
She builds to clinch her summary of things.

Page 252

The eternal Advocate seated as judge
Armours in logic's invulnerable mail
A thousand combatants for Truth's veiled throne
And sets on a high horse-back of argument
To tilt for ever with a wordy lance
In a mock tournament where none can win.

A bullock yoked in the cart of proven fact,
She drags huge knowledge-bales through Matter's dust
To reach utility's immense bazaar.
Apprentice she has grown to her old drudge;

Page 253

Our thoughts are parts of the immense machine,
Our ponderings but a freak of Matter's law,
The mystic's lore was a fancy or a blind;
Of soul or spirit we have now no need:

Matter is the admirable Reality,
The patent unescapable miracle,
The hard truth of things, simple, eternal, sole.

Page 254

Late shall the self-disintegrating Force
Contract the immense expansion it has made:
Then ends this mighty and unmeaning toil,
The Void is left bare, vacant as before.

Matter was an incident in being's flow,
Law but a clock-work habit of blind force.

Page 255
A hard compression held down anarchy
And liberty was only a phantom's name:
Creation and destruction waltzed inarmed
On the bosom of a torn and quaking earth;
All reeled into a world of Kali's dance.

Thus tumbled, sinking, sprawling in the Void,
Clutching for props, a soil on which to stand,
She only saw a thin atomic Vast,
The rare-point sparse substratum universe
On which floats a solid world's phenomenal face.

Page 256

But many-visaged is the cosmic Soul;
A touch can alter the fixed front of Fate.
A sudden turn can come, a road appear.

A greater Mind may see a greater Truth,
Or we may find when all the rest has failed
Hid in ourselves the key of perfect change.

Ascending from the soil where creep our days,
Earth's consciousness may marry with the Sun,
Our mortal life ride on the spirit's wings,
Our finite thoughts commune with the Infinite.

In the bright kingdoms of the rising Sun
All is a birth into a power of light:
All here deformed guards there its happy shape,
Here all is mixed and marred, there pure and whole;
Yet each is a passing step, a moment's phase.

Page 257

In this small mould of infant mind and sense
Desire is a child-heart's cry crying for bliss,
Our reason only a toys' artificer,
A rule-maker in a strange stumbling game.

The world she has made is an interim report
Of a traveller towards the half-found truth in things
Moving twixt nescience and nescience.
For nothing is known while aught remains concealed;

Page 258

Even now great thoughts are here that walk alone:
Armed they have come with the infallible word
In an investiture of intuitive light
That is a sanction from the eyes of God;
Announcers of a distant Truth they flame
Arriving from the rim of eternity.

End of Book 2-Canto 10

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Two: The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto Eleven: The Kingdoms and Godheads of the Greater Mind
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'For Thought transcends the circles of mortal mind,
It is greater than its earthly instrument: '
'Arriving into his ken a wonder space
Of great and marvellous meetings called his steps,
Where Thought leaned on a Vision beyond thought
And shaped a world from the Unthinkable.'
'The splendours of ideal Mind were seen
Outstretched across the boundaries of things known.'

Awake in a luminous sphere unbound by Thought,
Exposed to omniscient immensities,
It casts on our world its great crowned influences, ...
'In its vast ambit of ideal Space..
'The Spirit's truths take form as living Gods
And each can build a world in its own right.'
'Far are those realms from our labour and yearning and call, .....'
'Remote from the turbid tread of mortal life.'

'But since our secret selves are next of kin,
A breath of unattained divinity
Visits the imperfect earth on which we toil; '
'Across a gleaming ether's golden laugh
A light falls on our vexed unsatisfied lives '
'The child of the secret soul's forbidden desire
Born of its amour with eternity.'
'Our spirits break free from their environment; '

'But now our rights are barred, our passports void; '
'An errant ray from the immortal Mind
Accepted the earth's blindness and became
Our human thought, servant of Ignorance.
'Far-off he saw the joining hemispheres.'
'Above were bright ethereal skies of mind'
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 11

Page 260

The godhead crammed into mind's narrow space
Escapes on every side into some vast
That is a passage to infinity.

For the spirit is eternal and unmade
And not by thinking was its greatness born,
And not by thinking can its knowledge come.

It knows itself and in itself it lives,
It moves where no thought is nor any form.
Its feet are steadied upon finite things,
Its wings can dare to cross the Infinite.

Across a gleaming ether's golden laugh
A light falls on our vexed unsatisfied lives,

Page 262

We feel the hero's immortality;
The courage and the strength death cannot touch
Awake in limbs that are mortal, hearts that fail;

We move by the rapid impulse of a will
That scorns the tardy trudge of mortal time.

Page 263&264

The unfallen planes, the thought-created worlds
Where Knowledge is the leader of the act
And Matter is of thinking substance made,
Feeling, a heaven-bird poised on dreaming wings,
Answers Truth's call as to a parent's voice,

Form luminous leaps from the all-shaping beam
And Will is a conscious chariot of the Gods,
And Life, a splendour stream of musing Force,
Carries the voices of the mystic Suns.

Page 264

In gleaming clarities of amethyst air
The chainless and omnipotent Spirit of Mind
Brooded on the blue lotus of the Idea.
A gold supernal sun of timeless Truth
Poured down the mystery of the eternal Ray
Through a silence quivering with the word of Light
On an endless ocean of discovery.

Above were bright ethereal skies of mind,
A packed and endless soar as if sky pressed sky
Buttressed against the Void on bastioned light;

Indira Renganathan
'In front of the ascending epiphany'
World-Time's enjoyers, favourites of World-Bliss,
The Masters of things actual, lords of the hours,
Playmates of youthful Nature and child God,
Creators of Matter by hid stress of Mind'
'Stood there, a race of young keen-visioned gods,
King-children born on Wisdom's early plane,
Taught in her school world-making's mystic play.'

'Above stood ranked a subtle archangel race
With larger lids and looks that searched the unseen.'
'Acolytes they wait upon the timeless Power
Their mind could penetrate her occult mind
And draw the diagram of her secret thoughts; '
'Arranging symbol and significance
Tracing the curve of a transcendent Power,
'They framed the cabbala of the cosmic Law, '

'Out of the chaos of the Invisible's moods
Derived the calculus of Destiny.
In its bright pride of universal lore
Mind's knowledge overtopped the Omniscient's power: '
Each mysteried God forced to revealing form,
Assigned his settled moves in Nature's game,
Zigzagged at the gesture of a chess-player Will
Across the chequerboard of cosmic Fate.

'Nothing was left untold, incalculable.
Yet was their wisdom circled with a nought:
Truths they could find and hold but not the one Truth:
The Highest was to them unknowable.
By knowing too much they missed the whole to be known: '
And the Transcendent kept its secrecy.
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 11

Page 266

Archmasons of the eternal Thaumaturge,
Moulders and measurers of fragmented Space,
They have made their plan of the concealed and known
A dwelling-house for the invisible king.

Obeying the Eternal's deep command
They have built in the material front of things
This wide world-kindergarten of young souls
Where the infant spirit learns through mind and sense
To read the letters of the cosmic script
And study the body of the cosmic self
And search for the secret meaning of the whole.

The All-containing was contained in form,
Oneness was carved into units measurable,
The limitless built into a cosmic sum:

Page 266&267

Unending Space was beaten into a curve,
Indivisible Time into small minutes cut,
The infinitesimal massed to keep secure
The mystery of the Formless cast into form.

Page 267
Immortal once, now tied to birth and end,
Torn from its immediacy of errorless sight,
Knowledge was rebuilt from cells of inference
Into a fixed body flasque and perishable;

Page 268

A cage for the Infinite's great-eyed seraphim Thoughts
Was closed with a criss-cross of world-laws for bars
And hedged into a curt horizon's arc
The irised vision of the Ineffable.

A timeless Spirit was made the slave of the hours;
The Unbound was cast into a prison of birth
To make a world that Mind could grasp and rule.

A light of liberating knowledge shone
Across the gulf of silence in their eyes;
They lived in the mind and knew truth from within;

All that escaped conception's narrow noose
Vision descried and gripped; their seeing thoughts
Filled in the blanks left by the seeking sense.

Page 269

The unseen grew visible to student eyes,
Explained was the immense Inconscient's scheme,
Audacious lines were traced upon the Void;
The Infinite was reduced to square and cube.

Unveiled, the abrupt invisible multitude
Of forces whirling from the hands of Chance
Seemed to obey some vast imperative:
Their tangled motives worked out unity.

Page 270

The Eternal's winging eagle puissances
Surprised in their untracked empyrean
Stood from their gyres to obey the beck of Thought:
The surging wave-throbs of her vast sea-heart
They bound to a theorem of ordered beats:

Page 271

Bare steps climbed up like flaming rocks of gold
Burning their way to a pure absolute sky.

A great all-ruling Consciousness is there
And Mind unwitting serves a higher Power;
It is a channel, not the source of all.

A Word self-born upon creation's heights,
Voice of the Eternal in the temporal spheres,
Prophet of the seeings of the Absolute,
Sows the Idea's significance in Form
And from that seed the growths of Time arise.

On peaks beyond our ken the All-Wisdom sits:

Page 272

But hidden, but denied to mortal grasp,
Mystic, ineffable is the spirit's truth,
Unspoken, caught only by the spirit's eye.
When naked of ego and mind it hears the Voice;

Page 273

A silver-winged fire of naked subtle sense,
An ear of mind withdrawn from the outward's rhymes
Discovered the seed-sounds of the eternal Word,
The rhythm and music heard that built the worlds,
And seized in things the bodiless Will to be.

To unify their task, excluding life
Which cannot bear the nakedness of the Vast,
They made a cipher of a multitude,
In nothingness found the meaning of the All
And in nothingness the absolute positive.
A new beginning flowers in word and laugh,
A new charm brings back the old extreme delight:
He is lost in her, she is his heaven here.
Truth smiled upon the gracious golden game.

Out of her hushed eternal spaces leaned
The great and boundless Goddess feigned to yield
The sunlit sweetness of her secrecies.

She has lowered her heights to the stature of our souls
And dazzled our lids with her celestial gaze.

But thought nor word can seize eternal Truth:
The whole world lives in a lonely ray of her sun.

In our thinking's close and narrow lamp-lit house
The vanity of our shut mortal mind
Dreams that the chains of thought have made her ours;
But only we play with our own brilliant bonds;
Tying her down, it is ourselves we tie.

Out of our thoughts we must leap up to sight,
Breathe her divine illimitable air,
Her simple vast supremacy confess,
Dare to surrender to her absolute.
Then the Unmanifest reflects his form
In the still mind as in a living glass;
The timeless Ray descends into our hearts
And we are rapt into eternity.

For Truth is wider, greater than her forms.
A thousand icons they have made of her
And find her in the idols they adore;
But she remains herself and infinite.

End of Book 2-Canto 11
Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Two: The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto Twelve: The Heavens of the Ideal
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Always the Ideal beckoned from afar.'
'Awakened by the touch of the Unseen,
'Aspired the strong discoverer, tireless Thought,
Revealing at each step a luminous world.'
'Across the covert air the spirit breathes,'
'Climbing from Nature's deep surrendered heart
It blooms for ever at the feet of God,
Fed by life's sacrificial mysteries.'

'Our hidden centres of celestial force
Open like flowers to a heavenly atmosphere;
Mind pauses thrilled with the supernal Ray,'
'This in high realms touches immortal kind;
'There is the secrecy of the House of Flame,'
'The rapt idealism of heavenly sense;'
'Here upon earth are early awakenings,
Moments that tremble in an air divine,'

'On the other side of the eternal stairs
The mighty kingdoms of the deathless Flame
Aspired to reach the Being's absolutes.'
'Once kindled, never can its flamings cease.'
'Its worlds are steps of an ascending Force:
'They point above themselves with index peaks
Through a pale-sapphire ether of god-mind
'Towards some gold Infinite's apocalypse.'

'He through the Ideal's kingdoms moved at will,
Accepted their beauty and their greatness bore,
But passed nor stayed beneath their splendour's rule.'
'Onward he passed to a diviner sphere:
There, joined in a common greatness, light and bliss,
All high and beautiful and desirable powers'
............My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 12

Page 277

Each stage of the soul's remote ascent was built
Into a constant heaven felt always here.

A new rung formed in Being's mighty stair,
A great wide step trembling with jewelled fire
As if a burning spirit quivered there
Upholding with his flame the immortal hope,
As if a radiant God had given his soul
That he might feel the tread of pilgrim feet
Mounting in haste to the Eternal's house.

At either end of each effulgent stair
The heavens of the ideal Mind were seen
In a blue lucency of dreaming Space
Like strips of brilliant sky clinging to the moon.

On one side glimmered hue on floating hue,
A glory of sunrise breaking on the soul,

Page 277&278

Above the spirit cased in mortal sense
Are superconscious realms of heavenly peace,
Below, the Inconscient's sullen dim abyss,
Between, behind our life, the deathless Rose.

Page 279
Time's sun-flowers' gaze at gold Eternity:

A million lotuses swaying on one stem,
World after coloured and ecstatic world
Climbs towards some far unseen epiphany.

Out of the sorrow and darkness of the world,
Out of the depths where life and thought are tombed,
Lonely mounts up to heaven the deathless Flame.

Page 279&280

A fire along the mystic paths of earth,
It rises through the mortal's hemisphere,
Till borne by runners of the Day and Dusk
It enters the occult eternal Light
And clambers whitening to the invisible Throne.

Page 280

A thunder rolling mid the hills of God,
Tireless, severe is their tremendous Voice:
Exceeding us, to exceed ourselves they call
And bid us rise incessantly above.

Our human knowledge is a candle burnt
On a dim altar to a sun-vast Truth;
Man's virtue, a coarse-spun ill-fitting dress,
Apparels wooden images of Good;

Page 281

A glorious shining Angel of the Way
Presented to the seeking of the soul
............................................
Perfection's key, passport to Paradise.

End of Book 2-Canto 12

Indira Renganathan
"At last there came a bare indifferent sky
Where Silence listened to the cosmic Voice,
But answered nothing to a million calls;
The soul's endless question met with no response.'
'There paused the climbing hierarchy of worlds.
He stood on a wide arc of summit Space
Alone with an enormous Self of Mind
Which held all life in a corner of its vasts'

'In God's supreme withdrawn and timeless hush
A seeing Self and potent Energy met; '
The Silence knew itself and thought took form:
Self-made from the dual power creation rose.'
'In the still self he lived and it in him; '
Its vastness and its stillness were his own;
One being with it he grew wide, powerful, free.
'Apart, unbound, he looked on all things done.'

'Then suddenly a luminous finger fell
On all things seen or touched or heard or felt
And showed his mind that nothing could be known;
'The world seemed a long aeonic failure's scene: '
'Existence' self was shadowed by a doubt; '
'This great spectator and creator Mind
Was only some half-seeing's delegate,
An idol, not the living body of God.'

'Deep peace was there, but not the nameless Force: '
'A greater Spirit than the Self of Mind
Must answer to the questioning of his soul.
For here was no firm clue and no sure road; '
'He looked above, but all was blank and still: '
'He looked below, but all was dark and mute.'
............My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 13

Page 283

This witness hush is the Thinker's secret base:
Hidden in silent depths the word is formed,
From hidden silences the act is born
Into the voiceful mind, the labouring world;
In secrecy wraps the seed the Eternal sows
Silence, the mystic birthplace of the soul.

Page 284&285

All that it takes for reality's shining coin,
Proved fact, fixed inference, deduction clear,
Firm theory, assured significance,
Appeared as frauds upon Time's credit bank
Or assets valueless in Truth's treasury.

Page 285

A frail house hanging in uncertain air,
The thin ingenious web round which it moves,
Put out awhile on the tree of the universe,
And gathered up into itself again,
Was only a trap to catch life's insect food,
Winged thoughts that flutter fragile in brief light
But dead, once captured in fixed forms of mind,
Aims puny but looming large in man's small scale,
Flickers of imagination's brilliant gauze
And cobweb-wrapped beliefs alive no more.

Page 285&286
Our mind is a house haunted by the slain past,
Ideas soon mummified, ghosts of old truths,
God's spontaneities tied with formal strings
And packed into drawers of reason's trim bureau,
A grave of great lost opportunities,
Or an office for misuse of soul and life
And all the waste man makes of heaven's gifts
And all his squanderings of Nature's store,
A stage for the comedy of Ignorance.

Page 286

Existence' self was shadowed by a doubt;
Almost it seemed a lotus-leaf afloat
On a nude pool of cosmic Nothingness.

Page 287

A sapphire firmament of abstract Thought
Escaped into a formless Vacancy.

A rumour and a movement and a call,
A foaming mass, a cry innumerable
Rolled ever upon the ocean surge of Life
Along the coasts of mortal Ignorance.

Beings and forces, forms, ideas like waves
Jostled for figure and supremacy,
And rose and sank and rose again in Time;

Page 287&288

Two firmaments of darkness and of light
Opposed their limits to the spirit's walk;
It moved veiled in from Self's infinity
In a world of beings and momentary events
Where all must die to live and live to die.

End of Book 2-Canto 13
Indira Renganathan
A covert answer to his seeking came.'
Away from the unsatisfied surface world
'It fled into the bosom of the unknown,
A well, a tunnel of the depths of God.'
'Into a passage dim and tremulous
That clasped him in from day and night's pursuit,
He travelled led by a mysterious sound.'
'A hidden call to unforeseen delight'

'It led to rapture back the truant heart.'
'It sank to a whisper circling round the soul.'
'A jingling silver laugh of anklet bells
Travelled the roads of a solitary heart;'
'Into a wonderful bodiless realm he came,'
'A single Person who was himself and all
And cherished Nature's sweet and dangerous throbs
Transfigured into beats divine and pure.'

'It healed the bitter cruelties of earth,
Transforming all experience to delight;'
'Its power was to reveal divinity.'
'A flame that cancels death in mortal things.'
'The intimacy of God was everywhere,'
All there was soul or made of sheer soul-stuff;
'Body was not there, for bodies were needed not,
The soul itself was its own deathless form'

'Alone between tremendous Presences'
'His soul passed on, a single conscious power,
'Behind them in a morning dusk One stood'
Overwhelmed by her implacable light and bliss,'
'Tossed towards the shores of her ocean-ecstasy,'
'He fell down at her feet unconscious, prone.'
My consciousness this moment, 
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 14

Page 289

In a far shimmering background of Mind-Space
A glowing mouth was seen, a luminous shaft;
A recluse gate it seemed, musing on joy,
A veiled retreat and escape to mystery.

As if a beckoning finger of secrecy
Outstretched into a crystal mood of air,
Pointing at him from some near hidden depth,
As if a message from the world's deep soul,
An intimation of a lurking joy
That flowed out from a cup of brooding bliss,
There shimmered stealing out into the Mind
A mute and quivering ecstasy of light,
A passion and delicacy of roseate fire.

Page 290

The immortal cry ravished the captive ear.
Then, lowering its imperious mystery,
It sank to a whisper circling round the soul.

It seemed the yearning of a lonely flute
That roamed along the shores of memory
And filled the eyes with tears of longing joy.

A cricket's rash and fiery single note,
It marked with shrill melody night's moonless hush
And beat upon a nerve of mystic sleep
Its high insistent magical reveille.

Or from a far harmonious distance heard
The tinkling pace of a long caravan
It seemed at times, or a vast forest's hymn,
The solemn reminder of a temple gong,
A bee-croon honey-drunk in summer isles
Ardent with ecstasy in a slumbrous noon,
Or the far anthem of a pilgrim sea.

An incense floated in the quivering air,
A mystic happiness trembled in the breast
As if the invisible Beloved had come

Page291

Infinite, coeval with the mind of God,
It bore within itself a seed, a flame,
A seed from which the Eternal is new-born,
A flame that cancels death in mortal things.

A fire of passion burned in spirit-depths,
A constant touch of sweetness linked all hearts,
The throb of one adoration's single bliss
In a rapt ether of undying love.

Here was the welling core of finite life;
A formless spirit became the soul of form.

Page 292

As when one walks in sleep through luminous dreams
And, conscious, knows the truth their figures mean,
Here where reality was its own dream,
He knew things by their soul and not their shape:

As those who have lived long made one in love
Need word nor sign for heart's reply to heart,
He met and communed without bar of speech
With beings unveiled by a material frame.
A fragrance wandered in a coloured haze
As if the scent and hue of all sweet flowers
Had mingled to copy heaven's atmosphere.

There he beheld in their mighty union's poise
The figure of the deathless Two-in-One,
A single being in two bodies clasped,
A diarchy of two united souls,
Seated absorbed in deep creative joy;
Their trance of bliss sustained the mobile world.

The ages are the footfalls of her tread,
Their happenings the figure of her thoughts,
And all creation is her endless act.
His spirit was made a vessel of her force;

Mute in the fathomless passion of his will
He outstretched to her his folded hands of prayer.
Then in a sovereign answer to his heart
A gesture came as of worlds thrown away,
And from her raiment's lustrous mystery raised
One arm half-parted the eternal veil.
A light appeared still and imperishable.
Attracted to the large and luminous depths
Of the ravishing enigma of her eyes,
He saw the mystic outline of a face.

Overwhelmed by her implacable light and bliss,
An atom of her illimitable self
Mastered by the honey and lightning of her power,
Tossed towards the shores of her ocean-ecstasy,
Drunk with a deep golden spiritual wine,
He cast from the rent stillness of his soul
A cry of adoration and desire
And the surrender of his boundless mind
And the self-giving of his silent heart.
He fell down at her feet unconscious, prone.

End of Book 2-Canto 14

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Two: The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto Fifteen: The Kingdoms of the Greater Knowledge
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'After a measureless moment of the soul
Again returning to these surface fields
Out of the timeless depths where he had sunk,
He heard once more the slow tread of the hours.
All once perceived and lived was far away;
Himself was to himself his only scene.'
'He dwelt in his self's colourless purity.'
A silence in silent purity in deep divinity...

'Out of the neutral silence of his soul
He passed to its fields of puissance and of calm'
'Traversed the realms of the supreme Idea
And sought the summit of created things
And the almighty source of cosmic change.'
'There Knowledge called him to her mystic peaks
Where thought is held in a vast internal sense,'
Indeed a travel through the mystic supra-mental bliss...

'Delivered from the fictions of the mind
Time's triple dividing step baffled no more; '
'All but the ultimate Mystery was his field,
Almost the Unknowable disclosed its rim.
His self's infinities began to emerge,
The hidden universes cried to him; '
'He came new-born, infant and limitless
And grew in the wisdom of the timeless Child; '

He scanned the secrets of the Overmind,
He bore the rapture of the Oversoul.
He linked creation to the Eternal's sphere.
His finite parts approached their absolutes,
His actions framed the movements of the Gods,
His will took up the reins of cosmic Force.
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I’m in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 15

Page 297

It was a plane of undetermined spirit
That could be a zero or round sum of things,
A state in which all ceased and all began.

All it became that figures the absolute,
A high vast peak whence Spirit could see the worlds,
Calm's wide epiphany, wisdom's mute home,
A lonely station of Omniscience,
A diving-board of the Eternal's power,
A white floor in the house of All-Delight.

Page 298

Here was engendered the spiritual birth,
Here closed the finite's crawl to the Infinite.

A thousand roads leaped into Eternity
Or singing ran to meet God's veilless face.

One with self's inlook into its own pure vasts,
He saw the splendour of the spirit's realms,
The greatness and wonder of its boundless works,
The power and passion leaping from its calm,
The rapture of its movement and its rest,
And its fire-sweet miracle of transcendent life,

All there were moving mansions of God-bliss;
Eternal and unique they lived the One.

There forces are great outbursts of God's truth
And objects are its pure spiritual shapes;

All sentience is a sea of happiness
And all creation is an act of light.

Page 299

He moved through regions of transcendent Truth
Inward, immense, innumerably one.
There distance was his own huge spirit's extent;

On peaks where Silence listens with still heart
To the rhythmic metres of the rolling worlds,
He served the sessions of the triple Fire.

On the rim of two continents of slumber and trance
He heard the ever unspoken Reality's voice
Awaken revelation's mystic cry,
The birthplace found of the sudden infallible Word
And lived in the rays of an intuitive Sun.

Absolved from the ligaments of death and sleep
He rode the lightning seas of cosmic Mind
And crossed the ocean of original sound;

Page 300

A wisdom waiting on Omniscience
Sat voiceless in a vast passivity;
It judged not, measured not, nor strove to know,
But listened for the veiled all-seeing Thought
And the burden of a calm transcendent Voice.

His sight surpassed creation's head and base;
Ablaze the triple heavens revealed their suns,
The obscure Abyss exposed its monstrous rule.

There consciousness was a close and single weft;
The far and near were one in spirit-space,
The moments there were pregnant with all time.

The superconscient's screen was ripped by thought,
Idea rotated symphonies of sight,
Sight was a flame-throw from identity;
Life was a marvellous journey of the spirit,
Feeling a wave from the universal Bliss.

As if one who arrived out of infinity's womb
He came new-born, infant and limitless
And grew in the wisdom of the timeless Child;
He was a vast that soon became a Sun.

End Of Book Two

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book 3-The Book of the Divine Mother
Canto One: The Pursuit of the Unknowable
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'All is too little that the world can give:
Its power and knowledge are the gifts of Time
And cannot fill the spirit's sacred thirst.'
A silence settled on his striving heart;
Absolved from the voices of the world's desire,
He turned to the Ineffable's timeless call.'
'But who that mightiness was he knew not yet.'
'A giant doubt overshadowed his advance.'

'Always a signless vague Immensity
Brooded, without approach, beyond response,
Condemning finite things to nothingness,
Fronting him with the incommensurable.'
'On a dizzy verge where all disguises fail'
'He stood compelled to a tremendous choice.'
'Alone and fronting an intangible Force'
His spirit faced the adventure of the Inane.'

'Abandoned by the worlds of Form he strove.'
'The universe removed its coloured veil,
And at the unimaginable end
Of the huge riddle of created things
Appeared the far-seen Godhead of the whole,
His feet firm-based on Life's stupendous wings,
Omnipotent, a lonely seer of Time,
Inward, inscrutable, with diamond gaze.

'A pure existence safe from thought and mood,
A consciousness of unshared immortal bliss,
It dwelt aloof in its bare infinite,
One and unique, unutterably sole.'
'A silent Cause occult, impenetrable,
Infinite, eternal, unthinkable, alone....
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 3 Canto 1

Page 305

The world lived on made empty of its Cause,  
Like love when the beloved's face is gone.

Near, it retreated; far, it called him still.  
Nothing could satisfy but its delight:

Its absence left the greatest actions dull,  
Its presence made the smallest seem divine.

Page 306

It wore the guise of an indiscernible Vast,  
Or was a subtle kernel in the soul:  
A distant greatness left it huge and dim,  
A mystic closeness shut it sweetly in:  
It seemed sometimes a figment or a robe  
And seemed sometimes his own colossal shade.

On a dizzy verge where all disguises fail  
And human mind must abdicate in Light  
Or die like a moth in the naked blaze of Truth,  
He stood compelled to a tremendous choice.

Page 307

All glory of outline, sweetness of harmony,  
Rejected like a grace of trivial notes,  
Expunged from Being's silence nude, austere,
Died into a fine and blissful Nothingness.

Page 308

But what That was, no thought nor sight could tell.

Life's question met by its silence died on her lips,
The world's effort ceased convicted of ignorance
Finding no sanction of supernal Light:

There was no mind there with its need to know,
There was no heart there with its need to love.

The One by whom all live, who lives by none,
An immeasurable luminous secrecy
Guarded by the veils of the Unmanifest

End of Book 3 Canto 1

Indira Renganathan
A stillness absolute, incommunicable,
Meets the sheer self-discovery of the soul;
'Self's vast spiritual silence occupies Space;
'Only the Inconceivable is left,
Only the Nameless without space and time:
Abolished is the burdening need of life: '
'O soul, it is too early to rejoice! '
'Thou hast leaped into a glad divine abyss; '

'But where hast thou thrown Self's mission and Self's power? '
'What hast thou done for his purpose in the stars? '
'Only the everlasting No has neared
And stared into thy eyes and killed thy heart:
But where is the Lover's everlasting Yes'
'The bridge between the rapture and the calm,
The passion and the beauty of the Bride, '
'The smile that saves, the golden peak of things? '

'There is a zero sign of the Supreme; '
'In absolute silence sleeps an absolute Power.'
'Awaking, it can wake the trance-bound soul
'And in the ray reveal the parent sun: '
'To free the self is but one radiant pace;
Here to fulfil himself was God's desire.'
'Even while he stood on being's naked edge
'The Presence he yearned for suddenly drew close.'

A Mother Might brooded upon the world; '
'He felt a rapturous and unstumbling Force.'
The Mother of all godheads and all strengths
Who, mediatrix, binds earth to the Supreme.'
'Suffering was lost in her immortal smile.'
'Wrong could not come where all was light and love.....
My consciousness this moment,  
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 3 Canto 2

Page 310

Escape brings not the victory and the crown!  
Something thou cam'st to do from the Unknown,  
But nothing is finished and the world goes on  
Because only half God's cosmic work is done.

Page 310&311

Only the everlasting No has neared  
And stared into thy eyes and killed thy heart:  
But where is the Lover's everlasting Yes,  
And immortality in the secret heart,  
The voice that chants to the creator Fire,  
The symbolled OM, the great assenting Word,  
The bridge between the rapture and the calm,  
The passion and the beauty of the Bride,  
The chamber where the glorious enemies kiss,  
The smile that saves, the golden peak of things?

Page 311

A high and blank negation is not all,  
A huge extinction is not God's last word,  
Life's ultimate sense, the close of being's course,  
The meaning of this great mysterious world.

Page 312

A body of wonder and translucency
As if a sweet mystic summary of her self
Escaping into the original Bliss
Had come enlarged out of eternity,
Someone came infinite and absolute.

Abolishing the signless emptiness,
Breaking the vacancy and voiceless hush,
Piercing the limitless Unknowable,
Into the liberty of the motionless depths
A beautiful and felicitous lustre stole.

A moment’s sweetness of the All-Beautiful
Cancelled the vanity of the cosmic whirl.

Page 312&313

A love that bore the cross of pain with joy
Eudaemonised the sorrow of the world,
Made happy the weight of long unending Time,
The secret caught of God's felicity.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book 3-The Book of the Divine Mother
Canto Two: The Adoration of the Divine Mother
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'The Formless and the Formed were joined in her: '
'At the head she stands of birth and toil and fate,
In their slow round the cycles turn to her call; '
'She is the golden bridge, the wonderful fire.
The luminous heart of the Unknown is she,
A power of silence in the depths of God; '
'She is the Force, the inevitable Word,
The magnet of our difficult ascent, '

'All Nature dumbly calls to her alone
To heal with her feet the aching throb of life
And break the seals on the dim soul of man
And kindle her fire in the closed heart of things.'
'All here shall be one day her sweetness' home,
All contraries prepare her harmony; '
In her miraculous rapture we shall dwell,
Her clasp shall turn to ecstasy our pain.

'This known as in a thunder-flash of God,
The rapture of things eternal filled his limbs;
Amazement fell upon his ravished sense;
His spirit was caught in her intolerant flame.
Once seen, his heart acknowledged only her.
Only a hunger of infinite bliss was left.
All aims in her were lost, then found in her;
His base was gathered to one pointing spire.'

'But now his being was too wide for self; '
'His heart's demand had grown immeasurable: '
'Her light, her bliss he asked for earth and men.'
'But vain are human power and human love'
'His nature's might seemed now an infant's grasp; '
A vast surrender was his only strength.'...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 3 Canto 2

Page 314

Incarnating inexpressibly in her limbs
The boundless joy the blind world-forces seek,
Her body of beauty mooned the seas of bliss.

The spirit's alchemist energy is hers;
She is the golden bridge, the wonderful fire.

She is the Force, the inevitable Word,
The magnet of our difficult ascent,
The Sun from which we kindle all our suns,
The Light that leans from the unrealised Vasts,
The joy that beckons from the impossible,
The Might of all that never yet came down.

End of Canto Two

Indira Renganathan
Aurobindo 61 Savitri Book 3

An appreciation on Savitri-
Book 3-The Book of the Divine Mother
Canto III: The House of the Spirit and the New Creation
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'A mightier task remained than all he had done.'
'To That he turned from which all being comes,
A sign attending from the Secrecy
Which knows the Truth ungrasped behind our thoughts
And guards the world with its all-seeing gaze.'
'Patient he sat like an incarnate hope'
'Motionless on a pedestal of prayer.'
'A neutral helpless void oppressed the years.'

'A veiled collaboration with the Night
Even in himself survived and hid from his view:
Still something in his earthly being kept
Its kinship with the Inconscient whence it came.'
'A shadowy unity with a vanished past'
'Still murmured at the mind's and spirit's choice.'
'Its treacherous elements spread like slippery grains
Hoping the incoming Truth might stumble and fall,'

'A last and mightiest transformation came.'
'His being, spread to embrace the universe,
United the within and the without
To make of life a cosmic harmony,
An empire of the immanent Divine.'
'He felt the joy of others as his joy,
He bore the grief of others as his grief;'
All lumped into the bliss of the soul...

'His universal sympathy upbore,
Immense like ocean, the creation's load
As earth upbears all beings' sacrifice,
Thrilled with the hidden Transcendent's joy and peace.'
'One grew the Spirit's secret unity,
All Nature felt again the single bliss.'....
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 3 Canto 3

Page 317

But from the appalling heights there stooped no voice;
The timeless lids were closed; no opening came.
A neutral helpless void oppressed the years.

Page 318

His soul was all in front like a great sea
Flooding the mind and body with its waves;

Page 319

There was no cleavage between soul and soul,
There was no barrier between world and God.

Indira Renganathan
'Overpowered were form and memory's limiting line;
The covering mind was seized and torn apart;
The one Consciousness that made the world was seen;
All now was luminosity and force.'
'The separate being could no more be felt;
Transcended was the human formula;
His seeking mind ceased in the Truth that knows;
'Sense failed in that tremendous lucency.'

'The last movement died and all at once grew still.'
'A weight that was the unseen Transcendent's hand
Laid on his limbs the Spirit's measureless seal,
Infinity swallowed him into shoreless trance.
'There is the stable force of all that moves;
And that's the solace spirit's all endeavour rests
'There only reigns the spirit's motionless power
Poised in itself through still eternity'.

'A universal Force awaited, mute,
The veiled Transcendent's ultimate decree.
Then suddenly there came a downward look.'
'A Bliss, a Light, a Power, a flame-white Love
'Caught all into a sole immense embrace;
Existence found its truth on Oneness' breast
And each became the self and space of all.'
Bliss is that not to disturb any word here....

'The great world-rhythms were heart-beats of one Soul,
To feel was a flame-discovery of God,
All mind was a single harp of many strings,
All life a song of many meeting lives;
For worlds were many, but the Self was one.
This knowledge now was made a cosmos' seed: '.....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 3 Canto 3

Page 319

His soul was a delegation of the All
That turned from itself to join the one Supreme.

Page 320

Ephemeral voices from his hearing fell
And Thought potent no more sank large and pale
Like a tired god into mysterious seas.

The athlete heavings of the will were stilled
In the Omnipotent's unmoving peace.

As one who sets his sail towards mysteried shores
Driven through huge oceans by the breath of God,
The fathomless below, the unknown around,
His soul abandoned the blind star-field, Space.

On sorrowless heights no winging cry disturbs,
Pure and untouched above this mortal play
Is spread the spirit's hushed immobile air.
There no beginning is and there no end;

Page 321

Thought clashes not with thought and truth with truth,
There is no war of right with rival right;
All-causing, all-sustaining and aloof,
The Witness looks from his unshaken poise,
An Eye immense regarding all things done.

A Mind too mighty to be bound by Thought,
A Life too boundless for the play in Space,
A Soul without borders unconvinced of Time,
He felt the extinction of the world's long pain,

A stillness of cessation reigned, the wide
Immortal hush before the gods are born;

As if a sea exploring its own depths,
A living Oneness widened at its core
And joined him to unnumbered multitudes.

All life a song of many meeting lives;
For worlds were many, but the Self was one.

Indira Renganathan
'This seed was cased in the safety of the Light, 
It needed not a sheath of Ignorance. 
Then from the trance of that tremendous clasp 
And from the throbings of that single Heart 
And from the naked Spirit's victory 
A new and marvellous creation rose.'

'Rapture of beatific energies 
Joined Time to the Timeless, poles of a single joy; '

'There Oneness was not tied to monotone; 
It showed a thousand aspects of itself, 
Its calm immutable stability' 
'Of immense world-forces in their perfect play.'

'In these new worlds projected he became 
A portion of the universal gaze, 
A station of the all-inhabiting light, 
A ripple on a single sea of peace.'

'These hues were the very prism of the Supreme, 
His beauty, power, delight creation's cause.'

'The Spirit's white neutrality became 
A playground of miracles, a rendezvous 
It made of Space a marvel house of God, 
The wonder and beauty of its Love and Force. 
The eternal Goddess moved in her cosmic house 
Sporting with God as a Mother with her child:

'To him the universe was her bosom of love, 
His toys were the immortal verities...' 
But with mortals why that art of treachery 
Of clasp and clash, clinging and sting 
Into the crypt of creation crept.....? 
Awesome turned awful for our transience...? ...
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 3 Canto 3

Page 323

A splendid centre of infinity's whirl  
Pushed to its zenith's height, its last expanse,  
Felt the divinity of its own self-bliss  
Repeated in its numberless other selves:

Page 324

All struggle was turned to a sweet strife of love  
In the harmonised circle of a sure embrace.

Page 325

He felt the footsteps of a million wills  
Moving in unison to a single goal.

A stream ever new-born that never dies,  
Caught in its thousandfold current's ravishing flow,  
With eddies of immortal sweetness thrilled,

Page 326

Aligned in their significant mystery  
The gleams of the symbols of the Ineffable  
Blazoned like hues upon a colourless air  
On the white purity of the Witness Soul.
'The Powers that here betray our hearts and err,
Were there sovereign in truth, perfect in joy,'
'There Mind, a splendid sun of vision's rays,
Shaped substance by the glory of its thoughts
And moved amidst the grandeur of its dreams.'
'It's power that makes the unknowable near and true,
In the temple of the ideal shrined the One:
'There was no gulf between the thought and fact,'

'A marriage with eternity divinised Time.'
'There Life pursued, unwearyed of her sport,
Joy in her heart and laughter on her lips,
The bright adventure of God's game of chance.'
'There Matter is the Spirit's firm density,
'The home of a perpetual happiness,
It lodged the hours as in a pleasant inn.'
'The senses there were outlets of the soul,'

'He saw a world that is from a world to be.
There he divined rather than saw or felt,
Far off upon the rim of consciousness,
Transient and frail this little whirling globe
And on it left like a lost dream's vain mould,
A fragile copy of the spirit's shell,
His body gathered into mystic sleep.
A foreign shape it seemed, a mythic shade.

'His heart lay somewhere conscious and alone
Far down below him like a lamp in night:
'Absorbed in adoration mystical,
Turned to its far-off fount of light and love.'
'It sent its voiceless prayer to the Unknown:
'It waited for the fiat of the Word'
............My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 3 Canto 3

Page 327

Imagination's great ensorcelling rod ****  
Summoned the unknown and gave to it a home,  
Outspread luxuriantly in golden air  
Truth's iris-coloured wings of fantasy,  
Or sang to the intuitive heart of joy  
Wonder's dream-notes that bring the Real close.

There was no gulf between the thought and fact,  
Ever they replied like bird to calling bird;

Page 329

An architect hewing out self's living rock,  
Phenomenon built Reality's summer-house  
On the beaches of the sea of Infinity.

Page 330

A tongueless oracle shall speak at last,  
The Superconscient conscious grow on earth,  
The Eternal's wonders join the dance of Time.

End of Book 3 Canto 3

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book 3-The Book of the Divine Mother
Canto Four: The Vision and the Boon
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Then suddenly there rose a sacred stir.'
'A touch perturbed his fibres with delight.'
'An Influence had approached the mortal range,
A boundless Heart was near his longing heart,
A mystic Form enveloped his earthly shape.
All at her contact broke from silence' seal;
Spirit and body thrilled identified,'
'Mind, members, life were merged in ecstasy.'

'The One he worshipped was within him now: '
Flame-pure, ethereal-tressed, a mighty Face
Appeared and lips moved by immortal words;
'Lids, Wisdom's leaves, drooped over rapture's orbs.
A marble monument of ponderings, shone
A forehead, sight's crypt, and large like ocean's gaze
Towards Heaven, two tranquil eyes of boundless thought
Looked into man's and saw the god to come.'

'A Shape was seen on threshold Mind, a Voice
Absolute and wise in the heart's chambers spoke:
'O Son of Strength who climbst creation's peaks,
No soul is thy companion in the light;
Alone thou standest at the eternal doors.
What thou hast won is thine, but ask no more.
O Spirit aspiring in an ignorant frame,
O Voice arisen from the Inconscient's world, '..

'How shalt thou speak for men whose hearts are dumb,
Make purblind earth the soul's seer-vision's home
Or lighten the burden of the senseless globe?
I am the Mystery beyond reach of mind,
I am the goal of the travail of the suns;
My fire and sweetness are the cause of life.'...

...........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 3 Canto 4

Page 334

Amid the lifeless silence of the Void
In a solitude and an immensity
A sound came quivering like a loved footfall
Heard in the listening spaces of the soul;

Intoxicated as with nectarous rain
His nature's passioning stretches flowed to her,
Flashing with lightnings, mad with luminous wine.
All was a limitless sea that heaved to the moon.

Indira Renganathan
'But too immense my danger and my joy.
Awake not the immeasurable descent,
Speak not my secret name to hostile Time;
Man is too weak to bear the Infinite's weight.
Truth born too soon might break the imperfect earth.
Leave the all-seeing Power to hew its way:
In thy single vast achievement reign apart
Helping the world with thy great lonely days.'

'I ask thee not to merge thy heart of flame
In the Immobile's wide uncaring bliss,
Turned from the fruitless motion of the years,
Deserting the fierce labour of the worlds,
Aloof from beings, lost in the Alone.
How shall thy mighty spirit brook repose
While Death is still unconquered on the earth
And Time a field of suffering and pain?'

'Thy soul was born to share the laden Force;
Obey thy nature and fulfil thy fate:
Accept the difficulty and godlike toil,
'For the slow-paced omniscient purpose live.
The Enigma's knot is tied in humankind.
A lightning from the heights that think and plan,
Ploughing the air of life with vanishing trails,'
'Man, sole awake in an unconscious world,
Aspires in vain to change the cosmic dream.
Arrived from some half-luminous Beyond
He is a stranger in the mindless vasts;
Said all is true...aspiring too much
In an unconscious world, man is a stranger
And beauty is Truth like Thine words.....
............My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Indira Renganathan
'A traveller in his oft-shifting home
Amid the tread of many infinities,
He has pitched a tent of life in desert Space.'
'Around him hungers the unpitying Void,
The eternal Darkness seeks him with her hands,
Inscrutable Energies drive him and deceive,
Immense implacable deities oppose.'
'Across his path sits the dim camp of Night.'

'His day is a moment in perpetual Time;
He is the prey of the minutes and the hours.'
'Assailed on earth and unassured of heaven,
Descended here unhappy and sublime,
'A link between the demigod and the beast,
He knows not his own greatness nor his aim;
He has forgotten why he has come and whence.'
A strange perplexing complexity..

'His spirit and his members are at war;
'A strange antinomy is his nature's rule.'
'A riddle of opposites is made his field:
'He has need of death to find a greater life.'
'All sides he sees and turns to every call;
'He has no certain light by which to walk;
'His life is a blind-man's-buff, a hide-and-seek;
'He seeks himself and from himself he runs;

'Meeting himself, he thinks it other than he.'
'Always he builds, but finds no constant ground,
'Always he journeys, but nowhere arrives;
'Thus has he missed creation's absolute.
Half-way he stops his star of destiny:
None can define than Thee better on man....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 3 Canto 4

Page 336

An inert Soul and a somnambulist Force
Have made a world estranged from life and thought;
The Dragon of the dark foundations keeps
Unalterable the law of Chance and Death;

On his long way through Time and Circumstance
The grey-hued riddling nether shadow-Sphinx,
Her dreadful paws upon the swallowing sands,
Awaits him armed with the soul-slaying word:

Freedom he asks but needs to live in bonds,
He has need of darkness to perceive some light
And need of grief to feel a little bliss;

His mind is a lost torch-bearer on her roads.

Indira Renganathan
'However man's mind may tire or fail his flesh, 
A will prevails cancelling his conscious choice: '
'A Light there is that leads, a Power that aids; '
'Unmarked, unfelt it sees in him and acts: '
'A strange and grandiose symbol was his birth' 
'In him the Earth-Mother sees draw near the change'
'A godhead drawn from her transmuted limbs, 
An alchemy of Heaven on Nature's base.'

'Obey thy spirit's wide omnipotent urge.'
'To its omnipotence leave thy work's result. 
All things shall change in God's transfiguring hour.'
August and sweet sank hushed that mighty Voice.'
'But Aswapati's heart replied to her, 
A cry amid the silence of the Vasts:
'How shall I rest content with mortal days 
And the dull measure of terrestrial things,

I who have seen behind the cosmic mask 
The glory and the beauty of thy face? 
Hard is the doom to which thou bindst thy sons! 
How long shall our spirits battle with the Night 
And bear defeat and the brute yoke of Death, 
We who are vessels of a deathless Force 
And builders of the godhead of the race? ' 
Ah, on our behalf Aswapati speaks....

'Or if it is thy work I do below 
Amid the error and waste of human life 
In the vague light of man's half-conscious mind, 
Why breaks not in some distant gleam of thee? 
Ever the centuries and millenniums pass.
Where in the greyness is thy coming's ray? ....

............My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 3 Canto 4

Page 339

The goal recedes, a bournelss vastness calls
Retreating into an immense Unknown;

Ignorant, he forms the All-Conscient in his depths,
Human, looks up to superhuman peaks:
A borrower of Supernature's gold,
He paves his road to Immortality.

Page 340

His mind is crossed by strange discovering fires,
Rare intimations lift his stumbling speech
To a moment's kinship with the eternal Word;
A masque of Wisdom circles through his brain
Perturbing him with glimpses half divine.
He lays his hands sometimes on the Unknown;
He communes sometimes with Eternity

Assent to thy high self, create, endure.
Cease not from knowledge, let thy toil be vast.
No more can earthly limits pen thy force;
Equal thy work with long unending Time's.

Page 341

My light shall be in thee, my strength thy force.
Let not the impatient Titan drive thy heart,
Ask not the imperfect fruit, the partial prize.
...............................................
All things shall change in God's transfiguring hour.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book 3-The Book of the Divine Mother
Canto Four: The Vision and the Boon
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'A plan in the occult eternal Mind'..
'Where is the thunder of thy victory's wings?
Only we hear the feet of passing gods.'
'The aeons ever repeat their changeless round,
The cycles all rebuild and ever aspire.
All we have done is ever still to do.
All breaks and all renews and is the same.'
'Too little the strength that now with us is born, '

'In a brute world that knows not its own sense,
Thought-racked upon the wheel of birth we live,
The instruments of an impulse not our own
Moved to achieve with our heart's blood for price
Half-knowledge, half-creations that soon tire.'
'Annulled, frustrated, spent, we still survive.'
'I know that thy creation cannot fail: '
'For"Infallible are thy mysterious steps, '

'All life is fixed in an ascending scale
And adamantine is the evolving Law; '
'A Power arose out of my slumber's cell.
Abandoning the tardy limp of the hours
It saw from timelessness the works of Time.'
'Overpassed were the leaden formulas of the Mind,
Overpowered the obstacle of mortal Space:
The unfolding Image showed the things to come.'

'A giant dance of Shiva tore the past;
There was a thunder as of worlds that fall;
Earth was o'errun with fire and the roar of Death
Clamouring to slay a world his hunger had made;
There was a clangour of Destruction's wings: '
'Alarm and rumour shook the armoured Night.....
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I’m in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and
informative lines from Book 3 Canto 4

Page 342

Huge revolutions of life's fruitless gyre,
The new-born ages perish like the old,
As if the sad Enigma kept its right
Till all is done for which this scene was made.

A foiled immortal soul in perishing limbs,
Baffled and beaten back we labour still;
Annulled, frustrated, spent, we still survive.

Page 343

In the beginning is prepared the close.

This strange irrational product of the mire,
This compromise between the beast and god,
Is not the crown of thy miraculous world.

I know there shall inform the inconscient cells,
At one with Nature and at height with heaven,
A spirit vast as the containing sky
And swept with ecstasy from invisible founts,
A god come down and greater by the fall.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book 3-The Book of the Divine Mother
Canto Four: The Vision and the Boon
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'I saw the Omnipotent's flaming pioneers'
'I saw them cross the twilight of an age,
The sun-eyed children of a marvellous dawn,
'The architects of immortality.'
'Into the fallen human sphere they came,
Faces that wore the Immortal's glory still,
Voices that communed still with the thoughts of God,
Bodies made beautiful by the spirit's light, ...'

'High priests of wisdom, sweetness, might and bliss,
Discoverers of beauty's sunlit ways
And swimmers of Love's laughing fiery floods
And dancers within rapture's golden doors,
Their tread one day shall change the suffering earth
And justify the light on Nature's face.'
'All shall be done for which our pain was borne.'
All shall be blessed behind Thine paces Aswapati..

'Even as of old man came behind the beast
This high divine successor surely shall come
Behind man's inefficient mortal pace,
Behind his vain labour, sweat and blood and tears: '
Blessed have their dreams come true...
'Inheritor of the toil of human time,
He shall take on him the burden of the gods; '
'The might of heaven shall fortify earthly hearts; '

'And weary is the ancient Mother's heart.'
'O Wisdom-Splendour, Mother of the universe,
Creatrix, the Eternal's artist Bride,
Linger not long with thy transmuting hand
Pressed vainly on one golden bar of Time,
As if Time dare not open its heart to God.'
My consciousness this moment, 
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 3 Canto 4

Page 343

I saw the Omnipotent's flaming pioneers
Over the heavenly verge which turns towards life
Come crowding down the amber stairs of birth;

Forerunners of a divine multitude,
Out of the paths of the morning star they came
Into the little room of mortal life.

The sun-eyed children of a marvellous dawn,
The great creators with wide brows of calm,

Page 344

Although Fate lingers in the high Beyond
And the work seems vain on which our heart's force was spent,
All shall be done for which our pain was borne.

He shall know what mortal mind barely durst think,
He shall do what the heart of the mortal could not dare.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book 3-The Book of the Divine Mother
Canto Four: The Vision and the Boon
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'O Bliss who ever dwellst deep-hid within
While men seek thee outside and never find,
Mystery and Muse with hieratic tongue,
Incarnate the white passion of thy force,
Mission to earth some living form of thee.'
'Immortal, treading the earth with mortal feet
All heaven's beauty crowd in earthly limbs!
Omnipotence, girdle with the power of God'...

'Movements and moments of a mortal will,
Pack with the eternal might one human hour
And with one gesture change all future time.
Let a great word be spoken from the heights
And one great act unlock the doors of Fate.'
' His prayer sank down in the resisting Night
Oppressed by the thousand forces that deny,
As if too weak to climb to the Supreme.'

'.there arose a wide consenting Voice; '
'O strong forerunner, I have heard thy cry.
One shall descend and break the iron Law,
Change Nature's doom by the lone spirit's power.
A limitless Mind that can contain the world,
A sweet and violent heart of ardent calms
Moved by the passions of the gods shall come.
All mights and greatnesses shall join in her; '

'Nature shall overlap her mortal step;
Fate shall be changed by an unchanging will.'
'As a flame disappears in endless Light'
'Vanished the splendour and was stilled the word.'
'The Lord of Life resumed his mighty rounds
In the scant field of the ambiguous globe.'
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
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Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 3 Canto 4

Page 345

O radiant fountain of the world's delight
World-free and unattainable above,
O Bliss who ever dwellst deep-hid within

All-Knowledge wrap one mind in seas of light,
All-Love throb single in one human heart.

His prayer sank down in the resisting Night
Oppressed by the thousand forces that deny,
As if too weak to climb to the Supreme.

Page 346

The spirit of beauty was revealed in sound:
Light floated round the marvellous Vision's brow
And on her lips the Immortal's joy took shape.

Beauty shall walk celestial on the earth,
Delight shall sleep in the cloud-net of her hair,
And in her body as on his homing tree
Immortal Love shall beat his glorious wings.
A music of griefless things shall weave her charm;
The harps of the Perfect shall attune her voice,
The streams of Heaven shall murmur in her laugh,
Her lips shall be the honeycombs of God,
Her limbs his golden jars of ecstasy,
Her breasts the rapture-flowers of Paradise.
She shall bear Wisdom in her voiceless bosom,
Strength shall be with her like a conqueror's sword
And from her eyes the Eternal's bliss shall gaze.
A seed shall be sown in Death's tremendous hour,
A branch of heaven transplant to human soil;

An echo of delight that once was close,
The harmony journeyed towards some distant hush,
A music failing in the ear of trance,
A cadence called by distant cadences,
A voice that trembled into strains withdrawn.

The warm-lipped sentient soft terrestrial wave,
A quick and many-murmured moan and laugh,
Came gliding in upon white feet of sound.
Unlocked was the deep glory of Silence' heart;

Page 347

A chariot of the marvels of the heavens
Broad-based to bear the gods on fiery wheels,
Flaming he swept through the spiritual gates. ****
The mortal stir received him in its midst.

Page 348

A wanderer from the occult invisible suns
Accomplishing the fate of transient things,
A god in the figure of the arisen beast,
He raised his brow of conquest to the heavens
Establishing the empire of the soul
On Matter and its bounded universe
As on a solid rock in infinite seas.

End of Book 3 Canto 4
End of Part 1

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Four: The Book of Birth and Quest
Canto One: The Birth and Childhood of the Flame
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'A Maenad of the cycles of desire'
Around a Light she must not dare to touch'
'Amid the ambiguous stillness of the stars
She moved towards some undisclosed event'
'In ceaseless motion round the purple rim
Day after day sped by like coloured spokes, '
The seasons drew in linked significant dance
The symbol pageant of the changing year.

Across the burning languor of the soil
Paced Summer with his pomp of violent noons
Next through its fiery swoon or clotted knot
Rain-tide burst in upon torn wings of heat,
'Armies of revolution crossed the time-field,
The clouds' unending march besieged the world,
Tempests' pronunciamentos claimed the sky
And thunder drums announced the embattled gods.'

'Downpour and drip and seeping mist swayed all
And turned dry soil to bog and reeking mud:
Earth was a quagmire, heaven a dismal block.'
'Then a last massive deluge thrashed dead mire
And a subsiding mutter left all still, '
' Earth's mood now changed; she lay in lulled repose, '
' A wide and tranquil air remembered peace, '
'A calmness neared as of the approach of God, '

'Three thoughtful seasons passed with shining tread
And scanning one by one the pregnant hours
Watched for a flame that lurked in luminous depths,
The vigil of some mighty birth to come.'
'Autumn led in the glory of her moons
And dreamed in the splendour of her lotus pools'
...........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 4 Canto 1

Page 349

Hastening towards a far-off unknown goal
Earth followed the endless journey of the Sun.

A mind but half-awake in the swing of the void
On the bosom of Inconscience dreamed out life

Across the burning languor of the soil
Paced Summer with his pomp of violent noons
And stamped his tyranny of torrid light
And the blue seal of a great burnished sky.

Page 350

A traveller from unquiet neighbouring seas,
The dense-maned monsoon rode neighing through earth's hours:
Thick now the emissary javelins:
Enormous lightnings split the horizon's rim
And, hurled from the quarters as from contending camps,
Married heaven's edges steep and bare and blind:

A surge and hiss and onset of huge rain,
The long straight sleet-drift, clamours of winged storm-charge,
Throng of wind-faces, rushing of wind-feet
Hurrying swept through the prone afflicted plains:
Heaven's waters trailed and dribbled through the drowned land.
Then all was a swift stride, a sibilant race,
Or all was tempest's shout and water's fall.
A dimness sagged on the grey floor of day,
Its dingy sprawling length joined morn to eve,
Wallowing in sludge and shower it reached black dark.
Day a half darkness wore as its dull dress.
Light looked into dawn's tarnished glass and met
Its own face there, twin to a half-lit night's:

Even when no turmoil vexed air's sombre rest,
Or a faint ray glimmered through weeping clouds
As a sad smile gleams veiled by returning tears,
All promised brightness failed at once denied
Or, soon condemned, died like a brief-lived hope.

Page 351

Earth's mood now changed; she lay in lulled repose,

Earth was the comrade of a happy sun.

A dream loitered in the dumb mind of Space,
Time opened its chambers of felicity,
An exaltation entered and a hope:

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Four: The Book of Birth and Quest
Canto One: The Birth and Childhood of the Flame
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'And Winter and Dew-time laid their calm cool hands'
'Then Spring, an ardent lover, leaped through leaves'
'His coming brought the magic and the spell;
'In this high signal moment of the gods'
'A lamp was lit, a sacred image made.'
'A mediating ray had touched the earth
Bridging the gulf between man's mind and God's;
Its brightness linked our transience to the Unknown.'

The secret contact broken off in Time,
A consanguinity of earth and heaven,'
'Again the mystic deep attempt began,
The daring wager of the cosmic game.
'A Mother-wisdom works in Nature's breast
To pour delight on the heart of toil and want
And press perfection on life's stumbling powers
'Impose heaven-sentience on the obscure abyss'

'She keeps her will that hopes to divinise clay;
'No victory she admits of Death or Fate.
Always she drives the soul to new attempt; '
Outlined by the pressure of this new descent
A lovelier body formed than earth had known.'
'An infant heart of the deep-caved world-plan
In cradle of divine inconscience rocked
By the universal ecstasy of the suns.'

'Some missioned Power in the half-wakened frame
Nursed a transcendent birth's dumb glorious seed'
'But soon the link of soul with form grew sure;
Flooded was the dim cave with slow conscient light,
The seed grew into a delicate marvellous bud,
The bud disclosed a great and heavenly bloom.'....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 4 Canto 1

Page 351

And Winter and Dew-time laid their calm cool hands
On Nature's bosom still in a half sleep
And deepened with hues of lax and mellow ease
The tranquil beauty of the waning year.

Then Spring, an ardent lover, leaped through leaves
And caught the earth-bride in his eager clasp;
His advent was a fire of irised hues,
His arms were a circle of the arrival of joy.

Page 352

He made joy a willing prisoner in her breast.
His grasp was a young god's upon earth's limbs:
Changed by the passion of his divine outbreak
He made her body beautiful with his kiss.

Impatient for felicity he came,
High-fluting with the coãl's happy voice,
His peacock turban trailing on the trees;
His breath was a warm summons to delight,
The dense voluptuous azure was his gaze.

The life of the enchanted globe became
A storm of sweetness and of light and song,
A revel of colour and of ecstasy,
A hymn of rays, a litany of cries:
A strain of choral priestly music sang
And, swung on the swaying censer of the trees,
A sacrifice of perfume filled the hours.

Asocas burned in crimson spots of flame,
Pure like the breath of an unstained desire
White jasmines haunted the enamoured air,
Pale mango-blossoms fed the liquid voice
Of the love-maddened coāl, and the brown bee
Muttered in fragrance mid the honey-buds.
The sunlight was a great god's golden smile.
All Nature was at beauty's festival.

Page 353

Survivor of death and the aeonic years,
Once more with her fathomless heart she fronted Time.

Page 354

As one who has all infinity to waste,
She scatters the seed of the Eternal's strength
On a half-animate and crumbling mould,
Plants heaven's delight in the heart's passionate mire,
Pours godhead's seekings into a bare beast frame,
Hides immortality in a mask of death.

Indira Renganathan
'Arrived upon the strange and dubious globe
The child remembering inly a far home
Lived guarded in her spirit's luminous cell,
Alone mid men in her diviner kind.'
'Harmoniously she impressed the earth with heaven.'
'Each minute was a throb of beauty's heart; '
'Near was her spirit to its parent Sun,
The Breath within to the eternal joy.'

'A world translated was her gleaming mind, '
'Aware of forms to which our eyes are closed,
Conscious of nearnesses we cannot feel,
The Power within her shaped her moulding sense
In deeper figures than our surface types.'
An invisible sunlight ran within her veins
And flooded her brain with heavenly brilliances
That woke a wider sight than earth could know.

'Outlined in the sincerity of that ray
Her springing childlike thoughts were richly turned
Into luminous patterns of her soul's deep truth,
And from her eyes she cast another look
On all around her than man's ignorant view.'
'As from the animal's life rose thinking man,
A new epiphany appeared in her.'
Such was Savitri, such was fate's necessity..

'And when the slow rhyme of the expanding years'
Had honey-packed her sense and filled her limbs, '
'Her solitary greatness was not less.'
'Many high gods dwelt in one beautiful home; '
'Yet was her nature's orb a perfect whole,
Immense and various like a universe.....'
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 4 Canto 1

Page 355

As needing nothing but its own rapt flight
Her nature dwelt in a strong separate air
Like a strange bird with large rich-coloured breast
That sojourns on a secret fruited bough,
Lost in the emerald glory of the woods
Or flies above divine unreachable tops.

Page 356

All contacts it assumes into its trance,
Laugh-tossed consents to the wind's kiss and takes
Transmutingly the shocks of sun and breeze:
A blissful yearning riots in its leaves,
A magic passion trembles in its blooms,
Its boughs aspire in hushed felicity.

A world translated was her gleaming mind,
And marvel-mooned bright crowding fantasies
Fed with spiritual sustenance of dreams
The ideal goddess in her house of gold.

Page 357

As from the soil sprang glory of branch and flower,
As from the animal's life rose thinking man,

Celestial-human deep warm slumbrous fires
Woke in the long fringed glory of her eyes
Like altar-burnings in a mysteried shrine.

A scout of victory in a vigil tower,
Her aspiration called high destiny down;
A silent warrior paced in her city of strength
Inviolate, guarding Truth's diamond throne.

Proud, swift and joyful ran the wave of life
Within her like a stream in Paradise.

The body that held this greatness seemed almost
An image made of heaven's transparent light.

Its charm recalled things seen in vision's hours,
A golden bridge spanning a faery flood,
A moon-touched palm-tree single by a lake
Companion of the wide and glimmering peace,
A murmur as of leaves in Paradise
Moving when feet of the Immortals pass,
A fiery halo over sleeping hills,
A strange and starry head alone in Night

End of Book 4 Canto 1

Indira Renganathan
'A land of mountains and wide sun-beat plains'
'Where Nature seemed a dream of the Divine
And beauty and grace and grandeur had their home,
'Harboured the childhood of the incarnate Flame.'
'Over her watched millennial influences
And the deep godheads of a grandiose past
Looked on her and saw the future's godheads come
As if this magnet drew their powers unseen.'

'Mounting from mind's last peaks to mate with gods'
'The knowledge of the thinker and the seer
Saw the unseen and thought the unthinkable,
Opened the enormous doors of the unknown, '
'The harmony of a rich culture's tones
Refined the sense and magnified its reach
To hear the unheard and glimpse the invisible
And taught the soul to soar beyond things known'

"Adept of truth, initiate of bliss,
A mystic acolyte trained in Nature's school, '
She laid the secrecies of her heart's deep muse
Upon the altar of the Wonderful; '
'She wished to make all one immense embrace
That she might house in it all living things
Raised into a splendid point of seeing light'
And make them one with God and world and her.'

'To see her was a summons to adore,
To be near her drew a high communion's force.'
So men worship a god too great to know,
Too high, too vast to wear a limiting shape; '
'Opened to the breath is a new diviner air,
Opened to man is a freer, happier world: '
My consciousness this moment, 
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights 
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation 
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine 
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise 
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 4 Canto 2 

Page 359

A land of mountains and wide sun-beat plains 
And giant rivers pacing to vast seas, 
A field of creation and spiritual hush, 
Silence swallowing life's acts into the deeps, 
Of thought's transcendent climb and heavenward leap, 
A brooding world of reverie and trance, 
Filled with the mightiest works of God and man,

A shoreless sweep was lent to the mortal's acts, 
And art and beauty sprang from the human depths; 
Nature and soul vied in nobility. 
Ethics the human keyed to imitate heaven;

Page 360

Her hours were a ritual in a timeless fane; 
Her acts became gestures of sacrifice.

Page 360&361

The architecture of the Infinite 
Discovered here its inward-musing shapes 
Captured into wide breadths of soaring stone:

Music brought down celestial yearnings, song 
Held the merged heart absorbed in rapturous depths, 
Linking the human with the cosmic cry;
It tapped the universe with testing knocks
Or stretched to find truth mind’s divining rod;

Yet forced to be the satellites of her sun
They moved unable to forego her light,
Desiring they clutched at her with outstretched hands
Or followed stumbling in the paths she made.

Her measure they could not reach but bore her touch,
Answering with the flower’s answer to the sun
They gave themselves to her and asked no more.

Indira Renganathan
They felt a larger future meet their walk;
'She held their hands, she chose for them their paths:
'They lived in her, they saw the world with her eyes.'
'Some turned to her against their nature's bent;
'Some drawn unwillingly by her divine sway
Endured it like a sweet but alien spell;
'But mid this world, these hearts that answered her call,
None could stand up her equal and her mate.'

'Her greater self lived sole, unclaimed, within.'
'Among the many who came drawn to her
Nowhere she found her partner of high tasks,
The comrade of her soul, her other self
Who was made with her, like God and Nature, one.'
Sweet and wonderful expression here like Savitri Herself
'Some near approached, were touched, caught fire, then failed,
'Too great was her demand, too pure her force.'

'Earth nursed, unconscious still, the inhabiting flame,
Yet something deeply stirred and dimly knew;
'Some secret wing of expectation beat,
A growing sense of something new and rare
And beautiful stole across the heart of Time.
Then a faint whisper of her touched the soil,
'The eye of the great world discovered her
And wonder lifted up its bardic voice.'

A key to a Light still kept in being's cave,
The sun-word of an ancient mystery's sense,
Her name ran murmuring on the lips of men'
'A single lamp lit in perfection's house,
A bright pure image in a priestless shrine,
Midst those encircling lives her spirit dwelt,'
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 4 Canto 2

Page 365

As earth claims light for its lone separate need
Demanding her for their sole jealous clasp,
They asked from her movements bounded like their own
And to their smallness craved a like response.

In vain she stooped to equal them with her heights,
Too pure that air was for small souls to breathe.

Page 367

Her name ran murmuring on the lips of men
Exalted and sweet like an inspired verse
Struck from the epic lyre of rumour's winds
Or sung like a chanted thought by the poet Fame.

Page 368

Whoever is too great must lonely live.
Adored he walks in mighty solitude;
Vain is his labour to create his kind,
His only comrade is the Strength within.
Thus was it for a while with Savitri.

Her mind sat high pouring its golden beams,
Her heart was a crowded temple of delight.

End of Book 4 Canto 2

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Four: The Book of Birth and Quest
Canto Three: The Call to the Quest

Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'A morn that seemed a new creation's front,
Bringing a greater sunlight, happier skies,
Came burdened with a beauty moved and strange
Out of the changeless origin of things.'

'Away from the terrestrial murmur turned
Where transient calls and answers mix their flood,
King Aswapati listened through the ray
To other sounds than meet the sense-formed ear.'

'A word that leaped from some far sky of thought,
Admitted by the cowled receiving scribe
Traversed the echoing passages of his brain
And left its stamp on the recording cells.'

'O Force-compelled, ...Line 35 to
...... too few in mortal forms.' Line 108
What a preaching! to uplift one
From mortal mind to immortal conscience! ...

What a preaching! to change one
From this 'changeless littleness'to the boundless Vast
With countless salutations I bow to Thee Guru!
'The Voice withdrew into its hidden skies.
But like a shining answer from the gods
Approached through sun-bright spaces Savitri.'
'She seemed, burning towards the eternal realms'
'There came the gift of a revealing hour: '

'Transparent grown the ephemeral living dress
Bared the expressive deity to his view.'
'Awaked from the close spell of daily use
That hides soul-truth with the outward form's disguise,
He saw through the familiar cherished limbs
The great and unknown spirit born his child.'
My consciousness this moment, 
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights 
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation 
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine 
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise 
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 4 Canto 3

Page 369

An ancient longing struck again new roots: 
The air drank deep of unfulfilled desire;

The high trees trembled with a wandering wind 
Like souls that quiver at the approach of joy, 
And in a bosom of green secrecy 
For ever of its one love-note untired 
A lyric coãl cried among the leaves.

Earth's wordless hymn to the Ineffable 
Arose from the silent heart of the cosmic Void;

He heard the voice repressed of unborn Powers 
Murmuring behind the luminous bars of Time.

Page 370

"O Force-compelled, Fate-driven earth-born race, 
O petty adventurers in an infinite world 
And prisoners of a dwarf humanity, 
How long will you tread the circling tracks of mind 
Around your little self and petty things? 
But not for a changeless littleness were you meant, 
Not for vain repetition were you built; 
Out of the Immortal's substance you were made;

Your actions can be swift revealing steps, 
Your life a changeful mould for growing gods.
A Seer, a strong Creator, is within,
The immaculate Grandeur broods upon your days,
Almighty powers are shut in Nature's cells.

A greater destiny waits you in your front:
This transient earthly being if he wills
Can fit his acts to a transcendent scheme.

He who now stares at the world with ignorant eyes
Hardly from the Inconscient's night aroused,
That look at images and not at Truth,
Can fill those orbs with an immortal's sight.

Yet shall the godhead grow within your hearts,
You shall awake into the spirit's air
And feel the breaking walls of mortal mind
And hear the message which left life's heart dumb
And look through Nature with sun-gazing lids
And blow your conch-shells at the Eternal's gate.

Authors of earth's high change, to you it is given
To cross the dangerous spaces of the soul
And touch the mighty Mother stark awake
And meet the Omnipotent in this house of flesh
And make of life the million-bodied One.

The earth you tread is a border screened from heaven;
The life you lead conceals the light you are.
Immortal Powers sweep flaming past your doors;
Far-off upon your tops the god-chant sounds

In vain is the unending line of seers,
The sages ponder in unsubstantial light,
The poets lend their voice to outward dreams,
A homeless fire inspires the prophet tongues. ****

Heaven's flaming lights descend and back return,
The luminous Eye approaches and retires;
Eternity speaks, none understands its word;
Fate is unwilling and the Abyss denies;
The Inconscient's mindless waters block all done.
Only a little lifted is Mind's screen;

Page 372

Advancing amid tall heaven-pillaring trees,
Apparelled in her flickering-coloured robe
She seemed, burning towards the eternal realms,
A bright moved torch of incense and of flame
That from the sky-roofed temple-soil of earth
A pilgrim hand lifts in an invisible shrine.

This wonder of the divine Artist's make
Carved like a nectar-cup for thirsty gods,
This breathing Scripture of the Eternal's joy,
This net of sweetness woven of aureate fire.

A gold-leaf palimpsest of sacred births,
A grave world-symbol chiselled out of life.

Her brow, a copy of clear unstained heavens,
Was meditation's pedestal and defence,
The very room and smile of musing Space,
Its brooding line infinity's symbol curve.

Amid her tresses' cloudy multitude
Her long eyes shadowed as by wings of Night
Under that moon-gold forehead's dreaming breadth
Were seas of love and thought that held the world;

Page 373

A godhead sculptured on a wall of thought,
Mirrored in the flowing hours and dimly shrined
In Matter as in a cathedral cave.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Four: The Book of Birth and Quest
Canto Three: The Call to the Quest
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'He spoke in sentences from the unseen Heights.'
'O spirit, traveller of...Line 174 to thy self beyond Time.'216.....
Words powerful of a real call to the quest..
And magnanimously unimaginable and beautiful
Those painted words colourful on Savitri
'O rubies of silence...Line 189 to...
'Depart where love and destiny call your charm.'194

'This word was seed of all the thing to be:
A hand from some Greatness opened her heart's locked doors
And showed the work for which her strength was born.'
'As when the mantra sinks in Yoga's ear,
Its message enters stirring the blind brain'
'The hearer understands a form of words'
'Transmuted by the white spiritual ray'
'Sees the God-face and hears transcendent speech: '

'An equal greatness in her life was sown.'
'She turned to vastnesses not yet her own;
Allured her heart throbbed to unknown sweetinesses;
The secrets of an unseen world were close.'
Then the following words..Line245 to 251
Exquisite, godly should be read and felt
To cite here one for my added salutation
'Night lit the watch-fires of eternity.'

'When the pale dawn slipped through Night's shadowy guard,
Vainly the new-born light desired her face; '
'Her moonbeam feet tinged not the lucent floors:
The beauty and divinity were gone.
Delight had fled to search the spacious world.'
Earth back in its cycle of day and dark...
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 4 Canto 3

Page 373

For the hidden prompters of our speech sometimes  
Can use the formulas of a moment's mood  
To weigh unconscious lips with words from Fate:  
A casual passing phrase can change our life.

Page 374

To set thy conquering foot on Chance and Time,  
The moon shut in her halo dreams like thee.

O living inscription of the beauty of love  
Missalled in aureate virginity,  
What message of heavenly strength and bliss in thee  
Is written with the Eternal's sun-white script,  
One shall discover and greaten with it his life  
To whom thou loosenest thy heart's jewelled strings.

O rubies of silence, lips from which there stole  
Low laughter, music of tranquillity,  
Star-lustrous eyes awake in sweet large night  
And limbs like fine-linked poems made of gold  
Stanzaed to glimmering curves by artist gods,  
Depart where love and destiny call your charm.

He who shall walk until thy body's end  
A close-bound traveller pacing with thy pace,  
The lyrist of thy soul's most intimate chords
Who shall give voice to what in thee is mute.

Then shall you grow like vibrant kindred harps,
One in the beats of difference and delight,
Responsive in divine and equal strains,
Discovering new notes of the eternal theme.

Page 374&375

One force shall be your mover and your guide,
One light shall be around you and within;
Hand in strong hand confront Heaven's question, life:
Challenge the ordeal of the immense disguise.
Ascend from Nature to divinity's heights;
Face the high gods, crowned with felicity,
Then meet a greater god, thy self beyond Time.

Page 375&376

The morn went up into a smiling sky;
Cast from its sapphire pinnacle of trance
Day sank into the burning gold of eve;
The moon floated, a luminous waif through heaven
And sank below the oblivious edge of dream;
Night lit the watch-fires of eternity.
A darkness stooping on the heaven-bird's wings
Sealed in her senses from external sight
And opened the stupendous depths of sleep.

Page 376

The palace woke to its own emptiness;
The sovereign of its daily joys was far;

End of Book 4 Canto 3

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Four: The Book of Birth and Quest
Canto Four: The Quest
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'At first a strangeness of new brilliant scenes
Peopled her mind and kept her body's gaze.
But as she moved across the changing earth
A deeper consciousness welled up in her:
A citizen of many scenes and climes,
Each soil and country it had made its home;
It took all clans and peoples for her own,
Till the whole destiny of mankind was hers.'

'Upon her silent heights she was aware
Of a calm Presence throned above her brows'
'Driven from within she followed her long road,
Mute in the luminous cavern of her heart, '
'At first her path ran far through peopled tracts: '
'Away from this thinking creature's burdened hours
To free and griefless spaces now she turned
Not yet perturbed by human joys and fears.'

'Like a swift hope journeying among its dreams
Hastened the chariot of the golden bride.'
'Afar from the brute noise of clamorous needs
The quieted all-seeking mind could feel, '
The unwearied clasp of her mute patient love
And know for a soul the mother of our forms.'
'Not yet was a world all occupied by care'.Line 130 to
'Some uncompanioned reached the Ineffable'.Line 258

'The golden virgin in her carven car
Came gliding among meditation's seats.'
'But morn broke in reminding her of her quest
And from low rustic couch or mat she rose
And went impelled on her unfinished way
And followed the fateful orbit of her life'.

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
My consciousness this moment,
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 4 Canto 3

Page 377

These unfamiliar spaces on her way
Were known and neighbours to a sense within,
Landscapes recurred like lost forgotten fields,
Cities and rivers and plains her vision claimed
Like slow-recurring memories in front,
The stars at night were her past's brilliant friends,
The winds murmured to her of ancient things
And she met nameless comrades loved by her once.

Page 378

The shadowy keepers of our deathless past
Have made our fate the child of our own acts,
And from the furrows laboured by our will
We reap the fruit of our forgotten deeds.
But since unseen the tree that bore this fruit
And we live in a present born from an unknown past,
They seem but parts of a mechanic Force
To a mechanic mind tied by earth's laws;
Yet are they instruments of a Will supreme,
Watched by a still all-seeing Eye above.

The eyes that wandered were its searchlight fires,
The hands that held the reins its living tools;

Across wide noons and glowing afternoons,
She met with Nature and with human forms
Mute in the luminous cavern of her heart,
Like a bright cloud through the resplendent day.

Page 379

Admitted to the lion eye of States
And theatres of the loud act of man,
Her carven chariot with its fretted wheels
Threaded through clamorous marts and sentinel towers
Past figured gates and high dream-sculptured fronts
And gardens hung in the sapphire of the skies,
Pillared assembly halls with armoured guards,
Small fanes where one calm Image watched man’s life
And temples hewn as if by exiled gods
To imitate their lost eternity.

Often from gilded dusk to argent dawn,
Where jewel-lamps flickered on frescoed walls
And the stone lattice stared at moonlit boughs,
Half-conscious of the tardy listening night
Dimly she glided between banks of sleep
At rest in the slumbering palaces of kings.

Imperial acres of the eternal sower
And wind-stirred grass-lands winking in the sun:
Or mid green musing of woods and rough-browed hills,
In the grove's murmurous bee-air humming wild
Or past the long lapsing voice of silver floods
Like a swift hope journeying among its dreams
Hastened the chariot of the golden bride.

Page 380

Domains of light enfeoffed to antique calm
Listened to the unaccustomed sound of hooves
And large immune entangled silences
Absorbed her into emerald secrecy
And slow hushed wizard nets of fiery bloom
Environed with their coloured snare her wheels.
The inner ear that listens to solitude,
Leaning self-rapt unboundedly could hear
The rhythm of the intenser wordless Thought
That gathers in the silence behind life,
And the low sweet inarticulate voice of earth
In the great passion of her sun-kissed trance
Ascended with its yearning undertone.

This spirit stumbling in the fields of sense,
This creature bruised in the mortar of the days

Muse-lipped she nursed her symbol mysteries
And guarded for her pure-eyed sacraments
The valley clefts between her breasts of joy,
Her mountain altars for the fires of dawn
And nuptial beaches where the ocean couched
And the huge chanting of her prophet woods.
Fields had she of her solitary mirth,
Plains hushed and happy in the embrace of light,
Alone with the cry of birds and hue of flowers,
And wilderesses of wonder lit by her moons
And grey seer-evenings kindling with the stars
And dim movement in the night's infinitude.

Happy they lived with birds and beasts and flowers
And sunlight and the rustle of the leaves,
And heard the wild winds wandering in the night,
Mused with the stars in their mute constant ranks,
And lodged in the mornings as in azure tents,
And with the glory of the noons were one.

The world was fibred with their own heart-strings;
Close drawn to the heart that beats in every breast,
They reached the one self in all through boundless love.
Attuned to Silence and to the world-rhyme,
They loosened the knot of the imprisoning mind;

Page 382

World-naked hermits with their matted hair
Immobile as the passionless great hills
Around them grouped like thoughts of some vast mood
Awaiting the Infinite's behest to end.

The seers attuned to the universal Will,
Content in Him who smiles behind earth's forms,
Abode ungrieved by the insistent days.

About them like green trees girdling a hill
Young grave disciples fashioned by their touch,
Trained to the simple act and conscious word,
Greatened within and grew to meet their heights.

King-children nurtured in that spacious air
Like lions gambolling in sky and sun
Received half-consciously their godlike stamp:

Page 383

One-souled to all and free from narrowing bonds,
Large like a continent of warm sunshine
In wide equality's impartial joy,
These sages breathed for God's delight in things.

Imparting to our struggling world the Light
They breathed like spirits from Time's dull yoke released,
Comrades and vessels of the cosmic Force,
Using a natural mastery like the sun's:

Carrying the splendour that has lit the suns,
They sang Infinity's names and deathless powers
In metres that reflect the moving worlds,
Sight's sound-waves breaking from the soul's great deeps.

Page 384
Some winged like birds out of the cosmic sea  
And vanished into a bright and featureless Vast:

As floats a sunbeam through a shady place,  
The golden virgin in her carven car  
Came gliding among meditation's seats.

Often in twilight mid returning troops  
Of cattle thickening with their dust the shades  
When the loud day had slipped below the verge,  
Arriving in a peaceful hermit grove  
She rested drawing round her like a cloak  
Its spirit of patient muse and potent prayer.

Page 385

And followed the fateful orbit of her life  
Like a desire that questions silent gods  
Then passes starlike to some bright Beyond.

The mountains in their anchorite solitude,  
The forests with their multitudinous chant  
Disclosed to her the masked divinity's doors.  
On dreaming plains, an indolent expanse,  
The death-bed of a pale enchanted eve  
Under the glamour of a sunken sky,  
Impassive she lay as at an age's end,  
Or crossed an eager pack of huddled hills  
Lifting their heads to hunt a lairlike sky,  
Or travelled in a strange and empty land  
Where desolate summits camped in a weird heaven,  
Mute sentinels beneath a drifting moon,  
Or wandered in some lone tremendous wood  
Ringing for ever with the crickets' cry  
Or followed a long glistening serpent road  
Through fields and pastures lapped in moveless light  
Or reached the wild beauty of a desert space  
Where never plough was driven nor herd had grazed  
And slumbered upon stripped and thirsty sands  
Amid the savage wild-beast night's appeal.
A grandiose silence wrapped the regal day:
The months had fed the passion of the sun
And now his burning breath assailed the soil.
The tiger heats prowled through the fainting earth;
All was licked up as by a lolling tongue.
The spring winds failed; the sky was set like bronze.

End of Book 4

Indira Renganathan
'But now the destined spot and hour were close; Unknowing she had neared her nameless goal.'
'To a space she came of soft and delicate air'
'Where spring and summer lay together and strove
In indolent and amicable debate,
Inarmed, disputing with laughter who should rule.'
'And all that was in her felt a coming change'
'Was lifted to a beauty calm and pure'

'A crowd of mountainous heads assailed the sky'
'Earth prostrate lay beneath their feet of stone.'
'Below them crouched a dream of emerald woods'
'Pale waters ran like glimmering threads of pearl.'
'A sigh was straying among happy leaves; '
'Cool-perfumed with slow pleasure-burdened feet
Faint stumbling breezes faltered among flowers.'
Thy poetic beauty...I'm in awed wonder...

'The white crane stood, ..Line 32 to
'Life ran or hid in her delightful rooms; 'Line 48
O' Thy style of description, wonderment persists..
'The Mighty Mother lay outstretched at ease.
All was in line with her first satisfied plan; '
'At the end reclined a stern and giant tract
Of tangled depths and solemn questioning hills, '
'A matted forest-head invaded heaven'

'A stranger on the sorrowful roads of Time,
Immortal under the yoke of death and fate,
A sacrificant of the bliss and pain of the spheres,
Love in the wilderness met Savitri.'
So my anxiety grows for the furtherance thence
So is my anxiety how Thou words would delineate....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe.... in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 5 Canto 1

Page 389

A crowd of mountainous heads assailed the sky
Pushing towards rival shoulders nearer heaven,
The armoured leaders of an iron line;
Earth prostrate lay beneath their feet of stone.
Below them crouched a dream of emerald woods
And gleaming borders solitary as sleep:
Pale waters ran like glimmering threads of pearl.

Page 390

Earth couched alone with her great lover Heaven,
Uncovered to her consort's azure eye.

A cry and leap and hurry was around,
The stealthy footfalls of her chasing things,
The shaggy emerald of her centaur mane,
The gold and sapphire of her warmth and blaze.
Magician of her rapt felicities,
Blithe, sensuous-hearted, careless and divine,
Life ran or hid in her delightful rooms;

Moved by a universal will of joy
The trees bloomed in their green felicity
And the wild children brooded not on pain.

Page 390\&391
A matted forest-head invaded heaven
As if a blue-throated ascetic peered
From the stone fastness of his mountain cell
Regarding the brief gladness of the days;
His vast extended spirit couched behind.

End of Book 5 Canto 1

Indira Renganathan
Aurobindo 81 Savitri Book 5

An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Five: The Book of Love
Canto Two: Satyavan
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'All she remembered on this day of Fate,
The road that hazarded not the solemn depths
But turned away to flee to human homes,'
'As if a wicket gate to joy were there
Ringed in with voiceless hint and magic sign,
Upon the margin of an unknown world
Reclined the curve of a sun-held recess;
Beautiful beginning of a remarkable love...

'Only one sign was there of a human tread:
'Here first she met on the uncertain earth
The one for whom her heart had come so far.'
'As might a soul on Nature's background limned
Stand out for a moment in a house of dream
Created by the ardent breath of life,
So he appeared against the forest verge
Inset twixt green relief and golden ray.'

'His figure led the splendour of the morn.
Noble and clear as the broad peaceful heavens
A tablet of young wisdom was his brow;
Freedom's imperious beauty curved his limbs,
The joy of life was on his open face.
His look was a wide daybreak of the gods,
His head was a youthful Rishi's touched with light,
His body was a lover's and a king's.'

Only Thy poetic heart can versify pictorial
Words are in extreme bliss of Thou cognition..
'Out of the ignorant eager toil of the years
Abandoning man's loud drama he had come
Led by the wisdom of an adverse Fate
To meet the ancient Mother in her groves.'..
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 5 Canto 2

Page 392

Groves with strange flowers like eyes of gazing nymphs  
Peered from their secrecy into open space,  
Boughs whispering to a constancy of light  
Sheltered a dim and screened felicity,  
And slowly a supine inconstant breeze  
Ran like a fleeting sigh of happiness  
Over slumbrous grasses pranked with green and gold.

Hidden in the forest's bosom of loneliness  
Amid the leaves the inmate voices called,  
Sweet like desires enamoured and unseen,  
Cry answering to low insistent cry.

Behind slept emerald dumb remotenesses,  
Haunt of a Nature passionate, veiled, denied  
To all but her own vision lost and wild.

Page 393

As if a weapon of the living Light,  
Erect and lofty like a spear of God  
His figure led the splendour of the morn.

In the magnificent dawning of his force  
Built like a moving statue of delight  
He illumined the border of the forest page.
'In her divine communion he had grown
A foster-child of beauty and solitude,
Heir to the centuries of the lonely wise,
A brother of the sunshine and the sky,
A wanderer communing with depth and marge.
A Veda-knower of the unwritten book
Perusing the mystic scripture of her forms,
He had caught her hierophant significances,'

'One with the single Spirit inhabiting all,
He laid experience at the Godhead's feet; '
'That day he had turned from his accustomed paths; '
'At first her glance that took life's million shapes'
'Dwelt rather on the bright harmonious scene.'
Ah, what a succession of theme building
Wonderful depiction, wonderful words of lines
Infact all should be applauded here imperatively..

Without omission must've done line by line
I regret for the hitherto missed verses Guru..
'Wandering unwarned by the slow surface mind,
The heedless scout beneath her tenting lids
Admired indifferent beauty and cared not
To wake her body's spirit to its king.'
'But the god touched in time her conscious soul.
Her vision settled, caught and all was changed.'

'Her mind at first dwelt in ideal dreams,'
'And saw in him the genius of the spot,
A symbol figure standing mid earth's scenes,
A king of life outlined in delicate air.'
'Yet this was but a moment's reverie; '
A 'moment's reverie' indeed a moment's beautiful reverie...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 5 Canto 2

Taught by sublimities of stream and wood
And voices of the sun and star and flame
And chant of the magic singers on the boughs
And the dumb teaching of four-footed things.

Helping with confident steps her slow great hands
He leaned to her influence like a flower to rain
And, like the flower and tree a natural growth,
Widened with the touches of her shaping hours.

It saw the green-gold of the slumbrous sward,
The grasses quivering with the slow wind's tread,
The branches haunted by the wild bird's call.

A look, a turn decides our ill-poised fate.

Indira Renganathan
Aurobindo 83 Savitri Book 5

An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Five: The Book of Love
Canto Two: Satyavan
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'For suddenly her heart looked out at him, '
'The passionate seeing used thought cannot match'
'All in a moment was surprised and seized, '
'A mystic tumult from her depths arose; '
'Arising to a hymn of wonder's priests
Her soul flung wide its doors to this new sun.'
'A swift and fated turning of her days
Appeared and stretched to a gleam of unknown worlds.'

'And Satyavan looked out from his soul's doors
And felt the enchantment of her liquid voice
Fill his youth's purple ambience and endured
The haunting miracle of a perfect face.'
'Mastered by the honey of a strange flower-mouth,
Drawn to soul-spaces opening round a brow,
He turned to the vision like a sea to the moon'
'An unknown imperious force drew him to her.'

'Gaze met close gaze and clung in sight's embrace.'
'He met in her regard his future's gaze, '
'In these great spirits now incarnate here
Love brought down power out of eternity
To make of life his new undying base.'
'Love's adoration like a mystic seer
Through vision looks at the invisible,
In earth's alphabet finds a godlike sense; '

'By the revealing greatness of a look,
Form-smitten the spirit's memory woke in sense.
The mist was torn that lay between two lives;
Her heart unveiled and his to find her turned;
'A moment passed that was eternity's ray,
An hour began, the matrix of new Time.'......
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 5 Canto 2

Page 395

All in inconscient ecstasy lain wrapped
Or under imagination's coloured lids
Held up in a large mirror-air of dream,
Broke forth in flame to recreate the world,
And in that flame to new things she was born.

Haled, smitten erect like one who dreamed at ease,
Life ran to gaze from every gate of sense:

Thoughts indistinct and glad in moon-mist heavens,
Feelings as when a universe takes birth,
Swept through the turmoil of her bosom's space
Invaded by a swarm of golden gods:

Page 396

Then trembling with the mystic shock her heart
Moved in her breast and cried out like a bird
Who hears his mate upon a neighbouring bough.
Hooves trampling fast, wheels largely stumbling ceased;
The chariot stood like an arrested wind.

His self-bound nature foundered as in fire;

The splendid lonely idols of his brain
Fell prostrate from their bright sufficiencies,
As at the touch of a new infinite,
To worship a godhead greater than their own.
This golden figure given to his grasp
Hid in its breast the key of all his aims,
A spell to bring the Immortal's bliss on earth,
To mate with heaven's truth our mortal thought,
To lift earth-hearts nearer the Eternal's sun.

There is a Power within that knows beyond
Our knowings; we are greater than our thoughts,
And sometimes earth unveils that vision here.

To live, to love are signs of infinite things,
Love is a glory from eternity's spheres.

Abased, disfigured, mocked by baser mights
That steal his name and shape and ecstasy,
He is still the godhead by which all can change.

Page 398

Love dwells in us like an unopened flower
Awaiting a rapid moment of the soul,

Love's adoration like a mystic seer
Through vision looks at the invisible,
In earth's alphabet finds a godlike sense;
54 But the mind only thinks, "Behold the one
For whom my life has waited long unfilled,
Behold the sudden sovereign of my days.""
Heart feels for heart, limb cries for answering limb;
All strives to enforce the unity all is.

Page 399

Attracted as in heaven star by star,
They wondered at each other and rejoiced
And wove affinity in a silent gaze.

End of Book 5 Canto 2
Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Five: The Book of Love
Canto Three: Satyavan and Savitri
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Thus Satyavan spoke first to Savitri: Line17
'O thou who com'st to me out of Time's silences,
Yet thy voice has wakened my heart to an unknown bliss,
Immortal or mortal only in thy frame,
For more than earth speaks to me from thy soul
And more than earth surrounds me in thy gaze,
How art thou named among the sons of men?'
....Burning in thousand-pillared homes of light.'to Line56

Very appealing introductory words
Of Earth and fire and wind and woods and pools
Nymphs and apsaras, his mystic meeting, Satyavan speaks...
'So now my mind could dream and my heart fear
That from some wonder-couch beyond our air
Risen in a wide morning of the gods
Thou drov'st thy horses from the Thunderer's worlds.'
A well grasped defining by Satyavan indeed...

'Although to heaven thy beauty seems allied, ..Line 61 to
'To make a resting chamber fit for thee.'..Line97
Her fate is strengthened by Satyavan's request
'Musing she answered, 'I am Savitri, 'Line 100 to
'And the blind murmur of primaeval calms? ' Line 111
Very sweet Savitri enquires with further conversation
'And Satyavan replied to Savitri: 'Line 112 to
'If shall escape from Death and Ignorance.'Line 221

An ongoing play in my vision along my reading
Making my heart, mind and soul speechless
Yet my mouth utters heartfelt mind-blowing, soul-sriring
Music to the musical ears, visual to the visioning eyes
A gastronomy of words to the taste of literature
A bliss of nectarean feast...............
...........My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 5 Canto 3

Page 400

Whence hast thou dawned filling my spirit's days,
Brighter than summer, brighter than my flowers,
Into the lonely borders of my life,
O sunlight moulded like a golden maid?
I know that mighty gods are friends of earth.

Page 401

I witnessed the virgin bridals of the dawn
Behind the glowing curtains of the sky
Or vying in joy with the bright morning's steps
I paced along the slumbrous coasts of noon,
Or the gold desert of the sunlight crossed
Traversing great wastes of splendour and of fire,
Or met the moon gliding amazed through heaven
In the uncertain widening of the night,
Or the stars marched on their long sentinel routes
Pointing their spears through the infinitudes:

The winds have shown to me their trampling lords,
I have beheld the princes of the Sun
Burning in thousand-pillared homes of light.

Page 402

Close is my father’s creepered hermitage
Screened by the tall ranks of these silent kings,
Sung to by voices of the hue-robed choirs
Whose chants repeat transcribed in music's notes
The passionate coloured lettering of the boughs
And fill the hours with their melodious cry.

Wild winds run- visitors midst the swaying tops,
Through the calm days heaven's sentinels of peace
Couched on a purple robe of sky above
Look down on a rich secrecy and hush
And the chambered nuptial waters chant within.

Apparelled are the morns in gold and green,
Sunlight and shadow tapestry the walls
To make a resting chamber fit for thee.

Musing she answered, “I am Savitri,
Princess of Madra. Who art thou? What name
Musical on earth expresses thee to men?
What trunk of kings watered by fortunate streams
Has flowered at last upon one happy branch?

Son of that king, I, Satyavan, have lived
Contented, for not yet of thee aware,
In my high-peopled loneliness of spirit
And this huge vital murmur kin to me,
Nursed by the vastness, pupil of solitude.

I lay in the wide bare embrace of heaven,
The sunlight’s radiant blessing clasped my brow,
The moonbeams' silver ecstasy at night
Kissed my dim lids to sleep. Earth's morns were mine;

Lured by faint murmuring with the green-robed hours
I wandered lost in woods, prone to the voice
Of winds and waters, partner of the sun's joy,
A listener to the universal speech:
The neighing pride of rapid life that roams
Wind-maned through our pastures, on my seeing mood
Cast shapes of swiftness; trooping spotted deer
Against the vesper sky became a song
Of evening to the silence of my soul.

Page 405

I caught for some eternal eye the sudden
King-fisher flashing to a darkling pool;
A slow swan silvering the azure lake,
A shape of magic whiteness, sailed through dream;

Leaves trembling with the passion of the wind,
Pranked butterflies, the conscious flowers of air,
And wandering wings in blue infinity
Lived on the tablets of my inner sight;
Mountains and trees stood there like thoughts from God.

The brilliant long-bills in their vivid dress,
The peacock scattering on the breeze his moons
Painted my memory like a frescoed wall.
I carved my vision out of wood and stone;

Indira Renganathan
And Savitri, musing still, replied to him:
'Speak more to me, speak more, O Satyavan,
Speak of thyself and all thou art within;
I would know thee as if we had ever lived
Together in the chamber of our souls.
Speak till a light shall come into my heart
And my moved mortal mind shall understand
What all the deathless being in me feels.'

It knows that thou art he my spirit has sought
Amidst earth's thronging visages and forms
Across the golden spaces of my life.'
He answered in elaborate surrender....
'And Satyavan like a replying harp' Line 233 to
'And every bird remember in its cry.'Line 322
To me these verses actually symbolize a plea
A plea of the individual soul to the universal soul...

'O Satyavan, I have heard thee and I know;
I know that thou and only thou art he.'
Then with raised hands that trembled a little now'
'This bond of sweetness, their bright union's sign,
She laid on the bosom coveted by her love.'
'Heart-bound before the sun, their marriage fire,
The wedding of the eternal Lord and Spouse
Took place again on earth in human forms: '

'The united Two began a greater age,'
Then down the narrow path where their lives had met
He led and showed to her her future world'
'She saw a clustering line of hermit-roofs
And looked now first on her heart's future home,
The thatch that covered the life of Satyavan.'
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 5 Canto 3

Page 407

I groped for the Mystery with the lantern, Thought.
Its glimmerings lighted with the abstract word
A half-visible ground and travelling yard by yard
It mapped a system of the Self and God.

Page 408

A foam-leap travelling from the waves of bliss
Has changed my heart and changed the earth around:
All with thy coming fills. Air, soil and stream
Wear bridal raiment to be fit for thee
And sunlight grows a shadow of thy hue
Because of change within me by thy look.

Descend, O happiness, with thy moon-gold feet
Enrich earth's floors upon whose sleep we lie.

Allured to her lashes by his passionate words
Her fathomless soul looked out at him from her eyes;
Passing her lips in liquid sounds it spoke.

Page 409

Her many-hued raiment glistening in the light
Hovered a moment over the wind-stirred grass,
Mixed with a glimmer of her body's ray
Like lovely plumage of a settling bird.
Her gleaming feet upon the green-gold sward
Scattered a memory of wandering beams
Then flitting like pale-brilliant moths her hands
Took from the sylvan verge's sunlit arms
A load of their jewel-faces' clustering swarms,
Companions of the spring-time and the breeze.
A candid garland set with simple forms
Her rapid fingers taught a flower song,
The stanzae'd movement of a marriage hymn.

Page 410

As if inclined before some gracious god
Who has out of his mist of greatness shone
To fill with beauty his adorer's hours,
She bowed and touched his feet with worshipping hands;

Page 411

On the high glowing cupola of the day
Fate tied a knot with morning's halo threads

End of Canto 3
End of Book 5

Indira Renganathan
'In silent bounds bordering the mortal's plane
Crossing a wide expanse of brilliant peace
Narad the heavenly sage from Paradise
Came chanting through the large and lustrous air.'
'Across an intangible border of soul-space
He passed from Mind into material things
Amid the inventions of the inconscient Self
'He felt a sap of life, a sap of death; '

'He saw the eternal labour of the Gods,
And looked upon the life of beasts and men.'
'A change now fell upon the singer's mood,
A rapture and a pathos moved his voice; '
'He sang no more the deathless heart of Love,
His chant was a hymn of Ignorance and Fate.'
'He who has conquered the Immortals' seats,
Came down to men on earth the Man divine.'

'His face, a beautiful mask of antique joy,
Appearing in light descended where arose
King Aswapati's palace to the winds
In Madra, flowering up in delicate stone.'
'There welcomed him the sage and thoughtful king, '
'At his side....Queen-browed, the human mother of Savitri.'
'He sang to them of the lotus-heart of love
With all its thousand luminous buds of truth, '

'Even as he sang and rapture stole through earth-time
And caught the heavens, came with a call of hooves,
As of her swift heart hastening, Savitri; '
'She stood before her mighty father's throne'
'He flung on her his vast immortal look; '
'He cried to her, 'Who is this that comes, the bride, '

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My consciousness this moment, 
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights 
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation 
My inquisitive apprehensor, erring Thee may opine 
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise 
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 6 Canto 1

Page 415

Attracted by the golden summer-earth
That lay beneath him like a glowing bowl
Tilted upon a table of the Gods,
Turning as if moved round by an unseen hand
To catch the warmth and blaze of a small sun,
He passed from the immortals' happy paths

Below him circling burned the myriad suns:
He bore the ripples of the etheric sea;
A primal Air brought the first joy of touch;
A secret Spirit drew its mighty breath
Contracting and expanding this huge world
In its formidable circuit through the Void;

The secret might of the creative Fire
Displayed its triple power to build and form,
Its infinitesimal wave-sparks' weaving dance,
Its nebulous units grounding shape and mass,
Magic foundation and pattern of a world,
Its radiance bursting into the light of stars;

Page 417

Aspiring like a sacrificial flame
Skyward from its earth-seat through luminous air,
Queen-browed, the human mother of Savitri.

Page 417&418
A mighty shuddering coil of ecstasy
Crept through the deep heart of the universe.

As one who comes from a heavenly embassy
Discharging the proud mission of her heart,
One carrying the sanction of the gods
To her love and its luminous eternity,
She stood before her mighty father's throne

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-  
Book Six: The Book of Fate  
Canto One: The Word of Fate  
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Reveal, O winged with light, whence thou hast flown  
Hastening bright-hued through the green tangled earth,  
Thy body rhythmical with the spring-bird's call.'  
'Thou comest like a silver deer through groves  
'Or fleest like a wind-goddess through leaves,  
Or roamst, O ruby-eyed and snow-winged dove,  
Flitting through thickets of thy pure desires  
In the unwounded beauty of thy soul.

'He spoke but held his knowledge back from words.'  
'As a cloud plays with lightnings' vivid laugh,  
But still holds back the thunder in its heart,  
Only he let bright images escape.'  
'His speech like glimmering music veiled his thoughts; "  
'To those who hearkened to his celestial voice,  
The veil heaven's pity throws on future pain  
The Immortals' sanction seemed of endless joy.'

'But Aswapati answered to the seer; '-'  
'He answered covert thought with guarded speech: '  
"O deathless sage who knowest all things here, 'Line220 to  
'Once let unwounded pass a mortal life.'Line 304  
Should be read to feel her godliness  
And her father's love for her...wonderful  
'But Narad answered not; silent he sat,  
Knowing that words are vain and Fate is lord.'

'Like one who knows not, questioning, he cried:  
'On what high mission went her hastening wheels?  
Whence came she with this glory in her heart  
And Paradise made visible in her eyes?  
What sudden God has met, what face supreme? '  
Fate of misery sown that Narad could read......
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 6 Canto 1

Page 419

...and in thee glows
A heavenly jar, thy firm deep-honied heart,
New-brimming with a sweet and nectarous wine.

Page 420

Life's perilous music rings yet to thy ear
Far-melodied, rapid and grand, a Centaur's song,
Or soft as water plashing mid the hills,
Or mighty as a great chant of many winds.
Moon-bright thou livest in thy inner bliss.

Page 422

Behold this image cast by light and love,
A stanza of the ardour of the gods
Perfectly rhymed, a pillared ripple of gold!
Her body like a brimmed pitcher of delight
Shaped in a splendour of gold-coloured bronze
As if to seize earth's truth of hidden bliss.

Dream-made illumined mirrors are her eyes
Draped subtly in a slumbrous fringe of jet,
Retaining heaven's reflections in their depths.
Even as her body, such is she within.

Heaven's lustrous mornings gloriously recur,
Like drops of fire upon a silver page,
In her young spirit yet untouched with tears.

The unchanging blue reveals its spacious thought;
Marvellous the moon floats on through wondering skies;
Earth's flowers spring up and laugh at time and death;
The charmed mutations of the enchanter life
Race like bright children past the smiling hours.

Page 422&423

As grows the great and golden bounteous tree
Flowering by Alacananda's murmuring waves,
Where with enamoured speed the waters run
Lisping and babbling to the splendour of morn
And cling with lyric laughter round the knees
Of heaven's daughters dripping magic rain
Pearl-bright from moon-gold limbs and cloudy hair,
So are her dawns like jewelled leaves of light,
So casts she her felicity on men.
A flame of radiant happiness she was born
And surely will that flame set earth alight:

Page 423

He looked into the unseen with seeing eyes,

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Six: The Book of Fate
Canto One: The Word of Fate
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'To whom the king, 'The red asoca watched
Her going forth which now sees her return.'
Then to Savitri'Virgin who comest perfected by joy,
Reveal the name thy sudden heart-beats learned.
Whom hast thou chosen, kingliest among men?'
'The son of Dyumatsena, Satyavan,
I have met on the wild forest's lonely verge.
My father, I have chosen. This is done.'

'Then Aswapati looked within and saw
A heavy shadow float above the name
Chased by a sudden and stupendous light;
He looked into his daughter's eyes and spoke:
'Well hast thou done and I approve thy choice.
If this is all, then all is surely well;'
Provoking the interest of the reader
Between father and daughter goes on the dialogue...

'Then might the sage have spoken, but the king
In haste broke out and stayed the dangerous word: '
"O singer of the ultimate ecstasy, 'Line 358 to
'Perhaps the blindness of our will is Fate.'Line 389
Poetry is highly blessed to carry such great Truth
Of human life in Thou great spirited words indeed...
'He said and Narad answered not the king.'
'But now the queen alarmed lifted her voice: '

'O seer, thy bright arrival has been timed
To this high moment of a happy life;
Then let the speech benign of griefless spheres
Confirm this blithe conjunction of two stars
And sanction joy with thy celestial voice.'
Words of a mother with motherly concern go on....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 6 Canto 1

Page 423&424

Arisen into an air of flaming dawn
Like a bright bird tired of her lonely branch,
To find her own lord, since to her on earth
He came not yet, this sweetness wandered forth
Cleaving her way with the beat of her rapid wings.

Page 423

Led by a distant call her vague swift flight
Threaded the summer morns and sunlit lands.
The happy rest her burdened lashes keep
And these charmed guardian lips hold treasured still.

Page 425

Here are not happy peaks the heaven-nymphs roam
Or Coilas or Vaicountha's starry stair:
Abrupt, jagged hills only the mighty climb
Are here where few dare even think to rise;
Far voices call down from the dizzy rocks,
Chill, slippery, precipitous are the paths.
Too hard the gods are with man's fragile race;

In their large heavens they dwell exempt from Fate
And they forget the wounded feet of man,
His limbs that faint beneath the whips of grief,
His heart that hears the tread of time and death.

The future's road is hid from mortal sight:
He moves towards a veiled and secret face.
To light one step in front is all his hope
And only for a little strength he asks
To meet the riddle of his shrouded fate.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Six: The Book of Fate
Canto One: The Word of Fate
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'And fortunate the forest hermitage
Where leaving her palace and riches and a throne
My Savitri will dwell and bring in heaven.'

"Or if crouches unseen a panther doom,
If wings of Evil brood above that house,
Then also speak, that we may turn aside
And rescue our lives from hazard of wayside doom
And chance entanglement of an alien fate.'

'And Narad slowly answered to the queen:
'What help is in prevision to the driven?'
'The eternal poet, universal Mind,
Has paged each line of his imperial act;
'Her eyes are fixed upon her mighty aim;
No cry or prayer can turn her from her path.
She has leaped an arrow from the bow of God.'
How wonderfully Savitri is portrayed in thy words!

'His words were theirs who live unforced to grieve'
'As though her own bosom were pierced the mother saw
The ancient human sentence strike her child,'
'Though calm and wise and Aswapati's queen,
Human was she still and opened her doors to grief;
A sample of human mother was Aswapati's queen..
'Her heart appealed against the impartial judge,
Taxed with perversity the impersonal One.'

Her tranquil spirit she called not to her aid,
But as a common man beneath his load
Grows faint and breathes his pain in ignorant words,
'So now she arraigned the world's impassive will:
'What stealthy doom has crept across her path' Line 463 to
'To know is best, however hard to bear.' Line 518
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 6 Canto 1

Page 426

Too heavy falls a Shadow on man's heart;
It dares not be too happy upon earth.
It dreads the blow dogging too vivid joys,
A lash unseen in Fate's extended hand,
The danger lurking in fortune's proud extremes,
An irony in life's indulgent smile,
And trembles at the laughter of the gods.

Page 426&427

A future knowledge is an added pain,
A torturing burden and a fruitless light
On the enormous scene that Fate has built.

Page 428

Here dreadfully entangled love and hate
Meet us blind wanderers mid the perils of Time.
Our days are links of a disastrous chain,
Necessity avenges casual steps;
Old cruelties come back unrecognised,
The gods make use of our forgotten deeds.

Page 428&429

We are not as the gods who know not grief
And look impassive on a suffering world,
Calm they gaze down on the little human scene
And the short-lived passion crossing mortal hearts.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri:
Book Six: The Book of Fate
Canto One: The Word of Fate
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Then cried the sage piercing the mother's heart,
Forcing to steel the will of Savitri,
His words set free the spring of cosmic Fate.'
"The truth thou hast claimed; I give to thee the truth.' Line 531 to
'This day returning Satyavan must die.' Line 588
Fate of Satyavan revealed...
But the queen cried: 'Vain then can be heaven's grace! Line 590 to
A choice less rare may call a happier fate.' Line 608

'But Savitri answered from her violent heart, -
'Once my heart chose and chooses not again...
....I am stronger than death and greater than my fate;
My love shall outlast the world, doom falls from me
Helpless against my immortality.
Fate's law may change, but not my spirit's will.'
How determined was Savitri that we still wonder at...
How determined the words here like Savitri

'But in the queen's mind listening her words
Rang like the voice of a self-chosen Doom
Denying every issue of escape.'
'O child, in the magnificence of thy soul...Line 638 to
It greatens slowly into timeless peace.' Line 717
A mother's exemplary advice in Thou colourful words
A mother's caring plea in Thou poetic deliverance...
'But Savitri replied with steadfast eyes: '

'My will is part of the eternal Will, Line 719 to
I have seen the Eternal in a human face.' Line 755
What else could a true love ever be than immortal
And not 'Only to live and love awhile and die.'
'Then none could answer to her words. Silent
They sat and looked into the eyes of Fate.'.........
............My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 6 Canto 1

Page 429

The great Gods use the pain of human hearts
As a sharp axe to hew their cosmic road:
They squander lavishly men's blood and tears
For a moment's purpose in their fateful work.

96 This cosmic Nature's balance is not ours
Nor the mystic measure of her need and use.
A single word lets loose vast agencies;
A casual act determines the world's fate.

Page 430

A sapphire cutting from the sleep of heaven,
Delightful is the soul of Satyavan,
A ray out of the rapturous Infinite,
A silence waking to a hymn of joy.

As brilliant as a lonely moon in heaven,
Gentle like the sweet bud that spring desires,
Pure like a stream that kisses silent banks,
He takes with bright surprise spirit and sense.

Page 431

Heaven mocks us with the brilliance of its gifts,
For Death is a cupbearer of the wine
Of too brief joy held up to mortal lips
For a passionate moment by the careless gods.
Choose once again and leave this fated head,
Death is the gardener of this wonder-tree;

Page 432

Her voice was calm, her face was fixed like steel:

Page 433

O then what wreck is this upon Time's sea
To spread life's sails to the hurricane desire
And call for pilot the unseeing heart!

Page 434

The middle path is made for thinking man.
To choose his steps by reason's vigilant light,
To choose his path among the many paths
Is given him, for each his difficult goal
Hewn out of infinite possibility.

Then is our life a tranquil pilgrimage,
Each year a mile upon the heavenly Way,
Each dawn opens into a larger Light.

Thy acts are thy helpers, all events are signs,
Waking and sleep are opportunities
Given to thee by an immortal Power.

End of Book 6 Canto 1

Indira Renganathan
'Voicing earth's question to the inscrutable power
The queen now turned to the still immobile seer: '
'Passionate like sorrow questioning heaven she spoke.'
'O seer, in the earth's strange twi-natured life Line 29 to
Eternal self a fiction sensed in trance.'Line 189
Why, how, what, where, when..all so many times
Spouting in agonised gush on a 'Who' to the seer..
She's a human mother though Aswapati's queen..

'Then after a silence Narad made reply: '
'Was then the sun a dream because there is night? Line202 to...
.....Thus came, born from a blind tremendous choice,
This great perplexed and discontented world,
This haunt of Ignorance, this home of Pain:
There are pitched desire's tents, grief's headquarters.
A vast disguise conceals the Eternal's bliss.'Line 688
On pain and relief an authentic discourse by Narada...

Nothing but just to go by your words is all in all
'Haste not towards Godhead on a dangerous road,
Open not thy doorways to a nameless Power,
Climb not to Godhead by the Titan's road.'
'Too enormous is that venture for thy will;
Only in limits can man's strength be safe;
Yet is infinity thy spirit's goal;
Its bliss is there behind the world's face of tears.

'Is then the spirit ruled by an outward world?
O seer, is there no remedy within?
But what is Fate if not the spirit's will
After long time fulfilled by cosmic Force?
I deemed a mighty Power had come with her;
Is not that Power the high compeer of Fate? '.....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 6 Canto 2

Page 437

Partner in the agony of dumb driven things
And all the misery, all the ignorant cry,
Passionate like sorrow questioning heaven she spoke.

Page 437&438

"O seer, in the earth's strange twi-natured life
By what pitiless adverse Necessity
Or what cold freak of a Creator's will,
By what random accident or governed Chance
That shaped a rule out of fortuitous steps,
Made destiny from an hour's emotion, came
Into the unreadable mystery of Time
The direr mystery of grief and pain?
Is it thy God who made this cruel law?

Page 438&439

Our bodies are an engine cunningly made,
But for all its parts as cunningly are planned,
Contrived ingeniously with demon skill,
Its apt inevitable heritage
Of mortal danger and peculiar pain,
Its payment of the tax of Time and Fate,
Its way to suffer and its way to die.
This is the ransom of our high estate,
The sign and stamp of our humanity.
Life is a marvel missed, an art gone wry;

All walks inarmed by its own opposites,
Error is the comrade of our mortal thought
And falsehood lurks in the deep bosom of truth,
Sin poisons with its vivid flowers of joy
Or leaves a red scar burnt across the soul;
Virtue is a grey bondage and a gaol.
At every step is laid for us a snare.

When Earth ignorant ran on the highways of Fate,
Old forms of evil cling to the world's soul:
War making nought the sweet smiling calm of life,
Battle and rapine, ruin and massacre
Are still the fierce pastimes of man's warring tribes;
An idiot hour destroys what centuries made,

Pain was the first-born of the Inconscience
Which was thy body's dumb original base;
Already slept there pain's subconscient shape:
A shadow in a shadowy tenebrous womb,
Till life shall move, it waits to wake and be.

Pain ploughed the first hard ground of the world-drowse.
By pain a spirit started from the clod,
By pain Life stirred in the subliminal deep.

Pain is the hammer of the Gods to break
A dead resistance in the mortal's heart,
His slow inertia as of living stone.

Pain is the hand of Nature sculpturing men
To greatness: an inspired labour chisels
With heavenly cruelty an unwilling mould.

He who would save himself lives bare and calm;

Page 445

He who would save the race must share its pain:
This he shall know who obeys that grandiose urge.

The Eternal suffers in a human form,
He has signed salvation's testament with his blood:
He has opened the doors of his undying peace.

He who has found his identity with God
Pays with the body's death his soul's vast light.

Page 446

The seed of Godhead sleeps in mortal hearts,
The flower of Godhead grows on the world-tree:

Page 447

In the market-place of Matter's capital
Amidst the chafferings of the affair called life
He is tied to the stake of a perennial Fire;

The Immortal bound to earth's mortality
Appearing and perishing on the roads of Time
Creates God's moment by eternity's beats.
He dies that the world may be new-born and live.

Page 448

A whisper lures to evil the human heart,
It seals up wisdom's eyes, the soul's regard,
It is the origin of our suffering here,
It binds earth to calamity and pain.
This all must conquer who would bring down God's peace.
A Sun has passed, on earth Night's shadow falls.
Yes, there are happy ways near to God's sun;
But few are they who tread the sunlit path;
Only the pure in soul can walk in light.

Page 451

Earth shall be made a home of Heaven's light,
A seer heaven-born shall lodge in human breasts;

A little bliss is lent thee from above,
A touch divine upon thy human days.

Make of thy daily way a pilgrimage,
For through small joys and griefs thou mov'st towards God.
Haste not towards Godhead on a dangerous road,
Open not thy doorways to a nameless Power,
Climb not to Godhead by the Titan's road.

Page 451&452

Heavenward he clambers on a stair of storms
Aspiring to live near the deathless sun.

Page 453

His little `I' has swallowed the whole world,
His ego has stretched into infinity.
His mind, a beat in original Nothingness,
Ciphers his thought on a slate of hourless Time.

Too enormous is that venture for thy will;
Only in limits can man's strength be safe;
Yet is infinity thy spirit's goal;
Its bliss is there behind the world's face of tears.

A power is in thee that thou knowest not;
Thou art a vessel of the imprisoned spark.
It seeks relief from Time's envelopment,
And while thou shutst it in, the seal is pain:
Bliss is the Godhead's crown, eternal, free,
Unburdened by life's blind mystery of pain:
Pain is the signature of the Ignorance
Attesting the secret god denied by life:

Page 454

Indifference, pain and joy, a triple disguise,
Attire of the rapturous Dancer in the ways,
Withhold from thee the body of God's bliss.

"O mortal who complainst of death and fate,
Accuse none of the harms thyself hast called;

Page 455

As one drawn by the grandeur of the Void
The soul attracted leaned to the Abyss:

Indira Renganathan
To Aswapati 'Narad answered covering truth with truth: '  
'O Aswapati, random seem the ways  
Along whose banks your footsteps stray or run'  
'A greatness in thy daughter's soul resides  
That can transform herself and all around  
But must cross on stones of suffering to its goal.'  
'She too must share the human need of grief  
And all her cause of joy transmute to pain.'  

'A Magician's formulas have made Matter's laws  
And while they last, all things by them are bound;  
But the spirit's consent is needed for each act  
And Freedom walks in the same pace with Law.  
All here can change if the Magician choose.  
If human will could be made one with God's,  
If human thought could echo the thoughts of God,  
Man might be all-knowing and omnipotent; '  

'It is decreed and Satyavan must die;  
The hour is fixed, chosen the fatal stroke.'  
'Arisen from the body's torture and death,  
The spirit rises mightier by defeat; '  
'In vain thou mournst that Satyavan must die;  
His death is a beginning of greater life, '  
'A vast intention has brought two souls close  
And love and death conspire towards one great end.'  

"Queen, strive no more to change the secret will; '  
'As a star, unaccompanied, moves in heaven'  
'The great are strongest when they stand alone.'  
'He spoke and ceased and left the earthly scene.'  
'A high and far imperishable voice  
Chanted the anthem of eternal love.'..........
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 6 Canto 1

Page 457

The mind of mortal man is led by words,  
His sight retires behind the walls of Thought  
And looks out only through half-opened doors.

Page 458

Fate is Truth working out in Ignorance.  
Fate is a balance drawn in Destiny's book.  
Man can accept his fate, he can refuse.  
The spirit rises mightier by defeat;  
Its godlike wings grow wider with each fall.  
Its splendid failures sum to victory.

Even death can cut not short thy spirit's walk:  
Thy goal, the road thou choosest are thy fate.

Page 461

A day may come when she must stand unhelped  
On a dangerous brink of the world's doom and hers,  
Her single greatness in that last dire scene  
Must cross alone a perilous bridge in Time  
And reach an apex of world-destiny  
Where all is won or all is lost for man.
In that tremendous silence lone and lost
Of a deciding hour in the world's fate,
In her soul's climbing beyond mortal time
When she stands sole with Death or sole with God
Apart upon a silent desperate brink,
Alone with her self and death and destiny
As on some verge between Time and Timelessness
When being must end or life rebuild its base,
Alone she must conquer or alone must fall.

No human aid can reach her in that hour,
No armoured god stand shining at her side.

Page 462

A brilliant arrow pointing straight to heaven,
The luminous body of the ethereal seer
Assailed the purple glory of the noon
And disappeared like a receding star
Vanishing into the light of the Unseen.

End of Canto 2
End of Book 6

Indira Renganathan
'Fate followed her foreseen immutable road.'
Gazing curiosity now more alerted to watch Savitri
'All was fulfilled the heart of Savitri'
'Once more she sat behind loud hastening hooves;
A speed of armoured squadrons and a voice
Far-heard of chariots bore her from her home.'
'Once more was near the fair and fated place, '
'Where first she met the face of Satyavan'

'Arrived in that rough-hewn homestead they gave,
Questioning no more the strangeness of her fate, '
'Their pride and loved one to the great blind king, '
'And the stately care-worn woman once a queen'
'All joy of earth, all heaven's beatitude.'
'Lingering some days upon the forest verge'
'All put behind her that was once her life, '
'She abode with Satyavan in the wild woods: '

'Two lives were locked within an earthly heaven
And fate and grief fled from that fiery hour.
But soon now failed the summer's ardent breath'
'And storm became the forest's titan voice.'
'And sorrow muttering in the sound-vexed night,
The grief of all the world came near to her.'
'The shadow of her lover's doom arose
And fear laid hands upon her mortal heart.'

'The moments swift and ruthless raced; alarmed
Her thoughts, her mind remembered Narad's date.'
'Her eyes stared blind into the future's night.'
'Her quiet visage still and sweet and calm, '
'Only her violent heart and passionate will
Were pushed in front to meet the immutable doom; '

 ..........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 7 Canto 1

Page 465

Man's hopes and longings build the journeying wheels
That bear the body of his destiny
And lead his blind will towards an unknown goal.
His fate within him shapes his acts and rules;
Its face and form already are born in him,
Its parentage is in his secret soul:

Here Matter seems to mould the body's life
And the soul follows where its nature drives.
Nature and Fate compel his free-will's choice.
But greater spirits this balance can reverse
And make the soul the artist of its fate.
This is the mystic truth our ignorance hides:

Page 465&466

A couchant earth wakened in its dumb muse
Looked up at her from a vast indolence:
Hills wallowing in a bright haze, large lands
That lolled at ease beneath the summer heavens,
Region on region spacious in the sun,
Cities like chrysolites in the wide blaze
And yellow rivers pacing lion-maned
Led to the Shalwa marches' emerald line,
A happy front to iron vastnesses
And austere peaks and titan solitudes.

Page 466

The moon-gold sweetness of heaven's earth-born child.

In a broad eve with one red eye of cloud,
Through a narrow opening, a green flowered cleft,
Out of the stare of sky and soil they came
Into a mighty home of emerald dusk.

Page 466

There onward led by a faint brooding path
Which toiled through the shadow of enormous trunks
And under arches misers of sunshine,
They saw low thatched roofs of a hermitage
Huddled beneath a patch of azure hue
In a sunlit clearing that seemed the outbreak
Of a glad smile in the forest's monstrous heart,
A rude refuge of the thought and will of man
Watched by the crowding giants of the wood.

Page 467

They parted from her with pain-fraught burdened hearts
As forced by inescapable fate we part
From one whom we shall never see again;

Page 468

Priceless she deemed her joy so close to death;
Apart with love she lived for love alone.

At first to her beneath the sapphire heavens
The sylvan solitude was a gorgeous dream,
An altar of the summer's splendour and fire,
A sky-topped flower-hung palace of the gods
And all its scenes a smile on rapture's lips
And all its voices bards of happiness.
There was a chanting in the casual wind,
There was a glory in the least sunbeam;
Night was a chrysoprase on velvet cloth,
A nestling darkness or a moonlit deep;
Day was a purple pageant and a hymn,
A wave of the laughter of light from morn to eve.

His absence was a dream of memory,
His presence was the empire of a god.
But soon now failed the summer's ardent breath
And throngs of blue-black clouds crept through the sky
And rain fled sobbing over the dripping leaves
And storm became the forest's titan voice.

Remembrance was a poignant pang, she felt
Each day a golden leaf torn cruelly out
From her too slender book of love and joy.

In all her acts a strange divinity shone:
Into a simplest movement she could bring
A oneness with earth's glowing robe of light,
A lifting up of common acts by love.

Indira Renganathan
'All-love was hers and its one heavenly cord
Bound all to all with her as golden tie.'
'After all was given she demanded still;
Even by his strong embrace unsatisfied,
She longed to cry, 'O tender Satyavan, ...
....For soon we part and who shall know how long
Before the great wheel in its monstrous round
Restore us to each other and our love? '

'But Satyavan sometimes half understood, '
'The unplumbed abyss of her deep passionate want.'
'All of his speeding days that he could spare
'He gave to her and helped to increase the hours
By the nearness of his presence and his clasp, '
'And the close beating felt of heart on heart.'
How intense the seriousness of his fate..
Unaware Satyavan we must pity...

'She saw the desert of her coming days
Imaged in every solitary hour.'
'Thus in the silent chamber of her soul
Cloistering her love to live with secret grief
She dwelt like a dumb priest with hidden gods'
'He, less aware, thrilled with her from afar.
Always the stature of her passion grew;
Grief, fear became the food of mighty love.'

'It was all her life, became her whole earth and heaven.'
'Her spirit stretched measureless in strength divine,
An anvil for the blows of Fate and Time: '
'The year now paused upon the brink of change.'
'So her grief's heavy sky shut in her heart.
A still self hid behind but gave no light: '.......
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 7 Canto 1

Page 471

Always behind this strange divided life
Her spirit like a sea of living fire
Possessed her lover and to his body clung,

Intolerant of the poverty of Time
Her passion catching at the fugitive hours
Willed the expense of centuries in one day
Of prodigal love and the surf of ecstasy;

Page 473

Unappeased by the wordless offering of her days,
Lifting to them her sorrow like frankincense,
Her life the altar, herself the sacrifice.

No more the storms sailed with stupendous wings
And thunder strode in wrath across the world,
But still was heard a muttering in the sky
And rain dripped wearily through the mournful air
And grey slow-drifting clouds shut in the earth.

End of Book-7 Canto-1

Indira Renganathan
As in the vigilance of the sleepless night
'She sat staring at the dumb tread of Time
And the approach of ever-nearing Fate,
A summons from her being's summit came,
A sound, a call that broke the seals of Night.'
Above her brows where will and knowledge meet
A mighty Voice invaded mortal space.'
Her throbbing heart readying for the attack..

'It seemed to come from inaccessible heights'
'As the Voice touched, her body became a stark
And rigid golden statue of motionless trance,
A stone of God lit by an amethyst soul.'
'Her heart listened to its slow measured beats,'
"Why camest thou to this dumb deathbound earth,
This ignorant life beneath indifferent skies
Tied like a sacrifice on the altar of Time,'

'Arise, O soul, and vanquish Time and Death.'
A decree to every human too..
'But Savitri's heart replied in the dim night:
'My strength is taken from me and given to Death.
Why should I lift my hands to the shut heavens
Or struggle with mute inevitable Fate
'Is there a God whom any cry can move? '
She too was like a mortal any...

'The Voice replied: 'Is this enough, O spirit?
And what shall thy soul say when it wakes and knows
The work was left undone for which it came? '
'Is this then the report that I must make,
'My head bowed with shame before the Eternal's seat, -
His power he kindled in thy body has failed'
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Two: The Parable of the Search for the Soul
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Then Savitri's heart fell mute, it spoke no word.'
'But holding back her troubled rebel heart,
Abrupt, erect and strong, calm like a hill,'
'A Power within her answered the still Voice:
"I am thy portion here charged with thy work,
As thou myself seated for ever above,
Speak to my depths, O great and deathless Voice,
Command, for I am here to do thy will.'

The Voice replied: 'Remember why thou cam'st:
Find out thy soul, recover thy hid self,
In silence seek God's meaning in thy depths,
Then mortal nature change to the divine.
Open God's door, enter into his trance.
Cast Thought from thee, that nimble ape of Light:
Here is the lesson starting I find for everyone
To open God's door seeking the soul first....

'In his tremendous hush stilling thy brain
His vast Truth wake within and know and see.
Cast from thee sense that veils thy spirit's sight:
In the enormous emptiness of thy mind
Thou shalt see the Eternal's body in the world,
Know him in every voice heard by thy soul,
In the world's contacts meet his single touch;
All things shall fold thee into his embrace.'

'Conquer thy heart's throbs, let thy heart beat in God:
Thy nature shall be the engine of his works,
Thy voice shall house the mightiness of his Word:
Then shalt thou harbour my force and conquer Death.'
O'mind and heart mine, read and think and oblige
Countless times the above until you conquer....
............My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Indira Renganathan
Then Savitri by her doomed husband sat,
Impassive mid the movement and the cry,
Witness of the thoughts of mind, the moods of life,
She looked into herself and sought for her soul.

A dream disclosed to her the cosmic past,
The shadowy beginnings of world-fate:
A lamp of symbol lighting hidden truth
Imaged to her the world's significance.

A consciousness looked at the inconscient Vast
And pleasure and pain stirred in the insensible Void.
All was the deed of a blind World-Energy:
A conscious soul in the Inconscient's world,
Hidden behind our thoughts and hopes and dreams,
Leaves the vicegerent mind a seeming king.

In his floating house upon the sea of Time
The regent sits at work and never rests:

This is the little surface of man's life.
He is this and he is all the universe;
But all is there, even God's opposites;
Man's house of life holds not the gods alone:
There are occult Shadows, there are tenebrous Powers,
Inhabitants of life's ominous nether rooms,
A shadowy world's stupendous denizens.

Man harbours dangerous forces in his house.

Inferno surges into the human air
And touches all with a perverting breath.
He is bound and forced, a victim of the play,
Or, allured, joys in the mad and mighty din.
Once quelled or wearing specious names and vests
Infernal elements, demon powers are there.
...........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and
informative lines from Book 7 Canto 2

Page478

Then Savitri by her doomed husband sat,
Still rigid in her golden motionless pose,
A statue of the fire of the inner sun.

This mind no silence knows nor dreamless sleep,
In the incessant circling of its steps
Thoughts tread for ever through the listening brain;
It toils like a machine and cannot stop.

Page 480

A careless guardian of his nature's powers,
Man harbours dangerous forces in his house.

Indira Renganathan
'This evil Nature housed in human hearts,  
A foreign inhabitant, a dangerous guest: '  
'A Manichean creator and destroyer,  
This can abolish man, annul his world.  
But there is a guardian power, there are Hands that save,  
Calm eyes divine regard the human scene.'  
'A vast subliminal is man's measureless part.  
The dim subconscious is his cavern base.'

'Nothing is wholly dead that once had lived;  
In dim tunnels of the world's being and in ours  
The old rejected nature still survives; '  
The corpses of its slain thoughts raise their heads  
And visit mind's nocturnal walks in sleep,  
Its stifled impulses breathe and move and rise;  
All keeps a phantom immortality.'  
'The evil cast from our hearts once more we face; '

'But this is only Matter's first self-view, '  
'This is not all we are or all our world.'  
Our greater self of knowledge waits for us,  
A supreme light in the truth-conscious Vast:  
It sees from summits beyond thinking mind,  
It moves in a splendid air transcending life.  
It shall descend and make earth's life divine.'  
A goal every human should achive..

'All this the spirit concealed had done in her:  
A portion of the mighty Mother came  
Into her as into its own human part: '  
'The inferior nature born into ignorance  
Still took too large a place, it veiled her self  
And must be pushed aside to find her soul.....
My consciousness this moment, O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 7 Canto 2

Page 483

Abolished vainly in the walks of Time
Our past lives still in our unconscious selves
And by the weight of its hidden influences
Is shaped our future's self-discovery.
Thus all is an inevitable chain
And yet a series seems of accidents.

Page 484

Out of the inconscient and subliminal
Arisen, we live in mind's uncertain light
And strive to know and master a dubious world
Whose purpose and meaning are hidden from our sight.

Page 485

Our body's subtle self is throned within
In its viewless palace of veridical dreams
That are bright shadows of the thoughts of God.

Page 486&487

Earth must transform herself and equal Heaven
Or Heaven descend into earth's mortal state.
But for such vast spiritual change to be,
Out of the mystic cavern in man's heart
The heavenly Psyche must put off her veil
And step into common nature's crowded rooms
And stand uncovered in that nature's front
And rule its thoughts and fill the body and life.

End of Book-7 Canto-2

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga
Canto Three: The Entry into the Inner Countries
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

So a method of expedition spiritually medicated
Thus commencing here for us to follow..
'At first out of the busy hum of mind
As if from a loud thronged market into a cave
By an inward moment's magic she had come.
A stark hushed emptiness became her self:
'Her mind unvisited by the voice of thought
Stared at a void deep's dumb infinity.'

'Her heights receded, her depths behind her closed;
All fled away from her and left her blank.
But when she came back to her self of thought,
Once more she was a human thing on earth, '
'Amazed like one unknowing she sought her way'
'Then a Voice spoke that dwelt on secret heights: '
'For man thou seekst, not for thyself alone...Line 19
..Man, human, follows in God's human steps...

Accepting his darkness thou must bring to him light,
Accepting his sorrow thou must bring to him bliss.
In Matter's body find thy heaven-born soul.&quot; to line 30
'Then Savitri surged out of her body's wall
And stood a little span outside herself
And looked into her subtle being's depths
And in its heart as in a lotus-bud
Divined her secret and mysterious soul.'

'At the dim portal of the inner life
That bars out from our depths the body's mind
And all that lives but by the body's breath,
She knocked and pressed against the ebony gate.
The living portal groaned with sullen hinge: '
Salvage o'Savitri down on Earh the mundane.....
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 7 Canto 3

Only if God assumes the human mind
And puts on mortal ignorance for his cloak
And makes himself the Dwarf with triple stride,
Can he help man to grow into the God.

As man disguised the cosmic Greatness works
And finds the mystic inaccessible gate
And opens the Immortal's golden door.
Man, human, follows in God's human steps.

Indira Renganathan
A plea in compliance...

Along the vesseled stretch of the vast darkness
That the heart of my null cerebration uplifting
Something is persistently being stirred
In the incessant inconscient ignorance..
Perhaps a little conscience left bewared
Of nothingness my life traversing through
Longing hence to surrender unto Thee
O' spirit of the spirituals, my Guru
Preach, by the spirit of this unending creation
The spirit of the creator who...?
To rest my soul in bliss of that Light

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book I The Book of Beginnings-
canto-4-The Secret Knowledge
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'We all here where each thing seems its lonely self
Are figures of the sole transcendent One'.
Whose 'unseen Presence moulds the oblivious clay.'
'A playmate in the mighty Mother's game
One came upon the dubious whirling globe
To hide from her pursuit in force and form.'
'A secret spirit in the Inconscient's sleep,
'He was here before the elements could emerge, '

'Accomplice of her cosmic huge pretence,
His semblances he turns to real shapes'
'He gives to his timeless thoughts a form in Time.
He is the substance, he the self of things'
'She has forged from him her works of skill and might:
She wraps him in the magic of her moods
And makes of his myriad truths her countless dreams'
Her secret knowledge such in Her secret vast of Him

'He is the Maker and the world he made,
He is the vision and he is the Seer;
He is himself the actor and the act,
He is himself the knower and the known,
He is himself the dreamer and the dream.
There are Two who are One and play in many worlds;
In Knowledge and Ignorance they have spoken and met
And light and darkness are their eyes' interchange; '

'Although possessor of the earth and heavens,
He leaves to her the cosmic management
And watches all, the Witness of her scene'
'He makes the hours pivot around her will,
Makes all reflect her whims; all is their play:
This whole wide world is only he and she.'
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring descriptive lines from
Book-1 canto-4

Page 57

In the wide signless ether of the Self,
In the unchanging Silence white and nude,
Aloof, resplendent like gold dazzling suns
Veiled by the ray no mortal eye can bear,
The Spirit's bare and absolute potencies
Burn in the solitude of the thoughts of God.

Page 58

As the height draws the low ever to climb,
As the breadths draw the small to adventure vast,
Their aloofness drives man to surpass himself.

Page 59

Alive in a dead rotating universe
We whirl not here upon a casual globe
Abandoned to a task beyond our force;

Even through the tangled anarchy called Fate
And through the bitterness of death and fall
An outstretched Hand is felt upon our lives.
It is near us in unnumbered bodies and births;

One who has shaped this world is ever its lord:
Our errors are his steps upon the way;
He works through the fierce vicissitudes of our lives,
He works through the hard breath of battle and toil,
He works through our sins and sorrows and our tears,
His knowledge overrules our nescience;

A date is fixed in the calendar of the Unknown,
An anniversary of the Birth sublime:
Our soul shall justify its chequered walk,
All will come near that now is naught or far.
These calm and distant Mights shall act at last.
Immovably ready for their destined task,
The ever-wise compassionate Brilliances
Await the sound of the Incarnate's voice
To leap and bridge the chasms of Ignorance
And heal the hollow yearning gulfs of Life
And fill the abyss that is the universe.

Page 61

The Master of being has come down to her,
An immortal child born in the fugitive years.

Author and actor with himself as scene,
He moves there as the Soul, as Nature she.

Page 62

A supernumerary on her stage,
He speaks no words or hides behind the wings.

As one too great for him he worships her;

He burns the incense of his nights and days
Offering his life, a splendour of sacrifice.

Page 63

He builds on her largesses his proud fortunate days
And trails his peacock-plumaged joy of life
And suns in the glory of her passing smile

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book I The Book of Beginnings-
canto-4-The Secret Knowledge
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'This is the knot that ties together the stars'
The Two who are one are the secret of all power,
'His silence is his signature to her deeds'
'She through his witness sight and motion of might
Unrolls the material of her cosmic Act'
'He is carried by her from Night to deathless Light.
This grand surrender is his free-will's gift
His pure transcendent force submits to hers.'

'Whatever she desires he wills to be:
The Spirit, the innumerable One,
He has left behind his lone eternity,
He is an endless birth in endless Time,
Her finite's multitude in an infinite Space.'
' The master of existence lurks in us
And plays at hide-and-seek with his own Force;
In Nature's instrument loiters secret God.'

'The Immanent lives in man as in his house; '
'The All-Conscious ventured into Ignorance,
The All-Blissful bore to be insensible.'
'The Absolute, the Perfect, the Alone
Has entered with his silence into space'
'A mutual debt binds man to the Supreme'
His nature we must put on as he put ours; '
Our life is a paradox with God for key.'

'A trafficker in small impermanent wares'
'But now he hears the sound of larger seas.'
'There is a plan in the Mother's deep world-whim,
A purpose in her vast and random game.'
'To evoke a Person in the impersonal Void,'
'And raise a lost Power from its python sleep'...

----------My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note: Some more inspiring descriptive lines from Book-1 canto-4

Page 63

The Two who are one are the might and right in things.

His breast he offers for her cosmic dance
Of which our lives are the quivering theatre,

His journey through the days is her sun-march;
He runs upon her roads; hers is his course.

A partner in her evil and her good,
He has consented to her passionate ways,
He is driven by her sweet and dreadful force.

Page 64

Her events that weave the texture of our lives
And all by which we find or lose ourselves,
Things sweet and bitter, magnificent and mean,
Things terrible and beautiful and divine.

Her empire in the cosmos she has built,
He is governed by her subtle and mighty laws.
His consciousness is a babe upon her knees,
His being a field of her vast experiment,
Her endless space is the playground of his thoughts;

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
He whose transcendence rules the pregnant Vasts,
Prescient now dwells in our subliminal depths,
A luminous individual Power, alone.

We are sons of God and must be even as he:
His human portion, we must grow divine.

In a body obscuring the immortal Spirit
A nameless Resident vesting unseen powers
With Matter's shapes and motives beyond thought
And the hazard of an unguessed consequence,
An omnipotent indiscernible Influence,
He sits, unfelt by the form in which he lives
And veils his knowledge by the groping mind.

Two seem his goals, yet ever are they one
And gaze at each other over bournless Time;
Spirit and Matter are their end and source.

He is the explorer and the mariner
On a secret inner ocean without bourn:
He is the adventurer and cosmologist
Of a magic earth's obscure geography.

The surface symbol of his goalless quest
Takes deeper meanings to his inner view;
His is a search of darkness for the light,
Of mortal life for immortality.

In the vessel of an earthly embodiment
Over the narrow rails of limiting sense
He looks out on the magic waves of Time
Where mind like a moon illumines the world's dark.
Across the salt waste of the endless years
Her ocean winds impel his errant boat,
The cosmic waters plashing as he goes,
A rumour around him and danger and a call.
Always he follows in her force's wake.

As long as Nature lasts, he too is there,
For this is sure that he and she are one;
Even when he sleeps, he keeps her on his breast:
Whoever leaves her, he will not depart
To repose without her in the Unknowable.
There is a truth to know, a work to do;
Her play is real; a Mystery he fulfils:

End of Book 1-Canto 4

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book II The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto I The World-Stair
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'In a deep oneness of all things that are,
The universe of the Unknown arose.
A self-creation without end or pause
Revealed the grandeurs of the Infinite:
It flung into the hazards of its play
A million moods, a myriad energies,
The world-shapes that are fancies of its Truth
And the formulas of the freedom of its Force.

'Here all experience was a single plan,
The thousandfold expression of the One.
All came at once into his single view; '
'He was one spirit with that immensity.'
'The voices of a thousand realms of Life
Missioned to him her mighty messages.'
'Tireless the heart's adventure of delight, '
'Unnumbered tones struck from one harmony's strings; '

'All was found there the Unique has dreamed..' 
'Only was missing the sole timeless Word
That carries eternity in its lonely sound, '
..Perhaps OM it is, I guess and if wrong I'm
Means, in the grip of earthly dins illusioned
'In a mystical barrage of dynamic light
He saw a lone immense high-curved world-pile'
'Motionless under an inscrutable sky.'

'Alone it points us to our journey back
Out of our long self-loss in Nature's deeps'
'It is within, below, without, above.'
' Lifts mortal mind into a greater air,
Makes yearn this life of flesh to intangible aims,
Links the body's death with immortality's call: '...
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring descriptive lines from
Book-2 canto-1

There rose unborn into the Unchanging's surge
Thoughts that abide in their deathless consequence,
Words that immortal last though fallen mute,
Acts that brought out from Silence its dumb sense,
Lines that convey the inexpressible.

The Eternal's stillness saw in unmoved joy
His universal Power at work display
In plots of pain and dramas of delight
The wonder and beauty of her will to be.

Aspects of being donned world-outline; forms
That open moving doors on things divine,
Became familiar to his hourly sight;

The exhaustless seeings of the unsleeping Mind,
Letterings of its contact with the invisible,
Surrounded him with countless pointing signs;

All thought can know or widest sight perceive
And all that thought and sight can never know,
All things occult and rare, remote and strange
Were near to heart's contact, felt by spirit-sense.
Asking for entry at his nature's gates  
They crowded the widened spaces of his mind  
His self-discovery's flaming witnesses,  
Offering their marvel and their multitude.

Page 98

As if from Matter's plinth and viewless base  
To a top as viewless, a carved sea of worlds  
Climbing with foam-maned waves to the Supreme  
Ascended towards breadths immeasurable;

So it towered up to heights intangible  
And disappeared in the hushed conscious Vast  
As climbs a storeyed temple-tower to heaven  
Built by the aspiring soul of man to live  
Near to his dream of the Invisible.

A summary of the stages of the spirit,  
Its copy of the cosmic hierarchies  
Refashioned in our secret air of self  
A subtle pattern of the universe.  
It is within, below, without, above.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book II The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto I The World-Stair
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

"If earth were all and this were not in her,
Thought could not be nor life-delight's response
Only material forms could then be her guests
Driven by an inanimate world-force.
Earth by this golden superfluity
Bore thinking man and more than man shall bear'
Very true, wonder at His mercy, or else
We will be 'Driven by an inanimate world-force'

'This higher scheme of being is our cause
And holds the key to our ascending fate;
It calls out of our dense mortality
The conscious spirit nursed in Matter's house.'
'Our life is a holocaust of the Supreme.'
'Our earth is a fragment and a residue; '
'Her power is packed with the stuff of greater worlds
And steeped in their colour-lustres dimmed by her drowse; '

'An attempt, a drawing half-done is the world's life; '
'A Mystery's process is the universe.
At first was laid a strange anomalous base,
A void, a cipher of some secret Whole,
Where zero held infinity in its sum
And All and Nothing were a single term,
An eternal negative, a matrix Nought: '
'Into its forms the Child is ever born'

'A slow reversal's movement then took place'
'Upon earth's new-born soil God's tread was heard.'
'His call had reached the Traveller in Time.'
'A formless Stillness called, a nameless Light.'
'He mounted towards an indiscernible end
On the bare summit of created things.....'
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring descriptive lines from
Book-2 canto-1

Page 99

The living symbol of these conscious planes,
Its influences and godheads of the unseen,
Its unthought logic of Reality's acts
Arisen from the unspoken truth in things,
Have fixed our inner life's slow-scaled degrees.

Its steps are paces of the soul's return
From the deep adventure of material birth,
A ladder of delivering ascent
And rungs that Nature climbs to deity.

The great World-Mother by her sacrifice
Has made her soul the body of our state;
Accepting sorrow and unconsciousness
Divinity's lapse from its own splendours wove
The many-patterned ground of all we are.
An idol of self is our mortality.

Page 99&100

Our earth is a fragment and a residue;
Her power is packed with the stuff of greater worlds
And steeped in their colour-lustres dimmed by her drowse;

Page100
An atavism of higher births is hers,
Her sleep is stirred by their buried memories
Recalling the lost spheres from which they fell.
Unsatisfied forces in her bosom move;

An attempt, a drawing half-done is the world's life;
Its lines doubt their concealed significance,
Its curves join not their high intended close.

Page 101

Caught in a blind stone-grip Force worked its plan
And made in sleep this huge mechanical world,
That Matter might grow conscious of its soul
And like a busy midwife the life-power
Deliver the zero carrier of the All.

A spirit dreamed in the crude cosmic whirl,
Mind flowed unknowing in the sap of life
And Matter's breasts suckled the divine Idea.
A miracle of the Absolute was born;

Infinity put on a finite soul,
All ocean lived within a wandering drop,
A time-made body housed the Illimitable.
To live this Mystery out our souls came here.

Page 102

No term was fixed to the high-pitched attempt;
World after world disclosed its guarded powers,
Heaven after heaven its deep beatitudes,
But still the invisible Magnet drew his soul.

End of Book 2-Canto 1

Indira Renganathan
In the impalpable field of secret self, 
This little outer being's vast support 
Parted from vision by earth's solid fence, '..
Highly commendable is this expository style
In a secret interior decor of a wording-format
'He came into a magic crystal air
And found a life that lived not by the flesh,
A light that made visible immaterial things.'

In that lucent ambience mystically clear
The eyes were doors to a celestial sense,
Hearing was music and the touch a charm,
And the heart drew a deeper breath of power.'
'There dwell earth-nature's shining origins: '
'Our vague beginnings are overtaken there,
Our middle terms sketched out in prescient lines,
Our finished ends anticipated live.'

'Whatever our hearts conceive, our heads create,
Some high original beauty forfeiting,
Thence exiled here consents to an earthly tinge.
Whatever is here of visible charm and grace
Finds there its faultless and immortal lines;
All that is beautiful here is there divine.'
True, all visible makes have invisible images
Rested in the destiny of the primordial Cause, so's divine

'Figures are there undreamed by mortal mind: '
'A carnival of beauty crowds the heights
In that magic kingdom of ideal sight.
In its antechambers of splendid privacy
Matter and soul in conscious union meet
Like lovers in a lonely secret place: '.....
My consciousness this moment, 
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights 
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation 
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine 
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise 
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring descriptive lines from 
Book 2 canto 2

Page 103

A fine degree in wonder's hierarchy, 
The kingdom of subtle Matter's faery craft 
Outlined against a sky of vivid hues, 
Leaping out of a splendour-trance and haze, 
The wizard revelation of its front.

Page 104

A passage for the Powers that move our days, 
Occult behind this grosser Nature's walls, 
A gossamer marriage-hall of Mind with Form 
Is hidden by a tapestry of dreams;

Indira Renganathan
'In the clasp of a passion not yet unfortunate
They join their strength and sweetness and delight
And mingling make the high and low worlds one.
Intruder from the formless Infinite
Daring to break into the Inconscient's reign,
The spirit's leap towards body touches ground.'
After the falling of mortality's cloak
Lightened is its weight to heighten its ascent;

'Refined to the touch of finer environments
It drops old patterned palls of denser stuff,
Cancels the grip of earth's descending pull
And bears the soul from world to higher world,
Till in the naked ether of the peaks
The spirit's simplicity alone is left,
The eternal being's first transparent robe.'..
Where there is no earthly cumbersome awkwardness

'This wonder-world with all its radiant boon
Of vision and inviolate happiness,
Only for expression cares and perfect form; '
'Fair on its peaks, it has dangerous nether planes; '
'Its light draws towards the verge of Nature's lapse; '
'This medium serves a greater Consciousness: '
'It guards the deathless type of perishing things:
Its lowered potencies found our fallen strengths; '

'A heaven of creative truths above,
A cosmos of harmonious dreams between,
A chaos of dissolving forms below,
It plunges lost in our inconscient base.
Out of its fall our denser Matter came.
Thus taken was God's plunge into the Night.'...
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 canto 2

Page 105

As yet unwrapped in earthly lineaments,
Already it wears outlasting death and birth,
Convincing the abyss by heavenly form,
A covering of its immortality
Alive to the lustre of the wearer's rank,
Fit to endure the rub of Change and Time.

Page 106

For long before earth's solid vest was forged
By the technique of the atomic Void,
A lucent envelope of self-disguise
Was woven round the secret spirit in things.
The subtle realms from those bright sheaths are made.

Page 106&107

Our secret breath of untried mightier force,
The lurking sun of an instant's inner sight,
Its fine suggestions are a covert fount
For our iridescent rich imaginings
Touching things common with transfiguring hues
Till even earth's mud grows rich and warm with the skies
And a glory gleams from the soul's decadence.
Its knowledge is our error's starting-point;

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book II
The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto II
The Kingdom of Subtle Matter

Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'This fallen world became a nurse of souls
Inhabited by concealed divinity.'
...'fallen, inconscient, frustrate, dense, inert,
Sunk into inanimate and torpid drowse...
'This mire must harbour the orchid and the rose,
From her blind unwilling substance must emerge
A beauty that belongs to happier spheres.'
Who will deny a wish so such blossomy

'A life living hardly in a field of death
Its portion claims of immortality;'
'A mighty kinship is this daring's cause.'
'Even in the littleness of our mortal state, ..'
'A brilliant passage for the infallible Flame
Is driven through gross walls of nerve and brain, ..'
'Earth's great dull barrier is removed awhile, ..'
'And we grow vessels of creative might.'

'The enthusiasm of a divine surprise
Pervades our life, a mystic stir is felt,
A joyful anguish trembles in our limbs;
A dream of beauty dances through the heart,
A thought from the eternal Mind draws near,
Intimations cast from the Invisible
Awaking from Infinity's sleep come down,
Symbols of That which never yet was made.'

'Only when we have climbed above ourselves,
A line of the Transcendent meets our road
And joins us to the timeless and the true;'
The Spirit's greatness is our timeless source
And it shall be our crown in endless Time.
A vast Unknown is round us and within;
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 canto 2

Page 107

Sunk into inanimate and torpid drowse
Earth lay, a drudge of sleep, forced to create
By a subconscient yearning memory
Left from a happiness dead before she was born,
An alien wonder on her senseless breast.

This is the destiny bequeathed to her,
As if a slain god left a golden trust
To a blind force and an imprisoned soul.

A residue her sole inheritance,
All things she carries in her shapeless dust.

Page 108

All we attempt in this imperfect world,
Looks forward or looks back beyond Time's gloss
To its pure idea and firm inviolate type
In an absolute creation's flawless skill.

To seize the absolute in shapes that pass,
To fix the eternal's touch in time-made things,
This is the law of all perfection here.

Page 109

Earth's eyes half-see, her forces half-create;
Her rarest works are copies of heaven's art.
Here is man's ignorant divining mind,
His genius born from an inconscient soil.
To copy on earth's copies is his art.

Page 110

A ripple of light and glory wraps the brain,
And travelling down the moment's vanishing route
The figures of eternity arrive.

The Ineffable shall find a secret voice,
The Imperishable burn through Matter's screen
Making this mortal body godhead's robe.

All things are wrapped in the dynamic One:
A subtle link of union joins all life.
Thus all creation is a single chain:

Page 111

There are brighter earths and wider heavens than ours.
There are realms where Being broods in its own depths;

A finer substance in a subtler mould
Embodies the divinity earth but dreams;
Its strength can overtake joy's running feet;

Page 112

A Nature lifted by a larger breath,
Plastic and passive to the all-shaping Fire,
Answers the flaming Godhead's casual touch:

A communion of spiritual entities,
A genius of creative Immanence,
Makes all creation deeply intimate:

A fourth dimension of aesthetic sense
Where all is in ourselves, ourselves in all,
To the cosmic wideness re-aligns our souls.

Page 113
A veil is kept, something is still held back,
Lest, captives of the beauty and the joy,
Our souls forget to the Highest to aspire.

Each rhythm is kin to its environment,
Each line is perfect and inevitable,
Each object faultlessly built for charm and use.
All is enamoured of its own delight.

Page 114

In a supremeness bound to its own plan
Where all was finished and no widths were left,
No space for shadows of the immeasurable,
No room for the incalculable's surprise,
A captive of its own beauty and ecstasy,
In a magic circle wrought the enchanted Might.

End of Book 2 - Canto 2

Indira Renganathan
Aurobindo-2

Guru,
From the depth of self-consciousness
In the bliss of supramental consciousness
Impactful Thine preaching words ring
Ringing into being inner effectual
Effectively bewaring to be aware divinized
Dwindling are those weak enigmatic knots
Unkempt sentience is now kempt and clean
Vacant void and vacant vault filled up
Copious divine force imbibed inly in wakeful
All in chained bliss of a bliss wholesome
Emerges a transformed human-nascence higher
Psychic to spiritual to supramental path...
Isn't that Thee vision, a life divine on earth..

Indira Renganathan
'He crossed the limits of embodied Mind
And entered wide obscure disputed fields'
'There life is the manifest Incalculable, '
'A vexed disturbance in the eternal Calm,
An impulse and passion of the Infinite.'
'Careless of suffering, heedless of sin and fall,
She wrestles with danger and discovery
In the unexplored expanses of the soul.'

'As saw some inner mind, so life was shaped: '
'A huge inconsequence was her action's law,
As if all possibility must be drained,
And anguish and bliss were pastimes of the heart'
'In a gallop of thunder-hooved vicissitudes
She swept through the race-fields of Circumstance, '
A scene was planned for all her numberless moods
But none could offer a pure felicity;

'Yet pure and bright from the Timeless was her birth, '
'Her moods are faces of the Infinite:
Beauty and happiness are her native right,
And endless Bliss is her eternal home.'
'This now revealed its antique face of joy,
A sudden disclosure to the heart of grief
Tempting it to endure and long and hope.'
'He saw the image of a happier state.'

'Above him in a new celestial vault
'An archipelago of laughter and fire,
Swam stars apart in a rippled sea of sky.
'Towered spirals, magic rings of vivid hue
And gleaming spheres of strange felicity
Floated through distance like a symbol world.'
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative
lines from Book 2 canto 3

Page 116

As one who meets the face of the Unknown,
A questioner with none to give reply,
Attracted to a problem never solved,
Always uncertain of the ground he trod,
Always drawn on to an inconstant goal
He travelled through a land peopled by doubts
In shifting confines on a quaking base.

A vagrancy was there that brooked no home,
A journey of countless paths without a close.

There life is the manifest Incalculable,
A movement of unquiet seas, a long
And venturous leap of spirit into Space,
A vexed disturbance in the eternal Calm,
An impulse and passion of the Infinite.

Unshepherded by the fear that walks through Time,
Undaunted by Fate that dogs and Chance that springs,
She accepts disaster as a common risk;

Page 119

As through a magic television's glass
Outlined to some magnifying inner eye
They shone like images thrown from a far scene
Too high and glad for mortal lids to seize.

Page 120

In dream and trance and muse before our eyes,
Across a subtle vision's inner field,
Wide rapturous landscapes fleeting from the sight,
The figures of the perfect kingdom pass
And behind them leave a shining memory's trail.

Imagined scenes or great eternal worlds,
Dream-caught or sensed, they touch our hearts with their depths;
Unreal-seeming, yet more real than life,
Happier than happiness, truer than things true,
If dreams these were or captured images,
Dream's truth made false earth's vain realities.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book II The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto III The Glory and the Fall of Life
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'This, once a star of bright remote idea
Or imagination's comet trail of dream,
Took now a close shape of reality.
On a spiritual and mysterious peak
Only a miracle's high transfiguring line
Divided life from the formless Infinite
And sheltered Time against eternity.
Out of that formless stuff Time mints his shapes;

'The Eternal's quiet holds the cosmic act: '
'Inverting the spirit's apex towards life,
She spends the plastic liberties of the One
To cast in acts the dreams of her caprice'
At her will the inscrutable Supermind leans down
To guide her force that feels but cannot know,
Its breath of power controls her restless seas
And life obeys the governing Idea.'

'Heaven's joys might have been earth's if earth were pure.
There could have reached our divinised sense and heart
Some natural felicity's bright extreme,
Some thrill of Supernature's absolutes: '
All strengths could laugh and sport on earth's hard roads
And never feel her cruel edge of pain, '
All love could play and nowhere Nature's shame.
But she has stabled her dreams in Matter's courts'

'And still her doors are barred to things supreme.
These worlds could feel God's breath visiting their tops;
Some glimmer of the Transcendent's hem was there.
Across the white aeonic silences
Immortal figures of embodied joy
Traversed wide spaces near to eternity's sleep.'

 ..........My consciousness this moment, 
 O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
 Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
 My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
 May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
 Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 canto 3

Page 121

Our human ignorance moves towards the Truth
That Nescience may become omniscient,
Transmuted instincts shape to divine thoughts,
Thoughts house infallible immortal sight
And Nature climb towards God's identity.

Page 122

Above was a monarchy of unfallen self,
Beneath was the gloomy trance of the abyss,
An opposite pole or dim antipodes.

The light of God she has parted from his dark
To test the savour of bare opposites.

Page 123

Pure mystic voices in beatitude's hush
Appealed to Love's immaculate sweetneses,
Calling his honeyed touch to thrill the worlds,

Page 124

Beauty unimaginable moved heaven-bare
Absolved from boundaries in the vasts of dream;
The cry of the Birds of Wonder called from the skies
To the deathless people of the shores of Light.

Ignorance was a thin shade protecting light,
Imagination the free-will of Truth,
Pleasure a candidate for heaven's fire;
The intellect was Beauty's worshipper,
Strength was the slave of calm spiritual law,
Power laid its head upon the breasts of Bliss.

Page 125

There sat the oligarchies of natural Law,
Proud violent heads served one calm monarch brow:
All the soul's postures donned divinity.
There met the ardent mutual intimacies
Of mastery's joy and the joy of servitude
Imposed by Love on Love's heart that obeys
And Love's body held beneath a rapturous yoke.
All was a game of meeting kinglinesses.

For worship lifts the worshipper's bowed strength
Close to the god's pride and bliss his soul adores:
The ruler there is one with all he rules;

To him who serves with a free equal heart
Obedience is his princely training's school,
His nobility's coronet and privilege,
His faith is a high nature's idiom,
His service a spiritual sovereignty.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book II The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto III The Glory and the Fall of Life
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'There were realms where Knowledge joined creative Power
In her high home and made her all his own:'
'She gave to mind's calm pace the motor's speed,
To thinking a need to live what the soul saw,
To living an impetus to know and see.
His splendour grasped her, her puissance to him clung;'
'She crowned the Idea a king in purple robes,
And her acts the living body of his will.

'A flaming thunder, a creator flash,
His victor Light rode on her deathless Force;
A centaur's mighty gallop bore the god.'
'Life throned with mind, a double majesty.'
Worlds were there of a childlike mirth and joy;
A carefree youthfulness of mind and heart
Found in the body a heavenly instrument;
'Life was an eternity of rapture's moods:

'Ideas were luminous comrades of the soul;
Mind played with speech, cast javelins of thought,
But needed not these instruments' toil to know;
Knowledge was Nature's pastime like the rest.'
'Investiture with the fresh heart's bright ray,
An early God-instinct's child inheritors,'
Still thrilling with the first creation's bliss,
'They steeped existence in their youth of soul.'

'There freedom was sole rule and highest law.'
'In fields of grandeur and of titan power,
Life played at ease with her immense desires.'
'This world of bliss he saw and felt its call,
But found no way to enter into its joy;
Across the conscious gulf there was no bridge.'
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights  
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation  
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine  
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise  
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 canto 3

Page 125

An immortal moth in happy and endless fire,  
She burned in his sweet intolerable blaze.

Made forms his inward vision's rhythmic shapes  
And her acts the living body of his will.

Page 126

A carefree youthfulness of mind and heart  
Found in the body a heavenly instrument;

It lit an aureate halo round desire  
And freed the deified animal in the limbs  
To divine gambols of love and beauty and bliss.

On a radiant soil that gazed at heaven's smile  
A swift life-impulse stinted not nor stopped:

Imposing on the safety of the stars  
A race and laughter of immortal strengths,  
The nude god-children in their play-fields ran  
Smiting the winds with splendour and with speed;

Of storm and sun they made companions,  
Sported with the white mane of tossing seas,  
Slew distance trampled to death under their wheels  
And wrestled in the arenas of their force.
A sovereignty of tireless sweetness lived
Like a song of pleasure on the lips of Time.

Smiling like a new-born child at love and hope,
In her nature housing the Immortal's power,
In her bosom bearing the eternal Will,
No guide she needed but her luminous heart:
No fall debased the godhead of her steps,
No alien Night had come to blind her eyes.
There was no use for grudging ring or fence;
At will she wove her wizard wonder-dance,
A Dionysian goddess of delight,
A Bacchant of creative ecstasy.

A dire duality is our way to be.
In the crude beginnings of this mortal world
Life was not nor mind's play nor heart's desire.

When earth was built in the unconscious Void
And nothing was save a material scene,
Identified with sea and sky and stone
Her young gods yearned for the release of souls
Asleep in objects, vague, inanimate.
In that desolate grandeur, in that beauty bare,
In the deaf stillness, mid the unheeded sounds,
Heavy was the uncommunicated load
Of Godhead in a world that had no needs;
For none was there to feel or to receive.

The poised inconscience shaken with a touch,
The intuitive Silence trembling with a name,
They cried to Life to invade the senseless mould
And in brute forms awake divinity.
A voice was heard on the mute rolling globe,
A murmur moaned in the unlistening Void.
A being seemed to breathe where once was none:

Page 130

Life heard the call and left her native light.

Overflowing from her bright magnificent plane
On the rigid coil and sprawl of mortal Space,
Here too the gracious great-winged Angel poured
Her splendour and her swiftness and her bliss,
Hoping to fill a fair new world with joy.
As comes a goddess to a mortal's breast
And fills his days with her celestial clasp,
She stooped to make her home in transient shapes;
In Matter's womb she cast the Immortal's fire,
In the unfeeling Vast woke thought and hope,
Smote with her charm and beauty flesh and nerve
And forced delight on earth's insensible frame.
Alive and clad with trees and herbs and flowers
Earth's great brown body smiled towards the skies,
Azure replied to azure in the sea's laugh;

Interned now in the slow and suffering years
Sojourns the winged and wonderful wayfarer
And can no more recall her happier state,
But must obey the inert Inconscient's law,
Insensible foundation of a world
In which blind limits are on beauty laid
And sorrow and joy as struggling comrades live.

End of Book 2-Canto3

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri
Book II The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto IV The Kingdoms of the Little Life
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'A quivering trepidant uncertain world
Born from that dolorous meeting and eclipse
Appeared in the emptiness where her feet had trod,
A quick obscurity, a seeking stir.'
'There was a writhing of half-conscious force
Hardly awakened from the Inconscient's sleep,
Tied to an instinct-driven Ignorance,
To find itself and find its hold on things.'

'A world that ever seeks for something missed,
Hunts for the joy that earth has failed to keep.'
'A Power beyond earth's scope has touched the earth; '
'A formless yearning passions in man's heart,
A cry is in his blood for happier things: '
'Else could he roam on a free sunlit soil
With the childlike pain-forgetting mind of beasts
Or live happy, unmoved, like flowers and trees.'

'The Might that came upon the earth to bless,
Has stayed on earth to suffer and aspire.
The infant laugh that rang through time is hushed:
Man's natural joy of life is overcast
And sorrow is his nurse of destiny.'
'Insatiate seeker, he has all to learn:
He has exhausted now life's surface acts,
'His being's hidden realms remain to explore.'

'He becomes a mind, he becomes a spirit and self;
In his fragile tenement he grows Nature's lord
In him Matter wakes from its long obscure trance,
In him earth feels the Godhead drawing near.'
A restless hungry energy of Will,
'Life cast her seed in the body's indolent mould'.
My consciousness this moment,
O’Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 4

Page 132

Inheritor of poverty and loss,
Assailed by memories that fled when seized,
Haunted by a forgotten uplifting hope,
It strove with a blindness as of groping hands
To fill the aching and disastrous gap
Between earth-pain and the bliss from which Life fell.

Too near to our gates its unappeased unrest
For peace to live on the inert solid globe:
It has joined its hunger to the hunger of earth,
It has given the law of craving to our lives,
It has made our spirit's need a fathomless gulf.

In the troubled stream where leaps a blind heart-pulse
And the nerve-beat of feeling wakes in sense
Dividing Matter's sleep from conscious Mind,
There strayed a call that knew not why it came.

Indira Renganathan
"It woke from happy torpor a blind Force
Compelling it to sense and seek and feel."
'A groping consciousness in a voiceless world,
A guideless sense was given her for her road; '
'In her substance of unthinking mute soul-strength
That cannot utter what its depths divine,
Awoke a blind necessity to know.
The chain that bound her she made her instrument; '

'Inflicting on the body desire and hope, '
'She brought into Matter's dull tenacity '
'Her wandering unsure steps, her cry for change."
'Adorer of a joy without a name,
In her obscure cathedral of delight
To dim dwarf gods she offers secret rites."
'True, a fear-ride on a blindfolded path
'Matter dissatisfies, she turns to Mind; '

'Only a glimmer sometimes splits mind's sky
Justifying the ambiguous providence
That makes of night a path to unknown dawns
'A foundling of the Gods she wanders here
Like a child-soul left near the gates of Hell
Fumbling through fog in search of Paradise."
'Truth is rarely cloaked in glittering attire
In here Thine word-woven brocade glitters

'On dim confines where Life and Matter meet
He wandered among things half-seen, half-guessed,
Pursued by ungrasped beginnings and lost ends."
'Himself was dim to himself, half-felt, obscure,
As if in a struggle of the Void to be."
'This blindfold force could place no thinking step; '"
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 4

Page 133

An eyeless Power that sees no more its aim,
......Life cast her seed in the body's indolent mould;

Alive with her yearning woke the inert cell,
In the heart she kindled a fire of passion and need,
Amid the deep calm of inanimate things
Arose her great voice of toil and prayer and strife.

Thought was withheld and nothing now she knew,
But all the unknown was hers to feel and clasp.

Page 134

Instinct was hers, the chrysalis of Truth,
And effort and growth and striving nescience.

She conquers earth, her field, then claims the heavens.

Page 135

In Nescience began her mighty task,
In Ignorance she pursues the unfinished work,
For knowledge gropes, but meets not Wisdom's face.

Life here was intimate with Death and Night
And ate Death's food that she might breathe awhile;
She was their inmate and adopted waif.  
Accepting subconscious, in dumb darkness' reign  
A sojourner, she hoped not any more.

An unhappy face of falsity made true,  
A contradiction of our divine birth,  
Indifferent to beauty and to light,  
Parading she flaunted her animal disgrace

Page 135&136

Fallen, glorying in the vileness of her state,  
The grovel of a strength once half divine,  
The graceless squalor of her beast desires,  
The staring visage of her ignorance,  
The naked body of her poverty.

Page 136

A wide unquiet mist of seeking Space,  
A rayless region swallowed in vague swathes,  
That seemed, unnamed, unbodied and unhoused,  
A swaddled visionless and formless mind,  
Asked for a body to translate its soul.  
Its prayer denied, it fumbled after thought.

Only a crude child-heart cried for toys of bliss,  
Mind flickered, a disordered infant glow,  
And random shapeless energies drove towards form  
And took each wisp-fire for a guiding sun.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri
Book II The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto IV The Kingdoms of the Little Life
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'The gusts of Nature were the only law,
Force wrestled with force, but no result remained: '
'A single thinker in an aimless world
Awaiting some tremendous dawn of God,
He saw the purpose in the works of Time.'
'The first writhings of the cosmic serpent Force
Uncoiled from the mystic ring of Matter's trance;
It raised its head in the warm air of life.'

'As yet were only seen foulness and force'
'A heavenly process donned this grey disguise,
'To release the glory of God in Nature's mud.'
'This too he tracked along its hidden stream
And traced its acts to a miraculous fount.'
'A mystic Presence none can probe nor rule, '
'Asks from the body the soul's intimacies'
'Links its mechanic throbs to light and love.'

'A touch of God's rapture in creation's acts,
A lost remembrance of felicity
Lurks still in the dumb roots of death and birth,
The world's senseless beauty mirrors God's delight.'
'That rapture's 'secret' 'smile'in leaves and flowers
In trees and wind, in birds and beasts and humans
'Forced the unconscious tissues to awake'
'And ask for happiness'"And quiver with pain'

'Although on earth are firm established lives'...
'Yet are its roots of will ever the same; '
'These passions are the stuff of which we are made.'
'This was the first cry of the awaking world.'
'It clings around us still and clamps the god.'
It lasts and is the fount of all their life.
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 4

Page 137

Only were achieved a nescient grasp and drive
And feelings and instincts knowing not their source,
Sense-pleasures and sense-pangs soon caught, soon lost,
And the brute motion of unthinking lives.

As shines a solitary witness star
That burns apart, Light's lonely sentinel,
In the drift and teeming of a mindless Night,
A single thinker in an aimless world
Awaiting some tremendous dawn of God,
He saw the purpose in the works of Time.

Page 138

It could not cast off yet Night's stiffening sleep
Or wear as yet mind's wonder-flecks and streaks,
Put on its jewelled hood the crown of soul
Or stand erect in the blaze of spirit's sun.

As yet were only seen foulness and force,
The secret crawl of consciousness to light
Through a fertile slime of lust and battening sense,
Beneath the body's crust of thickened self
A tardy fervent working in the dark,
The turbid yeast of Nature's passionate change,
Ferment of the soul's creation out of mire.
Creator of this game of ray and shade
In this sweet and bitter paradoxical life,

Page 139

They come disguised as feelings and desires,
Like weeds upon the surface float awhile
And rise and sink on a somnambulist tide.

Even when reason is born and soul takes form,
In beast and reptile and in thinking man
It lasts and is the fount of all their life.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri

Book II
The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds
Canto IV
The Kingdoms of the Little Life

Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'The spirit in a finite ignorant world
Must rescue so its prisoned consciousness'
'Then slowly it gathers mass, looks up at Light.'
'This Nature lives tied to her origin,
A clutch of nether force is on her still;'
Out of unconscious depths her instincts leap;
A neighbour is her life to insentient Nought.
Under this law an ignorant world was made.'

'In a mysterious dispensation's law
A Wisdom that prepares its far-off ends
Planned so to start her slow aeonic game.'
'Then came a fierier breath of waking Life,
And there arose from the dim gulf of things
The strange creations of a thinking sense,
Existences half-real and half-dream.'
'A life was there that hoped not to survive: '

In a dwarf model of humanity
Nature now launched the extreme experience
And master-point of her design's caprice,
Luminous result of her half-conscious climb
On rungs twixt her sublimities and grotesques
To massive from infinitesimal shapes,
To a subtle balancing of body and soul,
To an order of intelligent littleness.'

'The veiled spectator watching from their depths
Fixed not his inward eye upon himself
Nor turned to find the author of the plot,
He saw the drama only and the stage.'
'A little light in a great darkness born,
Life knew not where it went nor whence it came.'
My consciousness this moment,  
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights 
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation 
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine 
May there'so, let Savitri in my self arise 
Aroused there'so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring, descriptive and informative lines from Book 2 Canto 4

Page 140

A neighbour is her life to insentient Nought.  
Under this law an ignorant world was made.

Page 140&141

In the passion and self-loss of the Infinite  
When all was plunged in the negating Void,  
Non-Being's night could never have been saved  
If Being had not plunged into the dark  
Carrying with it its triple mystic cross.

Page 141

A game of hide-and-seek in twilit rooms,  
A play of love and hate and fear and hope  
Continues in the nursery of mind  
Its hard and heavy romp of self-born twins.

Page 142

A seeking Power found out its road to form,  
Patterns were built of love and joy and pain  
And symbol figures for the moods of Life.

An insect hedonism fluttered and crawled  
And basked in a sunlit Nature's surface thrills,  
And dragon raptures, python agonies
Crawled in the marsh and mire and licked the sun.

Page 142&143

A body that knew not its own soul within,
There lived and longed, had wrath and joy and grief;
A mind was there that met the objective world
As if a stranger or enemy at its door:
Its thoughts were kneaded by the shocks of sense;

Page 143

Mind looked on Nature with unknowing eyes,
Adored her boons and feared her monstrous strokes.

It pondered not on the magic of her laws,
It thirsted not for the secret wells of Truth,
But made a register of crowding facts
And strung sensations on a vivid thread:

It hunted and it fled and sniffed the winds,
Or slothed inert in sunshine and soft air:
It sought the engrossing contacts of the world,
But only to feed the surface sense with bliss.

Page 144

In walls of stone fenced round they worked and warred,
Did by a banded selfishness a small good
Or wrought a dreadful wrong and cruel pain
On sentient lives and thought they did no ill.

Page 145

Instinct was formed; in memory's crowded sleep
The past lived on as in a bottomless sea:

Page 146

Behind all moved seeking for vessels to hold
A first raw vintage of the grapes of God,
On earth's mud a spilth of the supernal Bliss,
Intoxicating the stupefied soul and mind
A heady wine of rapture dark and crude,
Dim, uncast yet into spiritual form,
Obscure inhabitant of the world's blind core,
An unborn godhead's will, a mute Desire.

Page 1487149

A little joy and knowledge satisfied
This little being tied into a knot
And hung on a bulge of its environment,
A little curve cut off in measureless Space,
A little span of life in all vast Time.

Page 149

In a death-closed passage saw life's start and end
As though a blind alley were creation's sign,
As if for this the soul had coveted birth
In the wonderland of a self-creating world
And the opportunities of cosmic Space.

Page 150

Although for action, not for wisdom made,
Thought was its apex- or its gutter's rim:

Out of a slow confused embroiled self-search
Mind grew to a clarity cut out, precise,
A gleam enclosed in a stone ignorance.

End of Book 2-Canto 4

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book-1 Book Of Beginnings-Canto-1 Symbol Dawn
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

Her awaiting mind 'upon silence'marge'
Like my inside self hampered and unfree
Awaiting a lit-exit on its dark fence
Awake awaiting a live spirit fluorescent
'Between the first and the last Nothingness.'
Whirling in destiny-held whorls of rebirths
Like the vaccilating resets of my heart
Awaiting Earth wheeling through recycled ignorance.

Timely a 'breach' 'somewhere' 'stirred' and 'began'
'A scout in a reconnaissance from the sun'
Whom my closed soul in my pallid mind
For ever yearn to uplift as if from quicksand
Glinted to resow the 'forgotten bliss'.
An entranced threshold 'glowed' in opalescence
'An instant's visitor the godhead shone'
To write 'the lines of a significant myth'

'The waking ear of Nature heard her steps'
Unbelievable bliss caressed her waking rising
Which my dormant consciousness still wishing for..
And there, mighty Savitri rose truth-cloaked
'Akin to the eternity whence she came'
All against earthly godly transience
But'trapped in the gin of earthly destinies
Awaiting her ordeal's hour abode'

'Unhelped she must foresee and dread and dare'
A way, even the modern woman should fare..
One fatal noon when came and doomed her
Lost was Savitri's soul and life
'Immobile in herself, she gathered force.
That 'was the day when Satyavan must die.'

............My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring descriptive and informative lines from Book-1 canto-1

Page 1

The huge foreboding mind of Night, alone
In her unlit temple of eternity,
Lay stretched immobile upon Silence' marge.

In the sombre symbol of her eyeless muse
The abysm of the unbodied Infinite;
A fathomless zero occupied the world.

A power of fallen boundless self awake
Between the first and the last Nothingness,

The impassive skies were neutral, empty, still.

Page 2

A throe that came and left a quivering trace,
Gave room for an old tired want unfilled,
At peace in its subconscient moonless cave
To raise its head and look for absent light,
Straining closed eyes of vanished memory,
Like one who searches for a bygone self
And only meets the corpse of his desire.

As if a childlike finger laid on a cheek
Reminded of the endless need in things
The heedless Mother of the universe,
An infant longing clutched the sombre Vast.

A long lone line of hesitating hue
Like a vague smile tempting a desert heart
Troubled the far rim of life's obscure sleep.

Page 3

A memory quivered in the heart of Time
As if a soul long dead were moved to live:
But the oblivion that succeeds the fall,
Had blotted the crowded tablets of the past
A hope stole in that hardly dared to be
Amid the Night's forlorn indifference.
As if solicited in an alien world
With timid and hazardous instinctive grace,
Orphaned and driven out to seek a home,
An errant marvel with no place to live,
Into a far-off nook of heaven there came
A slow miraculous gesture's dim appeal.

The persistent thrill of a transfiguring touch
Persuaded the inert black quietude
And beauty and wonder disturbed the fields of God.
A wandering hand of pale enchanted light
That glowed along a fading moment's brink,
Fixed with gold panel and opalescent hinge
A gate of dreams ajar on mystery's verge.

Page 4

A glamour from unreached transcendences
Iridescent with the glory of the Unseen,
A message from the unknown immortal Light
Ablaze upon creation's quivering edge,
Dawn built her aura of magnificent hues
And buried its seed of grandeur in the hours.

On life's thin border awhile the Vision stood
And bent over earth’s pondering forehead curve.

Interpreting a recondite beauty and bliss
In colour's hieroglyphs of mystic sense,
It wrote the lines of a significant myth
Telling of a greatness of spiritual dawns,
A brilliant code penned with the sky for page.

Air was a vibrant link between earth and heaven;
The wide-winged hymn of a great priestly wind
Arose and failed upon the altar hills;
The high boughs prayed in a revealing sky.

The call that wakes the leap of human mind,
Its chequered eager motion of pursuit,
Its fluttering-hued illusion of desire,
Visited her heart like a sweet alien note.

Page 5

Here where our half-lit ignorance skirts the gulfs
On the dumb bosom of the ambiguous earth,
Here where one knows not even the step in front
And Truth has her throne on the shadowy back of doubt,

As when a soul draws near the sill of birth,
Adjoining mortal time to Timelessness,
A spark of deity lost in Matter's crypt
Its lustre vanishes in the inconscient planes,
That transitory glow of magic fire
So now dissolved in bright accustomed air.

Page 7

Inflicting on the heights the abysm's law,
It sullies with its mire heaven's messengers:
Its thorns of fallen nature are the defence
It turns against the saviour hands of Grace;
It meets the sons of God with death and p

Page 8

As one who watching over men left blind
Takes up the load of an unwitting race,
Harbouring a foe whom with her heart she must feed,
Unknown her act, unknown the doom she faced,
Unhelped she must foresee and dread and dare.
End Of Book 1-Canto 1

Indira Renganathan
The approaching end, who but Savitri could dare..
'Dying, it lived imperishably in her'
Future stood on the reviewing spectral Time
Butrewinds were no wonder simultaneous
Onchildhood, youth and love and merry and all
Like any doomed mortal transient regardless of age
'Twelve passionate months led in a day of fate.'
Only'her will must cancel her body's destiny.'

'Our present fate, child of past energies..' 
So was Savitri's'past, a block on the Immortal's road'
A mighty force as helping to settle karma's crops
Don't our selves all so battle for a new dawn
Alike must 'make a rased ground and shape anew her fate.
'She must plead her case upon extinction's verge'
To revive Satyavan and his body from lightless nought
To fasten their two selves onto one soul

Now must Savitri 'measure the Infinite's night.'
A moment so many weak hearts these days but fail,
A moment frail souls wail on the dead-verge of courage..
An exemplary bravery but did, thence started conquering
That 'the great and dolorous moment now was close'
'The world unknowing, for the world she stood:
No helper had she save the Strength within'
In 'titanic silence''her drama's radiant prologue lived.'

'A priestess of immaculate ecstasies
Inspired and ruled from Truth's revealing vault'
'Her inward help unbarred a gate in heaven'
'Her single will opposed the cosmic rule.'
'The great World-Mother now in her arose:
A living choice reversed fate's cold dead turn'
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe.... in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring descriptive lines from
Book-1 canto-2

All that she once had hoped and dreamed and been,
Flew past her eagle-winged through memory's skies.

As in a many-hued flaming inner dawn,
Her life's broad highways and its sweet bypaths
Lay mapped to her sun-clear recording view,
From the bright country of her childhood's days
And the blue mountains of her soaring youth
And the paradise groves and peacock wings of Love
To joy clutched under the silent shadow of doom
In a last turn where heaven raced with hell.
Twelve passionate months led in a day of fate.

An absolute supernatural darkness falls
On man sometimes when he draws near to God:
An hour arrives when fail all Nature's means;
Forced out from the protecting Ignorance
And flung back on his naked primal need,
He at length must cast from him his surface soul
And be the ungarbed entity within:

Only the Self that builds this figure of self
Can raise the fixed interminable line
That joins these changing names, these numberless lives,  
These new oblivious personalities  
And keeps still lurking in our conscious acts

- - - - - - - - -

A once living story has prepared and made  
Our present fate, child of past energies.

- - - - - - - - -

A colloquy of the original Gods  
Meeting upon the borders of the unknown,  
Her soul's debate with embodied Nothingness  
Must be wrestled out on a dangerous dim background:

Her being must confront its formless Cause,  
Against the universe weigh its single self.

On the bare peak where Self is alone with Nought  
And life has no sense and love no place to stand,  
She must plead her case upon extinction's verge,  
In the world's death-cave uphold life's helpless claim  
And vindicate her right to be and love.  
Altered must be Nature's harsh economy;

- - - - - - - - -

Acquittance she must win from her past's bond,  
An old account of suffering exhaust,  
Strike out from Time the soul's long compound debt  
And the heavy servitudes of the Karmic Gods,  
The slow revenge of unforgiving Law  
And the deep need of universal pain  
And hard sacrifice and tragic consequence.

- - - - - - - - -

Around her were the austere sky-pointing hills,  
And the green murmurous broad deep-thoughted woods  
Muttered incessantly their muffled spell.  
A dense magnificent coloured self-wrapped life  
Draped in the leaves' vivid emerald monotone  
And set with chequered sunbeams and blithe flowers
Immured her destiny's secluded scene.

Her mind, a sea of white sincerity,
Passionate in flow, had not one turbid wave.

As in a mystic and dynamic dance
A priestess of immaculate ecstasies
Inspired and ruled from Truth's revealing vault
Moves in some prophet cavern of the gods,
A heart of silence in the hands of joy
Inhabited with rich creative beats
A body like a parable of dawn
That seemed a niche for veiled divinity
Or golden temple-door to things beyond.

Her kindly care was a sweet temperate sun,
Her high passion a blue heaven's equipoise.
As might a soul fly like a hunted bird,
Escaping with tired wings from a world of storms,
And a quiet reach like a remembered breast,
In a haven of safety and splendid soft repose
One could drink life back in streams of honey-fire,
Recover the lost habit of happiness,
Feel her bright nature's glorious ambience,
And preen joy in her warmth and colour's rule.

The great unsatisfied godhead here could dwell:
Vacant of the dwarf self's imprisoned air,
Her mood could harbour his sublimer breath
Spiritual that can make all things divine.
For even her gulfs were se crecies of light.
At once she was the stillness and the word,
A continent of self-diffusing peace,
An ocean of untrembling virgin fire;
Almost they saw who lived within her light
Her playmate in the sempiternal spheres
Descended from its unattainable realms
In her attracting advent's luminous wake,
The white-fire dragon-bird of endless bliss
Drifting with burning wings above her days:

A glowing orbit was her early term,
Years like gold raiment of the gods that pass;
Her youth sat throned in calm felicity.

Here was no fabric of terrestrial make
Fit for a day's use by busy careless Powers.
An image fluttering on the screen of Fate,
Half-animate for a passing show,
Or a castaway on the ocean of Desire
Flung to the eddies in a ruthless sport
And tossed along the gulfs of Circumstance,
A creature born to bend beneath the yoke,
A chattel and a plaything of Time's lords,
Or one more pawn who comes destined to be pushed
One slow move forward on a measureless board
In the chess-play of the earth-soul with Doom,
Such is the human figure drawn by Time.

In this enigma of the dusk of God,
This slow and strange uneasy compromise
Of limiting Nature with a limitless Soul,
Where all must move between an ordered Chance
And an uncaring blind Necessity,
Too high the fire spiritual dare not blaze.
If once it met the intense original Flame,
An answering touch might shatter all measures made
And earth sink down with the weight of the Infinite.
A gaol is this immense material world:

A grey tribunal of the Ignorance,
An Inquisition of the priests of Night
In judgment sit on the adventurer soul,
And the dual tables and the Karmic norm
Restrain the Titan in us and the God:

Pain with its lash, joy with its silver bribe
Guard the Wheel's circling immobility.

A bond is put on the high-climbing mind,
A seal on the too large wide-open heart;
Death stays the journeying discoverer, Life.

A prayer, a master act, a king idea
Can link man's strength to a transcendent Force.
Then miracle is made the common rule,
One mighty deed can change the course of things;
A lonely thought becomes omnipotent.
All now seems Nature's massed machinery;

A piston brain pumps out the shapes of thought,
A beating heart cuts out emotion's modes;
An insentient energy fabricates a soul.
Or the figure of the world reveals the signs
Of a tied Chance repeating her old steps
In circles around Matter's binding-posts.

End of Book 1-Canto 2

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book I The Book of Beginnings-canto-3-
The Yoga of the King: The Yoga of the Soul's Release
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

Yoga of king Aswapati(Father of Savitri)and
His yogic experiences.

"A world's desire compelled her mortal birth."
"A thinker and toiler in the ideal's air,
Brought down to earth's dumb need her radiant power."
"His was a spirit that stooped from larger spheres"
"His soul lived as eternity's delegate,
His mind was like a fire assailing heaven,
His will a hunter in the trails of light."
He was king Aswapati

"This sculptor of the forms of the Infinite,
This screened unrecognised Inhabitant,
Hides in a small dumb seed his cosmic thought."
"In the mute strength of the occult Idea'
He regards the icon growing by his gaze
And in the worm foresees the coming god.'
At last the traveller in the paths of Time
Arrives on the frontiers of eternity."
As so he grew into his larger self,
A greater being saw a greater world.

.............My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring descriptive lines from
Book-1 canto 3

22-23

A skyward being nourishing its roots
On sustenance from occult spiritual founts
Climbed through white rays to meet an unseen Sun.

2. A topless Supernature fills his frame:

3. A long dim preparation is man's life,
A circle of toil and hope and war and peace
Tracked out by Life on Matter's obscure ground.

Page25

the griffin forefront of the Night and Day
A gap was rent in the all-concealing vault;

landmarks of the little person fell,
The island ego joined its continent.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book I The Book of Beginnings-canto-3-
The Yoga of the King: The Yoga of the Soul's Release
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

Yoga of king Aswapati(Father of Savitri)and
his yogic experiences.

'In hands sustained by a transfiguring Might
He caught up lightly like a giant's bow
Left slumbering in a sealed and secret cave
The powers that sleep unused in man within.'
'He made of miracle a normal act
And turned to a common part of divine works,
'The gifts of the spirit crowding came to him; '
'They were his life's pattern and his privilege.'

'Deceived no more by form he saw the soul.
'The world's thought-streams travelled into his ken; '
Tuned to 'ethereal symphonies' was the king's soul
'A world unseen, unknown by outward mind
Appeared in the silent spaces of the soul.'
'The inner planes uncovered their crystal doors;
Strange powers and influences touched his life'
His'mind leaned out to meet the hidden worlds: '

'Ambrosial 'honey of Paradise', aromatic celestial fragrance
'Heavenly hues', 'a channel of universal harmony'
All 'beneath the cosmic surfaces' by a 'secret sense.'
'In the unceasing drama carried by Time'
'A laughter of sleepless pleasure foamed and spumed'
"All was revealed there none can here express; '
'The gods of light and titans of the dark
Battled for his soul as for a costly prize'

'It was a region of wonder and delight'
'The Supreme's gaze looked out through human eyes
And saw all things and creatures as itself'
And knew all thought and word as its own voice.'
'There unity is too close for search and clasp
'And oneness is the soul of multitude.'

..........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

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Note: Some more inspiring descriptive lines from
Book-1 canto-3

page-26

A fearless will for knowledge dared to erase
The lines of safety Reason draws that bar
Mind's soar, soul's dive into the Infinite.

page27

Tissue and nerve were turned to sensitive chords,
Records of lustre and ecstasy; it made
The body's means the spirit's acolytes.

The soul's experience of its deeper sheaths
No more slept drugged by Matter's dominance.

In the dead wall closing us from wider self,
Into a secrecy of apparent sleep,
The mystic tract beyond our waking thoughts,
A door parted, built in by Matter's force,
Releasing things unseized by earthly sense:

page27&28

He saw the Perfect in their starry homes
Wearing the glory of a deathless form,
Lain in the arms of the Eternal's peace,
Rapt in the heart-beats of God-ecstasy.
In the Witness's occult rooms with mind-built walls
On hidden interiors, lurking passages
Opened the windows of the inner sight.

He lived in the mystic space where thought is born
And will is nursed by an ethereal Power
And fed on the white milk of the Eternal's strengths
Till it grows into the likeness of a god.

He owned the house of undivided Time.

Answer to that inarticulate questioning,
There stooped with lightning neck and thunder's wings
A radiant hymn to the Inexpressible
And the anthem of the superconscient light.

The ever-living whom we name as dead
Could leave their glory beyond death and birth
To utter the wisdom which exceeds all phrase:

In every hour loosed from the quiver of Time
There rose a song of new discovery,
A bow-twang's hum of young experiment.

All now his bright clairaudience could receive;

And with a silver cry of opening gates
Sight's lightnings leaped into the invisible.

Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book I The Book of Beginnings-canto-3-
The Yoga of the King: The Yoga of the Soul's Release
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

Yoga of king Aswapati(Father of Savitri) and
his yogic experiences

And wisdom 'sat uncompanioned in the eternal Calm,
All-seeing, motionless, sovereign and alone'
His centre was no more in earthly mind; '
A power of seeing silence filled his limbs:
'The voice that only by speech can move the mind
Became a silent knowledge in the soul; '
'His soul stood free, a witness and a king.'
'He abode at rest in indivisible Time.'

'Only awhile at first these heavenlier states,
These large wide-poised upliftings could endure.
'The high and luminous tension breaks too soon,
The body's stone stillness and the life's hushed trance,
The breathless might and calm of silent mind;
Or slowly they fail as sets a golden day.'
'Even his godlike strength to rise must fall:
His greater consciousness withdrew behind; '

'Dim and eclipsed, his human outside strove
To feel again the old sublimities' '
'Always the power poured back like sudden rain,
Or slowly in his breast a presence grew; '
'In this oscillation between earth and heaven,
In this ineffable communion's climb
There grew in him as grows a waxing moon
The glory of the integer of his soul.'

'Oft inspiration with her lightning feet,
A sudden messenger from the all-seeing tops,
Traversed the soundless corridors of his mind
Bringing her rhythmic sense of hidden things.'
The intense creatrix in his stillness wrought; 'A Power worked, but none knew whence it came.'

..........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring descriptive lines from
Book-1 canto-3

page 32

The boundless with the boundless there consorts;

Caught by a voiceless white epiphany
Into a vision that surpasses forms,
Into a living that surpasses life,
He neared the still consciousness sustaining all.

A leisure in the labour of the worlds,
A pause in the joy and anguish of the search
Restored the stress of Nature to God's calm.

page 32 & 33

The war of thoughts that fathers the universe,
The clash of forces struggling to prevail
In the tremendous shock that lights a star
As in the building of a grain of dust,

The grooves that turn their dumb ellipse in space
Ploughed by the seeking of the world's desire,

The long regurgitations of Time's flood,
The torment edging the dire force of lust
That wakes kinetic in earth's dullard slime
And carves a personality out of mud,
The sorrow by which Nature's hunger is fed,

The oestrus which creates with fire of pain,

The fate that punishes virtue with defeat,
The tragedy that destroys long happiness,
The weeping of Love, the quarrel of the Gods,
Ceased in a truth which lives in its own light.

As if a story long written but acted now,
In his present he held his future and his past,
Felt in the seconds the uncounted years
And saw the hours like dots upon a page.

The need to rest in a natural pose of fall,
As a child who learns to walk can walk not long,
Replace the titan will for ever to climb,
On the heart's altar dim the sacred fire.

As a sculptor chisels a deity out of stone
He slowly chipped off the dark envelope,

God found in Nature, Nature fulfilled in God.

Splendours of insight filled the blank of thought,
Knowledge spoke to the inconscient stillnesses,

Thence stooped the eagles of Omniscience.
A dense veil was rent, a mighty whisper heard;

An inspired Knowledge sat enthroned within
Whose seconds illumined more than reason's years:
An ictus of revealing lustre fell
As if a pointing accent upon Truth,
And like a sky-flare showing all the ground
A swift intuitive discernment shone.

As if from a golden phial of the All-Bliss,
A joy of light, a joy of sudden sight,
A rapture of the thrilled undying Word
Poured into his heart as into an empty cup,
A repetition of God's first delight
Creating in a young and virgin Time.

The high black wall hiding superconscience,
She broke in with inspired speech for scythe
And plundered the Unknowable's vast estate.

A reporter and scribe of hidden wisdom talk,
Her shining minutes of celestial speech,
Passed through the masked office of the occult mind,

Above the reason's brilliant slender curve,
Released like radiant air dimming a moon,
Broad spaces of a vision without line
Or limit swam into his spirit's ken.

The letters stood out of the unmoving Word:

The immobile lips, the great surreal wings,
The visage masked by superconscient Sleep,
The eyes with their closed lids that see all things,
Appeared of the Architect who builds in trance.

Even were caught as through a cunning veil
The smile of love that sanctions the long game,
The calm indulgence and maternal breasts
Of Wisdom suckling the child-laughter of Chance,
Silence, the nurse of the Almighty's power,
The omniscient hush, womb of the immortal Word,
And of the Timeless the still brooding face,
And the creative eye of Eternity.

End of Book 1-Canto 3

Indira Renganathan
Beyond, beyond amid the limitless a path lit
The king was so high on his eminent height
'On a height he stood that looked towards greater heights'
Inclined to transience 'a deathbound littleness' we are
'Immortal our forgotten vastnesses
Await discovery in our summit selves'
Aware and beware how many in us of that..
Only 'a shapeless memory lingers' in our looking within

'In the oblivious field of mortal mind,
Revealed to the closed prophet eyes of trance
'The signals of eternity'in silent inward questing
'It is the origin and the master-clue,
A silence overhead, an inner voice,
A living image seated in the heart,
An unwalled wideness and a fathomless point,
'Truth of all these' is the 'secret grandiose meaning'

'Always we bear in us a magic key
Concealed in life's hermetic envelope.'
'It needs the intuitive heart, the inward turn,
It needs the power of a spiritual gaze.'...
Undeniably the way sages exemplified themselves
And so sadly exempted a huge unaware-flock today
'The dark Inconscient's signless mysteries
Stand up unsolved behind Fate's starting-line.'

'Along a path of aeons serpentine
In the coiled blackness of her nescient course
The Earth-Goddess toils across the sands of Time.'
'And conscious of the high things not yet won,
Ever she nurses in her sleepless breast
An inward urge that takes from her rest and rful! ! ..
My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring descriptive lines from
Book-1 canto-4

Page 46

Our early approaches to the Infinite
Are sunrise splendours on a marvellous verge
While lingers yet unseen the glorious sun.

This world is a beginning and a base
Where Life and Mind erect their structured dreams;
An unborn Power must build reality.

Akin to the ineffable Secrecy,
Mystic, eternal in unrealised Time,
Neighbours of Heaven are Nature's altitudes.

Page 47

Our souls can visit in great lonely hours
Still regions of imperishable Light,
All-seeing eagle-peaks of silent Power
And moon-flame oceans of swift fathomless Bliss
And calm immensities of spirit space.

Sometimes the inexpressible Mystery
Elects a human vessel of descent.
A breath comes down from a supernal air,
A Presence is born, a guiding Light awakes,
A stillness falls upon the instruments:
Fixed, motionless like a marble monument,
Stone-calm, the body is a pedestal
Supporting a figure of eternal Peace.

Page 47&48

In moments when the inner lamps are lit
And the life's cherished guests are left outside,
Our spirit sits alone and speaks to its gulfs.
A wider consciousness opens then its doors;

Page 48

We meet the ecstasy of the Godhead's touch
In golden privacies of immortal fire.

Ourself and a high stranger whom we feel,
It is and acts unseen as if it were not;
It follows the line of sempiternal birth,
Yet seems to perish with its mortal frame.

Page 49

A treasure of honey in the combs of God,
A Splendour burning in a tenebrous cloak,
It is our glory of the flame of God,

Page 49&50

In this dense field where nothing is plain or sure,
Our very being seems to us questionable,
Our life a vague experiment, the soul
A flickering light in a strange ignorant world,
The earth a brute mechanic accident,
A net of death in which by chance we live.

Page50

Out of the unknown we move to the unknown.
Ever surround our brief existence here
Grey shadows of unanswered questionings;
Indira Renganathan
An appreciation on Savitri-
Book I The Book of Beginnings-
canto-4-The Secret Knowledge
Words within inverted commas are Aurobindo's

'Ignorant and weary and invincible,
She seeks through the soul's war and quivering pain
The pure perfection her marred nature needs,
A breath of Godhead on her stone and mire.'
'Outstretching arms to the unconscious Void,
Passionate she prays to invisible forms of Gods
Soliciting from dumb Fate and toiling Time'
'A Joy that drags not sorrow as its shade.'

'All that transpires on earth and all beyond
Are parts of an illimitable plan
The One keeps in his heart and knows alone.'
'Our outward happenings have their seed within, '..
'But who shall pierce into the cryptic gulf
And learn what deep necessity of the soul
Determined casual deed and consequence? '
Acting to 'external scene'we'wonder at the hidden cause'

'Man, still a child in Nature's mighty hands, '
'A struggling ignorance is his wisdom's mate
'When darkness deepens strangling the earth's breast
And man's corporeal mind is the only lamp, '
'A charm and sweetness open life's closed doors'
'The Truth-Light capture Nature by surprise,
'And earth grow unexpectedly divine.'
In Matter shall be lit the spirit's glow, '

'a hyphen must connect Matter and Mind,
The narrow isthmus of the ascending soul:
We must renew the secret bond in things,'
'Reconstitute the perfect word, unite
The Alpha and the Omega in one sound;
Then shall the Spirit and Nature be at one.'

...........My consciousness this moment,
O'Guru, I'm in awe....in invincible heights
Ineffable Thee embellishing poetic creation
My inquisitive apprehension, erring Thee may opine
May there so, let Savitri in my self arise
Aroused there so be knowledge and fortune

Note: Some more inspiring descriptive lines from
Book-1 canto-4

Page51

A vision meets her of supernal Powers
That draw her as if mighty kinsmen lost
Approaching with estranged great luminous gaze.
Then is she moved to all that she is not
And stretches arms to what was never hers.

Page52

Earth's winged chimaeras are Truth's steeds in Heaven,
The impossible God's sign of things to be.
But few can look beyond the present state
Or overleap this matted hedge of sense.

Page53

Our range is fixed within the crowded arc
Of what we observe and touch and thought can guess
And rarely dawns the light of the Unknown
Waking in us the prophet and the seer.
The outward and the immediate are our field,
The dead past is our background and support;
Mind keeps the soul prisoner, we are slaves to our acts;
We cannot free our gaze to reach wisdom's sun.

Page53&54
Only the Immortals on their deathless heights
Dwelling beyond the walls of Time and Space,
Masters of living, free from the bonds of Thought,
Who are overseers of Fate and Chance and Will
And experts of the theorem of world-need,
Can see the Idea, the Might that change Time's course,
Come maned with light from undiscovered worlds,
Hear, while the world toils on with its deep blind heart,
The galloping hooves of the unforeseen event,
Bearing the superhuman Rider, near
And, impassive to earth's din and startled cry,
Return to the silence of the hills of God;

Page55

Night shall awake to the anthem of the stars,
The days become a happy pilgrim march,
Our will a force of the Eternal's power,
And thought the rays of a spiritual sun.

An interregnum in Reality
Cuts off the integral Thought, the total Power;
It circles or stands in a vague interspace,
Doubtful of its beginning and its close,
Or runs upon a road that has no end;

Page56

This is our deepest need to join once more
What now is parted, opposite and twain,
Remote in sovereign spheres that never meet
Or fronting like far poles of Night and Day.

Indira Renganathan
Auroville Mother

A plea in compliance

It was an event spiritual in the abundance
A divine force enforced into a human force
You were there as from the divine womb
Mirra Alfassa, grew groomed, a babe to a Mother
A mother of the immortal godly consciousness...
Kaali or Krishna, merged in your oneness
A onness blossoming the mundane florescence

But it's my ever doubting nescience..
Two sets of eyes in two disunified visions
A pair on matter in self esteemed bliss
Meditating the other in midway strain to slide
A feel somewhere in my consciousness is watching
A worry worrying on these unconditional uncertainty
In this swirl of life unsteady I'm

Now finally you arrive at my vision's dawn
Your supra-human eyes are no mortals
Divine rays coming out in radiatingglitter
From your divine consciousness you look through
Whole light of the eternity condensed in your eyes
Oh Mother, in hearty surrender this nescient being
Begging to be blessed with a life divine

Indira Renganathan
Autumn

Summer droplets sweating on autumn
Perspiring brother builds his equinox column
Provoked earth invokes southwesterly solemn
For humans ever summer they condemn

Autumn is good barbering the trees
To brown and wither strewn their leaves
On Adiperukku blessed autumn by swelling rivers
Sow to later blossom variable the seeds

Questing along with the fluttering southwesterly
Autumn clinks and clinks bangles genuinely
On Adipooram with all goddesses thoroughly
Marking the goddess of genesis augwestly

Autumn is the sacred son of goddess Amma
Holi-dipped on Adi amavasai turns the cause of arcana
Ere monsoon enters into nature's arena
For soothing autumn a continual hosanna

Autumn by women adored and idolized
Around power of Shakti for it is centralised
Women to Varalakshmi while surrendered
Autumn propitiates Avani avittam anew freshened

Autumn marches on showering drizzles
At courtallam with festive hurtles
Then to make for Lord Krishna delicacies
Rushes with Lord Ganesh ingesting dumplings

That the Lords apprise of a purpose
Autumn is obedient with obeisance to the manes
Then busy propitiating Dasara deities
Invokes autumn Shakti for the approaching rains

Indira Renganathan
Avowal

Rise up o' fearless hearts
On avowal of flourishing refrains
Sown are red and green
Thou energetic wheel to glean
Tranquil in thou heart of peace

Hitherto brawl and blast
Let be blighted no more to last
Avow to thou Mother, Her soul
Integrated in peace to be propitious all
Avow thy weapon of unity

Rise up o' valiant hearts
May thou rage out pour in lots
To plough thou ambrosial land
Manured of those brave hearts laid
To diffuse thou nature of fragrance
Avow o'bold hearts, avow thou might

Indira Renganathan
Baby Talk

In the darkness of an evening
Nascent was I just on earth
Endured with pain were you there on
Ready to brook further long

Painful was I all through my teens
An arrogant snob much I haunted you
Harsh words, raged anguish...
Unaware of defiling myself

Passed twenty despicable did I grow
To placate my lust got me married
My incited lousiness, was my wife stamped
Dilemmatic became the children

Brainless became worthless into a jobless
Wordless was I in my benighted abyss
Drunkard became penniless, lately realised
Muddled in isolation when fifty

Fearful sins in a cold-sweat frightened me
Endearment, much longed by me
Disregarded although you favoured me
Forgiving, forgetting... still love me mamma?

Indira Renganathan
O'Bakula, Bakula
Tell me
Your secrecy why sri Krishna
His Bansuri played under your canopy
Whilst you shedding your drizzles
Gathered the cows in gentle breeze
Tell me
ndar why under your shade
To marry assured Sangili Nachiar
Whilst you murmuring in gentle sway
Played concealed Shiva in your shadiness
Tell me
Temple lords all choose why you
In tranquility seated by your side
Tri-faceted turned why even Lord Muruga
At Elangi in your courtship importunate
Tell me
Your medicament exercised why to luxuriate
Usage of barks, flowers, fruits all yours why
Prized ethereal your gardenia why
Blossoms yours laced into laurels why
O'Bakula, Bakula
Look, handful mine your aromatic blossoms
To open up here truth of your heavenliness
Sunny-tiny, their celestiality wafting fragrance
Speaketh of trees five of providence

'Sandhanam, Mandharam, Karpagam, Parijatham
With Devatharu their evil fate suffered
Be out of demonism sought they to Shiva
Blessed then into one Bakula tree all five

Up His words seated at Thiruvotriyur
Shiva in shadiness beneath the Bakula tree'
O'Bakula, Bakula
Firmament so is your mother factual

Indira Renganathan
Beauty- Branded

Early rise, spirited air
Freshened mind
Fresh thoughts, good.....beauty

Wise, bright, choosy nutrition
Able-bodied, perfect......beauty

Timely view of vision- life
Set out to earn
Knowledge, wealth, ally.....beauty

Grab the setting sun, illumine inside
Soul contented, starry dreams..early bed
Sleep to rise adroit, prudent beauty-branded

Indira Renganathan
Beedi-Rollers

Fate of the trend
Fate of the society
Fall of the populace

Chaste their lives no more
For they are so much chaste
Stooping to their consorts'wish
Allowing concubines of carcinogens
Malevolent males long so much for

Innocent wives ignorant
Hands when shaken unaware..
Cunning deed of carcinogens
Jinxing their skin to breath-mute
Devils nicotine, cotinine blood-fed

They roll the beedis to strike
Off the rolls their lives
Back to sati have they gone
But to gain some bucks
Will you please be back sir,
am Mohan Roy..

Indira Renganathan
Benefaction

Less of what they were yet happy
Deprived of what we long today
For luxurious golden glitter yet unhappy..?
Masticating memory in making of forefathers
In one house, one family, one home
Unified in one traditional taste
No greed, no jealous, no insufficiency
Measured desires mastered life..

Benevolent economics benefited kinship
Stealthy infirm, invalids, widows, diseased
Never less of deference, never in negligence
In one house, one family, one home
Unified in one familial paradise..
Less of what they were yet happy
Deprived of what we long today
Set apart homes for the needy kin even

Indira Renganathan
Beterayal

His passion is
Paddy cultivation
To the possible
Utmost extent

He does and reaps
A rich harvest

Always his hope is
The high sun
That he would be
Life long favoured

But
Sun should not breathe
Too closer to earth
He'll take away
Earth's breath giving
Drought instead of rains

So does his son
With a charisma
A bright smile
Giving a high hope

But
breaking his promise
Swindling the harvest
Betraying

Indira Renganathan
Bhudevi Is In Fear And Mayhem (Conversational Poem-Skit)

Scene-1

Earth To Sun

'Oh Suryadev, won't you move away further? 
Your overheating can't anymore me nurture'

'Oh Bhudevi, you've said this so many times 
With which I can not at all rhyme'

'Suryadev, I'm already enough old and weak 
Scorched and parched how can I be still meek? '

'Devi, may you better ask your Lord 
For I am to accept my destined yard'

Scene-2

Earth To Lord Vishnu

'Your Majesty, my Lord Vishnu 
Your consort, I have a plea to you'

'Devi, what is it that bothers you now 
Tell me, I shall solve it somehow'

'My Lord, I'm burnt to death by the sun 
May You keep him a little away and caution? '

'Ha ha, is it possible? no, he's not the cause 
Ask Sridevi for your loss, she may know the cause'

Scene-3

Sun To Earth
'Bhudevi, what did your Lord tell
Did He accept that all is well? '

'Oh Suryadev, He just asked me to ask Sridevi
But no where she is seen..gone just carefree'

'Ha, Devi, it's you who is careless
Letting your human race heartless'

'What do you mean oh Fire Ball
Just you alone can cause this drought's sprawl'

'I'm sorry Devi, better ask the forest
And the river, it's my behest'

Scene-4

Earth To Herself

'Oh my Fate, couldn't you have been good
My flora, fauna all gone..what went so rude'

Sun To Earth

'Devi, it's your human children who destroyed..
Deforested, polluted in gangs employed

'There's no green, so no transpiration
So no rains..take it to the Lord's attention'

Scene-5

Earth To Herself

'Oh my fate, Sridevi is gone
Now I know why she is gone'

'How will I tell this to my Lord
How will He solve all in accord'
Scene-6

Earth To Lord Vishnu

'My dear Lord, I'm feeling a misery
The drought because of a devilry'

'Our human children have turned bad
Have done away with me so mad'

'All I know Devi, so, it's not the sun
But just by the immoral humans'

'Let them repent punished well, I shall wait
Till they become good, may you too wait'

Scene-7

Earth Keeps Wailing

'I'm parched all over, dehydrated
This deadly thirst, I'm frustrated'

'My supplication, my imploration
Please humans, save me from expiration'

'So painful, wailful, I'm sinking
Painful, wailful, sinking, sinking'

Scene-8

On Mother's Day

Some youth in a restaurant gather
They talk, talk, talk on a matter

Where and where to go shopping
What and what to choose buying...
A gift suitable to her mother
One wants to buy and ideas smother

As ideas over do she gets perplexed
Unable to end with the best so confused

But one boy outbursts sarcastically
'Hey, you buy a water can trendily'

A thunder of laughter thrills them
But slams Earth who's in fear and mayhem

Note: -Bhudevi is vi is her per Hindu mythology
they are the two symbolised wives of Lord Vishnu

Indira Renganathan
Bilva

Older than history, more than legendary
Story of utile Bilva tree
Tree of heavens sourced for a pedigree
Born to Mahalakshmi by a divine decree

Supernal aptly and soundly medicinal
Serving healthful tree whole inspirational
Alchemy of Shiva in glowing, possessional
Elixir of life ritually flowing, rational

Practised spirit by side of Mercury Linga
Sure the mind gets set on Shiva
No wonder is magical trifoliate of Bilva
Silvering us by worship of it to Shiva

Indira Renganathan
Bird

A heart musical
With ears harking
Hands applauding
Inebriating mind
All melody and harmony
From nature's rhythmic soul
Soaring beyond, beyond
Any godly abode

Indira Renganathan
Birds On Electric Wire

Wired above poles two
Swaying in gentle breeze
Perched by a row of birds on
Sparrows, tailor birds
Tweeting, screeching, caressing
Enjoying on a spree of joy
Of course non-matching crows too
Raucous in a near distant row
Unaware of my heart's speed
In cold sweat of a stringing devil
Dancing in execution-style
Monished at once but my dear heart
Trickled my nose to sneeze
Puddled my legs to skid against
An auto-riksha's sonorous horn
Alarmed birds flapped away
Caged in my relief

Indira Renganathan
Birds, How Can I Be..

Birds,

How can I be your mind
Dispatching mine sudden behind

Seems, heave no burdening thoughts
And no woes you to pinion in lots

Circling in the encircling space
Fluttering dancing in immense grace

Squeak and screech in immeasurable joy
Surging surfingnever to cloy

Happy up there high and high
To the breadth of titanic sky

Soar, soar o'weightless hearts
Weightless I say, on your worriless hearts

Weightless I say unlike mine weighty
Of sobs and sighs wingless and unhappy

On your treads of swift darts
Frail my heart heavy in vain parts

Birds,

How can I be your mind
Dispatching mine sudden behind

Indira Renganathan
Bitter Truthsweet Truth

Season to season Neem flowers
Kids playing around say
"Oh, bitter smell"
But Neem says
"No, only sweet smell"
Like the elders' advices
First disliked but later liked;

Indira Renganathan
Bliss

Ah, in just a sudden dunk of desires
This soul whole lost and mires
What if bewaring of fugacious the desires
Itself ere death, cerebrate higher empires..
Numbered down to naught desires whole lot
Itself ere death means bliss blissful a lot
What if differing human, his animal fought..?
Born a spiritual birth blissful, is it not?
And his bliss is his'I', his 'heart' all true
But in empyrean harmony his senses accrue
Temperamental satiety erstwhile all through
In dissipation his senses but to wake in bliss new

Indira Renganathan
To be blessed is to watch the trees
Their blossoms when they shed fresh
Chirrups and tweets metering coherent
Ecstasy-adorned mind sings forth joyously
This moment, this showering Bakula flowers
O'bountiful, bountiful..smitten and crazy

Carpeted aroma this tuned melodic to
Bharathi's once sung breezy dulcet words
'Eththanai kodi inbam vaiththaai-yengal
Iraiva, iraiva, iraiva'...and
Look, how my english spirit humming it
'Ho, bountiful happiness gifted Thee-our
God, o'God, o'God'..

And to continue when you ask me
Hunting my heart in this floral pleasance..
Out with those elysian words humming for you..

'Chiththinai achiththudan inaiththaai-angu
Serum ayimboothathu viyanulakamaiththaai
Aththanai ulakamum varnakalanjiyam
Aaga palapala nal azhagugal samaiththaai'

'Soul in body infused-thereon
Founded five-elemental creations
All Thine nature arrayed colourful
O' plenteous beauty created Thee'

Now sweet little punches, Bakula commanding
And your anxious smile gestures 'sing'
Signing not to go abrupt..therefore

'Mukthi yendroru nilai samaiththaai-angu
Muzhudhinai unarum unarvamaiththaai
Bhakthi yendroru nilai vakuththaai-yengal
Parama, Parama, Parama'

'Salvation Thee classed up-thereon
To cherish bestowed the spirit on
Devotional trance Thee induced-our
God, o'God, o'God'

Now in her fragrant mood Bakula pouring, pouring
Let our perfumed hearts sing
'Yeththanai koti inbam vaiththaai...'
'Ho, bountiful happiness gifted Thee...'

Indira Renganathan
Blood Pressure

Earlier days..
Grand-ma immixed
Chilli, mustard, turmeric, oil
Salt hyped in high pickle-jar
Wherein neck-level baby mangoes cuddling..
Babies soon wept under heavy pressure
Pacified but by a shared gallery of kith and kin
Mother pickled the same way, her time
Hyped salt pressured in
Smaller family couldn't be salty larger
High saline, frightening viscosity
Jar and mother haemorrhaged
Her children so tensed and bottled up often
Hypertensively seeking Physician's recipe
For a nonhaemorrhagic jar

Indira Renganathan
Bold Boaster boarded the Ghost train
Boasting he being the bravest
Meet could he his end even to die bravely

Ghost of the ghost train asked 'really?'
'Yes I am the bravest...even my end'
Said Boaster threatening the ghost

So thoughtfully the train sighed hefty
Then moved slowly hauling a shhhh-shhhh
Then on a sudden thud tadak-tadaked

Accelerated to run fast in pitch-dark
Dadam-dadam dadam-dadam dadam-dadam
Then faster dadadadadadadadadadadada

The train went into caves, up on cliffs
Down into the vales, then whizzed down
On bridges, glug-glugged in ocean deep

Then into the forest running wildly
With bellowing honks on zig-zag skips
Where lots of ghosts and goblins got in..

The ghost of the ghost train leered..
To its dismay Boaster was so cool
And tolerant to all the michiefs

Ghost of the ghost train gave up not
It drove now with vengeance fleeing
In whirring s and goblins

Now with skeletons giving thunderbolts
Of slams, slaps, bangs, beats, shoots to
Smash Boaster in sky high din-dins..

Clamorously hammering, rackety it was..
In more speed ghost of the ghost train
Yelled'there's no end Boaster, o.k? '
Boaster said 'o.k'.

Atonce a fire bursted
Smoke shrouded, the train ran and ran and
Ran didin-didin didin-didin didin-didin

Dindindindindindindindindindindindindin
On and on and on and on and on and on
In endless rounds en route all it went

Endlessly with all the wild beatings
By the ghosts, goblins and skeletons
onomatopoeias boom-booming it ran

Ran ran raaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaan
Endlessly round round round round
Rouuuuuwwwuuuuuuuuuuuuuuund on and

Onnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn till Boaster
Was stirred to be feared of that
Endless Ghost Train journey at last! !

Indira Renganathan
Bonded Crisscross

A plus and a minus
In tangled alliance
A yes and a no
Tug of war in alliance
Nature if that be..

A woman, her man
A plus, a minus whoever be
Composure and discomposure
A bonded crisscross

Coired fibre, fabricated yarn
Braided plait interlaced all
Sun and shadow alike
Wedlock in joy and sorrow
A bonded crisscross

Indira Renganathan
Books

Books hold the whole creation
Its colour, creatures, character
And the way it is living..
So they are godly
In heart and mind
Deem them too devout
Ere you write or read
Finished once
Store them with godly care
Ever they smell ambrosial

Indira Renganathan
Boomerang

Anger a Boomerang destructive..
To self own itself an enemy afflicted
Never can anger bond with the opponent
Instead can acquire grudgeful resentment
What else than being angry, angered then..
A thought of 'why' could be
Erratic, errorful itself on self own
Than on others erratic, errorful
O'dear friend
Attest, can any one be errorless..no
Pray thereso by self's conscience
For no anger, no sin
O'dear friend
Attest, can anyone be errorless...yes
So if there, pervades then love wholesome
A Boomerang constructive sans anger
O'dear friend, you decide on a Boomerang
Constructive or destructive..

Indira Renganathan
Born A Poet

Any academic highbrow
A poet can easily be?
Nor a poet can easily be
An illiterate lowbrow?

This or that
An observer and an admirer
If be in there
Then on their own accord
Pour in words strung
A poet born

Indira Renganathan
Bought Just For Fourteen Annas..

If antiquity can account even trivial things
Then my mind opens my first trunk box...

Puts in my first school-slate
Ink-pen, music notebook, comb, mirror
Teen-age style of a goggles, a thakli-spindle
Little-torn my first pink nylex saree
My college photos, this and that all one by one
Until my memoir-plane is almost emptied

But one for that little space left
That holds wholesome fragrance
Of Mysore Sandal, Rexona, Hamam, Pears
Margo, Medimix, Chandrika, Lux, Lifebuoy
Johnson's, Dove e.t.c
Over a run of forty five years..
A soap box.. bought just for fourteen annas
Richly fragrant is its royal antiquity
Like those branded soaps..
That also goes into that trunk box
As precious as heaven

Indira Renganathan
Brahma-A Supposition

In the darkness of a sustaining force
The unseen child of that unknown source
Hiranyagarbha to bear when chose
Supreme-sustenance itself instilled to repose
In Brahma in Hiranyagarbha

Hiranyagarbha, self-manifested womb golden
The power-cause of Brahma's whole creation
Supremacy we call the Brahmam
Brahma of Brahmam with Brahmam born
Brahmam self-embedded all in Brahma's karma

Indira Renganathan
Brain Plus Heart

Wonder this brain human
Lasting ever to only reasoning
And never malleable to feelings..

Wonder this heart human
Lasting ever to only feelings
And never susceptible to reasoning..

Wonder this brain human
Despite its vast comprehension, acquisition
Never records the requisite in heart

Wonder this heart human
Despite its vast experience, endurance
Never ceases its inquisition somber

A hearty brain, a brainy heart
The human to rest in solace
Wonder if ever be getable..

Indira Renganathan
Breathlessley Speaking

I hit my brother and
My brother fell fainted and
His son got angry and
He hit me back and
I turned to hit him back and
Then mother-90 years, shouted and
She hit me for her turn and
Thus I got so many strokes and
It did'nt matter much but
Only made me feel sorry, for
Mother broke my only walking stick and
She screamed 'you're sixty and
your brother is seventy and
My grandson is forty and
I don't suppose a battlefield' and
Then my brother woke up and
Our fight started again and'I am Wellesley.
why I hit him 'cause
He has been calling me Breathlessley'.

Indira Renganathan
Breeze

Gentle bliss of Heaven around
To soothe a matter bruised
Gentle blow of a soft Goddess
To salve the heart hurt

Indira Renganathan
Builder Has Finished Build Well

Builder has finished build well
Only the painter to paint good
Wish he paints bright and peace
Builder has finished build well

Who the builder? who the painter?
Light your search to find rather
Builder has finished build well
Only the painter to paint good

Indira Renganathan
Builders

They dig and dig to excavate
All their wet hopes... then
To heave their comforts of bricky dreams
Step by step upping... then
To untie their turbanned head
Spread to recline and lunch... then
To chat and sing to the transistor hopefully
Joking for an Ambassador car... then
To complete the stair-flight back with their tools
Heaving their hopes in air for a month or so... then
The mason back to his bungalow
His family back to next excavate hopes and Ambassador car

Indira Renganathan
Butterflies

The withered sparkle-chips on earth spawn
Caterpillars ere butterflies shrunk in cocoon and cocoon
Swarm with myriad colours out when born
Success of ascension, patterned designs strewn

Egg to larva to pupate on
A cycle of struggle to emerge soon
Butterfly does flirt flower to flower upon
A triumphant mirth of silky, honeyed boon

O'human, ask within why you're gone
Lust and creed to you did who spoon
Out yourself from yourself when drawn
Bad and sad'll never be a boon

Waltz around butterflies iridescently on
Waft up hordes of success soon
Difficulties pupate to endure on
Butterfly be from birth though struggle-sown

Indira Renganathan
Caste Free

Sun is bright with no disparity of caste
Raying equal on all and everything
So too are earth, air, aqua, space, flora, fauna
Good, honest, virtuous, righteous
liars, thieves, killers, mutineers
All everywhere caste free
No high-caste, or say no caste at all

Indira Renganathan
Cataclysm

Sun is throwing
Fire woods

Volcano is spewing
pyre logs

Moon is burning
Like a setting sun

Calamity
Has no concern
For innocence

A lullaby on cold war
Breez is singing

Children
Are sleeping
On big soot beds

Who's writing
Epitaphs in the sky

Indira Renganathan
Chant The Hymn

No debate on
Which flag is beautiful

Nor a fight on
Which flag is strong

All hands as one hand
To hold one flag

With
Strength like
Mother's love
Fortitude like
Father's motto
Support like
Life's breath

God has hidden
The purest white
Man....only man
Has discovered it

All hands as one hand
To hold one flag

The flag of Peace
Purest white
Spotless and pristine

Chant the hymn eternal

'Hail To Thee Mother Earth
Hail To Thee Mother Peace'

Indira Renganathan
Chappals

Missed was one out of the pair
And quite unaware was my husband
And I noticed and told him
As I am like Sita of Rama
Whose padukas are ever sacred and pristine
That Bharata even coronated them
That I could so sense the misfitted foot
That I could so sense its unholiness
Of today's youthful pairs
Mounted with dust and grime in sundry mounds
And one such somehow escaped
Possibly at a wedding function
To dirty my husband's one foot
But my chaste love got him a new pair
Which goes on emitting my shining love
Strong like Rama's padukas
Strong like Sita's imprinted feet
Wider- found stony in this country
That every heart is pleased about

Indira Renganathan
Chennai To Nellai By Car

Propitiated dawn of the month 'Aadi'
Declared 'open sesame' in brahminical way
Feeding the ancestral soarers ceremonially
After which
Hubby took me cabbed
To run on NH45 -NH7
Primarily amid time-eating Chennai traffic
Which tremored his whole of nerves
To rush fast past Chennai
Then to accompany a professional driver
At Viluppuram
Who drove crash-dash mode
To atone for the wasted hours
On a day of my fasting
Drastically to meet a 'break-down'
Past Tiruchi
Where time ate well two hours of sun
Which kept on bullying hubby dear and that driver
And while they were hunting for help
I resorted to deduct my abstinence to fifty percent
And started munching all the daughter-given fruits
And before hubby could crumble his anger between his teeth
A mechanic rescued repairing the car
And in the silent ordeal of delayed travelling
The trees-marathon compromised timely however
That a tamarind tree hosted meals under its shade
After which rest of our running
Bore a squat-recline sleeper snoring at the back seat
Which frightened me so darkened
To sit next to though-known driver
Who was witching the black NH7 running
Whizzingly up to Nellai
And on reaching home sleepy smiles slept

Indira Renganathan
 Choices And Changes

Changing the apparel
Changing the meal
Changing the domicile
Changing the soil
Oriental to occidental
Approval and dispersal
Dispersal and reversal
Like the Sun
From east to west to set
Rise again to reset..

In the sphere of desires
In the space of choices
Aligning and gliding
To reset a changing traditionality
Enamored yet of glittering stones
Sometimes the human

Indira Renganathan
Chopping To Cook

As thoughts are chopping
My mind
Knife is cutting
My finger

As my finger is
Crying red
My mind is treating
My red thoughts

'No celestial being
Will descend
To cook for you'
My heart says

Fungal mind
Shrinking esophagus
Stomach is deprived
Of its hourly wages

Indira Renganathan
Cinema Theatre

Sophistication is seated higher
To stoop down on the ground lower
That whistles all in jamboree, cheer
The screen is digitalized to peer, shear
Sometimes some tend to reverse gear
Lot more but stay to leer

Indira Renganathan
You're unmasked of your innerly behaviour
Tamed to go around circular by order
Next to stand with one foot on a chair
Opened mouth tickled by ring master's hair
Reincarnate to soar higher
Juggling acrobatically on trapeze, a tight-roper
unicycling to hoop a hula-hooper
Finishing a touch of a horse rider
Finally to fall bumpy like a begging joker

Indira Renganathan
City

Through the window I see
A concrete space built up
In between whence strive to hello me
Small trees with difficulty peeping up

Indira Renganathan
City- Walk

There's no green nor any blue
No sea nor a hill of hue
Our eyes gain no tranquil glory
Finding there no prairie
A street of houses
A road of pits and manholes
Departmentally concaved
By chasing vehicles goaded-
Doddering, tottering, walk-smitten
As per the doctor's advice driven
Bathing in sweat and dust
Panting laboriously but adjusting to ingest
People of sixty plus quality
Walking along with hoofing activity
Under the sun up once down once
Fitness oohing amid the dissonance, smogginess....
Oh Dhanvantri, God of health!
Born on earth, grown to aged stealth
You too do this city 'go-go'?

Indira Renganathan
Clever Spider

"I am entangled in hundreds of commitments;"
Helpless and puzzled he is loathing reluctant
Mindless she simply is gazing at the spider
Spinning silk line after line elegantly speeding
To finish up pattern edits web wider
Wow...! ! ! .... she adds to his mood's loathing

Indira Renganathan
Cloud

Appliqued mattress fluffy and puffy
Big God is dragging to cover His size
And big God omnipresent covered can't be
Ergo the mattress He's trying to squeeze

Big God is crushing it to dark
The mattress is crying to thunder
And He shears the mattress, anger to spark
Patters down the cloud tears, we say 'a shower'

Indira Renganathan
Cloud Nine

She floats gently
In upland thickets of white peace
Sunshine when mates her
In kaleidoscopic touches
Gently shying her ilk
Impregnates tenebrous moist
Lo, their merry pour of mercy
I'm merged and vanished
Thorough the stream of bliss
All around and I'm unseen
To preach a mantra
I'm not Ramanuja
Atop this hill
Moksha to self my own
I'd but say

Indira Renganathan
Cold Life

Desire is fire, so too is lust
He says, he lost his heart in her love
Fire flies sport around in rounds
Unaware of their downfall in cold life

Indira Renganathan
Collected Verses On Nature

1 Elemental five essential
To Creator's cognition
Never given a denial

2 First torch from His wand
Our Sun His son
All creatures' needful bond

3 Scorching parching nothing
Waxing waning but soothing
Symbol Moon full and loving

4 Silent sprawl triumphant stars
Sacred kids in His domain
Clashers of heavenly wars

5 They're His clay rolled
Thrown to roll spaceward
Rolledplanets rolling ruled

Indira Renganathan
Collected Verses On Summer

1 Summer is hot all around
Trilling on a grass tip
A bit of breeze snared

2 So so is even tasty food
Sour turns even fresh milk
To summer-scorch all abound

3 Ring of fire east to west
On bon voyage set ablaze
Ice-cream, soda all cool blest

4 Summer heat is prickling heat
Rush salving prickles all
Sunscreen on scene clean and neat

5 Tonsured, shortened..summer style
Summer-cut to head's convenience
Ruling head's power cut..ruling style

Indira Renganathan
Collected Verses On Tour

1 Short planning, sudden planning
   Too long planning
   Ever planned tour is soul-bless

2 Cash planned, conveyance planned
   Comforts all well planned
   Tour yet a failure without co-tourers

3 Grouped are children and old people
   Bothered are the middle people
   Too bothering yet I'd say 'middle'only

4 Sickening is falling sick
   More sickening is touring with the sick
   Medicines and additions are precautionary

5 Quarrelsome 'porters' means heavy luggage
   Happy tour means 'cut-short-baggage'
   Indispensable necessaries only ever preferable

6 Sensible is to have time-sense
   Delaying anything is nonsense
   Timely sense is a tour's essence

7 Dieting very cautious doesn't mean fasting
   Dining all full doesn't mean feasting
   Part of well judged tour is food-balancing

8 Noted places visited and noted
   Noted notes in the memory noted
   Pleasure is touring along the memoir

Indira Renganathan
Comrade Ganesh

Wards off our woes, worries plentitude
Accomplishing His support the First Lord
Pedestrian path, and green trees
Tank banks and road-side

On the hill, down the hill
Unafflicted by inclemency
Even amid the river in a temple
Sternly seated, Pillaiyar His Excellency

Embodyed a wood, paper, clay or a stone
Installed anywhere as one wishes
Comes along one's life He alone
Bearing suitable names

Cast and age debarred
We acclaim 'comrade we own'
Friendly and very much friendly guarded
Invoked even on a turmeric cone

'Nadaipaathai Pillaiyar, Narthana Pillaiyar
Chella Pillaiyar, Swarna Pillaiyar
UchchiPillaiyar, Muchchandhi Pillaiyar
Mukkuruni Pillaiyar, Vellerukku Pillaiyar
MaayaPillaiyar, ManaolaiPillaiyar
KaikaattiPillaiyar, KapaalaPillaiyar
NilakkadalaiPillaiyar, NindraPillaiyar
KuttuppadumPillaiyar, GuruvappanPillaiyar

AadhiVinaayakar, AanandhaVinaayakar
Aalaalasundara Vinaayakar, Arulmigu Sangavinaayakar
Adhisaya Vinaayakar, Arputha Vinaayakar
Perundhu Vinaayakar, Prasanna Vinaayakar
Jeyasakthi Vinaayakar, Vijaya Vinaayakar
Vanni Vinaayakar, Chenbaka Vinaayakar
Arasamara Vinaayakar, Veppamara Vinaayakar
Theppakula Vinaayakar, Vellai Vinaayakar
Bhagya Vinaayakar, Bala Vinaayakar
Siddhi Vinaayakar, Varasiddhi Vinaayakar
Ishtasiddhi Vinaayakar, Ashtamaasiddhi Vinaayakar
VetriVinaayakar, Venkata Anandha Vinaayakar
Olamitta Vinaayakar, Kooppidu Vinaayakar
Putru Vinaayakar, PralayamkaathaVinaayakar

Aadisankarasanthana Ganapathy, Aadisivasakthi Ganapathy
Kaioditha Ganapathy, Kalyaana Ganapathy
VaaranaGanapathy, ThoranaGanapathy
SakthiGanapathy, SelvaGanapathy
VaathaapiGanapathy, VignaGanapathy

Every citizen on earth wishes
Nomenclature endless
Such enormous personifications
Really mystically milk-drinking idols
Undoubtedly Pal Pillaiyar, our Comrade Ganesh

Indira Renganathan
Conch Shell

Deep in a mysterious womb you grew
Out in a mysterious land you're dead
Lifeless yet alive with a hollow hush
You're incessantly of a sorrow blue

Ever with insatiate probes man blows
Fine-tunes all your sad hush of sobs and sighs
You oblige to render a hearty call
The Lord to discern all your wailing woes

Knowing not the mystery of your life
A taste of admiration people show
Knowing not the misery of your strife
A 'wow' at your charming beauty they throw

Oh conch, tell me, into my ears whisper
For your deathly beauty who the causer

Indira Renganathan
Confidence

Confidence is..
Inset Sun
Never to vanish
Enlivened is...
Body, mind, soul
Inset

Confidence is
Seed..sow
In self, life
Escalated, fruited
Tasty is..
Self, life

Confidence
In God..
Aware
Of strength limitless
Confidence
In others..
Beware
Of extent, limit

Indira Renganathan
Cry Ofa Burial

Petrol and diesel run faster
On two wheels and four wheels
Uproariously whirring and whirring and whirring
Dissonantly sounding and sounding and sounding
The road vibrates tremulously
So do I
Two leggeds spit
Four leggeds shit
The road is filthy
So feel I
And my temple road is doddering on to hell
So am I
They dig and dig and dig
On turns the electricity, telephones, drainage
Here, there, anywhere as they dare
The road is buried in itself
And it's am I from a pit
Help, help!

Indira Renganathan
Cyclone's Turmoil

Full moon bright above
Dark earth, night adown
In between clouds black

Indira Renganathan
Dandelion

A wisp of wind...swish..
Blown, strewn, flown
Spread and sprout
Blown, strewn, flown
re-spread in re-sprouts
Re-spread but in bowls
Bowlful recipies
Herbal, medicinal

Indira Renganathan
Dark

Heaven's signature fresco
With description
'Wipe with sweat drops
For Dawn'

Indira Renganathan
Dark And White

Darkness- He likes to wear a dark coat
So do we too
But He likes to keep up His heart bright and white
Do we too?

Indira Renganathan
Daughter Poesy

An adopted child mine daughter Poesy
At this age of sixty plus
My skin wrinkly and body rickety
Senses dying and soul almost ready
To up on a count down
Like the fading light of evening sky
Longing for a full moon in new moon night...

Asking everybody why
Opted I for a foreign lexicon
Whilst not an adept in home diction itself
Just a desire before expire
Though in brain much I require..
Ponder my Poesy enforcing the quintessence
So far of my cognition, Poesy to soar high

Progressively speaking, my Poesy
Years few old, amazingly
Like my country Lotus growing divine
God sent blessings! Pamper Poesy with gratitude
All concepts, knowledge mine exclusively for Poesy
My elder daughters the tamils aren't jealousy
But ponder their sister, my English Poesy

Indira Renganathan
Dawn

Heart wakes up the mind
Out of its dreams to real
'Vision and feel
Light is on'

Indira Renganathan
Dawn Roused

The night space is still slumbering
Its vast dark mouth wide open
Like a monster's black yawn
The higgledy-piggledy teeth twinkling out

Sickle-moon sneering at my lure
Rousing dawn's gusto by a quick cafe au lait
I rise before the sun rises
My modus operandi to precede the sequel

4 A.M a hush-hush wake up
Right in the kitchen for an invigorating coffee
Pea berry grounds put into the filter
Pressed gently, in poured the scalding water
Plop plop like the rain drop
In the receptacle decoction dripping

Eying around readily boil milk
An esoteric mix of my secret coffee ready
Sip and swig the frothy java
The aroma savoring my nasal and throat
In glides so fresh ere anybody else wakes up

Indira Renganathan
Day

His golden mane raying around like a floodlight
Young sun rises espousing his son 'Day'
Boosted with his dad's might Day sprawls in delight
Enacting a play of life that grows in flora and faunae

Seems a hue drop of heaven fallen on this earth
When the above azure's seen in the vast aqua ring
Braced of that a chromatic magic blooms in mirth
All faunae and the whole up in musical voicing

As his seven horses trot steady sun is blazing
His arc-way of rising high to dive in aqua again
In sweltering speed Day follows his dad's shifting
Unaware of life's other side night-clutched amain

Indira Renganathan
Daybreak

Housed street
Breaking the day through a window-rift
Garden aroma hushing in waking up the mind
Lazy-hazy mood deterged to rise from grey dip
Pinky blossoms streaking in breezy comfort
Fluttering crowing upping to starry scattering
Bidding bye, bye stars and electric fluorescence
Paper-man, milk-man on pell-mell cycling
Out comes my soul to the porch
Not to the farther sun orangy
But to the Sarakondrai(Cassia fistula)nigher
Her chromatic golden foliage blooming
My aesthete to her aesthete wishing
Good morning

Indira Renganathan
Dead Silence

Silence was once
Adorable
I was a nature's
Devotee

You were different
A chatterer
Amid a noisy bundle of
People

Wondering how
Silence and noise
Got wedded

But

Gone into the
Dead silence
How
You've lit
My heart to burn
To light
Your way there

I am
The burnt tip
Of a burning candle
In dead silence here

Indira Renganathan
Death

Some say I've become a spirit
Some say I've merged into ether
Some say I'm gone one with God
Some say I'm in hell or heaven
Where am I

I'm with Death whence
Life might take me back
But I can assure
Death will be reborn and
Me back again with Death

Indira Renganathan
December Is In Labour

A few hours in wait now
December is in labour pain
As always her husband is unseen
She is pushing. Some folks are cheering
The whole rest are heartily praying

Who can she now look for help
After a long episode of strife
For hers and her babe's safe life
Hope and Faith, her closest friends
Are the lone support to defend

God is there flashing His bright look
Indicating a rising sun with a fresh look
Hope and Faith await a babe with a blessed look
Let's all welcome him wishing good luck
At last to be gifted with a marvelous yearbook

Indira Renganathan
December Moon

Up the terrace down the sky
On my back as I lie
Splashes silvery flecks through the fronds
The coconut tree swaying in dulcet breeze

Up the hill and upon the sea
Yonder bliss all that we see
Stand will they in analogy
On this terrace with what I see

Launch of a round fulgent splotch
Haloed with a brace of hazy torch
This priceless coin of the night
The empyrean sphere treasures so bright

'The Luminous' flashing through the fronds
The fronds softly swaying in the winds
Darkened coconut tree peeping in the terrace
Displaying in rustles the gleaming luminance

Well, all I understand about her blemishes
Is all that it's Sun's kisses
And all my possible guess
Is all she so the other side hides

While there's a secrecy intelligible
As 'Chidhambara rahasyam' possibly sensible
This charming December-queen is evincible
And her Lord of Betelguese is invincible

Indira Renganathan
Deepam

God-lit lamp in man's mind
For thoughts to look into wider space
Man-lit lamp in his earthly haven
For life to find peace in rushing race

Indira Renganathan
Devi

Sphere of a sphereless space
Shape of a shapeless grace
Metre of a metreless race
Rhythm of a rhythmless pace
Wherefrom does this soul evolve
Hey! Devi, in and around Thee revolve
To life and death I resolve
Sin and fear, off Thee absolve

Black and dark Thee in glow
White and bright Thee in flow
Green and red Thee up grow
Pink and blossom aroma Thee sow
Timeless womb of myriad genesis
Timeless tomb of final synthesis
Monotheism in polytheistic thesis
Devi, Devi of plentiful Devis

Power of powerful pervasion universal
Mother of finite multitude fertile
Why not, why not o' bountiful
I call Thee my karmic-goal
The filthy void wide within mine
Shackled devoid of pathos by grace Thine
A zing of bliss then strikes me fine
Mother! my ecstatic anthem in cosmic align!

Indira Renganathan
Devi Abhirami

So much is thine fulgent ear-stud
Hey Devi for thine mercy to scud
Fulgently up the sky to a moony thud
Saving Subramanyan thine child
Stashing hundred and one hymns for us piled
King Serfoji thence to feel beguiled

And Kallapillaiyar at thy abode
Dwelling to hide a potful Amruth-load
And thine spouse on another mode
Again to hide Amruth elsewhere to rid
The punishable devas' pride to unbid
Amruthagateshwar Himself to abraid

Hey Abhirami, beauteous born of Vishnu's ornament
Is that thine vernal refugency affluent
Amruthagateshwar wheedled to vent
Life Markandeya's with ever a blessed sixteen
Then there to punish yama kicked umpteen
Thence we to drown in thine bliss- marine

Indira Renganathan
Devi Annapoorani

Franchised the godly three
The providential toy-factory
Plays ever through myths

Conceited high about their bureaucracy
Creating, protecting, recycling by their spirit alone
Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva thrashing

Power Goddess withdrew in anger
Goddess Shakti broke Her propriety
And power off; Toys of creation on cessation

Dark without Durga, Lakshmi, Saraswathi
Strength, food, knowledge became the absentees
Functionless gods triad agnized Shakti’s supremity

e food for soul to the triad
As well for the whole providential production
Kasi Goddess perpetually offering

Praise, salute Annapoorani
Annapoorani on shakti-peethah at Varanasi
Her clement poise of mercy
Ladling food -an endless potful majesty
Of soul and stomach who ever be hungry
Conceive of Annapoorani to hurry
Her eloquent smile to wipe out any worry

Indira Renganathan
Devi Bala Tripurasundari

Baffles an enigma of divine nought
Supreme Power so to be personified..

Reversing by legacy of powers
Along aeons before lore and legends
Unravelling the mystery of 'Who?'
Reposes the supremacy of human mind
At the feet of a divine primordiality

Glowing blossom of a genesis
Authorising Itself a linchpin
Centered within the emanation
Aligning and realigning
In the wide cosmos

The human perceiving the ultimate
As a sweet sixteen of a red Goddess
The causer of you, me, the mundane
Beyond the beyond, above the above
Acclaims

O'Bala, youthful Mother
Apprehensible Thou bliss
O'Tripurasundari, resplendent Empress
Zestful in generation, operation, destruction
Surrender, this mortal unto Thy feet

Indira Renganathan
Devi Bhagavathi-Chottanikara

Times and times
In the dense thickets of human psyche
Thee weed out the skunky deportment
And Thou art dual in one Devi
The holy exorcist, the holy bestower
Kaali and Durga in Thou split persona

Then
In supreme elixir of benediction
Thou art tri-faceted too
Preaching Saraswathi, protecting Lakshmi
Blissful Durgamma

Then
Manifested Thyself of laterite Bhagavathi
Four armed wielding discus and conch
Blessing with plentiful boons in Melkavu
All facets into one of Rajarajeshwari
To awaken decoit Kannappan
Cow-guised Thine play to remain
Lakshmi and Narayana idolised

Then
All causal by sage Bilvamangala
BadraKali, Thou be then fierce
In Kizhkaavu fed of evil's blood
On shrieks and hoots exorcised
Driven nailed the spirits into a jack tree

Then
Thine sister Mookambika jaunts
On routine to spectate
The jamboree of Thine children
'Amme Narayana, Lakshmi Narayana, Badre Narayana'
Such is Thine muchness..hail to Thee oh, Bhagavathi

Indira Renganathan
Devi Durga

Thou art the oneness of the infinite
Set apart open in splits of every finite
Thou art the prime matter of the cosmos
Goddess of the gods in multiplex forms

Thou art the fluorescence of the cosmos
Candent to be livid to undo chasing darkness
Thou art the slayer of Madhu and Kaitabha
And Sumba and Nisumba and Mahisha

Thou art the multi-handed guard
Weaponed for evil to retard
Thou art the valour and hope
For Thou merciful support we scope

Thou art Devi Durga incomprehensible
Destroyer of miseries unbeatable
Thou art Durgama invincible
Saver-sailor of samsara unchallengeable

Thou art the harmonious scarp
Thou shouldst sing us in Thine harp
String along with our summation
Unto Thee we so wish in submission

Indira Renganathan
Devi Gomathi

On this day of thine wishful celebration
Blest with Sankara Narayana-dharshan
In submission present mine petition
Over an unfulfilled ambition
O'Gomathi
Well aware of a revelation
That myth has accounted in summation
Sons of Shiva, Hari while on a quarrelling stimulation
Answered HariHara in oneness presentation
Proximate longing thine too for a dharshan
In thapas thence on a ten-days -continuation
Unpleasant for the celestials thine separation
To 'Punnaivanam' tailed all as cows by conversion
For thy name was it an eventful causation
Cowherd-ess 'Go'mathi so with cows' association
All in blessed bliss to vision
A verity of Sankaranarayana's rendition
O'Gomathi
Well aware of again a revelation
That myth has accounted in summation
Coiling around a Shivling a serpent.. that situation
By oracle erected king Ukrapandi thine abode for salvation
Then that mud of the snake-mound formation
Senative, curative is the lore's narration
Then in Nagasunai a dip of holy ablution
Praying to thine chakra with devotion..
O'Gomathi
Umpteen efforts, umpteen visits
Umpteen pleas, umpteen vows
All but one done blessed in karmic whirls
That undone is thine sparkling presence
In closure my awaiting sight pleads please
By thy holy heart to mine inly vision please

Indira Renganathan
Devi Kamakshi

Ramping ahead the span of life
Clutching the rope of desires rife
Respite do we for Truth the Reality
Despite the rest on morbidity, mortality
Respite do we for the pain-cause
Despite the transient pleasure of flaws
Respite do we for the causer who
Despite the haunting 'I ' much we woo

Appetence strifeful, frail the rope
Appetence strifeful, frail the hope
Admire do we still a life dire
Aspire don't we, a saviour higher
Yell out O'God to guard
Squall out to safeguard
Thence descends the Red Goddess to rescue
Irradiates life to reformed hue

A persona of peace glowing red
Erstwhile Bala, Tripurasundari, Lalithagreeted
Personified cosmos gracefully righteous
Aesthetic glory of the unending space
O'Her merciful eyes on Her pristine face
Like rollicking fish of Manasarovar Kailas
Kamakshi of Srichakra, its quadrilaterals
Kamakshi of macro-micro-cosmic plexus

Kamakshi now to destroy mayic desires
Kamakshi now to bestow virtuous wishes
Kamakshi aureate guiding us golden
Kamakshi ornate of wisdom, we're much beholden

Indira Renganathan

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Devi Kanthimathi

'Nellaiappa, bless me with thy consort'
The Lord but shows me a way to resort
I now move on to a vestibule adjacent
My heart for Devi squalling out

Discern the divine voltage of that circuit
Anxious my vision tries its ken out
Soon censes with ambrosial Aippasi-wedding eclat
I see the Goddess with Her consort

Astounded, my soul butts my heart
Spate of memoirs reverberates my thought
'Ablutionary Thamiraparani surging at the Lord's feet
Marriage of Venuvananathar, Agasthya to ruminate..'

Wonderful Kanthimathi's radiant fit
Beckons Shiva no wonder to spirit
Causal Her name, Kanthimathi magnetising brilliant
Bewitching everyone Her cognizant might

Ecstatic soul adjures and entreats
Extolling tangibly Kanthimathi refulgent
Availing such a holy moment
A train of pleas purges out

'Devi, wailing in darkness my life nescient
In need for a quest to recuperate
Empty brain ingrained only woeful dirt
Deterge with thine mercy to right
Detain thyself with me throughout
Watchful then to vanquish mine conceit
Harken Kanthimathi, order thine heart
And this instance thee in sweet content
May thine Lord too be attendant '

Indira Renganathan
Devi Kanyakumari

Yonder rock solitary speaketh
Pleasure Thou in painful penance..
Imprinted Sri Paadam ever awaiting
The Lord to espouse before long

Devi,
Thou erred command by Narada's fate
Turned Thou fate to austere virgin
Albeit failure-causer felt no guise
But sequelized vanquishment
Blessed Banasura confronted to..
Victorious Thou hopeful heart
Fledging Thou ornamental fulgency
East to west face to face
Telecasting rarefied sun and moon
Amid the roaring broadcast blissful
Sister-seas yelling out for Shiva
Avow we on Thou bestowal
Our plea to Thou consort's arrival

Indira Renganathan
Devi Lalithambika

Who found Thee o'bountiful genderless
I do not know but sense Thee
Spirited very much to empower
A spiritful breed of genesis
Blossoming red over Thou omnipresence

It's the Dharmi the causer
With Dharma the action
To create and create alone
And how can be accosted
Than the Mother or Amma
The engendering ethereal spark Thou

And how else Mother be personified
Than a Woman four-handed
Gripping one a rope
Another a goad
To slay off fear of death
To wrap me with Her robe of love

And my mind before Her
Like a sugarcane bowing
She to curb my senses
Touch, smell, hearing, taste and sight
With five flower-arrows gently

And when I do accost o' Mother
Arises from the fire of Knowledge
She, Devi Lalithambika girlish and golden red
Like She when rose to slay Bandasura
The ashes reshaped of burnt Manmatha
To slay the devil that's torturing from within me

Indira Renganathan
Devi Maari (Sheetala)

'Who art Thou? '..bang away
Their inventing mind
At Thou sprout of genesis
To mean Bala Thou nascence
To mean Lalitha Thee damsel
To mean Thripurasundari
Thou celestial queenship
To mean Kamakshi
Thee saver from desirous lust...
They're highbrowed, scholastic
White in Thou shade of colours
Devi
In the souls of the innocents
Myriad colours of feastful fest
Thou art a showery Mother Maari
Rurality greets Thee in colours
Of stones and trees and myths
Be Vasuki or Renuka or Draupathi or Kannaki
Thou art Maariamma, Mother of mercy
Unlettered they are
Yet aware of their entangled desires
Aspire to be unknotted of woes
Select mindful colours
Of land-life-etheric shades
Of Thou assuasive mercy showers
To mean priorly Veppilai Nayaki
Thou advertent curative power
To purulent pustule pocking life
To mean Kaumaari and Karumaari
Ponmaari and pachaimaari and Muthumaari
Thou valour to vanquish evil
Thou nature to boom ever fertile
To mean Pomaari and Sandhanamaari
Thou bestowment aromatic, redolent
To mean Kottai maari and yerikkarai maari
Thou presence ubiquitous all over
To mean Mahamaari and Mahamaaayi
Thou adjudgment of Thyself in summation
Pervasive in alignment of iridescent shadiness
The transient beings for us to surrender
In Thine grace drowned we are

Indira Renganathan
Devi Mahakaali

Hey Prakriti, Brahmani, Parasakthi
In the depths of the perpetual cosmos
Thou be the conscience and reality-ultimate
Thou be the spirit of creation and cessation
Thou be the genesis of affluence and refulgence
Thou be Durga, Lakshmi, Saraswthi
Yet what Thou be
To the ogrish panic of recurring atavism
What Thou be to the chaotic terrorism
Hey Devi
Invigorate macrocosmic to boom out
Fierce, black, multi-headed, multi-handed
Huge and dark like ageless kala(time)
Attired of demonic arms severed skirted
Ornately garlanded with demon-heads slayed
Edacious, quivering tongues of smoking fire
Terrifying with intensive swift blood-plops
Thine audaciously to destruct satanic devils
Munitioned whole of thine mighty dynamic
A dreadful persona handling a demon-head
Hey Mahakaali, be it the frightening threat

From the frowning brow of Durga
Furious Mahakaali hailing on
Triumphantly fulgent to slaughter
All demons and evil and satanic killers
Beware o' destroying attackers
Surrender, else be preyed
Praises to Thee Devi Mahakaali
Praises to Thee, hail to Thee

Indira Renganathan
Devi Mahalakshmi

Lotus-lassie of a lotus -face seated in lotus-splendor
Lotus hearted to blossom beauteous and tender..
O'what a human spoiling all Thy luster
In lore of his transient fluster

I do not understand O' Mahalakshmi
Perished Thy treasure of fecundity
In greed and lust of humans' stupidity..
Why don't Thee reveal Thy cherishable reality

Thy surpassing glory, pristine and wholly sheen
I wonder and wonder o' Lotus-Queen
Unlike the sun, moon others of celestial screen
Mendaciously, untruthfully dark in next scene

Mother why don't Thee unveil
All the filth of human to fail
And why don't Thee Thyself unveil
Outpouring Thy compassion, mercy all in one fill

On the couch of Adisesha's pious ilk
Reclining Thy Lord attired of silk
Well known, from the ocean of milk
Simply brought Thee out by a trick

And well known Thy abundant luminance
Shoved away erstwhile cosmic darkness
And Bhudevi and Sridevi are inly sisters
Earth and her wealth all in thou Mistress

And Thy poise o' Mahalakshmi
Salvaging a life muddy, murky
To a blooming blossom sunny
From that of your ocean-rooted lotus shiny..

O' what the humans, improper and misconstruing
Misdealt a benign divine Lording
I do not understand o'Mother charming
Humans or demons Thee bestowing
Devi Meenakshi

Triumphant empress of cosmic ocean
Descended aglow, green and resplendent
Fiery abode of supplicatory division
Ascended a tri-breasted cherub cute

Madurai king Malayadwaja's request
Meenakshi to him a divine asset
Charming was She like the silver moon full
Heroic was She in war-field as well

Lassie lotus golden and cornonated
Wedded to Her Lord of space matted
Transmuted Her triplex to duplex
Thence a legend She at Madurai-complex

Heroine of earth macrocosm moulded itself
Shakti is Meenakshi all by herself
Divine Mother exemplified woman illustrious
Goddess is goddess Meenakshi of benevolence

She is there of an emerald single
Her gleaming lustre, radiance indelible
Beauteous eyes, arched brows in elegance
Chin and cheek in well defined endurance

She is there of esteemed puissance
Magnificent bestower of boons and prudence
Idealistic if idol of engrossing effulgence
Bewitching then won't She be in real appearance

Clemency of Her poise, mercy flows
Gracious Her eyes fishing out our woes

Indira Renganathan
Devi Saraswathi

Hidden nucleus of universal logos
Hidden spark of cosmic muteness
On earth in white descends
Impelling sapient intelligence

Ravishing godliness is pacific
Peaceable goddess is terrific
Prudent Saraswathi is dynamic
All-knower Herself is nectar cosmic

Unto the abode of Saraswathi
The essence of primordial Aditi
Prevalence of erudite cognitivity
We in perception in great anxiety

Souls blest of the Goddess we are
In the pools of omniscient star
Creation sans knowledge is on bar
Also Brahma sans Brahmi is on bar afar

Bijagarba the womb of speech
Herself Saraswathi out to preach
Bharati of eloquence none to match
All the gods for Saraswathi to in leach

Purity of truth seated on white lotus
Ruiner of vanity the swan-Goddess
Mind and intellect on her veena harmonious
Avarice away by Her blessings..

Cerebrating the mind, its abyss
Not to dismay and regress
Implore by the primal access
For Her mercy unto the wisdom-Goddess

Indira Renganathan
Devi Sharada

Close of iridic gates
Opens the hood of darkness
To rest in esteemed effulgence
Of radiant Rishyasringa's austere piousness..

Grace of Devi to heal
My nescience to feel
Saint Sankara's profound zeal
Captures an event to reveal
Mercy of enmity nature to deal
A frog, a cobra in friendship so genteel..

Needless elsewhere but at Sringa-Giri
Beauteous Sharada to vest in lustrous Devi
Wholly golden in sandalwood jamboree
Aromatic cadence of Gayatri, Savitri, Saraswathi
Dwelling in Her codex of cognizant extremity
Soused in Her nectar Her rosary
Accounts Her parrot in vedic ecstasy
Posited on SriChakra majestic is benefic Sharada Devi..
Surrender o' my soul in fearless heart of loyalty
Salvaged in Her solace of tranquility
Resting in Her harp of perpetual harmonious religiosity
Surrender o' my soul, surrender..it be your priority

Indira Renganathan
Devi Visalakshi

Creator be a god, destroyer be a god
Resurrected be the Goddess
Myth be Dhakshayani
Divine destiny whom woven around

Her immolated self in a conflicted filial pyre..
Her bereaved consort, the cosmic dancer
Agonised, destructive while danced with
Peace wielded the discus Krishna's

Slain and strewn Dhakshayani's corpse
Fifty one chops, sites, powers be Dhakshayani’s
This Bharat to be sown in
Shakti Peethas to be sworn in

Resurrection renamed is Visalakshi
Transmitting love Her large eyes afresh
Circumventing rivers Varana and Asi
Spouse Bhairava, no way to flare out again
He but to love beauteous Visalakshi
We to expiate our sins in godly mercy

Indira Renganathan
Devis Causative

A rural providence even
They descend to arouse..
Sans incantations
Urban celestials from above
On din-dinning festivities
Villupattu, Karagam, Koothu, Melam sonorous
A sight holistic smeared of yellow and red
The trident, behold! godly and fierce
Awaiting holy goat for holy feasting..

Bestowment to get rid of evils, enemies
Peichi Amman, Pidari Amman fearfully watchful
Befriending Maasani amman ridding us of ghosts
Neeli, Kaari, Kanni, Pachai pure and chaste
Victimizing betrayal vengeful
Esakki Amman, Sandhaanamari Amman motherly
Blissful blessing with babes
Guarding Theepaachi Amman from misery fiery
Protecting Kaali from cholera, Maari from measles
Kannamman, KolavizhiAmman gracing pristine vision
Mooki curing nasal illness mightily solacing
Protecting Puttalathi, Mutharamman the children
Special Amman Araikaasu specially to restore lost things
Ulavamman, PerachiAmman ruling rural cosmos
Heaven, hell vanishing in 'urrrrrm'-ing Urumi
Ellaiamman enamouring border-Vigil
Ankaalathamman and all dwelling on tranquil treat

Indira Renganathan
Dharma

Duty-bound is manifold
To self not alone
But familial, social, national too
In dissolution greed, jealousy, wrath
Earn the self-promoted to provide
Food, clothe, shelter to self not alone
But to family, society, nation too
Delineating Dharma...

Emphatic, a doctrine of virtues
Assertive a chassis of embodied service
Selfless yet selfish for peace
Reminiscing the bygone
An exemplified Ram-Rajya

Emphatic, Dharma be

Indira Renganathan
Dharshan At Tirumala

To Tirumala welcomes you the winged Daemon
You then swirl along to Venkatadhri’s haven
The roadway is pristine like the providence
Loaded is your heart with serene confidence
Grip you the hoods majestic seven
Whence Adisesha peaking at the seventh heaven

Queuing up the upland sinuous
Complex Vaikunta withers your sins strenuous
Pushes are perpetual for the falling sins ingenuous
And the Lord through shut-vision leers continuous
Wipes His logo your inly vision vivacious
'Jarugandi, jarugandi' chucks but His division cautious

Fallen eyes on over-fallen feet quest
Several times to vision and attempt
You perhaps guess you're more corrupt
For ungetting the Dharshan correct
Perhaps, I guess, Lord's Krishna of war yet
Over a queuing jostle the most

Indira Renganathan
Dictionary

A director
Dictating a synonymized link
Of a social body of words
Cast-free, colour-free
Loam-free..a dictum knowledgeable
A diction of erudite completion meaningful
'Growing' to 'grown' a sought Samaritan
All knowing eye-opener ultra teacher'Dictionary'

Indira Renganathan
Difficulty Of Reality

And
Difficulty is labour-pain
Out of the lustful stains
To deliver a babe

Difficult even more
The difficulty of the babe
Surrendered or abandoned

And
Much more difficult
The difficulty of the fosterer
Be a true revealer to the babe

Difficult the most
Living an untrue life
With untrue peace
The fostered babe

Indira Renganathan
Disappointment

She wore a multicoloured attire
Cat walked ramping in the open air
The rainbow happened to see red
Yet jealously felt of those colours weird
Owning just seven, "how came possible this;"
It answered, "mix-match your colours"
May be a crore and more you get;"
As it tried to stretch and jumble its colours
Sun came too ed all colours faded out
Letdown rainbow vouchsafed "no more of this;"

Indira Renganathan
Distant Melody

Fatigued mind lays the body reclined
Stretched further the paining legs
Fluttering heart lulled in closed eyes
Evening albedos splashing leafy on face

Gentle breeze airing a temple melody
Bliss of heaven blessing the soul gentle
Band of seven bores harmonising the mood
A Nagaswaram-music nominating the Almighty

Who can be against such tranquil pleasance
Caressed when weary the body, mind and soul
An ebon instrument mouthing heavenly utterances
Reed to bell out to solemnise from afar

I'm appeased and I'm invisible..
Behind those dulcet frequencies gone
My mind, my heart, my soul in rapture farther
A godly touch consoling me from my woes

This garden, this chair and my body
Be null until self mine resumes
To notes of Nagaswaram dancing my soul
Cadent my mind in accordance to Thavil

Indira Renganathan
Ditching Commodity

Once a legacy
Pricelessly prised
Idli, Dosai, Vadai
In the pit of fall

Price-hiked 'Urad'
Consumed cost- rise
Gourmet in the pit of grave
Size reduced and weak
Idli, dosai, vadai
Off almost homes
Unfrequented middle-class
Poor went foregone
'Uradh' unreachably rich

Struggle, quarrel, rebel
'Uradh' soaked in tears
Friendly Rice consoled Uradh
Idli, Dosai, Vadai
Somewhat, somehow
Back home
On tip-toe top

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades 1

1
As early from bed I rise
So early the electricity dies
Accustomed hands paint blind shades
Then a lit candle lights the house
Unwilling to break a tradition
I go on the kolam expedition
Custom unlocks the portico
With water and quartz I go
Dawn is Mahalakshmi’s time prime
So dark, also stealer's time crime
I'm warned to be back inside
My hubby is in fear's stride
I let him keep shouting
Safe then is my feeling
I finish haphazardly
Cursing the power-failure highly

2
When she was wide and deep in bulk
She came oceanic in force
We had overflowing sumps
All houses all time
Old by age
Slow sometimes
Slower sometimes
The slowest this day
Making me wait ear-sharpened
For her falling utterance...
Not even incontinent this tap
Hissing for a wink and then dead
Thamiraparani is weak and wormy
Meeting us on fourth or fifth day weekly
Worming through the pipeline
And we, the patient waiters

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades- 14

Fresh like the first ray
Freshened like the tickled lotus
She's in her school
Beguiled to feel joyfully secured
In the boat of same sailing kids..
They say freedom within limits..
My daughter says
'To learn to be obedient
To do all by themselves
To keep the shoes first thing in the stand'...
Back home
Happy birth day she sings
To everybody and Dhanam(maid)
Humming do..le...li...lo...le...
Hurling one shoe off there
Another one out through the window
Fifteen months old
My grand-daughter took me later
For a seminar class
To learn how to raise a baby

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades 2

1
She's a lady of transition
Four houses, yes or no her own decision
Her absence brings in a chaos
Her presence makes a fracas..
Who else? my maid the great
Quality, punctuality remarkably ten percent
Washing the vessels useless
Sweeping and mopping hopeless
I cannot still reject her totally
Known devil is ever better truly
Carrying the election-gifts
Easily away from her works she drifts
Madam of possible politics
Possibly be the Mayor in sooner times

2
Milk-man! a seller of no quality
And a man of no punctuality
And hence today's milk I reserve
For tomorrows coffee to serve
Sometimes a messy haywire..
Milk curdled, awaiting the milkman in dire
For the fresh milk waiting and waiting..
So what, that man has no timing
's been totally annoying
I grumble about the government..
Treating the disloyal, imperfect with a betterment
As I grouch about the bitter
So do the people around here
As the milkman is a sample bitter
So are many more like variety- vendor
Scavenger and street sweeper
Improper creatures!

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades 3

Kitchen mine cited varieties
Recipes, utensils, strange personalities
And Pathamadai Parvathi..
Matted her tresses to a lulling shine
Out with her freckles and pimples
Powdering talcum on a tantrum
Eye lining into the mirror
At a whir of every possible minute
In my absence..
Cooked my anger; ate my temper

Old Parvathi paatti next
Chithi patti for everybody
Of tonsured wedlock in yester pathos
A needy helper
To cook off my in- laws' diabetes
Cooked, ate, drank
Cooked, ate, drank
Often and nasty
Hardship towed me
Timely bruised by my paralysed m'-in-law too
Fortune eloped with chithi patti
Misfortune betrothed me
Hell of two months..
Parvthi paatti back
For a pay through her nose

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades 4

The thief was the chieftain that night
Stole from five houses erst in full flight
Last was ours at late night
Must've been there enough sound definite
As the windows were cut open straight
And weapons, palm-logs caught later our sight
Stupid me, unusually slept without a shake slight
However usual time set me ready for a plight
Monition woke up to wake up my daughter's exam fright
By then back door slammed me down at a dark height
Alarmed tongue drove the legs to fall and fear and excite
'Thief, thief' screamed my mind ready to fight
Nudged my husband with all my might
Stirred up hubby locked out of his sleep freight
Just to let the chieftain out of sight
Wide- open back door, broken windows stood quite
However remarkable was that night
For dacoity hacked many houses of our site
And trust, cop could bravely trace them out right

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades 5

And
Theft has many styles
It leaps in the dark of dawn
Leaping over the fence for flowers
Tweaking with a handy hook-stick
Sometimes standing on a bicycle-seat too
Unhesitating house to house on a daily routine
And
On a query caught at times
Surrendered is God for flowers
I release God from my heart to grant verdict
For discovery of truth in yester times
Even bhakta Ramdas was jailed
Why not today?

God is away while investigating
Goddess, busy declaring a sample deluge..
Quakes, volcanoes, cyclone tsunami, floods;
And massacre of wars, dacoity, booty, loot,
Scandal, corruption, rape e.t.c, e.t.c
From in laws to inland and international laws, loss
Printed black illustriously
Horrified paper-boy hurls the newspaper
A country wherein knowledge, so paper, books are 'Saraswathi'..
I pick up and plead 'why can't a good goddess be'?
And these days..
A divine floret (Bhakti Malar)supplements so the news-paper

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades 6

White clouds above green trees
Holding the singing birds
To drum when the Lord wishes
Change to dark to pour
To the dispute of the souls on the trees
Whence the left-by birds cry to sing again

Humans are different
Any way
To talk about a person
His taste for veggies
And the recipes his way of cooking
Then the same taste of his sister
Differing from her mother-in-law very much
Changed later forcibly to her mother-in-law's taste
To impose now her indispensable change
On the beloved and the related
Who are already intolerably on thunder pour
For the concerned person in the ice-box

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades 7

Sumangali Prarthanai:

An occasion auspicious with elysian reverence
Grand-ma descended from her heavenly residence
Decades two ago was grand-ma's demise
Wished by her folks here to arise
She came now on to her life-place
Soulfully visited down to grace

Seated comfortably her photo on smiles
Lit lamps glittered on both sides
Incense smoking fragrantly into her nose
Big bindi made her majestic to pose
Garlanded with jasmine and rose
Newly dressed grand-ma there arose

Sumangalis dead to be commemorated
Sumangalis alive were feasted
Grand gastronomy for those sumangalis
With gifts of turmeric, kumkum, and flowers
Me seated there, already in shivers..
Quick as lightning after some minutes
Zap! grand-ma transited elsewhere to possess
Lady next to me fell on jigging tosses
In an abysm of fear I screamed ammaaaaa......

Note: Sumangalis are married indian a sumangali dies before her husband dies
She is then considered to be godly and is worshipped by special offering of a feast
given to the still alive sumangalis

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades 8

Kitchen Soliloquy

What a hell, life is a failure
You only know my dear platter
How much, how much I suffer
Like these mustards when they splutter
In hot oil browned dark to darker;
And my dear pressure cooker
Don't you know how much anger
Aberrated folks throw on me? This cutter
My enemy very often cuts my finger
Hell, heart is broken. I'm in danger
Stupid spilt oil, I'm skidded with rigour
Down on this dirty floor.
Slippery life with full of fear
Can't get up from under
This kitchen-ware
Slammed, slipped for ever..ever

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades-11

Wishing My Daughter

Happy birth days ahead many more dear
This moment happier as you're
Drown just in the stream of a memoir
Feel the blossom in an augural reservoir
Reminisce the touches and kisses and care
To the foetal growth of an immature
From the soul of a venter...

You the mother, you the protector
Pampering the inside foetus much with care
Your child born to cherish a loving mother
And years stretch longer and longer
The chit to grow youthful stronger
May the years row to prosper
You to become a happy grand-mother

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades-12

Wishing My Grand-Daughter

Appears like risen from your lotus-nascence
Aurora's auspice
Bearing a clement presence
Sprawling incessant effulgence
Traversing by a sunny cycle along the days
With ardent love for Mother Earth

Appears like risen from your lotus-nascence
Sacred Shiva's cherubic Bala
Grown into a damsel of Tripura
To vanquish Bandasura beateous Lalitha
In valorous eloquence to conjoin Shiva
Meenakshi leering fledging love-arrows

Appears like risen from your lotus-nascence
Verdant Lakshmi pining for Vishnu
Firm in the lord's heart be seated to accrue
Sought His espousal reflects you
O' grand-daughter your divine puissant power
How I wonder sans any difference

O'eur
Of your persona verdure
A scholar, benefactor I discover
And I wish you be so for ever
With all the mercy of the Supreme-Power
Wish you life through to cherish and prosper

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades-13

Wishing my daughter

Darling
Alike the dawn of Aurora
Australis, borealis be it any
From the empyrean womb
Pink and orange and calm and composed
To illume the sphere
Daughters few
So you are

Darling
Alike the meridian Sun
Fair and dazzling
Energy vitalized
Prosperous, successful, splendid
Exemplarily specified
Daughters few
So you are

Darling
Alike the sunshine
Gone to light the other east
Caring and concerned
Promising venturing steepled
Boosted with propitious cycling victory
Daughters few
So you are

Darling
Alike Mother Earth
With intransient patience
Traversing orbed of obstacles
Tolerant of turmoils
Bound leashed by chores alone
Daughters few
So you are

Darling
eur my grand-daughter
Harmoniously with sparkling winkle
Droning when with her infantile terseness
'Mom is a star', 'you too some day'
I agree with her and I say
May godly blessings be conferred on you..Mom

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades-15

Old age wishes to mellow godly
So our servant-cum-sentry god sent
We utter Ramkrishna, Ramkrishna...
As slow as God's yes
Through the solar, lunar years his yes
Adamant illiteracy overwhelming..
To read, write even to remember a phone call
Heedless even to remember the visitors..
Challenged my husband for a Kaalidasa
With a 'slate'Ramkrishna to a teacher
'Ah', 'aah'alphabets in three days be learnt
Poor my hubby but forgot thirty days 'Bhaasha'
Off thirty days detained herself the teacher
A good soul but my hubby opines
I can not but disclose RK's shopping menace
A good 'watch man'but my hubby says
I can not but disclose RK's dining-table menace
In our absence polished with coconut oil
Yet true
The village deity VeeraKaruppan
Watchful on our house in our absence
RK is god-sent, godly honest

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades

For angst theirs against
Infants and babies shut in classes
Montessori 'holidays' means a lot
That grand-mas are the happiest
Running behind grand children
Bleating to grand-son 'yes sir, yes sir'
Towed by grand-daughter like 'little lamb'
Boasting to daughters
Their baby care olden days..

Kept running behind me
My grand-daughter
My daughter behind her
A cypher-contest finally
Caught defeated for bath
But bath-towel crying elsewhere
Escaped to rescue, my daughter
Little wee locked in momentarily
Battled on a chaos further red mouthed
Poking 'Grandeur''s tongue
Prostrating to my back 'toothsome'...
And...
Now, I am not for Montessori Holidays

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades-17

Wishing My Grand-son

I let my heart open
To let all my wishes soar..

Golden flowers in showers
At the behest of the Sun
Merrily sporting in the breeze
Further to Heaven zoom
Begetting blessing sprinkles all
In showers then to pour
My dear Grand-son,
On every pace of yours
Heightening you to the steeple
People to applaud thronging
As you play
On harp of your heart
Your mind your bow
A soulful life harmonious
A signature-tune your life..
Bowing to this Granny's singing
Ever on as ever
'Happy Birth Day To You....'
For ever long dear Grand-son

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades-18

Snake

It came and went
And came and gazed
For hours
Unmoved I too gazed
And I too feared
And over the roof it vanished sinuously

Night

Twirls of hisses
Frightened and frightened
Choked throat searched for the water-jug
Alas!
Screeeeameed!
Not me but hubby
Next day
Spectacled reptile
Bid us immortal fare-well
In sweet sorrow
Intestines writhe in guilty heart
This minute even long after

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades-19

A sojourn gives such-much experiences
First lesson from the little wee's prattles
Beating-biting grand-daughter teaches
'Don't go near ants, you'll get bites

A conflict between Dhanam and daughter
A mass of compression in my breath
Mounded vessels, cluttered floor, bundled clothes..
Seemingly welcome this new maid

A visit to the nearby temple
A contrast feeling on native, city purohits
Of cost and service city wins
To feel in heart good about city God

An outing with home for home
Shopping around huge malls, large sales
Nearing Diwali firing crackers
No to diabetic dieting

A big bag of Nellai-Halwa with 1/2 Kg packs
Uncles and aunts each sweetened
Sweetened in return doused in hot, cold beverages
Cheerful cold and coughs and hawks tearful

A sudden visit to Cancer Institute
On a sudden shocking report
Caring cousin gheraoed by carcinogens
Such-much experiences a sojourn gives

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades-20

I can't be without writing
Yet I can't....for

I sang 'Jack and Jill'
To fall like 'Humpty Dumpty'

Then I sang 'Baa baa black sheep'
To ask 'Johnny Johnny eating sugar? '  

Then I sang'Rain rain go away'
To smile and say 'Roses are red'

Then I sang 'cobler, cobler mend my shoe'
To count 'One, two buckle my shoe'

Then I sang 'Hot cross buns, hot cross buns'
To answer 'Little Tommy Tucker...for supper'

Then I sang 'Pussy, pussy cat where had you been'
To 'Ding dong the pussy in the well'

Then I sang 'Chubby cheeks, dimple chin'
To lull 'Twinkle, twinkle little star'

Then I sang 'Teddy bear turn around'
To look around for my daughter

Then I sang 'my heart is crying'
I want to sit with my writing

Then before I sang...whistled
Whistled and whistled the pressure cooker

Then I looked around for my daughter
To put out the pressure cooker

Then before I yelled out for daughter
Sing, sing said my grand-daughter
Then I sang 'Cooker ghost is crying
Cooker ghost is crying, come and put out
Cooker ghost is crying, cooker ghost is crying
Come and put out

I can't be without writing
Yet I can't...for
Cooker ghost is crying, cooker ghost is crying

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades-21

Old House, Mango Trees, Carpenter Ants

What an odd life in an old house
With dimmed white-wash for years
All of hopeful ashes and holy fires,
By cracky, to end with blessed bows

But seemed not enough and healthy..
With its falling mortar scaly patchy
House was bending to touch me touchy
I was all in screams and unhealthy

Mango flowering too wasn't smelling
Though season was ready up for blooming
Three mango trees huge and hefty booming
Then in slow rest enough of dwelling

Some recommended more 'pooja' and 'homam'
For I was in grip of Saturn's momentum
Oh Shani, won't you rest me in peace's stratum'
'All till delicacies, accept from this home-mom'

So I pondered on as to what to do
House repairing earlier to go through
Garden repairing too through and through
So we all sat and discussed as to what to do

Then suddenly one reason found so radical
When I was stung by a black demon whimsical
And I shouted 'chee Shaniane' very allegorical
That my hubby mocked'ho worship is paradoxical'

Anyway, on hunting they swarmed from everywhere
Infesting to dig tunnels all there and there
Pinchable head and waist..they foraged, how dare
Ultimate battling, I picked up one and said 'beware'

That invasion on carpenter ants, hard too much
House maintenance is ever difficult very much
But never say 'move on to a flat' that much
Jailed, will the oldies relish so much?

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades-22

The Forsaken Maid

Narsamma was my first maid
New place new language then newly married
Narsamma was dominant like a mother-in-law

Atrocious Anjamma never turned in duly
'No one opened the door' said she cleverly
The door would be wide open the next day

'Chitfund' Palani had no proper timing
With too many children mostly for herding
How much I was patient with her stink

Another Palani came in only to steal money
I could only shout at husband honey
Because I never keep wallet unsafe

Helpless somehow I brought in an aged lady
'Slow motion Sulochana' in comedy
How I patronised her in sympathy

Dare devil Avudai was horrible
Her threat to bring in her husband, terrible
I was angry with her improper washing

Maari, the latest, nine more were short timed
Often helpless, am I not a forsaken maid?

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades-23

In The Crowd

Once on a day of Aadi- discount sale
My daughters took me out for a purchase
Whereat I was moved and moved and lost
Amid the lunacy of the mob thronging over..
Like a lost child lost
Tearfully eyeing for my daughters..

Bonanza booed threatening to find my refuge
Outside the shop whence finally
Picked me up my peevish daughters
Pointing at me that I was mindless
Like my forsaken maid
They proposed thence ever to exclude petite little me

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades-24

A Holiday Special

They all came on a holiday spree
We all together went on a city round up

They were all enjoying talking
Then were all set for a homam-pooja

Children were all playing on the staircase
Up and down were all for sudden clashes

All cries rose as all the smoke rose
All tears shut up all the flickering eyes

All steadied then to vent to the power-cut
All of a sudden the inverter alarmed all

All the blunder was a young one's ennui-drive
All the curious that she'd turned on my pc

All the bestest frowning was my husband
All the bestest he groped through the smoke

All ended well when the inverter was put out
All yet an irritable joke but bullied the mood

The Shastri all with his giggling teeth when cracked
'To all a Happy New Year from the inverter'

All the laughing tears flowed in all
Wishing all each other a Happy New Year

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades-25

Her resilience is like a danseuse
Involved with elegant loyalty
And that is the most I admire
In every visit to my daughter's place
Where her maid Dhanam, here I mean
Has inspired by her mopping style
Holding the stick gentle in firm grip
Mopping determined in firm swabbing...

And the sparkling floor charms
Ever to follow Dhanam's style
which when I was trying out
In easy-done mood one day
I felt an angry gaze at my back
Which I knew from whom

And a day later my tiny grand-daughter
When did the same
She too felt at her back an angry gaze
Which she too knew from whom
And still a day later
Dhanam when began with her style
The mop-stick on its turn stared
At Dhanam's fiery grumblings
Over its non-co-operation
And she too felt behind an angry gaze
Which all knew was my daughter's
Meaningful in unuttered words
Thrown on me pointed..'All because of you'

Indira Renganathan
Domestic Shades-26

On The Birth Of My Grand-Niece

Ahoy! All come here, all come here
Behold, my little grand-niece dear
Not lotus-like but like goddess
Seated on that godly lotus
She gently posits on our hearts
And we're thrilled, feel blessed, gone all fear

Ahoy! All come here, all come here
Behold, my little grand-niece dear
The lotus goddess of the vast
Cosmic ocean with us at last
Posited on our hearts she lasts
Blest we feel and gone all our fear

Ahoy! All come here, all come here
Behold, my little grand-niece dear
Lotus-Goddess, she chuckles, looks
Deep into our vision, rebukes
Clears, cleans, sanctifies our vile brooks
And we're thrilled, feel blessed, gone all fear

Gone all fear, ahoy, gone all fear
Behold we this sweet little dear
pray, wish, gift best our thoughts heartfelt
Fair and warm she holds our hearts dealt
This sweet little cherub velvet
Florid, fulgent her radiance
Fabulous, firm her redolence
No wonder gives a feel of awe
May her pure divine charisma
Rightly sure be called Sharada
Goddess of knowledge in full cheer
Ahoy! All come here, all come here

Indira Renganathan
A Visit To My Hometown

Beyond my expectation, beyond my anticipation
My hometown that birthed me seventy two years ago
Gave me a surprise nostalgic invitation
Which I never thought I would accept to rightly go

"Paraikottu" was din-dinning in booming welcome
When my feet touched that soil of rituals
All the Ammans while in ecstatic jiggling drum-strum
Celebrations were beaming as temple-festivals

I found so many goddesses in extended numbers
Newly born of so many mythical "avathars"
Rustic people albeit in exotic attires
Remained still rustic with fire-pots to catch fire

Though there was no devotion I could feel
My heart-beats matched their tempo of zeal
But when a group-fight boozed up suddenly
I cautioned my heart to move away quickly

Further a sojourn of pleasurries and pleasance
Visiting primarily to all the temples and friends
Except Goddess Meenakshi who disallowed my presence
All other deities blessed me with multiples of four hands

At the foot of Kodai hills is my hometown
Surrounded by hills and falls beautiful once
But now dusty, noisy, congested to frown
Yet there is this hope of falls and hills dense

Lack of time to visit those sylvan spots
My brother promised for them in my next visit
Yet I doubt my health and life and possibility
But to His newly built abode when I visited
Peace embraced me darted from Shirdi Saibaba
Oh, what a heavenly surprise to cherish for ever! !
Dreaming

Happened!
I swear by the chaste vast firmament
Through which pierces into the depths of azure ocean
Whizzing like an arrow the sanguine sun
The phratic first of Ikshvaku domain
Of which notable king was Lord Rama
To whom drowned gusty in devotion like Hanuman
I was taken to recite my verses
Which when opened got drowned
Into the unfathomable mercy of Lord Rama's effulgence
Which made His whole court tolerant
That ever so makes me pursue my dreaming..

Indira Renganathan
Duality

He is good on one hand
And bad on the other

She is shedding tears

Hiding behind the clouds
Sun is lurking in sneaky vision

Clouds ready to weep aloud
Already with a shower of drizzles

Once clouds vanish dissolved in pain
Sun will be back again
To squeeze out the tears out of them more

Wiping her tears
She tries to be normal
Her tears have however
Have a second round

He is bad on the other hand

Indira Renganathan
Dusk

Soul quiets the heart weary
Out of its rebel to repose
'Rest to restore
Relight to re-vision'

Indira Renganathan
Dyeing To Rejuvenate

How much she sates is
Unquestionable and blissful

Silver moon is young
Juvenile in full shape

Premature grey
is changed to new blondes

What happened
Moon is red this day?

Indira Renganathan
Earth

This bit of Earth that we live upon
A bit of the above sun-borne
Whence lightning thunders explode and warn
The fall of rains to flow in floods to scorn
Then in silence green and amber to flourish upon..

This bit of Earth that we live upon
Of all religions and rituals homes've where grown
Upon whose hope peace is in sown
On which flora is to thick blossom prone
Whereto the faunae rush to dwell upon

This bit of Earth that we live upon
Moulded of water and mud alone
Then baked in wind by fire alone
Filled with vales and craters of nature alone
Armageddon on Nether-land where we're still upon

Indira Renganathan
Earth-2

Sinned fate
Half done child His
Drowned dark in light wily
Weakened from bright path to reach Him
Peaceless

Indira Renganathan
Earthanthem

When you rise with father sun
You show us the ray of Hope

Clutching that hope your children
we promise to grow and glow

Oh, our endearing Mother
We promise to gift you peace

Hail to thee oh Mother Earth
Praises to thee oh Mother Earth

Flora, fauna, land and seas
You look so ornate with all

Oh, beautiful Mother Earth
we shall treasure your beauty

We'll live in harmony with
Flora, fauna, land and seas

Hail to thee oh Mother Earth
Praises to thee oh Mother Earth

With your lovely aqua ring
You look pretty and unique

In your abode of cosmos
You stand out as a blue gem

A life-slogan'WE, Our Earth'
We your children shall follow

Hail to thee oh Mother Earth
Praises to thee oh Mother Earth
All people of all nations
We shall bridge brotherhood strong

Peace is yours oh our Mother
We promise to live in peace

Oh Mother, you're our Goddess
E'er to you the song of peace

Hail to thee oh Mother Earth
Praises to thee oh Mother Earth

We shall sing the song of peace
All the hearts and hands joined

Our dear Earth, our dear Mother
We shall sing the song of peace

Hail to thee oh Mother Earth
Praises to thee oh Mother Earth

Peace to thee oh Mother Earth
Hail to thee oh Mother Peace

Peace to thee oh Mother Earth
Praises to thee oh Mother Earth

Hail to thee oh Mother Earth
Hail to thee oh Mother Peace

Indira Renganathan
Elixir

Starry fishes pierce in silent shimmer
Distant crows caw in freshened flutter
Bhupalam breezes in to roll on
The matted expanse of faceless Brahman

Bauli drones in to cringe
Goddess Usha wakes up in streaky orange
Bilahari empowers the temple gods
Energises Saranga with noon-time consonance

A treat of Madhyamavathi to doze
Yet the routine after noon steadily goes
Day-time stress Vasantha to replace
Evening bliss Malayamarutham to solace

What more for the slumbering starry night
Tranquil lullabies Neelambari to delight
Time theory of ragas thus on goes
Heaven of elixir there, in goes

Indira Renganathan
Enemies

In the puddle of sweat
Stuck up the humid heart
Waiting to be fanned mercy
Hissing in bright day
Sometimes added sissing
Awake at night like in day..
Power of the government fails
Five hours per day

An order out of the way..
otherwise soft
Often becomes hard dark mirrored
Berating my better half slapped him one day
Wonder, he resumed
Slap, slap, slap
Habituated myself no sooner
Just to send to his hospital
communicates well
But lets not out any abc of his heart
Impaired old age difficult to be repaired
Old we versus old
The repairer's laughing..you too?

Indira Renganathan
Ennui (Repost)

They come they go the years
Immixed with woes and cheers
A monotone repeated
And summer is summer
Cold winter is winter
Changeless cycles repeated
My birth, my growth, my death
And what not else on this earth
A monotone repeated

Indira Renganathan
Epiphany

What link could it be
Twixt our hearts and His or Hers
Tear-drops' entreaty
Sorrow helps build steps concealed
Godly feet washed to descend

Indira Renganathan
Ethical Wedding

Bricked up assembly of merriment
Over an augural knotting
Of two souls for connubial oneness
Amid flaming hopes
Inflated with clarified vedic utterances..

Blessed grains of wishes
On a drummingacclamation
Gifting with laudation.
Reciprocal of zesty gourmandizing-traditionality
In clover off with a gifted adieu

Indira Renganathan
Every Day Is Summer Ashed

Every day is summer ashed
Poetry yet sprouts bashed
At night tears when water
Every day is summer ashed

Summer but a cycle to pause
Heart to spring tear-watered
Every day is summer ashed
Poetry yet sprouts bashed

Indira Renganathan
Expanse

Is this all my life around?
Little at home, little around
Little over hills
Little over vales and falls
Little along few shores
Little meeting some and some
Speckled scatterings..not wholesome
Outside life in my heart shrunken
Is this all my life around?

And me not satisfied
Peering thoughts
Circling circling and wafting
Everywhere around up a big zoom
Zooming, zooming expanding
In expanse with the expanse..
A search, an inference, a reasoning
A deduction, a confusion..
And me not satisfied

Where is the knot
I'm tied up with..?
Weak search engine the mind
Unsuccessful, unsatisfied
Answer-less apprehension
'In polite acceptance'tell myself
'Go on slavish..Himself is this Expanse
Wakeful go on, on, on on
He is the knot
I'm tied up with....'

Indira Renganathan
Faith

Faith's no legs
So can not walk
Nor has any wings
So can not fly
Immature and tiny

Incubate in heart
Safe-guard to safe-guard
Rooted deep in allegiance
To break open light

In vision, listen, speech
In every disability
Of even on infernal-couch
For faith's now grown with wings
'Hope and confidence'

Indira Renganathan
Faith Has Two Eager Facets

1 Faith has two eager facets
Godly, worldly, visions vary
On the Truth of life how
Faith has two eager facets

Pray and seek to surrender
Prey and seek to share
Faith has two eager facets
Godly, worldly, visions vary

2 Faith has two eager facets
On the Truth of life how
Godly, worldly, visions vary
Faith has two eager facets

God in world, world in God
Be it any, only seek to save
Just the Truth of life how
Faith has two eager facets

Indira Renganathan
Fame

Sometimes this sometimes that
Soaring is Fame in chariots
Sublimity and Notoriety
With wings to caress and sting

Brilliance, eminence-fineness
Rectitude, rank-fineness
Sublimity everlasting, caressing
Glory, grandeur, repute

Fraudulent, scandal-fineness
Deceit, dishonest-fineness..
Notoriety stinging, everlasting
Discredit, shame, oblivion

Few the first way
Few the other way
For so many no hay-day
For reasons many Fame 's far away

Indira Renganathan
Fasting

Lord of saturn came
In the guise of a spy crow
With a bit of meat

Why he should come on
The day of my fasting keen
Saturday I mean

Repulsive my feel
Mulls over His chaste blessing
Weak hearted veggie

Indira Renganathan
Fate And Time-1

Imagine an obscure somebody running
Running and running alone...
'Who? ', if you can't guess, struggling
To find his road or path too- then
Be sure it's Time

Time has serpentine legs
Coiled and coiled in many whorls
His feet and head never we find
How tricky he boards the whole creation
A swirling snare we're caught in...he's a demon

Imagine an obscure somebody scribbling
Scribbling and scribbling alone
'Who? ', if you can't guess, struggling
To find his pen or stylus too- then
Be sure it's Fate

Fate is totally invisible..a cunning paranoid
His hysterical thoughts decide our lives
Pleasure or pain, his play, no use being annoyed
His tight clasp has in flocks the whole creation
Berserk the earth goes..Fate is a demon

Indira Renganathan
Fate And Time-2

Fate and Time are bad brothers
Bothering each other, botherers
Fate knows not when its bad Time is
Time knows not when it'll be fatal

They both clasp and coil along
They both hit and beat along
And lo, our life in their grip
They but join too good to snare us

Indira Renganathan
Feeble Friendship (On Website Interaction)

Unseen, unmet, yet
We’re friends
And
Friendship trendy this
Friendly dew like
As
Remain, retain some
Only short time
And
Remain retain short
Some sites also

Indira Renganathan
Feet

My heart punched my mind
No more watching it then said
It all happened just when I noticed
When a train journey me carried

A man of darkness shaking his toes
Swaying his legs with dirty soles
Meant to me it a lot
A man of conceited sort

Then to myself I interrogated
Stupid custom, Why ever prostrating dirty feet
Seems kicking, chucking on bad treat
Dirty folks never to be trusted

And who is not dirty?
Are humans perfect and pretty?
Suddenly sparkled on sparking feat
The temple idol, Its unshaken feet
Oily, grimy to kick the greedy and dirty..
'Hey stop
And prostrate' my heart punched me

Indira Renganathan
Festival Deepavali

Aurora risen significant
Out of a demon's eternal sleep
Embedded in a gory sanguinary
Effused a spirit of renaissance
Long ago
Narakaasura slain; Lord Vishnu
Verged on revived merriment
Plunged in sacred Ganges
The people anointed, abluted
Every water Gangetic in new colours
And colourful sparkling mottling the skies
Gorgeously over a feasting spree
A day of recurrent remembrance

Indira Renganathan
Festival Ganesh Chaturti

What though the Lord be beheaded
Handsome more He but resurrected
What though the killer be Siva or Sani
In arena of ganas He but more a honey

Risen in every home and town
Trunked of netted tenets renown
Schismatic what though so many
Oceanic His deeds against those villainy

Born of mystical legends strange
What though hued Him many we change
Unchanged He but bulged of cosmic acumen
So and now needy Lord, Ganesh for human

Happy Birth Day to Ganesh
Jollification high on ritual bash
He but the first Lord of gyring wisdom
So and now out His deco of decorum
He but the first bestower for the earthlings
So and now He be dumped of dumplings
He but the first hurdler of our indelicacies
So and now He be glutted on delicacies
He but the first celestial visitant
So and now hold Him tight and allegiant
What though He be in us soulful immersion

Indira Renganathan
Festival Gokulashtami

Of spate in raining torrents
When in noisy beating swells
Wasn't Yamuna aware but bewared
Softened timelya celestial dab-touch
Krishna gave from Vasudev's escort

But erstwhile happenings, knew well
Knowing future events the Milky ocean..
Hooded Adisesha over the little Lord
Cautioned, from the downpour to protect..
Gokul-Guard grown to a Global-Guard

Wonderment is wondrous Gopal
Celestial child to supreme God of all
Midnight tune of nemesis to evil
Kamsa to Kauravas, mastermind of a destroyer
Yet not stressful but blissful a Bansury player

Amazement is Krishna, all-time-attracter
Amazing His deeds all a divine blockbuster
Amazing Rohini(aldebaran)-born toddler
Amazingly when killed Kaaliya with valour
Amazeful all through ashtami-born victor

so such, o'my heart wishes for His presence
So to bathe in Krishna's mercifulness
So to absolve of torturing sins
So to cheer like Gopas and Gopikas
So pray o'my heart for His reborn nascence

And don't laze..be abuzz with cheers
And fetch in for Him fragrant flowers
And do with sweetness the delicacies
And decorate with rangoli and festoons
And light the lamp and incense with prayers

Then fasting crying in soul's calling
Then longing soulful for His blessing
Then stringing basil singing praising
Then clapping, dancing for His heart's listening
Then await His coming to your imploring

Indira Renganathan
Festival Karthikai

Lamps at the door steps speak
'Behold, the Lord's born of sparklings
We're lit with enlightened spark
Sextet babes to Pleiades, the six celestial maids
Embraced to make one charming and unique
To dwell on hills and hillocks

Karthikeyan, He vanquishes the demons
Father Shiva whilst refuges the crescent
His love for Rohini spurning other twenty wives
Moon hurts Dhakshan himself cursed to get hurt
Waning-fear unto the Lord's feet surrenders
Rescued moon on Shiva's locks shimmers

Brahma and Vishnu then on a conflict
Who the great their fight much irksome
Unto the Lord's feet they resort
Huge unending fire-mast grows Shiva awesome
Declared winner, whoever finds Shiva's head and feet
Swan-Brahma, boar-Vishnu however on defeat mirksome

In conjunction moon and pleiades glittering
Whilst Shiva sets out for another venture
Demon of Tripura on trouble-making
Intolerable that Shiva to show His gesture
Just a swish, slash.. on ground lying
Crumbled Tripura and the demon.. Shiva's adventure'

Thus speak the lamps and speak on
'Aglow, ardent we're streetful
Of mud and brass and silver, functional combination
Awaiting a fire aghast baleful
Bale of palm temple-Lord to burn
Symbolised element is then fire truthful
Rice and jaggery and fruits then the oblation
Testimony, Moon and Krithika in the month Karthikai zestful'

Note: Pleiades-A conspicuous cluster of stars in the constellation Taurus that includes six stars in the form of a very small dipper
Indira Renganathan
Festival Navarathri

Durga, Lakshmi, Saraswathi
Decked up glittering with prayers

Dining
On the top of nine steps
With their friendly celestial beings down
Respectively

Accompanying a band of humans
And super-humans, flora and fauna

Environmentally resourceful
Of hill, river, park, play-ground
Amazingly even a city
Neat like the old of new excavation

At a concert of wedding music
Braided long with Jasmine
Draped with silk skirt and saree
Bejewelled

Over a feast of 'Sundal' varieties
Blessing by turn of three days each
In nine days

Partying on the tenth, the 'weapon-day'
Over the victorious demon-slaughter
Goddess Mahishasuramartini ventured

Note: Navaratri has been a historic tradition within Tamil Nadu, with Lakshmi, Saraswati and Durga goddesses the focus. Like the rest of India, the festival has been an occasion for performance arts, particularly Hindu temple dances such as Bharatanatyam and Mohiniyattam.

Another notable Tamil tradition is a celebration of the festival with Golu dolls. These include gods, goddesses, animals, birds and rural life all in a miniature design. People set up
their own creative themes in their homes, called Kolu, friends and families invite each other to visit their homes to view Kolu displays, then exchange gifts and sweets.

In temples of Tamil Nadu, Navaratri is celebrated for Devi’s dwelling in each temple. The temples are decorated, ceremonial lamps are lit, and Vedic chantings are performed.

Sundal is a snack made of pulses

Indira Renganathan
Festival Thai Pongal

Autumnal equinox is loud
Devas are asleep sound
Wintry inclemency is around
Reaching a solstice high abound

This and that sometimes and sometimes
Hide and seek of sun's gimmicks
A phase of rain and cold in sweeps
To sow and reap rice gold in heaps

Holy Margazhi awakes
In black and grey nips bathes
Sanguine blot in rising mirth
On the forehead of mother earth

Margazhi sings her morning melody
Thereon stringing in harmony
Thiruppavai Thiruvempavai and Bhajans
Holy Margazhi auspicious, matins propitious

Margazhi grown pregnant
Thai born resplendent
From their sleep Devas are out
Festive exultation bursts out

'Pongalo Pongal' for three days
Thanking for the rains and crops
In hands with flora and fauna lots
Indra, Varuna, Surya and else gods

'Bhogi kottu' is to ring out
'Pongal pandikai' is to anew set out
Kaanum Pongal, is 'Jalli Kattu'
Sharpened horns coining bulls are out

Bunchy turmeric, ginger, sugar cane satiable
Decoratively around the pot of Pongal
Cuisine of rice and jaggery glossy winkle
With ghee, cardamom and nuts- sprinkle
Vernal equinox is favourable
Sun is offered the Thai Pongal
A new year greatly grateful
Upheld is festival of Thai Pongal

Indira Renganathan
Thus did the Lord of primordial Heaven
His psyche scratched His own desire to leaven
Then in one uncopounded point all to reason
Into shapes in space by units set in motion

Thus did the Lord with His own expansive desire
His lightning magic to set the space-bits to acquire
To glow and twinkle and thunder and inspire
Man in dark and cold for heat to aspire

Thus did the Lord of Sun blaze
Fountains of flames the forests to embrace
Flashed man's acuity set to a smoky craze
To cook and dwell in heated, lighted grace

Thus spake the Lord of desire
That man shall call it Fire
Desire to dispute shall man be ever in mire..
Such be Fire
And first Ignition Reverberating Endlessly

Indira Renganathan
Fishmonger, Crows And I

Monger-time-morning
Opens the olfaction
While the fishmonger hails..
My breath held
Kendai(Indian goat fish, carp)
Vaalai(ribbon fish)
Vilongu(eel)
Vanjaram Meen(King fish, Seer fish)
Iraal(shrimp)
Nethili Meen(Anchovies, maththi or chaala)
All basked in the opposite house...

In vociferous devotion
Congregate their caws
For the oblation round and round him
The crows
Escapes the monger hurling pieces
Vibrant street feasts
On the electric wire and roof
On tree-tops and compound walls
And
Assusive Tulasi-Maadam
To my kolam and singing so attentive
To the core of my deep praying
Unaware of the outside
Thud...
Tulasi-Maadam unmoved but looking up
Nauseated
My vegetarian prayers but vomit soundly soundful

Indira Renganathan
Fistful

Gulping the morning ozone, mind is rejuvenating
Feeling much juvenile, I start to explore
With my right hand lengthily extending
I'm soaring, my intellect surging over
To carry the whole earth in my fist
Brain and heart conspire to venture
Beyond this ocean, there, horizon untouched yet
Aspiring to touch it, zooms on
My longer hand more extended upon
Touches the horizon; travels round the earth
Ends at my feet with fistful earth
More excited travelling in all directions
 Longer hand tries much to its expectations
To carry the planet in its fist
Only in vain unaware of its folly yet
Fatigued extremely the hand resumes its size
My brain and heart blaming each other
Think upon their failure to realise
The virtuoso's knowledge is only fistful

Indira Renganathan
Flames

More stirred in mind
Day break when says 'I'm the Lord'
True, Truth unreached yet
He comes, He goes, His wish all
Flaming thoughts skeptical ours..

Indira Renganathan
Flower Girl And The Bargain

Her dreamt-bungalow
Is her caravan
Loaded with a tiny thousand count
Just stringing routine
On to her phonetical 'lee pooyee'
(Malli poo, Jasmine) ...

She decks up fragrant
Crowned herself the queen
With her little three princesses
Of her dream-bungalow

I bargain up to her resentment
Against the hiked price
Hers is ten rupees, mine is five
Per hundred counts two
Or three rupees only townside
Grumbling her tone shrieks
On her vain profit unfit her dream
My final compromise anyway
Five rupees...
And home-grown mangoes some

Indira Renganathan
Focus

A picture, a flower
Or a lamp-nothing
helps contemplate
These days
So thoughtful
I split myself
Into three 'I's
As of convenience

First- the Mind
To wish implement
Heart-
The junior-supervisor
Watching the mind
Me- the chief
Monitoring both

A push-pull method
Between three 'I's
Changed life
Chores and errands-
Let not down
So to spare
A short while
On some words here

Indira Renganathan
Forgone

No sooner did I wed you
Than I was forced
To forgo
Something special
That was
Close to my heart
Close to my soul
Close to me myself alone

You never bothered
That I was yearning
For that special
All through

I was forced to forgo
For your parents
For your job's pressure
For your colleagues
And for every friend
Of your huge friends-circle

Life grew the same way
Raising and grooming
Our kids too
I got totally lost
Albeit I was yearning
For that great special
All through

But knowing my mind
You never bothered
You never bothered
All through

What you earned, what you spent
What you saved...
Where you went, what you did
Whom you spoke to...
Despite my efforts
All in secrecy you were..
Ignorant me
Still waiting for that special

knowing my mind
You never bothered
You never bothered
All through

Years passed by..

And
Life will not wait
For me to get mine done
It's gone
Gone with you into the aether

You were the Sun
I was the Moon
Eclipsed
Into a nighted life
All through

My hope of waiting..
Crumbled into shards

And you're gone
Once for all
Passed away far invincible
Into the aether

What is left?
Loss of you
Loss of the whole of you
Loss of something special
That was
Close to my heart
Close to my soul
Close to me myself alone
Form And Formless

He makes His meshes
Meshed shapes macrocosmic
Seated in secret
Plays hide and seek far and near
Invincible 'I' His is

Indira Renganathan
Frangipani's January Magic

When winter woes witherto emptiness
Like you wither wintered
O' Frangipani, blissis out in happy tears
Like your buddy fragrance sprouts
Mid the rift of winter and spring

Ask me not of my happy tears
Stop me not from those droplets
Foreach of them mirrors magical
Ask me not what or who
I know that you know well

In glistening fragrance of wafted love
Who else? you alone caress
With velvetytouch this 'January'
Cajoling, consoling, airing sweetly
Warding off erstwhile reeking stench

Frangipani(Plumeria rubra acutifolia)- a flowering tree

Indira Renganathan
Free Verse

Simply the mind can not be idle
And it kicks the heart bullying
The heart cries, the mind giggles
And the mind starts singing
In all tones in all colours of lexicon
Stunned heart mutes its cry
And the mind and the heart both sing
Freely freely free verses

Indira Renganathan
Freedom Is Ours To Let Live, Live(Repost)

Liberty is mine to live or not
So I decide to breathe or not
But He above rules His my life
So is He with my life's strife
Only my sense to sense His knot

And my mind warns, my heart feels
My vision alerts to care my wheels
To choose the good to gain good
To avoid the bad not to brood
An eye third in me that reveals

Freedom so not to act and hurt
Nor spit on oneself to get hurt
Nor even to hurt any to fight
Nor high to die to say right
But to soar leveled joy to spurt

Freedom so to share joy and live
To serve, be served, such to thrive
Freedom not to be a selfish waste
So to be feckless a heedless taste
Freedom is ours to let live, live

Indira Renganathan
Friendship

Friend has an 'end'
Fri sounds fry
Beware..
Fri is yet auspicious
Careful
To acquire an auspicious end
i.e Friend
Know yourself
Seek after a friend
Board on his ship
i.e Friendship
Sail plus
Tolerate minus
A stitch in time, a friend in need
Navigate, sail
Fore-and-aft

Indira Renganathan
Fruition

What gain else
In the womb of love
Than a mother and mother alone
Of fruition out as a nascent child…
Mother alone, mother alone

Afterwards grown to adulterate
Change to mate presumptuously
No gain else than (albeit rivalrous)
A coupled relation (albeit betraying)
Acclaiming 'fruition, fruition

Later on but in remorse heart
Unrelated and set free
What gain else a gray-soul
In solitary search discerns
Than a fruition godly of God alone

Indira Renganathan
Gastronomy Then And Now

A hygiene-domain was ruling then
To breed our childhood in austere cuisine..
Punishable by code of that domain
Being unwashed and as well eating out..
Inviting was ritual specials alone
Hotels, motels, mess-stalls all scarce
In scurrying selling snack sellers
In heterodox houses sparse
Extended all..family, cooking, compulsion
Enforced to a life gastronomical
Exempted women all from being 'outgoing'

Changed time, trend and the vendors..
Behind the dwindling evening shades
When the sun conceals himself
There comes a maestro-voice of a sale
Idiaappam, Chapathi, Godumaiputtu..
Else everything and accompanied curries..
When the curtain raised for the sun up
Meals, tiffin all cycling around busy
What though hygiene-domain fallen
What though dying is home-cooking
Life 's happy, obese in a necessity-domain

Indira Renganathan
Get The Trees Wedded, Be Blessed

Carrying on with the wedded dolls
Once all were we kids
Had we any to disclose
The dolls to wed reasons?

What the reason sparrow marries crow
Pongal blessings we how borrow
Just tradition that custom perpetuates
Logic have we any to discourse?

And drive the drought wedded the donkeys
Thrive by the thought myriad ways
Why they taught old years' sentiments
Do ask we our immeasurable doubts?

Laugh off and shirk, don't we?

Yet get the trees three wedded
Sure we be blessed
Pipal to neem, pipal to banyan
Ceremony like man and woman conjoin

Matters not who to whom the matrimony
Spin around the trees breathing in the air free
Myth doth guide us warded off evil
Lore fills with babies women fertile

And thank then the air the neem
Purifies, consecrates to gleam
True, this and that of the tree whole
Fit with humans properties medicinal

Born under the shade of a banyan
Like Krishna kids celestial in sworn
Root to top of banyan
Help cleansing toe to head pollution

Tree of wisdom the pipal
Envisioned the sages aerial
Curative qualities pipal's natural
Enlightened Buddhas many on earth eternal

Plant them, grow them friends
A pharmacy of nature in abundance
Get them wedded; Their myths and lore
Let be; Let be too their medicinal scores

Indira Renganathan
Giddiness And Emptiness

Giddiness possesses me often
My heart beats like rolling thunders
That hit the sky with no rain bizarrely
Nor can I birth my poem children bizarrely

Indira Renganathan
Global Warming

Wind bursts, orange fire curtains
Sweeping the land fueled blazes
There, in Arctic and Antartic a disintegrity
Cuts of ice, the size of a small country

Sodden wreckage continues hassling
Disasters continue bothering
Thrashing heat waves and fires
Threshing glacial melts and storms
Inflicting floods and climatic crashes
Massive attacks, why?
Something wrong, something warning
Grievously yes, global warming

Ozone layer depleting
Greenhouse emission repeating
Causes are we; Cautious we be
Circumambulating decay..
Speed of nature..can compete we?
Wish, they infer not 'Mother Earth is sick'
Can morally we curb quick?

Indira Renganathan
Goal

Detect, select...
To yourself
Specify adorable
Attainable ask..
Measure..realistic?

A mentor found
Stoop, plan
Bounds of time...?
Set to your reach
You're winged now
Perseverance, tolerance

Gulp confidence
Get set
On your march
Minding victory
victory alone
March on, on
Mindless of hurdles

Indira Renganathan
God-1

Remote in silence
Innerly voicing in heart
Macro, micro forms
Force limited, limitless
Elemental all 'It' is

Indira Renganathan
God-2

Multiple magic, myriad isms, sundry deities
Complexity, perplexity
Sobriety, pity, piety
Unmet entreaty, relentless activity
Quest, search, quest, search
The Abstract abstruse..
Peremptorily 'O'God'

She, He, It
Name this and that
As you like
Believe mystical or rational
Believe not-be it your personal
Simply the abstract Absolute
Generates, operates, destroys
Quest, search, quest, search
The Abstract abstruse..
Peremptorily 'O'God'

Indira Renganathan
Goddess

Godly motherly
Heavenly weaponed woman
Ruling creatress
Reverberating magic
Purest Descent from His love

Indira Renganathan
Goddess Saraswathi

White Herself clad in silvery white
White Herself on a river spiritual white
White Herself mounted on a lily white
White Herself consorted with a swan white
Spotless Saraswathi Her divine might
Denudes mind murky its whimsy thought
Revives nous Her sacral delight
Mood of peace inherited heartful freight
She dwelling mindful like She in vedic elite

Trusts each a human in providential tryst
Tranquil strokes bestows Her harmonious lute
Deepest diligence one does perpetuate
Her pristine rosary, codex and water-pot
Impregnate with science, art and all else about
Effulgence Hers does when alight
Unblemished sans literary fright
Each word of a quite poet
Submitted honest unto Her lotus feet
Right thought, right deed rightly in due result
A weaponless Goddess She of an ineffable rapport

Indira Renganathan
Godknows All (For Children)

Sridhar was too good and pious
Sekhar was his best friend so close
Both were classmates in a big school
From class to class friendship grew well

They now moved on to school-final
Hoping their friendship be genial
But time alone can mirror truth
It revealed one friend not so worth

A seed of envy came in sown
Sekhar fell into that bad zone
Envious of Sridhar's good fame
Plotted to spoil his growth and name

When final exams were to start
Sekhar availed his chance to swat
Found the valuation centres
Where would go their answer papers

Readied by bribing the teachers
To lower the marks of Sridhar
Sridhar would then easily fail
Would be shamed ere leaving his school

That was Sekhar's plan to do well
But God thought the other way well
Sridhar fell sick suddenly and
Lo, could not his exams attend

Sekhar was however happy
And thought it was a gift peppy
Happily he wrote his exams
Cheered Sridhar for his re-exams

Innocent Sridhar kept praying
To get well back to his writing
God willing soon he was normal
Sridhar prepared his subjects all
The day of test and destiny
Atlast came muchanxiously
In the examination hall
Now was the time to answer all

Sridhar started straight to write fast
Focussed much finished all steadfast
Freed now he looked around the hall
God! shocked to see Sekhar mid all

Guess what could have happened at all
God anyway answered two calls
Slammed a bad call, blessed a good call

Indira Renganathan
Green And Mirth And Love

Spring and summer meet heart in heart
A fusion season of green and mirth
He and she meet heart in heart
A fusion feel of love on earth

Indira Renganathan
Gulmohar (Delonix Regia)

Gulmohar's season on...grown heaven high
    As if touching His feet
Red-strewn all over nigh-
Blessed I roll up the petaled street

    Amused she giggles in sways breezy
In dulcet drizzles she dances
Back and forth I run crazy
Rolling up the street of drizzles

Indira Renganathan
My shut eyes visualize northward
A villa of a banyan tree
Its solemn tresses southward
Bearing a sage beneath on a spree

His eyes half-shut shimmering
Like a crescent, glow spreading
His mercy, His grace, His might
His haloed face I wonder at

Overflown the zing of His grace
Fiercely out from Him to blaze
His radiance on to a yellow bright
My mind settles at His mien and might

His right fist shows a gesture,
Chinmudra- in touch the thumb and forefinger
For aeons preaching the oneness
Of finite and infinite in space

His resting left foot forming a semi lap
Stately chinmudra further scoring up
Revealed is His majestic cognized-self
To His silent preaching I submit myself

Unto His right foot stamping the demon
I stoop to pardon so ignorant
The codex in His left hand..
The cosmic laws all in one bound

Lord of the south Dakshinamoorthy
Guru to Brahma's sonsmost worthy
The beacon-light He is
Entrusted, enlightened one's life is

To His holy providence I prostrate
His rudraksha-mala in my heart
Countlessly numbers its akshas
Blessed me I give my salutations
In obeisance along with oblations
There is my still unfound intelligence
Clouded densely with ignorance
In the core of my offerings

Just a drop of Guru's effulgence
As I prostrate on me falls
I'm then cleared out of my nescience
My shut eyes open to realise

Creation and involution symbolised
Drum and fire depicted
Upper hands presage generation and regeneration
Lower hands preach self realization
Opened up is my conscience
To merge with His omniscience.
To that esteemed Guru of venerable cognition
Prostrations, humble prostrations.

Indira Renganathan
Guru Dhyanam-2

That Fulgency that speaks a lot
In silence
That Silence that stirs a lot
My silence
To that silent Fulgency I bow
A lot

To that fulgent Silence I ask
What's Truth
To that does that silent Fulgency
Speak not
Yet to that Silence I bow
A lot

That silent Fulgency is the lord
Of Wisdom
Wisdom He Himself so His mien..
Fulgent wisdom
To that fulgent Wisdom I bow
A lot

To that fulgent wisdom I ask
Who's God
To that does that silent Fulgency
Speak not
Yet to that wisdom I bow
A lot

That Wisdom, that Fulgency, that Silence
Speaks not
But in inly merge of Brahmam
Himself is
To that Brahmam alone I bow
A lot

To that Brahmam I ask not
Speak not
That Brahmam is the supreme Lord
Of lords
To that Supreme Lord I bow
A lot

That Supreme Lord in the north
Facing southward
That Dakshin Moorthy who wakes up
My soul
To that Lord Dakshinamoorthy I bow
A lot

To that Truth, to that God
And Brahmam
That that helps to watch
From within
To that awakening Guru I bow
A lot

That Lord who mellows my life
To live
That Lord who untangles me from
Transient Maya
That Lord who helps me shine
From within
That Lord who helps me drown
In Brahmam
That Lord Who through sound silence
Preaching all
That Lord who with meditative eyes
Watching all
That Lord who beacons the souls
To admonish
That Lord who accords to our
Prayers all
To that Lord, Guru I bow
A lot

Indira Renganathan
Guru Dhyanam-3

Upon those moments of golden silence
Whilst all is in silent bliss
Like the untimely thunder of the sky
Booming sprouts a senseless doubt

I ask
O' Guru, my breath the air
My strength the sun
My chassis the earth
My life the water
My nous the space
I'm made of these gods
Yet I'm not godly, why?
This stirs not Him
And He speaks not too
Yet like a lotus from the mire
I feel the articulation of that sun
'Aye' amid that hush bliss
Beaten I wake up
Surrender abolishing all my I
Salute, bow in total compliance
To that Guru Dhakshinamoorthy
Lord of the south

Indira Renganathan
No sooner I get into His vision
Than my mortal mind wakes up
Incessantly disturbing
My samsaric suffering..
I feel thrown down deep low
Unfit to reach Him
My I and its desires and their needs...

What words of excuse can be said..
Caught by the whale of inward sea
My psyche breaks down disabled
Heart bleeds letting out
unfulfilled desires..
Forlife on earth
How to be I-less
How to be desireless
How to unleash
The bond with life
With its pains and pleasures
But still remain in it
Neutral with peace

Ere they go blind
In eerie dark
Eyes of my conscience
Rescue me timely
Finding
That Lord of the south

Answerless life
This to be answered
On rungs of efforts
Albeit many falls
I rise to His abode

Looks not, speaks not though
Hope seems to build
Listening ears of His for me
My heavy hearted life
Mounting queries all
Unto His feet

Some day now
Or some birth next
Will I not be blessed
And answered
At this blissful moment
A ray of smile
From Him my heart feels
Thankfully
To that Lord Dhakshinamoorthy
For ever I salute, I bow a lot

Indira Renganathan
Happiness

Who does not like
Red of dawn, bed of sky
Spring of sun, strings of rain
Twinkling night, lulling sleep..?
Who does not like
Pile of flowers, smile of hills
Vale of woods, scales of serene
Sail, rail, so so trial..?
Who does not like
Babes and pets, cuisine and convene
Passion for fashion, fantasy-fascination
Style, mode, flair..?
Who does not like
Wealth and health, dwelling and long living
Kith and kin, friends and folks
Family, phratry, pedigree..?
Who does not like
Felicity, beatitude, spirit and service
Loving infirm, disabled, abandoned and complacency

Indira Renganathan
Happy Birth Day

With the side of the folded fist
Dipped into the batter of rice
Imprinted are the Holy Feet
Of little Krishna, 'Kolam' of providence
From the floor of the street
Via the steps along the house
Inwardly up to the 'pooja' almirah straight
Where picture of Krishna with floral garlands,
Lit holy lamps, incense, sandal paste
Sindhoor, assorted flowers, holy yellow rice,
Special fruits, varieties of milk sweet,
And snacks made of gram and rice-
'Seedai, murukku, thenkuzhal, thattai' on big plate
Are ready and the priest next invokes
Lord Ganesh, next to propitiate
Lord Krishna with all the delicious delights
Marking Krishna's birth thus devout great
Full of exultation eating the delicacies..
Krishna eating? mm..Krishna alone knows

Indira Renganathan
Happy New Year

'Don't go into the wood'
Said the mother to the babe
Then to vanish into the grave
Leaving behind a blackout to brood

The piquant nascence flavoured the darkness
Then that the darkness grew ecstatic
A destiny of black art born rhapsodic
Innocent babe ignorant of somberness

Sudden syndromic cries then pierced..
'A female, kill her, a male, give him a gun
So what a female give her too a gun'
So such, much a diabolism, the babe shattered

'Let there be light' hath said the God
What cause hath the manifold
Sunlessly in sunless hours to exult
Satan in human guise by default?

In a paradise of sunny wishes righteous
Clothe the babe colourful, ambrosial
In the sunny empire then 'HAPPY NEW YEAR'

Indira Renganathan
Soaked in the tears of this home
Memories grind me into my bittered life.
Earlier days were lively in full bloom.
But soon got into this rancid life.
I was not the home minister, but
In the production of babies and dishes.
Not considered to be a prestigious post.
Unprofessionally professional was my status.
Cutting vegetables for curries and sambar
Grinding black gram and rice for dosas
Ooh la la la, for everyone at home, other
Than me finding no day for my own wishes.
Age has put me on the altar today.
Children ask me about wasted talents why?
What shall i say? that i sacrificed?
Or have i been a coward?
Ere shaken my mortal, chanting Rama Rama
Shall be the best resort to replace the wasted.
So Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Hare Rama!

Indira Renganathan
Haste Makes Waste

Life gobbles
Three-fourth of its time
In haste
A delightful waste

The rest of
Its one-fourth
Nibbles dumped
In a couch inane
A secret wait
To escape in haste

Left is the
Wasted remnants down
The lit pyre

Indira Renganathan
He Came Dressed So Fresh

He came..dressed so fresh
In green and blue..so catchy
A bouquet of roses...andjasmine
That conveyed perfumed love in multiples
He delivered...I said so lovingly
'Thank you ng..!

Indira Renganathan
Head Ache

So many awaiting outside
To learn, to yearn
To flee to see..
But wasted with that demon in head
Chipping, chiseling, hammering, burning
On the whole demolishing my intelligence quotient
In multiple 'agains' cycling..
All my castles collapsed
Shame, shame
Life with that demon
Nauseated to vomit everyday
Not my fault; One-sided grip
Since the first day yond
From now of fifty years

Indira Renganathan
Heaven Alone

It rained yesternight
And drained over night
Still, cool in the morning
I could see it wet
On the walls, roads, houses..
Drippy greens leafing droopy
A trance was transmitted
To all and my soul
Soon as the burning sun rose up
Very soon roads dried..no puddles
Hot again..heaven gone, hell came
Pray Thee o'Lord
Have a bigger measure for heaven
In fact for heaven alone

Indira Renganathan
Heaven And The Rain Trees (Italian Sonnet)

Rain trees, rain trees, all grown tall and wide spread
Everywhere here likely to reach heaven
Resting many in their shady haven
Are cars and dogs as if it's their homestead
Scorching sun is tanning people sweated
They too run to the trees's shady haven
Rain trees rain trees grown to fetch the heaven
Along the streets and streets tall and wide spread

I rush to the terrace to watch their task
Oh I see rain trees, rain trees everywhere
Umbrellas of pinky florescence bask
Surprised at their blooming blossoms I ask
'Yourselves make the heaven o' nature's flair
Why then need you bring the heaven and task

Note: Rain Tree- Albizia saman

Indira Renganathan
Heaven Has No Night But..

Heaven has no night
All day God is wide awake
Watching the battle series
Telecasted from earth's fright

Here many women are wakeful
But this is not heaven
Where has sleep gone then
Disrupting frights awful

Indira Renganathan
Helpless Woman

He and she and they can persecute
Number of times knowingly
Torturing her by many means they invent
Pleasure is, wounded unhappily
No way of guarding herself

God! Foxes should be spiked only by God
Will they be sorry? no, hope not
Some are born to repent not
When they turn to be repaid themselves
Will she redeem her happy youth?
Gone are her days in the den of foxes
Foxes harassing roses into the flaming hearth

One foot onto the threshold of death
Dire her wish to be rescued..
Ere deadher mortal sheath
Frowning are her words 'cursed
Are you! others treated
Vehemently under your feet crushed
You be too crushed by the fury of God! '

Indira Renganathan
Henna

Collects herself smashed with fineness
Patterning her perfume flowery..
Generous her heart of love
Goes handy shaken by his love
To flower red and brown
All in bud and blossom

Indira Renganathan
Her Abode Is

Peace.. 
The Goddess! !

Fenced around 
With prickles 
Safely seated on her throne 
She's in trance 

The dove is 
No more the 
Peace messenger 

Nor do they 
Fence their land 
With white flags 

Those prickles 
You touch them 
To find 
your hurt conscience 

Cleared the prickles 
There you vision 
Peace the Goddess 

Indira Renganathan
Highway Electric Poles

Highly in 'highways'
Like that of a human-chain
Hand to hand from a power-hand
They hold their hearts chained
To bow down
For a hurricane connection
Or a cab-collision
Or a mob commotion
To be pelted and hung
All towards a power failure
Letting the highways aghast
With an infernal throne

Indira Renganathan
Highway Trees

They group communalized
Like a panchayat counselling
Gapped irregular
Mango, coconut, plantain trees

Like timeless sentinels
High-stumped palmyra trees
watchful sparsely
whilst fronded palms
Fanning to the highway-heaven

Territoried etching karuvelam(Acacia arabica)
There and there from side slopes
Often punishing dirtying feet
Whilst swinging banyan monkeys
Dancing to the whirring breeze

Templed at the trunks yellowy
Mewling little neem cradles
Holy threaded to augural shade
Whilst projected long pipal
Preaching the highway'beware, beware'

Numbered tamarind acidified
Boxed by vehicle-d souls heavily
In wider space spirited yet there on
Whilst withered trees nameless some
Branching to evince danseuse's elegance

Indira Renganathan
Hindu Wedding On A Jasmine Day

The season of JASMINE is blooming.
Wedding is on a day of JASMINE.
The couple are ready for the holy-bond.
Guests are ready with their blessing-band.

Baskets of garlands and stringed JASMINE,
With decorative JASMINE tassels is pleasing.
The fragrance of JASMINE is ambrosial!
Breathtaking! JASMINES' aroma is celestial.

Her long plait padded with JASMINES strung,
Atop with strands of JASMINE being swung,
The bride is given a garland of JASMINE.
Also the 'groom is given a garland of JASMINE.

The family deity is adorned with JASMINE.
The guests are given strands of JASMINE.
The couple garland each other in heck.
The 'groom ties an yellow thread around bride's neck.

The priest makes the groom by seven steps,
Promise to guard his spouse in life's ups.
Splattering holy rice and redolent JASMINE,
All bless 'LONG SMELLY LIKE JASMINE'!

Indira Renganathan
Holy Coiffure

But
She was much elated with His holy adamance
She so pursued admiring with fake unknowingness
Unkempt locks remained in unkempt tresses
Krishna still insisting on a coiffured stylishness
Baby- protector of the cosmic domain
Played upon Yashoda with fake disdain
Yashoda however acted on His resoluteness
And...
There was a presaging love in Krishna's eyes
A future-heroine from the basil-bushes
Aandaal in His holy heart with coiffured elegance
A heavenly romance after aeons to be occurred
In her spirited sense Yashoda discovered
She detected much with immediate sense
Then
Her mind’s vision did it with swift hands
Aandaal modelling in Yashoda's heart more glorious
Fledged a peacock feather Krishna's coiffured grace
Dazzled from His Pithambara fulgent golden rays
All-decked-Krishna in gemming beauty
Excelled with Kausthuba and Vaijayanthi
Added with sane emission of sandalwood redolence
Thus
The cherubic babe sported with prattling innocence
Chambered secretly his coiffured appetence
With beaming radiance surpassing crores of suns
With blooming heart revelling like Lakshmi's lotus
Krishna is all prompt now for a jaunt
His Bansuri and Basil too ready to grant
Our hearts to house His boons and blessings

Indira Renganathan
Holy Jaunt

Two carpets, blue and black
Embroidered with sun and stars
Daily to fly to the divine destination
For me from this haven of mud

Jaunt of my joie de vivre intermitted shortly
Dieseled air and breath of bad people
Dirtied the carpets with dust and lust
Began the cleaning process to deterge

Down evacuated, up all the aqua
A volley of hydraulic pouring
Heavily beat and hammered the carpets
Lines of clearance flashed now and then

Process over, brighter the carpets
Jiggling my joy resumed its soaring
To the interminable, untouched sanctum
The Holy Lord is supposedly dwelling

Indira Renganathan
Holy Remembrance

Like a spotless night darkled dominion
Ruled a diabolic king dreadfully demons and devils
Amid poison-fed animals wild
Nocturnal predator on nocturnal deeds
Transgressed even the providence
Like an eclipse hiding the sun
Feared the whole cosmos so direful
Atheistic demon Hiranyakasipu
Agnostically against Hari blasphemed Him
Atoned for a sin past dwelt in monsterhood
Hiranya to be gored by Narasimha
Half man-half lion Hari incarnated for restitution

Bemused creation abhorred the evil incarnate
Destiny schemed, sage Narada instilled
Narayana mantra into Hiranyakasipu's babe in the womb
Effulgent babe Prahlada pious in contrast
Grew to utter Narayana ever in refusal to his begetter
Despite the chip-five a bete noire be scourged and wounded
Poisoned and fired for his holy tongue

Bestowed by Brahma deathless, fearless of death
By weapon or human or animal
Land or space, day or night infuriated Hiranya
In ogreish agony commanded Hari be present at once
In there a pillar; Thence pounced upon violently
Alas! popped out, the pillar two, Narasimha!
Torn apart in His lap Hiranya

To be forgotten to be remembered
For the virtuous Prahlada Hiranya begot
ergo the virtuous finale Narasimha taught

Indira Renganathan
Homework Corrections

Monday to Friday I do homework corrections
I am a school-teacher, I am a school teacher
Saturday and Sunday too homework corrections
I am my own home's housekeeper, housekeeper

Indira Renganathan
Honesty

Honesty is the supreme colossus
Divine, deferent like lotus
Struggling out of murky virus
Carrying a load of strength stupendous
Outstandingly outwitting glorious

Honesty is like rasagulla
Fair, sweet like cinderella
Passing through a hard formula
Strained, processed by fiery blah
Finally to buoy up in God's villa

Indira Renganathan
Praises to Thee Lord of Heavens
Satan and sins, Thy desire
Gave us fear
This time last year
In nocturnal December
Tsunami butted us on to despair

Praises to Thee Lord of Heavens
Evil and suffer, Thy desire
Gave us deluge to expire
Again in nocturnal November
This grave year
An unforgettable misery somber

Praises to Thee Lord of Heavens
Thou glee shall flee
Perishing with us souls eerie
Pounce on here to see
The unseen destination under an estuary-canopy
A seething change herein are we

Praises to Thee Lord of Heavens
Thrusted by the torrential rain
With tyrannic might the quaffed whole main
Mounted numbers of fallen lives down slain
Unhappy sign
Thy Mercy shall stop the chain

Praises to Thee Lord of Heavens
Sooner rings the New Year
Pictures of gone history poor
Be it pictures mere
Shan't be hung any more
Shan't be born any more
And Thy Mercy, will commend gaiety?
Hopefully Yours...

Indira Renganathan
Hopes

Braying are we.
Praying are they
For want of rain, found a way
We feel honoured to get wedded
Hence cornered and here seated
A perfect ritual with right wedding attire
Arranged exclusively for their rain desire
Clad in silk saree and dothi
Glad with flower garlands are we
Our long ears tied with flower drops
Sindhoor and holy ash adorning our foreheads
A traditional music band in high spirits
With hundreds of guests in high cheers
The priest conducting with customary incantation,
The holy knot is tied in ovation
Blessed are we, cursed is the drought
Wedding for the rains to be brought
Untied now are our hind legs
Happily kicking we run wagging our tails
Any more donkey wedding? We’re your hopes

Indira Renganathan
How To Write A Poem

Dipping my thoughtful mind
In the azure ocean

Penning my wordings
On the azure sky

Blotting
With the white clouds
Then and then

Splashing
The tidbit haikus encircled
Glittery of moon and the stars

Daubing
With the grey clouds
To shade around

Fixing
Into the frame
Of a vast dark

Laughing
While the flora and fauna
At me from land

How to write a poem..?

Indira Renganathan
How Tobe Peaceful

He tries to find it

Desiring, doing everything
Worshipping this and that
With all gods to finally end with
Buddha smiling

At last a noose answers all
His endeavour

Buddha is an evidence now

Indira Renganathan
Howtolive

Are we born to
Brood and groan

Forget the two ends
Mid space is there
To work on dreams

Always
In trance of rooting
Green! !
Banyan tree
Makes me feel jealous

Buddha
Could grow
A spiritual Banyan

I need to root myself
In the mid space
I should grow
A Peace-Banyan

Indira Renganathan
I Don't Try To Meditate

I sit to meditate on the Mother
Seated She on a lotus
In an elegant poise amid thousand petals

Fixing my vision on Her alone
Praising Her by thousand names and more
In closed eyes I watch Her

A pleasing smile from the Mother first
Dazzling Her persona bursting my vision
Next boundless in myriad myriad forms..

I don't try to meditate these days
Concealed incognito is She in all
I look around and watch over

Indira Renganathan
I Met Starjasmine

That was one of my long journeys
Destination far and wide wearied
Long travelling always tires out
So was I waiting to slumber well
When we reached ours it was late
My eye-gates were almost closing
No sooner we there than I on bed
Window side in a kindred’s house
Pleased I hoped for a good sleep
But dozy though just I slept not
Might be new place, so was uneasy
Left to right turned then rolled
Then sat up to watch out wakeful
Window showed me there full moon
It was bright to brighten around
Stars looked in hidden twinkling

Then I began to watch the ground
Ah there, my luck, heavenly glance
So, there I met her first twinkly
She was starry, gorgeous, dazzling
In creeping silence too majestic
She was StarJasmine so perfuming
She was all of pin-wheeled stars
Wide and tall sprawly she looked
Energetic like an angel God-sent
That night soon I slept peaceful
But morning hastened to up early
Eagerly I looked out to meet her
Upon there she smiled invitingly
On a big wall of fence her flora
She was hiding the wall all over
Hidden her leaves by her flowers

But I could see a few dark green
Seems, she keeps growing yearlong
Spring and summer scenting flora
Flushes light green growing anew
Thence twines, clambers spreading
She Continues to leaf and flower
Let free she adapts all to adopt
An adept at perfuming in thicket
Tantalizing white petals velvety
Enticed my heart sent a hi, hello
She greeted back in rustling yes
Inebriating her aroma I was sunk
Breeze was the messenger to both
Had no mood to depart from there
But just then someone nudged me
Said'she is not the real Jasmine'

'So what.. if she is not jasmine
She is.. olent like real jasmine
My friend she is my star jasmine
Filling my soul, my heart, my mind
With warm welcome of godly scent
I feel as though I know her long
I can't shirk her day here spent
My heart shall sing her for long'

In answering gesture sang praises
StarJasmine blew sequential yeses

Note: Star jasmine: Confederate jasmine
Botanical name: Trachelospermum jasminoides

Indira Renganathan
I Met Sugandha

As I wander leisurely here and there
Sometimes I exceed and go more
One such instance I met her there
Just as a somebody to me

Bright like mid-day sun she was white
But cool like a silvery moon
There in a bush subdued amid leaves
Like a piece of flowery cloud

My inquisitive nose got stretched to her
For I felt leered at then
It was her silent splash of scent
Unsurpassably perfuming cordially inviting to her

Unusually for the first time I felt
The invisible Supreme touching my soul
I guessed her name must be weird
A name that belongs to heaven

Unthinkably an angel highly fragrant and divine
Perfectly shaped of a glossy green
A spirit of providence descended it seemed
I wanted to know her name

I enquired here and there and all
None seemed to know except one
A lady from kerala told me 'Sugandharajan'
Funny it sounded and I retorted

'No, no, must be Sugandha' I said
But that lady stressed on Sugandharajan
How can a flower have male's name
Confused I stressed again on 'Sugandha'

That lady Wouldn't agree. I should but
I turned to the flower now
She(he?) had gone yellow looking fatigued
Still scenting on a thoughtful fading
May be a Gandharva from the skies
Waiting on earth for his princess?
Might possibly be drawn to his fragrance
That she falls for his love?

(Sugandharajan: Gardenia, Cape jasmine)

Indira Renganathan
I Remember - 5

No Jean Valjean rose
There people to follow
To keep the doors open
Morn to Night...
A customary trend
It was that just the clock
Struck four and wished 'Good Morning'
Opened the front and rear doors
And kept open till ten at night
Extremely remote chances for
Theft or dacoity unlike
Today's apartment-life
Sheltered behind closed doors
What happens inside
Outsiders hard to know
Yet
Lately changed my small township too
To a dusty congestion crowded
Letting out all odours mixed up
But
With a generous heart of
Reminding me of the old
Jasmine days

Indira Renganathan
I Remember -4

A Contrariety

6. She was fair and beautiful
I remember her face even to day
But I won't tell her funny name
As she used to hit
With the slate on kids'heads
She was notoriously famous
I'm angry even now
My second class teacher

But our headmistress in high school
Encouraging and kind
Used to advise very often
'Aim for 100%, you'll score at least 75%
Albeit be you an average student'
She was old with a beautiful heart
That her face always glowed with
She was Meenakshi
The routine prayer assembly
Rejoiced her speeches and advice

Indira Renganathan
I Remember..1

1 The Thieves' Lane

Edged with a line of houses
Erected gigantically on both sides
A lane with a rice-mill's running music
Smelling ricey all days so enthusiastic..

Sometime later a different smell crept in
As the mill accepted spices in
And that great lane smelt so spicy
With more people, the lane more messy

That messy lane then opened its way
Welcoming thieves to steal away
Everything from the houses day and night
All possible ways with their might

Very often thieves did not only steal
Dirtied the lane answering nature's call
And spicy mill could no more help
The lane smelling the other way up

- - - - - - - - - - - - -

2In My Vista

The viridity of the flooded paddy
Kisses the rustling line of my saree
Asking me to sing, sing

Ah, i enjoy the green dance
Each blade, a dancing grass
Makes me sure to sing, sing

Gushes out in the highest octave
My happiness in the loudest volume
Up to the sky I sing, sing

I'm youth bubbles
To the dancing greenness in accordance
I sing pursuing myself to sing, sing

The paddy pats my cheek so fondly
I cuddle chestful of the grass so lovingly
Only to this emerald i ever sing, sing

Indira Renganathan
I Remember-2

3ToMy Uncle

Over there in the vast firmament
The sunshine in the sky
Seems to be you to my heart
Uncle, affectionately you were so high
Your mind of beneficence is still perfuming
Your good soul is still with us dwelling
Your personality is still spoken about
Your niece still wishes to be your sort
Keep the celestial gate open
Let your blessing droplets fall on
Am I next honoured the way you wished
My wisdom to be atop ranked
Will I ever forget your gifts
Will I ever forget your interests
For my music and learning to grow
To all your wishes I always bow
Uncle, you're not gone..just up there
To see your niece graciously grow greater
With all her brilliance like you so higher

This poem was written by me 25 years ago in fond memory of my only maternal uncle who was very much affectionate towards me and my siblings.
'Better late than never' struck me and I realised that I should post this poem now as a tribute to him

4My First Flight

Fear of first flight swirling in lub-dubs
Pumped my heart beats in bumps
closed my eyes and soon sleep appeased me
Morning..jig of aurora nudged...to show me
Too foamy an amazing pervasion of clouds
Hide and seek the air-craft was playing
Through the mist.A conservative Chennai-being
In submission so devoutly patted my cheeks
Chanting prayers to Shiva in Kailas
Joked 'homam that sages might be performing'
Landed into an embrace of fog
That triggered off my memory in logs
Of Mom blowing into the smoky wood-oven
Me sneezing over sambirani on coal-oven
Grand-ma behind smokes burning balls of cow-dung
More so, the sublime semblance
The fog had of domestic smokes
Melted it into a picturesque land
Ecstatically I exclaimed 'heavens! wonderful Newzealand'

*Homa is a Sanskrit word that refers to a ritual, wherein an oblation or any religious offering is made into fire. A homa is sometimes called a "sacrifice ritual" because the fire destroys the offering, but a homa is more accurately a "votive ritual". The fire is the agent, and the offerings include those that are material and symbolic such as grains, clarified butter, milk, incense and seeds. (taken from the internet)

*Sambrani is called benzoin resin in English and it is the resin of a tree that is dried, powdered and sold in the markets, either as a powder or in blocks. Sambrani usage has been in the culture for many years and in fact every South Indian home will have sambrani holders that will be more than 100 years old. Even Ayurveda, advises us to use sambrani, as it calms the nerves, and produces tranquility, thus making the person ready for prayers. Years back women after having their hair wash, used to light up sambrani and keep a straw basket above it. The steam will seep out of the pores of the straw basket. If you keep your wet hair near the basket, it will dry it very soon and also leave a beautiful fragrant smell in your hair. Even if you have hair wash during winter months, if you use sambrani, you will not get a headache, especially if we have long, thick hair. The sambrani smoke is a lot more beneficial for you.*- (Taken from the internet)
To make the holy ash or vibhuti they used to burn dried cow dung balls along with the rice husk in those days. Grandmother followed that practice for many years.

Indira Renganathan
I Remember-3

house
With a Rangoon Creeper at the gate
With a stone bench at the porch
With a big swing in the hall...

Grand pa asked me for buttermilk
I fetched from mom so quick
He was holding the swing chain
As I gave him the buttermilk
Lo! ! ! why did he fall down..?

Grand pa didn't answer
Like a shooed crow soared
I was three years old then
Hate buttermilk since then

- - - - -

6. This house
With stone steps from the street
With clients like a filled class room
In and out the porch to meet the vakil...

Inside that house a Nightingale
Just readying me to join school
My beautiful kind mom
Wasn't for 1st standard but
Let us four join 2nd standard straight

I was six years old then
Still reminiscing those days often

Note: That house was my maternal grandpa' house was my paternal grandpa's.

My mother was a very good singer that she was conferred the title 'Nightingale'
by her school and she became a good musician later
I Saw A Tree...

I saw a tree bending upon the lake
Supposedly one might say cut-homicidal
Almost touching the water 'heaven's sake'
The tree said 'shan't let any self-suicidal'

Wise tree was ambiguous optional
Two way to stop and save very timely
Her reclining resenting diving intentional
Her bending venting rescuing primely

Indira Renganathan
I saw a worm dying
Dragged by a tiny ant
I inferred quickly musing
Over that mighty fight..
"Some day even a big might
Should fall crying"
Is it worm or ant
You muse much trying

Indira Renganathan
I Scream

I scream
When I see
A cockroach flying

I scream
When I'm punched
By a lizard on my head

I scream
When I'm about to stamp
A centipede

I scream
When I see
Earth worms while gardening

I scream
When I see
Caterpillars patched on trees

I scream
When I see
Ants infesting

Simply
Repulsive fear

But

The most
I scream
When I see
Bed bugs

The most
I scream
When I see
Mosquitoes

But out of
Bitten agony

The bugs
The mosquitoes
Just dead

Indira Renganathan
I Went To That Big Temple

I went to that big temple
God looked rich..decked up rich
Reflected rich in all around
But me, simply a simple person
Frail, fragile feared His richness
Poorly I stepped out
To meet Him simple
In the roadside solitary temple
You may ask why?
I want Him to my level friendly

Indira Renganathan
If moon is a girl
So is a girl a moon
With blemishes
By her lover's kisses

If a girl is a moon
Blemished by lover's kisses
So is the moon a girl
Blemished by sun's kisses

Indira Renganathan
If Peace Is Bliss..

If peace is bliss
Bliss is my night
Sleep-loaded

Not sweetened not tainted
Not dreamy not noisy
Not lively not deadly
Not even heavenly not even godly
Beyond words
Sound bliss silent

Indira Renganathan
If The Night Has A Shape

If the Night has a shape
Also the Day has a shape
They are two reptiles
Clenching each other's tail
Eaten Night..it's the Day
Eaten Day..it's the Night
Yet muse, how the Day is merciful
With the Night..
The mottled stars and the moon
Attiring pretty..

Indira Renganathan
I'm Not A Magician

I'm not a magician
To heal her scathed face
Nor am I a beautician
To hide her dark patches

Yet, moon'll teach me
How to stay beautiful
How to stay appeased

From the fright of your fire
As she from the fire of sun

Indira Renganathan
Imageries Resurrected

 Awaited paper scribbled
 Erased and corrected
 Full moon is smudged

 Scribbled, tainted
 Dulled like oxidized
 New moon needs torched

 Sympathising heart
 Dash of crimson dabbed
 Dash of dawn peeps

 Unsatiated hand
 Irritated scribles
 Vertical pours

 Rains alike
 Wet piece crushed
 Deluged, trashed

 Resurrected thoughts
 Repeat with new paper
 Full moon again

 Indira Renganathan
In High Spirits

In high spirits
Springing singing
'I am beautiful, I am beautiful'
Self esteemed her pride is

He comes there harsh
Uttering
'Because of me you're beautiful'

Her pride doesn't abate
But singing and dancing
In full bloom of vanity

More stressing he repeats
No, she wouldn't concur

He is more harsh, hot
Reminds her of
A day of thunder-pour
How he cajoled her
Embraced her to feel saved
And how he played
With the clouds
For that thunder-pour
How she liked him in full love

'So' he says
'Because of me, you're beautiful'

No, nothing works with her
She's self proud

Hotter and hottest he grows
Making her unable to spring

Finally spring's gone now
Wind is no more breezing
Summer is up
Hotter air the hottest
Indira Renganathan
In Such A Pensive Mood

Every evening when the sun sets
A pensive mood sets in me
Reminding me of my nearing end
Such a moody instant- a sudden pop up
A poem of mine came to appease me-
'Ma cheer up, you should live long
Should birth more of my siblings
Be not moody, say o.k ma'..'o.k'
Then I said 'why me alone?'
'I want you and all to live long'
'Long Live My Poem Kids' I wished

Indira Renganathan
Indian Rainbow

The dhuppatta of the Indian angel
Sprawling over there far in the ether
A half-saree rather arched providential
Seven coloured, a shamiana-splendour

Respectful Violet hopeful to be honoured
Narcotic Indigo dreaming to get refreshed
Lovely Blue calm to be loved
Fulcrum-Green effectively to be sensed
Self-confident Yellow preaching to be bold
Splendid Orange ever stepping to succeed
Vital Red brimming invigorated

The dhuppatta in ether plumes
Emoting the angel's attributes
And the angel is like the lotus
Sunken wedded in the sun's bliss
Her dhuppatta too, look, with her in sinks

Indira Renganathan
Infant Sunshine

When his glory blossoms in the early hours
He shines innocent like the nascent infant
A velvety touch when the wind breezes
The infant smiles in wakeful sleep
Gently stronger as the wind blows
In the cradle of swaying leaves and flowers
Coos, babbles and gurgles in gossamer-taffeta shine
As crawling to stroll across all he grows
Grown, he keeps us in sweltering wait
Again for his nascent infant shine

Indira Renganathan
Insectarium Virtual

Aurora hours open the 'middle-class' kitchen
An added odour to a wife's pathos
When attacks a band of mosquitoes
Morning coffee, mosquito-seasoned, bad omen

Mosquitoes whiz around and around
Tickling at times the lady's nostrils
A squad of running lizards
Invading on the wall the whizzing band

As the mosquito-music sports
Out of its flock an antenna-wand
Trekking in sympathetic wizard
A cockroach scuffles and scuttles

A spider in higher space with frantic tugs
Trying out effortfully its prey
Fatefully that comes its web-way
Frenetic lady in boiling fizzes

Nocturnal enemies, nonsense thieves
Perpetual presence never in decrease
Insectarium-home yet with more varieties

Indira Renganathan
Inside A Poem

That pot of nectar
Mostly you find to share
But
Sometimes an inviolable veil...
Oh, you pray"open sesame"
No...how much ever you try..
You say, "not a telepathist
To read the poem's mind"
Even I...I agree

Indira Renganathan
Inward Turmoil

Lonely self's battle
To break mortal blocks of life
Barriers be slain
To beat the beating of woes
A wriggling worm in deep thoughts

Indira Renganathan
Is Happiness Still Possible..

Possible, possible, happiness possible
When heard a broadcasted chat plausible

A topic discussed on wonders and wonderment
Seven wonders one by one dealt first

Then one wondered at birth and death
The next in awe of ocean's depth

Other one on seasons and rain
Next on food.. digestion and indigestion

Wonderment else's was a beetle in mango fruit
Whereas strangely next was a spectral ghost

A devotional heart wondered at infant's smile
An exploring mind noted all archaeological

One atlast on water-discovery aghast in Mars
No sooner I wondered at those knowledgeable villagers

Than that Mars-man innocently cracked
'So that water-problem on earth solved'...

You're laughing, laughing as I was
Innocent irrelevance, like a joke it was

And in whole radio-man summed up to say
'Seven more wonders in an array..

Five senses, hands and legs are they
Ruled but by the top wonder 'mind' ay

Is happiness still possible...?
Yes you say...'possible, possible'

Indira Renganathan
Is Or Isn'T?

Lightless life unhewn
Fear alone left with us
Alltime wish is light
Questing life questing fruitless
Is or isn't life?

Indira Renganathan
It's A Kind Of Life

It's a kind of life
Raised from mother's rosy smile
Tainted with colourful hopes
Hopping up the stairs of desire
But often slipping down on despair
And the like pattern repeating
Monotony of Truth seeks to salvation

Indira Renganathan
Junk-Food-Challenge

What an offensive brain
Tasking with junking the kids
Packed with deceiving zesty spices
Coated colourful with fattened salt and sugar..
Devoured the kids
In high spirits the packs romp and rollick
Eaten children lethargic
Resort to be hyped
Only junked in the packs hooked
Unaware of the sick-riding ghosts hidden

Indira Renganathan
Jupitar My Guru

Out of reach, I thought
No. you dwell in my heart
Your spiritual lark, wisdom is enormous
Salutations to You God of Gods

You are Jove for somebody
You are Jesus for somebody
You are Allah for somebody
You are Guru for me

Father of spiritual guide, no doubt
wizard skill of curing ailment
Source of knowledge, justice and valour
Indeed a divinely preceptor

Mother earth extends hands to you father
Shake well, kind enough to bless her
May your wand of divine spirit
shower goodness into her orbit

Time unknown you've been praised
For your qualities timely recognized
Jupiter is celestial preacher and teacher
Prostrations Guru! make me a scholar

Indira Renganathan
Just For That Pretty Lily

Moon is sizzling
Through the coconut fronds

I'm not a monkey
To climb up the tree
So foolishly to
Touch the moon

So easily
I can touch him
Diving into this pond

Yet I hold back
Just for that pretty
Lily

Who's appeasing
The fallen moon
With her velvety touch
In the breeze

Indira Renganathan
'A confluence of body, mind and soul
At the confluence of the sister-seas
Who, the 'ladies-in-waiting' with the virgin Goddess
Abide calm, patient, tranquil with sobriety
Along a stretch of uncooked nature of a feed
Awaiting the pinky blush of the sun
In reawakened circles
With eye-bewitching dips in briny azury breeze..'

The body, mind and soul anxious
Awaiting the celestial matrimony
The Lord and the Lordess to conjoin
In mere dreams of yonder bliss..
Eventuate will it
Ere the Lordess too, flung
Into the cluttered up stretch of a mortal method
And the sister-seas cursing in more havoc?

Indira Renganathan
Handsome an ism of an ism
Out sparkled Shanmukham of Shiva's ism
Wary Spear of Shakti's ism
Heroism of slaying demonism
Supreme Knowledge of Gnanaskandam
Subhramanya of sprawling macrocosm

Awesome His charismatic blossom
On earth august His truism
Related isms relative to His Theism
Valli-Deivanai..ataraxia delightsome
Rooster-peacock-amity winsome
Reigning Kumara of sacred Kaumaram

Note:Around the 8th century AD, the great philosopher, Saint Sri SankarAchAyA, (Sri Aadi Shankarar), grouped the various forms of worship in Sanatana Dharma (better known as Hinduism), into six sects. (Shanmathas) They are:

GanApathyam... The devotion to Lord GaneshA.
Saivam... The devotion of Lord SivA.
Vaishnavam... The devotion to Lord Vishnu.
Sauram... The devotion to the Sun God, or Fire.
ShAktham... The devotion to Sri Shakti (AmbikA)
KaumAram... The devotion to Lord SkandA (Lord Murugan)

These six sects are interlinked anyway

In the above poem 'ism of an ism' means Kaumaram of Hinduism and 'Shiva's ism 'means... Lord Muruga was born out of Shiva's third eye as six fire sparks and later became to a form of human body with six heads and twelve hands to be called Shanmukha
So the ism of Kaumaram came out of Shiva's ism Saivam

'Wary Spear of Shakti's ism' means...
Goddess Parvati presented the Vel (spear) to her son Murugan as an embodiment of her shakti or power in order to vanquish the evil asura Soorapadman. According to the Skanda Purana, in the war between Murugan and Soorapadman, Murugan used the Vel to defeat all the evil forces of Soorapadman. When a complete defeat for Soorapadman was imminent, the asura transformed himself into a huge mango tree to evade detection by Murugan. But not fooled by Asura's trick, Murugan hurled his Vel and split the mango tree into two halves, one becoming Seval (a rooster) and the other Mayil (a peacock). Henceforth, the peacock became his vahana or mount and vehicle and the rooster became the emblem on his battle flag.

So Muruga's Kaumaram is connected to Shaktam or Shakti's ism

Indira Renganathan
Kaumaram-1

Thiruparankundram-
First of the six special abodes of Lord Murugan

Thou art crowned atop
In furtherance and furtherance
Encaved and encaved in rocky hearts concave
Mellowed in truthful immensities
Reigning aglow in triumphant intensities
Familial celestials juxtaposing in awe

Wondrous that rock in secrecy of Shiva
Emitting blessing blazes on Thou penance
Blessed Thine spear readied to battle..
Glorious Thine victory broke apart Padmasura
Causal to consort with Amrithavalli alias Devasena
In all cheers and jamboree 'Vel Vel Vetri Vel'

Indira Renganathan
Thiruchendur-
second of the six special
abodes of Lord Murugan

His wonderment ocean-king hurrays
Lapping Thine each victorious grain
Commendably circumambulating celestials
In Thine ambient precincts lauding
O' Thou valour on demon-slaughter
Exult Thine herd...'Vel, vel, vetri vel'

In nectarean Naazhikinaru in silence
Thine ablated wary paroxysm solaced
Penancing on pithy PanchaLingas
Pleading Thee for incaved Valli
Blessing Brihaspathi honouring thee
Beatified Panneer tree broadcasting kudos

Note: Thiruchendur is situated at the sea shore of Bay of Bengal in south India.

Naazhi Kinaru, a sacred well fed by a freshwater spring, is located 100 m (330 ft) south of the temple. Devotees undergo a ritual cleansing by bathing in water from the well after bathing in the ocean.

Thiruchendur is also one of the Navagraha Sthalas, sacred to Guru or Brihaspati (Jupiter), since Lord Muruga was honoured here by Brihaspati and the Devas after their victory over Surapadman. In commemoration of the victory, the place was named Jayanthipuram (the word Jayanthi denotes victory).

Panneer tree-Indian Lavender (Guettarda speciosa Linn.)

Indira Renganathan
Kaumaram-3

Palani-third of the six special
abodes of Lord Murugan

Those hosannas'Muruganukku arohara, Kandhanukku arohara'
Thine mightiness in 'Kaavadi' of Thine beneficence
Heightened Shivagiri, Shakthigiri on hauling up drumming
Evanesced now, divine Thine anger puerile
Won Thine fruitof Truth in ripened fruition
Devout Thine fanatics with ecstatic 'Aroharas'

O'Lord, behold, jigglingThine abode
Humble Thine sentinel Idumban smothered
Thronging cheers of 'vel, vel, vetri vel'
Hail to Thine dulcet bliss of kingly presence
Why then this recluse..ensconce in Thine golden chariot
We haul with 'Muruganukku Arohara, Kandhanukku Arohara'

Indira Renganathan
Kaumaram-4

Swamimalai-fourth of the six special abodes of Lord Muruga

Be so the cause for Brahma's imprisonment
Nescient be Rishi Brigu's angst
Nescient even Thine father be
So angst Thine on nescience be
Cause be so for Thine preaching
So, so high up the sixty stairs crowned

O'Swaminatha, well, fair in aloof dignity
In sylvan pride upping more on an elephant
Fatherly to Thine father, a Guru Thyself be
In dazzling dangling decibels of 'Pranava'
Bow like bowing father Thine adown to hearken
Won't Thee to the flighting crescendo 'Vel Vel Vetrivel'

Indira Renganathan
Kaumaram-5

Tiruttani—fifth of six special 
abodes of Lord Muruga

Ichcha be desire and caprice and nomad 
Who else than Thee can conquer 'Ichcha' 
Ichcha be masqueraded as Valli 
Masqueraded hunter Thee to espouse next 
Seated on valorous peace, a mystic myth.. 
Tiruttani that allayed Thine heart peacefully

In pacific confinement blissful Thee 
Sage Agastyay to master gifted 'Tamil' 
An ambrosial spread around the earth 
Ah, Thanikachala, so many thy devotees 
Sing and praise and extol 'Arohara, Arohara' 
Kudos, kudos...so too we 'Vel, Vel, Vetrivel'

- - - - - - - - - -

Note: Thiruthani Murugan temple in TamilNadu is on a rocky 
700 ft height hill that has 365 steps. After the intense war with Surapadman, 
Lord Karthikeya married Valli and stayed here that 
it is otherwise called Shantipuri, meaning Abode of Peace.

Sage Agasthiyar Muni (of Potikai hill)worshipped Muruga 
at Tanikai when he Was blessed With the divine gift of the Tamil language.

Indira Renganathan
Kaumaram-6

Pazhamudircholai-Sixth of six special 
abodes of Lord Muruga

Secrecy is Thine rejoicement 
In dense wooded secret tranquil green 
Thine spear in valorous placidity aghast 
While Thee in clever design aloof 
Consorted left and right tranced in NoopuraGanga 
Settled sentinels..uncle Perumaal and amman Rakkayi

Wish Thine be albeit undisturbed 
Thou herd in eventful memoir to disturb 
Avvaiyar whereat bestowed with Jumblum fruits 
O'Muruga ripened wisdom how Thee blessed 
Wonder, how Solaimalai in lofty verses fertile 
Boomingnow 'Vel Vel Vetri Vel'..privacy Thine shattered

Indira Renganathan
Kudos Cuckoo

Even the acerbic neem becomes honey
When your doubled, tripled coos-symphony
On the margosa
Gets contrived a harmonica

'Bitter turned into sweeter'

Does say the crow
Pecking up the neem fruits
Up the tree flies like an arrow
To incubate your eggs

'Better do it faster'

So you utter
Knowing the reason sweeter
You coo coo and cuckooo
Your coos much we ooh

'Clappers we the listeners'
Down you then find us

Hap hap happily flapping wings
You watch your babes hatchedsafely
You coo coo cuckooo....Kudos, kudos

Indira Renganathan
Kumbakarnawasbeaten

You set the alarm to
Your favourable time

Your clock is loyal
To snoozing
As much as you are

Kumbakarna was beaten
Ramayana says

Sun is the only
Disciplined son of
God

Yet, Kumbakarna
When woke fought
For his brother

He stored
His strength in sleep
Just to die wakened

You are neither
Kumbakarna nor the sun

Humans have belated thoughts
On missed life

Indira Renganathan
Laughter

Then the Lord smiles
Flowers florescence
Tickled heart shines
In twinkling eyes
Befriending laughing tears..
Laughter is heavenly

Savvy happy, for it links
Body, mind, soul so intense
Beatitude for it enchains
Being to being contagious
Harmony for it thereon begets
Laughter is heavenly..

Hell with laughing devils
Their laughter of cacophonous peals
Laughs to laugh at tears
Not so, not so with heavenwards
Imbibed of seventh heaven redolence
Laughter is heavenly

Indira Renganathan
Leaf-Lunch

Gleaming, green and live
Like a tailless fish alive
Neatly cut and placed
Gemming sheen of water sprinkled..

Wished varieties cooked and brought on
Dished up with many a pattern
Items sweetened and savored
The tamilan way innovated

Served on sweetly first Paayasam
Of course hand to mouth a culinary mannerism
Delightful Pachdis sugar and salt varied next
Delicious curries dry and semi-solid next
Incoming pappads, crisp veggie- chips and pickle
Following fudges and ladoos and like many to tickle

Spooned in the centre hot rice
Mixed with sambar so spice
Rowed up curries inbetween morsels
Put into mouth, divine and dainty handsels
Next helping..rice and rasam too hot
Second helping..veggies to fill the heart

Sweet break..
Paayasam, much more to take
On and on...' No' to brake

Ending with rice and curd
Touchy pickles dotted and tasted
A meal of regale admired
A menu of plethoric choices
The banana leaf's magic flavours
And the stomach's cliche
Yeaaaave...belch

Indira Renganathan
Learning

Juncture of multi routes the mind
Centered self in complexity and blind
Which way to go and not to go
Perplexity, lunatic extremity, self-pity, ho
so
Look, Earn Ability, Refresh Novelty
Listen, Experience, Approach, Renew Nobility
Lucubrate, Elaborate, Annotate, Replicate, Negotiate
Yes
Juncture of multi routes the mind
Centered self in clarity masterminded

Indira Renganathan
Leaves

She sprouts
From a womb of mercy
Growing green

Flavoured seasonal
To changing colours
She is the queen
Magnified in multiple shade

Who supports whom...
She thinks she
Fluttering in breezy sway
Firm in stormy affray

Her day-bent
In unaware moment
Finally when hits her cling
Hopeful her lofty silence
Leaves atlast rustling
Upon her mother's haven

Indira Renganathan
Lengthening

'You make me
Always too short
So to look
Uninteresting'

I said 'look,
I'm also short
In heart with
Good content
No one mocks
At my height'

Insist you,
Then I'll have
To add a
Tail piece only
You'll look
More a monkey'

'You're
short and cute
Like a hummingbird
All adorable
Remarks you get now
Better be like this'

A while of silence
Took to get convinced
My short poem

Indira Renganathan
Let Go As Goes

I like to be ignorant..
The fact..after Death
Feared spirit is vagrant..
Feared of whips for gone birth

They say so..the mystics
But no worries, not scared
Come what may is realistic
Let go as goes

The watcher me..if it all true
Spiritful to whatever happens
Pro and post death..let accrue
Let go as goes

Indira Renganathan
Liberation

Slipped in through window
Pokes herself in the mirror
A sparrow at home

She circles in mirth
Round the running fan gleeful
Hit..! ! falls on the floor

A while in weak squeaks
Out through way back flaps escape
Fanning Hades fades out

Indira Renganathan
Liberty

Rue not the rued heart
Heavens on earth still abundant
Let not the mind dig its dark chasm
Let your liberty hunt its fortune awesome

And liberty..
Lighted-Insight Bred
Exemplary, Righteous, Tireless
Yours

Rue not the rued heart
Let your liberty hunt your fortune awesome

Indira Renganathan
Life

Two way
Plus and minus
Joy-sorrow bond
A must strife of fate,
Law of opposites
His will

Indira Renganathan
Life Has Its Pitfalls

Life has its meanders and
Pitfalls

How could my love hide
All these before

Having fallen into those
Pitfalls
Now I trust and prefer
Wedlock that warns me of
Those pitfalls

Thanks to wedlock
As I'm a lotus now
Out of life's mire

Yet

You set out to
Earn money
Drowned in money power
You are there and there
I am here and here

Love has lost its crown

Moon's asking its sun
'How long, for how long
Poles apart should we be
Like this? '

Sun's doubting
'I'm giving her
Enough light..
What else she wants? '

Who can tell moon that
Sun is just a fire ball
With no heart
Life Is A Race

Life is a race
Run run run

Not of winning whom
But of winning how

Not of beating any
But of helping many

Not of hating any
But of loving many

Life is a race
Run run run

Not of running insane
But of running sane

Indira Renganathan
Life is born to die
Only to sail by misery
With hope to reach His ocean

If only prayers are loaded along with
Oars become easy His hands
He sails by our misery to His ocean

Indira Renganathan
Life Is What?

Life is but a dream
Light and dark, good and evil
Woe and joy combined

Sails by hope afloat
A sea of unsteady tides
Know not when would end

Know not where would drown
Know not where to where revolves
Circle of cyclones

Sweet coated deceit
Cycling in light and dark swift
Snared we dream with hope

Dream to free ourselves
Unto Him, His permanence
From this transience

Indira Renganathan
Life Says...

Life says
'This too shall pass'

Butterflies hate to be
Stuck in prickles
They keep waltzing around

The wind from earth doesn't rise
Tocaress the sun
Keeps moving
Sun himself comes and goes

Youth comes and goes
Middle age comes and goes
Old age comes settled
In crying over spilt milk

Life says
'This too shall pass'

Indira Renganathan
Lightning

A seasonal war weaponed
Persistent in the vault of heaven
Vajrastra, agniatra, varunastra..
Whipping of silvery flashes
Forked tongue chained in bolts
From the welkin...who the missile-smith there
Devas and asuras.. grand-pa explicates

Battling heaven flashes, splashes
Agonised breath clouds
Mercy-showers drum acclamation for devas
Havocked-pour thunderbolts for... asuras
Lightning squanders sometimes on earth
To up back with ammunition crimsoned
Why, who the missile-smith here

Indira Renganathan
Limerick - A Concert By A Washerman

A dhobi wished to be a singer
He learnt and became soon a master
On his first concert day
He felt but lost dismayed
As his ass was the lone listener

Indira Renganathan
Limerick - A Game Of Yes

'Don't get up before seven' dad said
'No I will get up at six' Shree said
'Then take bath at seven'
'No, I will bathe at nine'
'Then don't go to school'. 'Yes dad' Shree said

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- A Divine Limerick

She is the only dark lady there
Others in that family are fair
They’re she says
"To Lord Krishna I pray
He's in me, I'm His hue, all's well fair;"

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- A Preaching Limerick

"Life seems to be dark in bright day time
Vice versa with bright dreams at night time"
"Life's so cheating" dad said
"Cheat back dad", his son said
"Grab few more hours to sleep from sun's time

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- A Reason For Limerick-Writing

A reason for limerick-writing..
It can talk on absurd anything
Just not to hurt and chaff
But make the reader laugh
A reason for 'rick's absurd writing

Indira Renganathan
Limerick - A Vegan Now

A butcher has become a vegan
Killinga goat he heard a slogan
'Beware of Corona'
'Meat eater Corona'
Lo, the butcher is now a vegan

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- A Vow On The Carrom Board

RR(Ramesh, Raju) Poem-11
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold), their naughty play and pranks
on each other.

'I should win first of all' each one vowed
'What you each wish for others? 'dad asked
Each one wished 'good luck', but
Raju alone said, 'just
For how many bucks should I lose dad? '

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Above Normal

RR(Ramesh, Raju)Poem-5
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other.

Season changed, Raju caught high fever
cried, yowled, shouted out of high fever
Dad asked'still high fever? '
Ramesh with fake valour
Said'yes, above normal like ever'

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- All's Well Now

RR(Ramesh, Raju) Poem-20
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other

That Raju has promised to be good
Grandma too is changed to a new mood
She loves Raju too much
Laughs too much, hugs too much
She says "all's well now, no need to brood";

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- An Issue Began

RR(Ramesh, Raju)Poem-7
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other.

Ramesh talks in sleep and talked that night
Awake Raju atonce set a fright
He talked in Ramesh's voice
Ill of their dad's bad poise
Next day a fight just began forthright

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Angel Fight

RR(Ramesh, Raju)Poem-2
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other

Ramesh had an angel-dream that night
Himself became an angel outright
Brother Raju saw this
Chased to slash Ramesh's wings
Ramesh woke up sharp in awful fright

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- As Days Passed

RR Poem-19

About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy) and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks on each other

The money scandal soon all forgot
Except grandma who worried a lot
She told Raju one day
"Be good or simply stray
But get married soon, learn life is what"

That just provoked a fire of fury
When Raju decided to marry
"No joke, you need to earn"
Dad said with a face stern
"First studies"Ramesh said in hurry

Raju answered in gentle voice now
"To all your advices I do bow"
"First studies, then job, then
Ramesh's marriage, mine then"
He d of relief, all said WoW!

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- At Last

RR Poem-18
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other

Atlast

What made him change, Ramesh only knows
On studies Raju agreed to focus
Teachers for all subjects
Taught him all the subjects
What made him change, Ramesh only knows

Atlast Raju joined the college and
Dad and mom turned calm no more bothered
But secret was disclosed
How Raju was paid closed
With ten percent from teachers'fee swiped

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Below Normal

RR(Ramesh, Raju)Poem-4
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold), their naughty play and pranks
on each other

Ramesh had fever above normal
Took medicines to become normal
But downed below normal
Dad asked 'is it normal?'
Raju said'always below normal'

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- College Compulsion

Compelled to write the "first aid" exam
Overnight she learnt all for exam
Her college-friend taught her
Who too was to appear
Lo, teacher failed, friend passed the exam

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Dreaming Smile

He saw Him as a bright light in dream
With him were Robert, Ram and Rahim
All saw the same bright light
All felt the same sight bright
"God!" all exclaimed and enjoyed the dream

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Dumb Speaker

He suddenly stopped talking to me
Bothering much why he is angry
I begged him to answer
Dumb, still gives no answer
Oh, my laptop stopped talking to me

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Emma And Mamma

Emma wanted to make some halwa
Mamma gave some tips to make halwa
Emma made it rightly
Yet something went wrongly
Lo, Mamma's mouth got stuck with halwa

Indira Renganathan
Two friends had dinner in a hotel
One said his friend would settle the bill
And atonce went away
So too the next same way
Unpaid bill awaits settlement still

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Family Time-1

'All come for dinner' grandma ordered
Dad, mom and little Joe came goaded
'Angry mouth may keep shut'
'Froward mouth may keep shut'....
There were only two when grand-pa joined

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Family Time-2

Dad said 'all please sit for a movie'
All assembled before the tv
Each asked for his, her choice
Joe too had her own choice
Atlast horrid joe watching Henry

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Just That Twist

Hetriedhardtogetmarried
But couldn't. Abachelor he remained
So worried old mother
Brought a girl as sister
Lo! the other way he adopted

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Macaw And Cuckoo

Macaw asked cuckoo to teach music
In return cuckoo to learn to talk
Macaw spoke its singing
Cuckoo sang its talking
Donkey laughed creating much panic

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Midnight Crow

It's so dark, I can't find my friends all\";
Midnight crow  atonce friends all
More cawed\";can't see, it's dark
A man then cried, \"hark hark\";
Dark is all, how to find you all..? \";

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Mistaken Lunch Box

Angry Raji was still more angry
As were all irking her to fury
Late to office frowning
Atlast finished cooking
Went with hubby's lunch box in hurry

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Monkey On The Mango Tree

RR(Ramesh, Raju)Poem-6
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other.

Ramesh climbed up that big mango tree
Caught him Raju mocked 'monkey, monkey'
Ramesh too cried 'Raju
A monkey behind you'
False, but feared Raju readied to flee

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- No Feeling

RR(Ramesh, Raju)Poem-10
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other.

'Killing mosquitoes is very bad'
'No way Ramesh, no need to feel sad'
'I agree with you dad'
Raju poked in so mad
To say'if you die will they feel sad?'

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Opposite Function

Two opposites function to clash well
Sea said I can swell, so now I swell
'Oh, I can't do' Land said
Sea swelled, swelled and land drowned
Two opposites function to clash well

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Python Threat

Ere the street retired it came at night
From a roof top ready to alight
All screamed "python, python;"
A while later wasn't seen
"Where?", for months street remained with a fright

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Set Back

RR(Ramesh, Raju)Poem-8
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other.

'Safe is to confess and surrender'
Ramesh told Raju on his blunder
'Yes admit my mistake
Surrender to set back...'
Paused Raju..then told, 'a fresh blunder'

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- She's Simile

She's Simile like a simile
Like rose and its thorn so merrily
But at times dreadfully
Verily verily
She’s Simile like a simile

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Shunned Mimicry

RR(Ramesh, Raju)Poem-1
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other

Ramesh mimicked howl of dog for fun
Dog by the door started barking then
'Barking dogs do not bite'
Raju set for a fight
Ramesh stopped howls once for all to shun

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Shut Up

She could not control her laughter
When he said "I am the master"
"Of what?" she questioned
"For long your husband!"
"Joke?" she shut his mouth with plaster

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- So He Said

RR Poem-16
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other

"If you don't study well I can't spend";
Dad said "Raju, no money, do mind;"
"Yes dad, you need not spend"
"Ramesh will aid and fund;"...
Ramesh to find a way now to mend

Later He And He Said (Limerick)

"I simply said Ramesh" so said dad
"Didn't mean to hurt Raju" so said dad
Then came Raju and said
"Ramesh, I simply said;"
"Didn't mean it." No more was Ramesh sad

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- 'so Is The Son

RR(Ramesh, Raju) Poem-12
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other.

'Ramesh should improve his handwriting'
And Raju, study well, stop fighting'
No sooner dad said it
Than Raju stood to hit
'Dad, first you should stop this way biting'

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Stolen Words

Children were all playing word-building
Little kid Joe was with low scoring
Joe wanted to beat John
Suddenly she cried 'John..!' '
'All those words from my mind, you're stealing'

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- The Crow And The Koel

A crow fell in love with koel's voice
He married a koel for her voice
Soon koel laid two eggs
Fondly crow hatched those eggs
Born two chicks koellike with crow's voice

Indira Renganathan
Limerick - The Lion And The Hunter

A lion lived in a forest house
A hunter in rain came there all doused
Lion saw the hunter
Hunter felt his blunder
'Reeking' said but the lion to drowse

Indira Renganathan
She told him to read the newspaper  
Son did but warned her of all murder  
Rape, scam, scandal, swindle  
Theft, molest, mishap, brawl...  
"Stop, stop" mom cried "no more newspaper";

Indira Renganathan
Grandma wanted to sleep on the swing
Her son said "no, you'll fall from the swing"
So grandma didn't sleep there
But her son did sleep there
"Midnight scream from son" alarmed the swing

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- The Tonsured Brainy

With long locks unkempt mom looks ugly
Dad says "she's brainless so looks ugly"
One bald uncle comes home
"Brainy folks need no comb;"
Dad ter turns tonsured brainy

Indira Renganathan
Limerick - There Came A Kitten

RR(Ramesh, Raju) Poem-3
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other

There came a tiny kitten mewing
Ramesh came with milk himself mewing
Raju saw this and planned
Kitten to flee far banned
He ordered his mouth to keep barking

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- They Are Grown

RR Poem-13
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other

Now that they're grown, their pranks too all changed
Though Ramesh has become more matured
Raju remains naughty
That he calls mom sweetie
Mom shouts'all those nasty books you read? '

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Tit For Tat

RR Poem-14
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other

Old grandma, sick daddy to be cared
So Ramesh too along with them spared
Went out to a movie
Raju and mom carefree
Fooled them the rest, to else movie dared

Indira Renganathan
Grandma should tell a bedtime story
That day she struggled tired and sleepy
Muttered something and stopped
'Tell granny' Priya asked
'Think the title Priya' hushed granny

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Tom's Venture

Tom wanted to explore a mountain
He took George and first crossed a fountain
Narrow paths so long
George fell down so strong
Disturbed dog but ran up for certain

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Tooth Extraction

'Amma, I've a wiggly tooth 'said Raam
'Pull it out' said mom.'I can't' said Raam
'Then I will'.Mom pulled, pulled
Ram cried, cried, cried, mouth bled
Mom too cried 'aaaah...biting my finger Raaaam! '

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Trend

Grandma's new name now is "old model;
Grand kids so mocking by that name yell
Gran uses her dad's pen
With that proudly writes gran
"I feel proud to be an old model;"

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Try Later

'God, crying I tell you everything
And telling you everything crying
What to do to feel free? '
'Line's on a busy spree'
Try later'said a voice from God's wing

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Two Countries Two Skies

Two countries were all time enemies
Even fought for their skies with armies
So the clouds too got wild
Grouped into two so riled
Battled till ruined economies

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Twolimericks Talked

"What fun do they find in us to laugh?"
"Yeah, are we so funny that they laugh?"
"Perhaps we're ugly too"
"Ah, quite possible too"
"Oh, is it then a sarcastic laugh?"

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Upma

She is the beautiful wife Uma
He is the handsom husband Upa
They love each other much
To name their kid as such
Jumbling their names to call her Upma

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Well Prepared

I sit with my laptop well prepared
Feeling good with a mind fresh and flared
I work for a while well
Soon yawns out I sleep well
Wife shouts 'lunch full and sleep well prepared'

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Who Is That Honey

RR Poem-15
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other

'Except Ramesh all else shouts at me
So I love him more than my honey'
When Raju said all urged
'Who's that honey' they asked
Raju said'my future wife, honey'

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Who's The Silly

"Ma, dad comes home late at night daily
So he's Late Dad; said son happily
Shocked mom said; no he's not
What am I then? retort;
"Late dad's wife" son said more joyfully

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- Witty Victor

Victor had a sister by name rose
One day Rose fell down and broke her nose
Victor kept on laughing
Jumping mocking jumping
Himself fell down atlast, broke his nose

Indira Renganathan
Limerick- You And Me

RR(Ramesh, Raju)Poem-9
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks
on each other.

'Two opposites are glued together'
Ramesh was reading with much vigour
Raju came with much josh
Sat too glued with Ramesh
Just to spoil Ramesh's reading vigour

Indira Renganathan
“Ma, look at God’s lower lip,” said child  
“That’s the crescent moon dear” mom told child
Next day rainbow was up 
Mom said “God’s upper lip”; 
“No, it’s God’s all lipsticks” said her child

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-Fire And Ice

Neil fell went to the doctor
He said'I have fire and ice doctor'
'Burning and shivering? '
'Yes' said Neil shuddering
Fever and cold- treated the doctor

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-Ghost, Ghost

He shouts at his wife 'ghost, ghost' often
Angry husband, his way to threaten
Feared poor wife falls sick, dies
Though anger toonow flies
Even then he screams 'ghost, ghost' often

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-Good To Saynamaste

“Our namaste is a good gesture
Why then to adopt hugging culture? &quot;
&quot;No way than accepting&quot;
He said. Said she grumbling
&quot;A hoard of lice, daughter's head nurtures&quot;

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-Gorana And Corona

can't just sit at home
Rambling all the time away from home
So is called GoRana
Now has come corona
GoRana is forced to stay at home

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-Grand-Ma's Advice

Grand-ma said 'accept your aging way'
Fashion but changing day after day
Shree changed her hair colour
Grey and white to devour
Grand-ma said 'good you're your aging way'

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-Grand-Ma's Beauty

Grand-ma wanted a blemishless face
She searched for all tips to add more glace
Plentiful she tried
Plenty times she cried
Grand-ma's belief ceased with a scarred face

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-Grandson's Math

"I'm sixty. I'll live for hundred years
How many more left? 'gran asked for years
Grandson thought for a while
Then replied with a smile
'Old'll die any moment 'gran" in cheers

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-Grow High

"You should have a goal to grow high dear;"
To that little boy dad's friend said clear
Years passed, friend came again
Told the boy same again
Irked the boy said "I'm six feet now sir;"

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-Ha Ha Ha...

RR Poem-17
About the brothers Ramesh (elder, soft and shy) 
and Raju (younger, rude and bold), their naughty play and pranks 
on each other

"It happens only sometimes" dad said
"Yes, just sometimes, sometimes" Raju said
Ramesh too said "sometimes"
Mom asked "what's that sometimes"
"Hey, on...ly some...times you laugh" dad said

Ha Ha Ha...

"It happens on...ly some...times, some...times"
Mom retorted shouting in irked rhymes
All asked "what's that some...times"
"No thought even some...times"
On how Raju gets through just some...times

Indira Renganathan
Limerick—He Is A Loser Now

He is a winner in each aspect
But a loser now in this respect
His agony soars high
Takes a whip and blows high
Mosquitoes flee...but his blows him thrust

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-Honoured Death

That known writer honour him
Kindreds kept note books and pens with him
And then
Heard a groan to threaten
&quote;Oh my books, they burnt..&quot; in nightly screams

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-How To Solve This Problem

My maid comes late for work with such lies
That she was busy chasing the flies
How to solve this problem
Calling for a forum
With her folks my maid o'er my outcries

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-I Am A Sad Limerick

“I am a sad limerick” he said
“Why? , what happened my dear? ” his friend asked
“Oh, my dad is offshore
None to fight to the core;
“I am a sad limerick” he said

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-In The Robbers' School

A school for robbers taught robbery
Tests in stealing were done properly
Hunting in awagon
Finding things were common
One such find was principal Laury

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-Limerick By Name

'Don't behave too silly dear Derick'
Said mom worrying about Derick
But Derick didn't oblige
Mom vowed to disoblige
Frederick was thence called Limerick

Indira Renganathan
RR(Ramesh, Raju) Poems
About the brothers Ramesh(elder, soft and shy)
and Raju(younger, rude and bold) , their naughty play and pranks on each other

1 # Shunned Mimicry
Ramesh mimicked howl of dog for fun
Dog by the door started barking then
"Barking dogs do not bite"
Raju set for a fight
Ramesh stopped howls once for all to shun

2 # Angel Fight
Ramesh had an angel dream that night
Himself became an angel outright
Brother Raju saw this
Chased to slash Ramesh's wings
Ramesh woke up sharp in awful fright

3# There Came A Kitten
There came a tiny kitten mewing
Ramesh came with milk himself mewing
Raju saw this and planned
Kitten to flee far banned
He ordered his mouth to keep barking

4# Below Normal
Ramesh had fever above normal
Took medicines to become normal
But downed below normal
Dad asked "is it normal? "

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Raju said “always below normal”;

5 # Above Normal

Season changed, Raju caught high fever
cried, yowled, shouted out of high fever
Dad asked “still high fever? ”
Ramesh with fake valour
Said “yes, above normal like ever”;

6 # Monkey On The Mango Tree

Ramesh climbed up that big mango tree
Caught him Raju mocked “monkey, monkey”
Ramesh too cried “Raju
A monkey behind you”;
False, but feared Raju readied to flee

7 # An Issue Began

Ramesh talks in sleep and talked that night
Awake Raju at once set a fright
He talked in Ramesh’s voice
Ill of their dad’s bad poise
Next day a fight just began forthright

8# Set Back

“Safe is to confess and surrender”
Ramesh told Raju on his blunder
“Yes admit my mistake
Surrender to set back...”
Paused Raju...then told, “a fresh blunder”;

9# You And Me

“Two opposites are glued together”;

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Ramesh was reading with much vigour
Raju came with much josh
Sat too glued with Ramesh
Just to spoil Ramesh's reading vigour

10 #No Feeling

"Killing mosquitoes is very bad;"
"No way Ramesh, no need to feel sad;"
"I agree with you dad;"
Raju poked in so mad
To say:"if you die will they feel sad?"

11# A Vow On The Carrom Board

"I should win first of all;" each one vowed
"What you each wish for others? "dad asked
Each one wished "good luck;", but
Raju alone said, "just
For how many bucks should I lose dad?"

12#....So Is The Son

"Ramesh should improve his handwriting;"
And Raju, study well, stop fighting;
No sooner dad said it
Than Raju stood to hit
"Dad, first you should stop this way biting"

13 #They Are Grown

Now that they're grown, their pranks too all changed
Though Ramesh has become more matured
Raju remains naughty
That he calls mom sweetie
Mom shouts:"all those nasty books you read?"

14# Tit For Tat
Old grandma, sick daddy to be cared
So Ramesh too along with them spared
Went out to a movie
Raju and mom carefree
Fooled them the rest, to else movie dared

15 # Who Is That Honey

"Except Ramesh all else shouts at me
So I love him more than my honey"
When Raju said all urged
"Who's that honey?" they asked
Raju said "my future wife, honey"

16 # So He Said

"If you don't study well I can't spend"
Dad said "Raju, no money, do mind"
"Yes dad, you need not spend"
"Ramesh will aid and fund"
Ramesh to find a way now to mend

Later He And He Said

"I simply said Ramesh" so said dad
"Didn't mean to hurt Raju" so said dad
Then came Raju and said
"Ramesh, I simply said"
"Didn't mean it". No more was Ramesh sad

17 # Ha Ha Ha...

"It happens only sometimes" dad said
"Yes, just sometimes, sometimes" Raju said
Ramesh too said sometimes...
Mom asked "what's that sometimes"
&"Hey, on...ly some...times you laugh" dad said

   Ha Ha Ha...

&"It happens on...ly some...times, some...times"
Mom retorted shouting in irked rhymes
All asked &"what's that some...times"
&"No thought even some...times
On how Raju gets through just some...times"

18 # At last

What made him change, Ramesh only knows
On studies Raju agreed to focus
Teachers for all subjects
Taught him all the subjects
What made him change, Ramesh only knows

Atlast Raju joined the college and
Dad and mom turned calm no more bothered
But secret was disclosed
How Raju was paid closed
With ten percent from teachers' fee swiped

19# As Days Passed

The money scandal soon all forgot
Except grandma who worried a lot
She told Raju one day
&"Be good or simply stray
But get married soon, learn life is what"

That just provoked a fire of fury
When Raju decided to marry
&"No joke, you need to earn" dad said with a face stern
"First studies" Ramesh said in hurry

Raju answered in gentle voice now
"To all your advices I do bow"
"First studies, then job, then
Ramesh's marriage, then mine"
He d of relief, all said WoW!

20# All's Well Now

That Raju has promised to be good
Grandma too is changed to a new mood
She loves Raju too much
Laughs too much, hugs too much
She says "all's well now, no need to brood"

Indira Renganathan
Limerick-Sheela, Jangris, Idlis

Sheela was very very hungry
So she longed to eat lots of jangris
Jangris being costly
Her mom so made idlis
Sheela ate idlis though was angry

Indira Renganathan
Little Girls, Little Boys

Little Girls, Little Boys...
To them
Like the distant winkling twinkle
I would hint an idea..
"Watch your parents...
Struggling how they raise you
To them, faithful, grateful be you";

Little Girls, little boys...
To them
Like the distant winkling twinkle
I would hint an idea..
"Watch around...learn life
How to be or how not to be..find

Indira Renganathan
Lived Passings

Pinpointed events
From Time's store running timely
Heaven, hell rated
As umpire alien night
Slow counts end to await yield

Indira Renganathan
Living Reversible

Fantasy, fancy, dreams
Freakish, capricious, whimsical
Live, learn, sum up
Frenzy, dreams soared untrue
Dynamic, renowned, how to be
New dream, new goal
Clutch tight
Before danger-fall
Look upon sharply
Forward steps carefully
conscious, candid
Living reversible

Indira Renganathan
Lone Hours And Concentration

Lone hours and concentration-
You are working- deeply mindful
Somebody comes and disrupt-
You feel cut off-
A loud fight outside
Or from home inside
You feel cut off-
But in subdued tone
A distant melody from outside
Or an euphony instrumental
In low volume close by- you?
Up to you to think

Lone hours and concentration-
You are working- deeply mindful
A crow's raucous caws outside-
Do you feel off- or
A dog's noisy bark outside
Do you feel off- or
Some bird's sweet cheep
A cuckoo's dulcet coo - you?
Up to you to think

Soft music is soothing like nature
Nature is soft like music caressing
I am more absorbed- up to you to think
In lone hours and concentration

Indira Renganathan
Look Forward

'Hi friend, how are you? ' 
Looked back; To my surprise - 'You? ' 
'Yeah, yeah, you never turned back'.  
'Sorry late night, so didn't look back '.

After years I saw him, very thin.  
On a single blow to flee unseen.  
'Working where' I silenced. 
May be of no job, I guessed 

He walked back and forth. 
Looked funny and fishy in truth. 
He worded, 'what are you doing? 
O' know in a paper mill you're working '.

I doubted him to spy me long. 
A school mate viciously wrong, 
Left out and forgotten by everybody, 
Now holding me. Around us was nobody.

Hour passed, he said bye.' Hold on 
What are you' I went on.  
'Ghosting' answered to vanish. Felt something 
God! since then I don't look back!

Indira Renganathan
Lord Of Tirunelveli

Sing Him praises
So does He bless us
Up from Kailas
Shiva here with spouse

Twin templd city
Wafting energy of Almighty
Tirunelveli a place of piety
Bearing a puranic antiquity

Vedabhatta a staunch devotee
Commanded by Shiva his beloved deity
Stayed in Thaamiraparani's tranquility
With his daily poojas on duty

Fate, in short struck famine
Poor devotee fell on beggary line
Yet everything per wish divine
For Vedabhatta only a good sign

Struggling though a lot
With prayers in heart
Vedabhatta very much devout
Begged for paddy regret without

So such sun-dried a morn the paddy
Bathed after in the river speedy
Prayed well for rains then needy
Surprise, rained at once much a remedy

Mulled over the drying paddy
Hastened to check if hardy
Blessed, found he there unwet paddy
Realised the holy mercy of Shiva dandy

That supreme power alone
Hedged the paddy zone
Then since came to be known
Tirunelveli(sacred-hedged-paddy)well known
Swayambulinga, self-manifested in bamboo grove
To that Venuvaneshwar whom people drove
Agasthya and Rama that once did adore
Now named Nellaiappar; Reasonable lore

Temples of Nellaiappar and Kaanthimathi
In the precincts with exquisite beauty
Sprawling magnificent sculptural artistry
Add elegance to Nellai i.e Tirunelveli

Copper-hall(Thaamira sabha) of dance
On the day of Arudra, star of Betelgeuse
As Lord Nataraja dances
Holds me closer to the divine grace
One among the many in peace
Folks, join in here for His holy brace

Indira Renganathan
Love

Nothing but just that..
Coupled couple to produce somebody
And it does exit
When worn out a body
But it does resuscitate
Blossoming over a thrown-alive dolly
To foster it in benign heart
Mercifully to raise hopefully
To say love is that

Indira Renganathan
Love Cinematic

Such is their love..
Decked up hero decent
On heroine descent
Her wavy locks to hide
Beatifying music on
Whilst a group of angels
On pulsating beats
Twist and break and embellish all..

Their love is played caste-free
Sing and smile and cry
Then to elope
Cheating villains beaten
Beating parents treated
Treated love greeted
My heart beats rapidly
Uttering 'all untrue, untrue'..

Their production of love
In silence multi-sold
Mindless hero next bothered
Still.. the heroine responds to realise
Delayed with bulging woes
Hung out from a noose
Downward from an upstroke
To confess to her own heart

Indira Renganathan
Love Familial

Is it not, family a culture-symbol
Racing human found advanced to safeguard..
Conceived family to conceptualise society
To protect humanity all with moral values
So much love in related bond
In pain, in pleasure, in woes, in comforts
Who else than parents, blood-linked kins
Help, aid, assist with love and care
Not at instances but life through
And familial love is..
For ever 'affectionately yours'

Indira Renganathan
Love Filial

I think over the thoughts
Couldn't that be understood once
Generates counting my memory months
Cohering with younger my mother and father
Fragile my touch be kissed
What could've in mind mine run
A bond of affection, is it not

Day and night of growth in its spate
From darker drownage rescued
Body and mind mine parental care
All in caring tenderness all gods
As my mother and father masqueraded
What could've felt mind mine then
A bond of affection, is it not

Kindled in her or him when I'm
Persona shaded brighter for him or her
Stepped out as I the annulled temple
Blossoming love found elsewhere varied
Brimming filiety yet with the temple
What could've felt mind mine then
Pacification, justification is it not

Wedlock-wayward farther onward
Complexities clouding..fallen burdened
Maaa, cry infantal to heaven parental
Reality, muted could it be ever
A bond divine such be, to bow bound
What should've felt mind mine now
Love and service infantal to parents, is it not

Indira Renganathan
Love Insightful

Providential wish
None could aside brush
He vishoned not her; just heard
Simply he his love declared
Said she yes though feared

Chasing caste phobia parental
Made them bear a child premarital
Essayed their love the visionless
Forbade them the parents heartless
Conjoined they in a temple caste regardless

A true love story of two visionless
In love while in their classes
Years two later they declared
No law or parents guarded
Merely threatened and tortured

Eloped, struggled and starved
Sold comb and soap, themselves upgraded
Turned more blessed
Begotten kids born vision powered
Impaired not love; paired per divine command

Indira Renganathan
Love Sacred

There, those people young and old
Paint their feelings red and blue
For a trance of bliss liquored up in dim light
To name a kind of love..
Wish them 'God be with'

But
The burning heart of a mourning love
Passing through a familial exam
Put up with a life of babies
In silence patient

Answer a couple modest and honest
' An advent along obstacles
Treasure-hunts the life the sacred love'

In the deep depths of their souls
A holy spark of love smoldering
Awaiting a timely rapture
Crossing over the commited burdens..
There, such is the sacred love

Indira Renganathan
Lullaby Dose

Up the street through the window
Flashes fluorescence
Up the sky behind the clouds
Dramatized full moon
Nature's gay, winds play, trees sway
Gently blows the breeze
A hoard of scents seeking me
Caressing my soul
A couch of bliss me put on
Counting the twinkles

Indira Renganathan
Madras

The ambience of the oceanic swells
The azure of the sky drowned therein
The sandy shore with ozonic breeze
The uncluttered stretch up the last eyeline

Eaten the sun-feast beatan by night gleam
Starry twinkling winking at statues' conspiracy
Over the panorama the illuminated beam
The light-house sea-marking with accuracy

There, her majesty queen Mary
With her radio recreations
Literates of Presidency and University
Smiling Mahathma musically on fridays

Spinning around many a pantheon
Of heritage and history
Names of many a medallion
In library of a century

Deities of age old temples
Festively resonating in academies
Music, dance and drama in ripples
Yearlong by dignitaries

Theosophy under an aeoned banyan tree
classically singing and dancing
Pinking palace of an art-gallery
Bubbling with handicap and painting

Many more left here though
True you delighted me
That did I once bow
In proposal to Ye

Madras o' madras!
Did love you darling
But long back once
Now you are rotting
Corrupted with terrific traffic
Overflowingly endangering
Need a vehicle to pick
Passengers even to other side crossing

You've grown scraping the sky
Atop no dredging even a pail of water
So high a basin a bay
Threatening when a tsunami does enter...

Why Madras, why?
So many whys are there
Don't throw back a why
When said 'no more proposals dear'

Indira Renganathan
Madras Eye (Conjunctivitis, Pink Eye)

Your territory whence your'I'
Looks into the whole world
Blinking for hopeful knowing
Now impinged upon

Perpetrating culprit acute, viral
Trenching violently bloody grit
Sliming your domain purulent..
Pained bulge rubbing for normalcy

You're a wispy dull pupil now
Looking at others for help
I but can not be inflamed infectious
By you and they Madras-eyed...sorry

Indira Renganathan
Madras Marina

Man-made one here..
Samples of humans statued
Ruling over all ages sundry
On a scattered, cluttered feast

Every grain of sand
Filling the ocean with soiled tears..
Even the Mahathma
Helpless to help

Indira Renganathan
Madras Monsoon

Like the awaited chief guest

Comes to fare on thundering ovation

Flooded people sail in spirit

Unknowing of a manhole-salvation

Gone to come back by litanies and matins

Meantime-dug pits are ready to harvest

Erstwhile pour next time fails

Exterior rivers enforced to in set

Indira Renganathan
Madurai To Nellai By Bus

So much excitement over a bus ride  
Had experiences though in my teens  
Long after now from northern side  
Madurai to Nellai southward on wheels

Colourfully odoured the bus-terminus at Madurai  
Trying a faster pace myself behind husband  
Roamed around sufficiently the many sundry  
Caught the bus finally, me in pushed

Almost a bare ed God  
Possibly my teen bus was now stale  
However felt jolly; Hubby too did  
After decades old couple enjoying quite hale

The running bus metrically jolted us  
Lapping meteoric curvetures shortly curtly  
My musical mind enjoyed the meters  
Hubby, his usual self of berating loudly

My usual self shirked him  
Slicked a little aside  
Evening crept in with a prayer hymn  
Hubby, dozed with a slight slide

Night came yet not our destination  
Started counting the stars seen out  
Slowly fell asleep dreams woven  
So far nowhere did the bus halt

Steadily whirred and whirred  
Somewhere at the depth were we asleep  
A sudden break, a sonorous horn stirred  
Kovilpatti did the bus stop

There did I first fuss disturbed  
Nudged me a vendor with a cut cucumber  
' Nothing has yet changed 'I opined  
'Since my teen time older'
Civics cremated by those vendors
Better to be cautious not to be diseased
Hubby got out of the bus
Just to be uncaged a while indeed

Our trip intermitted only once just
Happy hubby couldn't get out often
Lest would be mine a pulsating heart
Waiting in search off and on

So was our rare experience
Like some people sometimes try out
'A sovereign thrill of one's independence'
Safe at our Nellai such we felt

Indira Renganathan
Making Of A Rose (Repost)

Just making of a rose a Rose
Cuts and folds plastic or paper
Then paints with all pink rouged a Rose
Just making of a rose a Rose

Blooms, scents, charms rosy Rose her rose
Thorns and scissors-they don’t differ
Just making of a rose a Rose
Cuts and folds plastic or paper

Indira Renganathan
Mamma Earth Is Searching (Repost)

As the sun rises lotus up-unfolds..
Umpteen petals of love unfurled to dance
The sunflower too blushes bright in awe
Turning to the sun all along the day
Even a blade of grass flips off the dew
Flashling rainbow colours in thorough joy
Coos and moos and else cries ready their quest
Kids of Earth while rejoice in love with sun
Mamma Earth- rolling searching her spouse while
In lulled pretext Vishnu reclines watchful

Indira Renganathan
Matrimony

Many baits for a perfect snatch
Again and again in partner search
Trial and rehearsal tremble and screech
Repeated quests for a suitable match
Indeed girls have a lot to grouch..
Marriage isn't in heaven much
On earth struggles are such
Negotiations if finalise to hatch
Yep, step, pep up a feast rich

Indira Renganathan
Mayakoothan-Thirukulandhai

No wonder Thee swing joyfully in and away
For Thee know well, the cause is Thyself
Plus and minus so sway as Thee dance and sway

In Thou heart's locket is verdant Thy conscience
Hinging Alarmlangai is blushing shared
Thou Kausthuba too jingles in coherence

And Lord, it's Thee so playing
For pining Kulandhaivalli, much longing for Thee
All-knowing Thee betroths to Thyself her embracing

Thy consorts so nestled in Thou heart
Thee seat them right and left
Then atonce hasten to slay an evil spirit

Thou mother-in-law freed from slayed Asmasuran
Ecstatic Thee dance and dance on the dead demon
Happy thence, known to us Mayakoothan

In this travelling cosmos the ominous Saturn
Spins in Thy hold per Thy ruling destiny
Melody and melancholy, Thine rhythmic pattern
Plus and minus so sway as Thee dance and sway

Indira Renganathan
'So bored of your 
Moon-talks daily...
Sounds lunatic'

'So what..you throw 
Sun-talks on me 
I will shine'

Some days are too 
Sunny 
Despite a good season

One such day rose 
The hot gravy 
To do a facial

No more moon-talks 
No more sun-talks

Indira Renganathan
Meditation

Detached Inside away
From the kindred inside
Seated on an Inside
Inside a closed Inside

Awaiting a bloom
Lighting the Inside
There, to feel
No inside, outside

Indira Renganathan
Meeting The Society

Tradition has fallen
Meeting me with horning meat
Prime in the witchy dawn
Outside the porch on my kolam-space

Disgusting me much
to consider my kolam, address elsewhere
Hoping to be peaceful

While my heart still likes to stay
To watch a man every morning
Singing softly to his soul
An idealistic song of M.G.R

An apotheosis of heroism
But with holy-ash conspicuously on forehead
With a sequel of two lady-walkers

Crooning 'Shashtikavacham'
Blissful yet blissful not
As once the Lord at Swamimalai

When blessed me
Amid a thronging wedding crowd
Which blessedly spat betel-red

In the precincts of the temple
While the children wetted and fretted
over there to my increased agony

Which has not calmed down yet
As the flower-girl is still illoyal
Rating high for every flower-count

To the Goddess in the nearby temple
Where the auto-rickshaw drops me
Intending to hurt me much

Not taking me back home
Unexpectedly fleeing and not waiting
Very often to unlock my home
In sunless, powerless night

Fearing to be stabbed, strangled
Chain-snatched, robbed
To be bundled in cold-sweat

Followed by
Others' frequent sickening advice
'Don't look down low on '
Or 'don't step out old lady'

Indira Renganathan
Merrily Truly

An exhibition of confidence
An exhibition of perseverance
A special kind of bravery
With tolerance to a different anatomy
Children of God are they.
Skilfully proficient to display
With insight open, heart open
Mind footing in the Lord's heaven,
Shaking hands with God
Attested to be adepts in every field-
God is proud of them merrily, truly.

They play, they dance, they sing,
They write, they go by everything.
Differently abled, much focused
Being too salient; with eyes closed
Mouth and ears shut, With silenced limbs-
Enlightened is inner sense
Creating a great magnificent prowess.
Able and potential with intelligence.
A perfect physique though unprovided
Graciously graced by the Lord.
God is proud of them merrily, truly.

Our Gods polyheaded, polyhanded
Balancing meaningfully are understood.
Extra powers in their extra shapes
Empowering those children in excess.
Kumaragurupara, a dumb devotee sang verses.
Lord Muruga blessed him with changes.
Strange may it sound; but true.
Support them; they accrue
Laurels of success like Helen Keller
Sudhachandran and like people many more.
God is proud of them merrily, truly.

In the ocean of this society
Deep at the bottom hidden are plenty
Crying out for mercy,
For rescue impaired by destiny.
Replete with abilities
Despite their misshaped chassis;
Not to be segregated
But to be aggregated
With our powers and potential in unity
To live in perfect harmony.
God is proud of us all merrily, truly.

Indira Renganathan
Mid-Day Surrounding

Silent street doused in yellow
Splashes on solitary pedestrians
Rolling wheels jiggle the silence
Scarily portending shivery fear
Chirping squirrels chisel their tones
While a jugalbandi of cuckoo-crow overtones
Houses clink the palate to water the mouth
Accompanied chatter befriending badmouth
Zapping channels sound on high frequency
Aged serials nap to snoring telecast

Indira Renganathan
Mind

I have not seen a ghost
Nor have I seen you
I know you are a ghost
Inside me quite true

Unfurled, smoky, spooky, stratus
Descending to be a tornado or a hurricane
Like those black darkening clouds
O'mind, you are inside me but unseen

An unseen tenant of malicious glee
Occupant of my brain, ten percent
Of a dark mass; I'm yet to see
Enlightenment in your whole of hundred percent

You're pregnant with emotions
Love is a rose in your lexicon
So was I pricked by thorns
Subsequent haunts on and on

O'mind love is divine, universal
Beyond that filthy urge physical
Realised, wouldn't have gone cynical
Would've served the poor, the infirm, logical

Gone waste, a perplexity
Misled life of complexity
Till my death o'mind your quality
Sheer trait of frivolity

May you change to be chaste
Stopping your hitherto haunt
May you escort till my breath last
Acceptable for me the benevolent best

Indira Renganathan
Mind-2

Thinker
Back and forth well
But not beyond the spheres
Though can skip Death-void well to
His bliss

Indira Renganathan
Mirror

But in light
Mirror mimics your decor
Radiance of contentment
merriment of your colour
All your persona's highlight
Yet in light
Mirror mimics your torture
Parched field of your heart
Vexing failures of emotional juncture
All the somber feelings of your trot
And in dark
You shrink to the atom of anger
Burst and bang to crumble
But in light
crumbled mirror prophesies
'Crumbled life collecting itself'
And in light
You mirror your hopes

Indira Renganathan
Modern Poesy

Appealing like the charming teen-ager
Lovingly in love loved by the same 'ager
Sometimes metering doddered lika a toddler
Prosodial lingua travailing like a prattler..
By all means
Poesy but says 'I don't bother'
But I say'o.k, you're too a stylish mother'

Indira Renganathan
Express trains are respectful brothers  
For they have an ihtuional heart each  
Delayed one train means much the next bothers  
And it's our train next delayed long we waited such

Evening platform limned dim and dull  
Weakened infrastructure waiting for a seat  
Sparse benches filled with baggages full  
Buzzing mosquitoes spraying around to bite

Uneasy to feel lost in a railed hell  
Chairs, benches inadequate even to rest  
Impatient me escorting things all  
Evening walk escaped hubby alone me left

Who and who not the cheaters  
All immoral thieves..watchful to watch  
Dub, dub, dub, dub pattered my heart fears  
'Where's hubby' panicked the train in a touching reach

Indira Renganathan
Money

Stolen by poverty
Let stolen by 'antipoverty'
Might of the mint is an effigy
Endorsed in life's kinetic journey

Rags to riches coiled in coinage
Birth to death in currency-appendage
Food, clothe, shelter hike
Varied labour-men when strike

Target is money-market
Goal is money-profit
Craze is gold locket
Racing in final syndromic silt

To be is to be knowledgeable
Enough is enough satiable
Fear is to fear avarice
Beware is beware of vice, malice
And
Don't we just opine of money a demon
Don't just opine of money either a daemon
Born in this country
We to deify money, Goddess Lakshmi
Bestower of wealth and morality

Indira Renganathan
Money Abused

Mind set
All to make money
Shut heart and soul
Banging on

Made money sequenced
Bribes and bribed
Sedately wet
Vamped, smoked, drugged
To racing
On blackened therapy of escapism

Path of confession opens
Walk in to treat
The heart and soul

Indira Renganathan
Money Does Matter Sentimentally

In the pathless darkness stumbles the heart
Stammers to a figureless somebody
Looks into the farther space for help
Pregnant with woes, in a flash
Remembers the returnless days of sentiments..

Atonce offers an oblation to the deity -
An yellow cloth pouched with coins
Prays and prayers infused, obstacles preyed
Wishes blessed, woes warded off..

Trust!
Just does that coined turmeric- pouch
Then atlast surrendering the divine treasury
Sentimentally blessing one ofcourse!

Indira Renganathan
Money Matters

Professed striving, thriving in kitchen life  
Woman of yesterday was a home maid  
Call her not a homemaker or housewife  
A home maid unpaid and future benighted  
Illiterate slave literate in home science  
Deprived of finance for days ahead  
Suppressed in fearful negligence  
Dear and near, not to be truly so supposed  
Necessity out of such a pity  
Woman of olden time  
Saved in her kitty  
Annas, paise to chime.  
Unreally smiling out of disguised injustice  
Done to her by a domestic law  
To herself collected coins, fortune to splice  
Woman of moral law  

Begotten parental assets begotten  
Life raised husband and his folks  
Counting her collection the woman forlorn  
From mercy somebody the beseeched alms  
Her pouch of coins didn't change  
Unchanged the least quantum amount too  
No depositing, no investing to challenge  
No interest, no dividend to woo  
Passed on from husband to son  
Hopes on despair built  
Survival of a grand-ma's funeral now to shun.  
Stealthily on money matters spoken about.  
On her couch of death  
Ready to depart her pouch.  
Struggling through her last breath  
Her savings presented to her funeral march  

Indira Renganathan
Father sun isn't rude anymore
For he is in his transition chore more
Aippasi is all set at Libra's door
Farther monsoon is nearer to pour
Heigh ho sing, 'clouds are scudding forth'
Sultry souls are out to graze
In the field of showery grace
Aippasi embarks on with reverent mirth
Sunbaked earth is in quenching race
Monsoon is merry with magnified girth

Interim events illumine monsoon
Celebrated celestials marry soon
Sin-hewn demons defeated to maroon
Ravana, Narakasura slain to a festive boon
Heigh ho sing merrily 'merry merry Deepavali'
May the ignorant heart doesn't croon
But let the lit up soul tune
Monsoon thence on cloud nine rapturously
Monsoon is heaven of bliss-immune
Say so, a harp of pattering music lively

Monsoon is dexterously good
Yet sometimes opens its monstrous hood
Thamiraparani expels Kurukkuthurai Lord
Even so spears Tharaka, Padmasura the Lord
Heigh ho sing, 'vel vel vetrivel vetrivel'
Marries happily Valli the victorious Lord
Enlights the house of earth monsoon savvied
Abashed monsoon assures to shrivel
Leaving its imprint in wintry cold
Say so 'may His fulgency our pride too quell

Indira Renganathan
Monstrous Fortnight

On the day of Deepavali
Misty and pleasant was Udumalpet
Perhaps for the guests from Nellai
A city of only high or low heat

Getting back after happy celebration
No rains blessed us on our way
Crossing Palani a place for devotion
'O'Muruga, give us rains' I did pray

Nearing the 'Welcome' of our junction
Showers greeted us anyway
Thereupon beyond my expectation
Rained, rained and rained to make a boat-way

Boat-way by all means quaffed whole Tamil lustre
Ferocious the flood ate every home
Hid the dead like an ogre
So much stronger my prayer overdoing the loam?

Water-logged everywhere for a fortnight
Wreaking the wreck of transport busses
Gulping passengers, a miserable sight
A valiant demon of scary virtues

Tamil-Nadu a beautiful piece of earth
Now rain-ravaged and devastated
In our long time an unmet wrath
Slapping us to be woe composed

Relief and rescue machinery is high
The demon's lust, the damage remains
May the sacrificed souls in peace lie
I'm too angry with the Lord on Palani hills

So much havoc, so much disaster
O'Muruga is this fair?
Never to meet a monster
Do our hearts desire
Indira Renganathan
Moon

Silvery is the big round of moon in the skies
Shyly concealing behind the curtain of clouds
Swiftly the clouds run over her
Utterly glittery she is back there

A mass of clouds comes to attack her
Goodness! it fails to touch her
Wonder I get a hello from her
A blossom of love opens for her

My heart stretches out stairs high
Her rays touching me say Hi
We share our love conversing a lot
In our way to ourselves whole night

Are you the sort of me?
Sleep well. Don't disturb. She is for me.
Dawn is set. She has gone.
I miss her yearning for the bygone.

People around look at me strangely
How can I tell them everything truly
Our love, passion is all magic
Disclosed once they'll call me lunatic

Indira Renganathan
Moon Hasstarted Preaching

Never the life is the same
Goes up to down deep
You should have it in mind

Your love is for what?
Think
Are you aware that
Storm and Peace in cycles is life

Above is the full moon
Blazing in full grace
Says'I wax to wane to wax'

Life is to be carefully led
Ever to win His love
By both

Indira Renganathan
Mortal Wrinkles

The window arrests me by its side
Through its square making me ride
Every day a serene green does it show
Feel but today gonna be a different show

The studded trees afar
The nearer trees so far
'Ve been welcoming me to join
The peaks up and the valleys down
The stroking clouds and the murmuring stream..

My soul steps out
Soon reports to have a lookout

Lay there apart two sunset bodies bushed over
As if felled trees with running dews cry over
And my mind back in the past to myself stare...

'A man and a woman happily together
Walking and chatting over years earlier
Deeper, longer and wander
Grow older and older; Their fled children afar..'

Moribund pair one here malignantly in solitary fear

Indira Renganathan
Mother And Babe

Emissary God's
Feeds limitless love from soul
Godly bloom babe smiles

Indira Renganathan
Mother Basil

You are the Goddess descendent
Celestiality incomparable
Branching out in austerities ascendant
Wished to thrive in mysticism bridal
Sankachuda done away conjoined Krishna
Namaste Mother Basil namaste

Your aroma, my mind kindled
Reaching your abode my soul
Inhaling your scent my body bowed
Your sanative virtues to console
Voiding my life rancid, nihil
Namaste, Mother Basil, namaste!

Restored at your root the sacred water
Resides in your heart sacred all power
The whole of yourself the divine superior
You're godly, no wonder your chaplet ever
Adorning Lord Krishna your lover
Namaste, Mother Basil, namaste!

Olden days were grand-mas sentimental
These days are mothers complimental
True, you're no more questionable
Proven sanctity, curative quality commendable
Ah, science even follows grand-mas admirable
Namaste, Mother Basil, namaste!

Indira Renganathan
Mother Goddess

Short single plaited of her curly locks
Tall, simple, draped with six yards
Queenly significant, nightingale voiced
Pretty enough to be admired
Mamma is ever my first goddess

Her veneration with high ideals
Her composure with amiable qualities
Have lasting records filling up my mind
I'm her disciple, well tuned
No doubt, mamma is ever my first goddess

Home, like a choultry of many numbers
With increasing population of naughty kids
Of aunts, uncles and even grand-parents
Issued year by year without any pause

Challenge! caring for her own kids
Nursing others', serving the elders
Cooking for the battalion the food
In huge vessels with more heed
Great, mamma is ever my first goddess! !

Indira Renganathan
Mothers

Who gave such tenderness
And gentle genteelness
Ma, a cub new born seeks
Also a babe human enounces
Ma or mamma, in her sweetness
The first shelter, child cuddles
So much mercy in her loving-kindness

There, the human Mother proclaims
'Mother Goddess causer of genesis
Tender and kind in my motherliness'..
Much so, the divine Mother, child accolades
Much comprehending Her fruitfulness
Much grown to realise, recognize
Mother Earth, Mother Country all prominence

So the Mother to the child all goodness
Richness to mean motherly mercifulness
Mercifulness is also Mother Cow's beneficence
Wonderful my Bharat discerns motherly benevolence
Benevolence is truth of Vedic cognizance
As Mother Veda to acclaim is heart's pleasance
Wealth or knowledge..verdancy is motherliness
Land, animal or human, nature's true prolific Mothers

Indira Renganathan
Motto

This year, next year, even years after,
Life long an important matter-
From you to others in cheer
Happily be passed on and on ever
May you cherish and prosper
Matter of fact with that true factor

Dear little boy! so clever you are
To understand what I mean
Aren't you?

When you're smiling, seen
Are the rainbow colours so clean
Smelt is a perfume of fragrant green
Heard are the tones of holy Paean
Tasted is a sup of dainty cuisine
Felt is your touch of ambrosial gene

May all such good things go on
From this birth day of yours
All through your life for so many years
With that golden smile on your face
As the sole smiling!

Indira Renganathan
Mudal Azhwargal

Who doeth know thou heart, thy mind o'Lord
Mystical as in blissful births of azhwars
Who doeth know thou source whilst
Wishing thou weapons incarnate, personify
And in compliance unto thou holy feet now
I'm at thou behest to versify thou divine masquerade
Thy Mercy, Narayana, rest in heart and mind mine!

POIKAIAZHWAR

And at the Lord's behest Panchajanyam complied
The cosmic whizzbang turned into an incarnate spirit
'Thiruvekka poet' perseverant, devout born
Born upon a couch of lotus a chit celestial

And at the Lord's behest Sun rose to light
By and by perceived pond-found Poikaiazhwar deific..
*Earth as the bowl with ocean as ghee
Sun as the lamp blazing luminous He
Unto His feet my garland of praises aglow
To stave off evil'

And at the Lord's behest his verses marvelled
Hymns and he in inly oneness in Him
Ocean of devotion blossoms eternal a flower
Indeed an aeonian Lotus Poikai Azhwar

BHoothathazhwar

And at the Lord's behest Kaumodhaki complied
The divine mace turned into an incarnate spirit
On the bed of pastoral 'Kurukkatti' flower
Flowered 'Kadalmallai poet' Bhoothathazhwar

And at the Lord's behest love worded gospel
Hymned virtuous poet to revel..
*Love as the bowl with piety as ghee
Hearty mind as the wick
With enlightened Tamil for Narayana
Yearning I illume'

And at the Lord's behest verses famed immortal
Just the mortal shook yet the Pasurams stood
Endless coil of time timelessly ringing
Bhoothathazhwar, his amaranthine hymns ever chiming

PEIAZHWAR

And at the Lord's behest Nandhaki complied
The divine sword turned into an incarnate spirit
Wished Kesava a well at Mayilai
On the bed of red lilies born Peiazhwar

And at the Lord's behest effused devotion crazy
Versed piety versified visioned praises..
"'O' I see ornate Sri and the aureate persona
Azury colour and the discus of valour
And a hand wielding the clarion conch
This day all in my glorious ocean-coloured Lord'

And at the Lord's behest pasurams excelled
Ever trance-dipped Peiazhwar salvaged
Ineffable him in the paradise of pietism
Affable, adorable, eternal ever his pasurams

Note: * Translation of respective azhwars' verses

Following are the tamil verses (transliterated here)
of the three azhwars

1

'vaiyam thagaLiyA vArkadaIe neyyAga
veyya kadhirOn viLakkAga - seyya
sudar AzhiyAn adikkE sUttinEn sol mAlai
idarAzhi nIngkugavE enRu.'

-Poikaiazhwar

2
'Anbe Thagliyaa Aarvame Neyyaaga  
Inburugu Chintai Idu Thiriyaag  
Nanpurugi Gnaana Chudar Vilakku Etrinen  
Naaranarku Gnaana Thamizh Purindha Naan.'

-Bhoothathazwar

3

'Tiruk Kanden Pon Meni Kanden- Thigazhum  
Arukkan Ani Niramum Kanden-Seruk Kilarum  
Pon Aazhi Kanden Puri Sangam Kai Kanden  
En Aazhi Vannan Paal Inru.'

-Peiazhwar

Indira Renganathan
Mummy-Nimmyfight

"Mummy gummy You've big tummy
Biggie belly you're so silly"

"Fluffy Gownie you're so lazy
Nimmy dreamy, don't be broody"

"You don't like whatever I want
But want me to like all you want
Mummy gummy you're so silly"

"All you like is all not healthy
All I want you to stay healthy
Nimmy dreamy, don't be broody"

"Listen to me mummy gummy
All in my class are just like me
All of us are fit and healthy"

"If you don't stick to rules needy
Some time you may fall sick silly
Listen to me broody Nimmy"

"You don't study well too silly
Is your whole class too so, silly?
I shall tell your teacher, dreamy"

"I do study well my mummy
You can tell my teacher gummy
I too can tell papa gummy"

"O.k?"

"O.k"

Indira Renganathan
Museum

You're winged and tailed
And made to swim along a dead sea
To be excavated out of an old history
Imaged of a hero in an aesthetic
Made an artefactual relic
And worded in an elderly manuscript
To giggle with somber odour
To be a skeleton at the feast

Indira Renganathan
Music - Poem

Seven bells from heaven chiming in rhyme
In sixteen colours of harmony climb
Immixed in patterns melodic sung spread
In divine frequencies nicely rendered
Music is indeed heavenly sublime

Note: seven bells- seven notes
sixteen colours- except Sa and pa the fixed notes
the other five notes have variants
Ri, Ga, Dha, Ni- three variants each
And Ma- two fourteen variants and the fixed notes
comprise sixteen swarasthanas in Indian Music

Indira Renganathan
Music My Love(Repost)

'Music my love, singing in heart repletes
I swear on my singing you too love it
My notes, my scales, singing my choice, my taste
When I go on singing sure for repeats
Listen to my singing closing your eyes
Honour you my singing with mind open
And you to my singing you ears sharpen
Never to my singing should you despise'

'Oh me to your singing I close my eyes
And me to your singing with mind open
I pray as your singing in heart repletes
And mine to your singing ears do depise
Not mine but yours, singing not to happen
Music your love, singing yours no repeats'

Indira Renganathan
Muted Hours

Sometimes my verses
Get sentenced into a muted click
Muted mind sits sombre
Scratching the head to grey
What next
Somebody recommended dying
Meant to me the other way
And I'm fastened in the dark-lands
To escape, my tardy mind
Thinks, thinks, thinks
A shearing spark..
Outwits
I'm relieved

Indira Renganathan
My Laptop

My laptop had gone for service
Used may be much of her service
How would I repay her service
Than sending her for a service

Now back at home, I asked "o.k? &quot; 
&quot;Seems so; A reluctant 'o.K'
In fact all oldies say that way
&quot;Cheer up&quot;, I typed o.k, o.k

O.k, O.k, o.k, o.k....
Tickled giggling she screamed 'o'k'
&quot;O.k ~ oh ~ oh ~ oh ~ oh ~ oh ~ k &quot; 

Indira Renganathan
My Pc's Documentation

'I was dead for some days
Hard to detect my vanished life
Blank in dark abyss breathless
Treated and treated in hard strife

I was resuscitated by God's grace
On screen back to pattern my life
Back anew netted with my mistress
Trapped to type a new life rife'

Indira Renganathan
Nameology

Here is a poem mine
Its body it's words
Its name its title
A figure out of my think
But not contented
How am I to correct
My mind orders-
'change the title'
For namesake

Indira Renganathan
National Flag

Heig, ho
In the heights of the holy ether
On the peaks of the steepled valour
Flaming saffron spreading favour
Peaceful on the whitened flavour
Rolling chakra hinting hard labour
Fertile on the greens a purveyor
Our emblem of glory flying up higher
Salute, salute for ever

Indira Renganathan
Nature Haikus-1

1 Dawn
Wakened earth dew-bathed
Sunrise ready with sindhoor
Ocean holds mirror

2 Morning Star
Up above so high
Still winkling starry night light
Puts out fast sunlight

3 Breeze And Sun
Wind pats its babe 'wake'
Breeze ripples-leaves cry 'too chill'
Warms up eastern fire

4 Cock Crowing
Cock Crowing at dawn
Clocked sun in scurrying blaze
First 'good morning' wished

5 Sun And Lotus
Red carpeted sun
Alerted clouds disperse fast
Lures the sun lotus

Indira Renganathan
1 Cold Brothers

'Cold Brothers'- they mock
Chilli, 'pepper, mustard at
Melons and gherkins

2 Hot Sisters

'Hot Sisters'-they mock
Melons, gherkins at chilli
'Pepper and mustard

3 Confusion

Sun paints albedos
Butterflies waltzing around
Dazzled are flowers

4 Resurgence

Leaves fall, flowers fall
Fruits fall, trees fall-bare
Resurgence returns

5 Volcano

Nature's heartburn flares
Snow's attempt to heal has failed
Puked wrath soiling land

Indira Renganathan
1 Sky And Clouds

Confusion of sky's wives
Who the dear? Roaring fight storms
Pour out gloom boom clash

2 Sky And Earth

Azuring sky leers
Arrows sun rays on to earth
Cupid-hit earh yields

3 Moon And Lily

Lily in the pond
Midnight crow crows scarily
Hugs the lily the moon

4 Moon And Stars

Moon's pride mocks at stars
Angered stars conspire in groups
Spell a new moon thence

5 Night And Crow

'How come you turn fair? ' 
Night hushed 'orange in daybreak' 
Crow crows at daybreak

Indira Renganathan
Nature-Haikus-3

1 courtesy

Wind and dust fight fierce
All green turn dull and dusty
Mercy, rains deterge

2 Solar Storm

'Why you spew fiery?'
'To prove virgin' said lava
'Oh'- sun too so spewed

3 Fusion Harmony

cheep, chitter, twirp, tweet
Caw, coo colourful flapping-s
Fusion Harmony

4 Sky Signal

Battling clouds thunder
Lightnings s cry flooding
Stop! signals rainbow

5 Pride Of Sunflower

'You scent rich'- Balsam
'But you're colourful'- Jasmine
'I'm His shine- Sunflower

Indira Renganathan
1 Crow And Parrot

'I can talk'-parrot
'Caw, caw'-crow. 'Caw, caw'-parrot
Friend's fusion-diction

2 Trio-Fest

As peacock dances
Cuckoo coos, parrot by heart-
'oh, sabash, sabash'

3 Waterfall, River, Ocean

Falling utterance
Sail through ripples to console
Wavering ocean

4 Moon And Earth

Twenty seven wives
Moon s' wails
'Lunatic census'

5 Aurora's Scenario

Aurora's hands stretch
Paint iridescent all shapes
Birds' symphony claps

Indira Renganathan
1 Bee, Rose, Butterfly

Bee stung for honey
Rose bent in wind to venge but
Prickled butterfly

2 Summer Feast

Summer has crept in
Steam cooking earth busily
Gaping sky in awe

3 Who The Best?

'Me the breath' says air
'Me the heart' says says
'Me, monsoon-causer'

4 Pipal, Neem, Ganesh

Pipal and neem wed
Happy they beget a son
Godly son Ganesh

5 Breeze, Banyan, Monkey

Dulcet breeze blowing
Styling banyan sways tresses
Tress-dance by monkeys

Indira Renganathan
1) Greetings

Scudding clouds heave hope
Heaven-blessed pour on them
Wedding day special

2) V-vigil

Sports aerobatics
A group of birds high above
weather eye vigil

3) Love Aglow

Who first, who next glows
Both rise and set day and night
Lotus and the sun

4) Sun And Earth

Tuned at dawn they wed
Heated up noon burnt up but
Daily dusk-divorce

5) The Miscoloured

'All are my colours'
Says rainbow 'none can beat me'
'I can' says night

Indira Renganathan
Nature-Haikus-7

1 Three Birds

'Hu kee, hu kee'-first
'Cu coo, cu coo coo'-second
'Hai coo, hai coo'-third

2 Cloud's Mischief

Coconut tree sweeps
Clouds off, back moon but smudgy
Stirred lily doubting

3 Bamboo, Beetle, Wind

Impinged beetle bored
Stroking wind soothed bamboo's heart
High scaled notes love-born

4 Summer, Sun, Autumn

Hungry summer craves
Sun's feeding heat more and more
Dried earth calls autumn

5 Earth And Autumn

Autumn is messy
Mother prays to God to help
Sets in monsoon next

Indira Renganathan
Nature-Haikus-8

1 Hot Sun

'So hot' said the Sun
'Sail all the seas'said earth
'Yes, sweet dreams'said sun

2 Hungry Sun

Sun was sailing seas
All aqua steamed high far beyond
Grilled earth well eaten

3 Angry Earth

Angry earth bittered
Sun puked earth out to aqua
'Hold your tongue'vewarned God

4 Fallen Haiku

'Hai'said wind to leaf
Hai-ed leaf cooed to bird flown then
fell on earth haiku-ed

5 Silence

'Sh' is a hush wind's
Rustle is whisper of leaf
Silence is snake's slide

Indira Renganathan
Nature-Haikus-9

1 Haiku Contest-1

Active judge is wind
Busy doing leaves and flowers
Secret helper bees

2 Haiku Contest-2

Sounding rains judging
Sloshing ocean, rivers, falls all
Croaking frogs help ponds

3 Colouring Contest

Colouring Contest
Brushing trees, plants peek in ponds, lakes
Rainbow helps from sky

4 Cancelled Contest

Competingbirds sing
Cancelled soon but unfair contest
Unfit judge donkey

5Birds'Discotheque

Some sing orchestral
Pretty dancing peacocks and rest
Dropped out is emu

Indira Renganathan
Nature's Epigram

1. The breeze jiggles, the leaves jiggle
   The leaves jiggle, the tree jiggles
   The tree jiggles, the shadow on the wall
   In silence jiggles..the wall says
   "Don't tickle me of and on"

    ing under a tree wearied a wayfarer
    Bitten by a battalion of ants screamed
    Said in giggling tone the rustling leaves
    "Hosted with acupuncture"

Indira Renganathan
Navagrahas-1

In the play-field of the providence
Playing unambiguously the Umpire
Upon the captains of eminence
And all their teamed players to aspire
Dribbled to reach ever an unreached terminus

Unceasing rolling is fate's frolicking desire
And Earth bullied by its nine balls
Supplicates sometimes even stoking holy-fire
Begetting catered wishes by orisons
Reasonably while Navagrahas adorn spoused attire

And in the chariot of seven horses
Captain Soorya centered of solar empire
Driven consorted with Chaya's bliss
Fielded around by spunky players that require
Empyreal sport indefinitely on rolls

Ten horses do not at all tire
As Soma with Rohini deceptively wanes
Then waxes, then wanes to reinspire..
Handsome Chandra driven with lily pats
That minds are lit of a luminaire

Sport of space is wary sometimes
A ram can carry on scarefire
Crimson Angaraka while aboard on with weapons
Clement yet a deity for devotees not to mire
That His blessings are bestowed boons

No loss for a daring lion dire
Mounted on while Bhuda of sportive deals
Supportive Brihaspati of brainy spire
Guiding eloquent the wisdom of beings
Rolls on bodies, space much to acquire

With white Sukra at peace are Asuras
And fortune suffices of what they require
Slow but ravenous and main of the players
Sani is the striker yet the holding wire
Spirit of the firmament on rolls

Providential trickery is on occasional hire
Shadowy up and down the spherical nodes
In dark Rahu and Ketu while conspire
Eclipsed Sun and Moon behind shades
Empyreal sport is after all only to admire

Indira Renganathan
Navagrahās-2 Attired, Adorned, Offered

Sanguine Sun spotted red with ruby
Ingrained wheat for food salty sweetly

Milky Moon moving around white and pearly
Rich and ricey for minds and hearts happy

Coral Mars in enraged orange balled colorfully
Feasting leguminous with red legume family

Ever green Mercury enrolled with emerald verdantly
Fed with green bean pulsatively

Giant Jupiter yellowing in sapphire edifyingly
Grand connoisseur of chickpeas tastily

White Venus spangling diamonded masterfully
Vacillated for snowy lablab more cravingly

Slow and steady Saturn blues in sapphire auspiciously
Grubbing over sesame mirthfully

Ascending up the node yellowed in garnet luminously
Blackened Rahu pulsed for black gram supplicatingly

Descending down the node with cat's eye lustrously
Darkened Ketu squirms gulping horse gram blessingly

Indira Renganathan
Navarasas

Recurring occurrences, repeating experiences
Evoked heart emotes and expresses

Nature's instinct natural provocations
Naturally are humans on aesthetic emotions

Divine are the aesthetics godly fine
Undivine are the aesthetics destructive 'mine'

Everlasting Navarasas in never ending depiction
Endless portrayal immortal in description

Encompassed Rama and Sita at first sight
Espoused Sringara epically ethically bright

Tickled as the mind of a baby a clown
With Sursa did away brave hasya-Hanuman

Soul-filled composure, heartful karunya
Blessed Jatayu last rites done by merciful Rama

Sweet little Prahlada suffered the maximum
Salved from Hiranya Narasimha's raudram

Chivalrous chit valorous Krishna
Vanquished venomous Kaliya with great veera

Unfreed captive lonely Sita
Feared of Ravana out of bhayanaka

Conspiracy of Kaikeyi and Mantara
Churned up Ayodhya disgusting with bhipatsa

Revelation of ubiquitous Krishna
Amazed Arjuna stricken with adbhuta

Enlightened under the Pipal great Gautama
Enraptured by shanta great Buddha
Desirous is human emotion
Illumined divine, then blessed to salvation

Indira Renganathan
Nesters' Season

Monsoon wind blowing
Leaves and twigs all along strewn
Birds picking busy

It's nesters' season
Offsprings' arrival likely
Birds nesting busy

Indira Renganathan
Never A Female

Her body darkly sheathed
On demand for dowry paled
Meanly fed, hungered
Yielded issues diseased
Heaved a heap of work-load
Thinned to be sickened
Folks around nagged
Complained the children unattended
Moneyless, helpless suffered
Versed in painful wedlock, despaired and died

Says the departed soul
'Never a female'

Ignorant of a brutal gale
Blown to be murdered, fateful finale
Blackened body of an infanticide- female
Buried despite dreaming to sprout hale
Many a family wants not a female
For she outgoing dowry- scaled
Many a family wants a male
A son be the earning sail
They practise feticide, infanticide female

There, laments a liberated soul
'Never a female'

Trashed, the baby in the cradle
Bit of the abandoned bundle
Grown to kindle
'Where're my parents to fondle? '
Then stands to reason...‘the social turmoil'
Looses her heart to muddle
A composed orphan in puzzle
Self-imposed with struggle
Friends and good people
Though aid doesn't giggle
Deeper in her heart she's a thrown female
Never can she behind her kinship trail
And says the abandoned soul
'Never a female'

Never a female?

Indira Renganathan
Newyear's Resolution

'Born of Time for the whole globe I vow
To the good talks and deeds I shall bow
Shan't be problematic
Shall be systematic
With ideals for peace lot to grow'

Indira Renganathan
Night

Night is not the moon-filled silvery Night
Night is not the star-filled glittery Night
Night is not the evil-filled eerie Night
Night is not the death-route of deadly Night
Night is not the war-filled shuddery Night
Night is not the cloud-filled dull gloomy Night
Night is not the rain-filled shivery Night

It is the burning wick of the bright Day
Unseen in the luminance of the Day
It's to get cooled the resting bed for Day
And to get healed the scathed body of Day
It's the lounge for every toiling hot Day
That we so meet a cool morn the next Day
That we so feel cool and free the next Day

Indira Renganathan
Night Ride

Thesun lights only to trail dark
Like this car lighting to trail dark
Along its night ride

I turn back to count the gone days
I've lived so far in breathed lighting
Just to find nothing

Dark and dark alone, nothing else
I doubt I lived at all ever
Miredmind tired musing

Bends and turns hit the journey on
Trailing still the car dark behind
Sealed with odds and ends

I gaze at the forerunning light
Waiting for the heavenly arc
To sweep it away

Indira Renganathan
Nightmare

My heart escapes to be awake
Whilst in slumber-being I'm swaying
Gripping my breath-strands
With all the known prayers
Soars high my heart
Though falters in the dark peace
Swims along the Akash Ganga
In and out of the star-avenues
Halloing the Scorpio divinely stung
Blessed by the Southern cross
Feasted by the Seven Rishis
Touches playfully the Orion
The hunter of the above abode..
Clasped! my heart
Amid the web of Orion's stretched limbs
My breath-strands get entangled
The heart is now loosening its grip
The moon sinks down in fear
My memory yells out for the Orion-Gods
Hey Shiva, hey Krishna!
Then atonce memory too fades out
My heart is pathetic
The soul smoothly gets released
'May you rest in the Lord's heart'
I acclaim
My sheath then permeates the muddy earth

Indira Renganathan
No Gimmick Will Help..

No gimmick will help
As the buddy flower more cleverer
Yet all tricks tried upon her
Oblige she not proper with aliment
She’s slimming
Clouding worries shower tears
Her mom tricked for one more chance
On a chocolate promise
Comprehends adamant the bud inquisitive
All tricks alone, not the goodness
Three years..old enough to fast?

Indira Renganathan
"God said it" they say
When Life to be first born
"Let there be light"
But when Death came first
Did God say "let it be dark"
I do not know

But Death when doeth take me
I will not know to tell all
In which I traverse, light or dark
As no Dead so far has said it

But for that matter
Can Death be a trial
To die and see one by one...no no

Indira Renganathan
The scientific efficacy is noisily murdering
Unlike enlivening
The olden household's hushy sibilance
The olden street children's play-scream
The olden vendors' musical sale-phonetics
The olden bullock-cart's running rhythm
The cart-man's 'hi hi
The jhatka's galloping trots
Of and on a cow's 'ammaaaah'
Dawn and dusk the cattle's dusty grazing treads
The rooster's cackle', the crow's' caw-caw'
Squeak, screech of chirping birds
Headed high by white collared eagles
The coherently, agreeably hissing breeze
Etcetera, etcetera all olden
All in melodious harmony neatly audible
With the evincing spherical silence

Today..
Everything deafening, deadening
Two, three, four and more wheeled wheeling
Small, big, bigger motoring
Up and down on earth thundering
Sounding smoky machinery nauseating
Multicoloured noisy stink
Murdering, murdering, murdering

Indira Renganathan
Friend, something is wacky
I mean speculating on petrol-diesel fray..
Three, four, and more wheels on noisy dusty dirt
Whizzing, chasing, horning nonstop
Let a day even twenty eight hours
Up and down, sky and land
Accompanied by microphones' summit
Publicly broadcasted through cinematic loudspeakers
Befriending piously the pantheons
On its way the homely televisions, transistors
Loud, louder and at the loudest
Dispersed decibels refusing to kiss the tympanum...
Friend, do you hear me? No..? No..?
Ho, that's the deadly heart-throbbing noise-pollution

Indira Renganathan
Not Really Interested..

Look, you are the cuckoo of the season
Me a cuckoo awaiting the season
Oh gone earner, cooing from too far you're
Me, waiting to be with you for ever

Oh my love, you are the bird seasonal
But me, just want our family seasoned
Missing you we all beg you to return
N R I? or for our joy you'll return?

Indira Renganathan
Nous

Mind be harp, strings be thoughts
Ego be plectrum
Nous be best, Best be choice
Neuron to neuron
Best be thoughts, best be harmony
Mind be harp, best be melody
Best be continuum, best be life
Best be nous, best be bliss

Indira Renganathan
O' Life

To the capricious longing heart
You are the rainbow of colours
Colours between two abrupt ends
Colourless nothingness out of
The ephemeral beatitude

Indira Renganathan
O' Peacock

Just one glimpse in full plumage  
Caged me in stunning amaze  
Wink of an eye missed ye  
Swiftly fluttered ye  
Searching for ye o' peacock

Blue-green iridescence lengthily tailed  
Decor of red and gold  
Winged large your train fully ornamental ocelli  
Filling feast for my eye  
Searching still o' peacock

Pretty bird, distinctive crest  
Tufted majestic, ye foretelling the rain  
And your dancing train  
Seated sight merrily deep in my heart  
Surpassing dreams past

O' bird turquoise, fear of ye poached  
Fear of hitherto pesticidal food? Charisma unfeathered  
O'Paravani, Skandha your lord  
Come back with Him blessed

Indira Renganathan
O' Winkle Twinkle

Sing a lullaby o'winkle twinkle
For me to dream of heaven
Whilst you in dream mine alight
Fathom deep will you my emotion

Crusaded how much yourself to be so afar
Scintillating hither and thither efforts escalating
Hold a spot heavenly for me there
For yet another star to be, much crusading

Indira Renganathan
O' World

Before we leap over you half, you become dark
Paving not a path of light to mark
Mean a pause to rest but we don't hark
For your pause means a deadly arc
And we're warned of devils that bark
Charms of ammunition that park
One step ahead for us on you dark
We're then preyed to that dreadful park
How then
Not to be mucky, mirky you ask
Your heart to shine and spark
From your effulgent womb we to hallmark

Indira Renganathan
O' Youths

Join your hands, nexus of a solid chain
Keep your hearts firm and unbroken
Vow to serve the poor and the bereaved
Pledge to protect the infirm and the disabled

Colour and culture land and language
Leader and preacher drug and rage
Dare not shake your notion
Your goal of 'kindness and consideration'

Smiling faces mercy eyes
Words assuasive altruistic service
Sure to bestow on you high values
Cheering your life hued to brilliant morals

O' youths, abide by unity, integrity
A day more is a day dead in life
Be this moment yours for chivalry, charity
Way out violence welcoming beneficence
The best propriety all time, you are
To love and love alone each other
In your fraternity of 'kindness and consideration'

Indira Renganathan
Ode To Pandalam Prince

On the bank of Pampa river
Wails of a babe, heard Pandalam king Rajasekhar
Found You o' divine child with splendour
God's mercy to his fervent prayer
Rajasekhar accepted You to his throne, an heir
Saranam Ayyappa, saranam Ayyappa

Beads collared You are manikhanta; per
Mythology son of Hari and Har
Human but God yet given all academic lore
Grew well versed to be the king's saviour
To Your divine wisdom super
Saranam Ayyappa, saranam Ayyappa

Their own son the queen bore
For the king Manikhanta the son elder
Fate, innocent queen became bitter
Conspired with the corrupt minister
Wanted her son to be the heir
Saranam Ayyappa, saranam Ayyappa

Fell sick, a fake stomach-ache, plotted a slaughter
Royal physician turned an accomplice there
Cunningly prescribed leopard's milk for her cure
Never did Ayyappa, You fear
Marched into the threatening woods afar
Saranam Ayyappa, saranam Ayyappa

You could simply hunt a leopard, Your vigour
Fetch its milk to Your mother, Your valour
A divine child of bold endeavour
Suited to be a warrior, king's heir
So do we wonder and utter
Saranam Ayyappa, saranam Ayyappa

Despite the protestations of Your foster-father
Bon-expedition of Your bravery, Your lustre
Came with leopard and cubs Your venture
Into the Sabari hills did You though disappear
Devotees still hope You'll again appear
Saranam Ayyappa, saranam Ayyappa.

Indira Renganathan
Oh Gulmohar (Kyrielle Sonnet)

Is there a God under the root
Or yourself the God up on earth
How you shine like a fire so brute
Tell me how this bright with all mirth

Oh Gulmohar is there a route
Of Ganga for you under earth
Or you grow of a heavenly shoot
Tell me how this bright with all mirth

Crimson..scarlet..in all red suit
And in sunny yellow you're worth
An embrace, a big hug's pursuit
Tell me how this bright with all mirth

Is there a God under the root
Tell me how this bright with all mirth

Indira Renganathan
On A Road Febrile

On a road febrile a week ago
By a demon with burning eyes
To a zone of shivers and chills
Dragged upward I to undergo
A turmoil of pathogenic battle..

His virological agents expectorated, spewed
That my defense system aroused
Provoked my red and white army all
To combat, fight in restless silence

A helping friend analgesic, antipyretic
Blanketed me to rest aesthetic
Done all well in solace
Destroyed the road febrile

Indira Renganathan
On Adisankara's Mathrupanchakam

Nor can Thee be exempted o'saint
Renounced mind of heart renounce can not
Begotten flesh and blood thine lament
Despite knowing Thee thou mother transcient

Cathartic thine feelings as thou mother's
Yelling out in labour-pain for the gods
Loaded soul thine evacuant of truths
Ineffectual plies of gratefulness
Diligently reciprocated in prostrations

Denudes thee thou saintly fame
Attired of thou mother's cajoling frame
Out bursting thou mother's raising pain
A sacred fetus cradled towards saintly fame
And thou renounced robes do acclaim
An appraisal elegiacally of thou mother aflame

Hey Guru,
Even Goddess supreme even out can not be
Such be motherhood godly
Intolerable her demise literally
Thou sovereign reverence added teaching morally

Mathrupanchakam by Adi Sankara Bhagavat Pada
Translated by P. R. Ramachander -

aam tavaddeyam prasothi samaye durvara soola vyadha,
nairuchyam thanu soshanam malamayee sayya cha samvatsaree,
ekasyapi na garba bara bharana klesasya yasya kshmo dhathum,
nishkruthimunnathopi thanaya tasya janyai nama.

Oh mother mine,
With clenched teeth bore thou the excruciating pain,
When I was born to you,
Shared thou the bed made dirty by me for an year,
And thine body became thin and painful,
During those nine months that you bore me,
For all these in return,
Oh mother dearest,
I can never compensate,
Even by my becoming great.

ulamupasruthya swapnakaale thu drushtwa,
yathi samuchitha vesham praarudho maam twamuchai
gurukulamadhasarva prarudathe samaksham
sapadhi charanayosthe mathurasthu pranaama.

Clad in a dress of a sanyasin,
You saw me in my teacher's school,
In your dream and wept,
And rushed thither,
Smothered, embraced and fondled me, Oh mother mine,
And all the teachers and students wept with you dear,
What could I do,
Except falling at your feet,
And offering my salutations.

dattam mathasthe marana samaye thoyamapi vaa,
swadhaa vaa no dheyaa maranadivase sraadha vidhina
na japtho mathasthe marana samaye tharaka manu,
akale samprapthe mayi kuru dhayaam matharathulaam.

Neither did I give you water at thine time of death,
Neither did I offer oblations to thee to help thine journey of death,
And neither did I chant the name of Rama in thine ear,
Oh Mother supreme, pardon me for these lapses with compassion,
For I have arrived here late to attend to those.

aa manisthvam, nayanam mamethi,
rajethi jeevethi chiram sthutha thwam,
ithyuktha vathya vaachi mathaa,
dadamyaham thandulamesh shulkam.

Long live,
Oh, pearl mine,
Oh jewel mine,
Oh my dearest eyes,
Oh mine prince dearest,  
And oh my soul of soul,  
Sang thou to me,  
But in return of that all,  
Oh my mother dearest.  
I give you but dry rice in your mouth.

hi thathethi shivethi tasmin,  
prasoothikale yadavocha uchai,  
krishnethi govinda hare mukunde tyaho,  
janye rachito ayamanjali.

Oh mother mine,  
Crying thou shouted in pain,  
During thine hard labour,  
"Oh mother, Oh father,  
Oh God Shiva,  
Oh Lord Krishna,  
Oh Lord of all, Govinda,  
Oh Hari and Oh God Mukunda, "  
But in return,  
Oh my mother dearest.  
I can give you but humble prostrations.

Indira Renganathan
On Cooking

To brew is to welcome Aurora
Who sets in to bless us prime
Coffee, tea all first global law

Battered are idli, dosa, vada, chutney
Mouth to stomach breaking the fast
For a choice light, just pongal simply

To lunch means a midday meal
Sweet and sour all curries to savor
Of course with rice, the main of the meal

Tea time is cracking snack time
Frying is strenuous albeit eating is easy
Need a choice lighter, tea alone is sublime

Boiling, baking, broiling, brewing, blending
Chopping, grilling, grinding, pressured
A day's roasted, toasted journey is cooking

Free time means vegetable-grocery-buying
Selecting, bargaining should be for select quality
With leftover recipes anew the dinner-cooking

Cooking over, eating over- cleaning starts
Machine or maid-pain in the neck often
Patience punctured by irate sleepy syllables

Cooking is a day long journey strenuous
Stuck, cooked by smoky kitchen sweating
No way to skip as hunger recurs in cycles

Indira Renganathan
On My Obituary Visits

It has been so many till now..
A hope, a wish, for a hello
Me on my spirit's march
Any to meet friendly as such
Pray, one good of some read bygone
Shall guide me to heaven

Note: This poem is based on my reading the obituary column daily in the newspaper

Indira Renganathan
On Poet ujan

No way I'm noted..
Perhaps behind him at the most farthest
Or just one foot up the poetry stairs..

A bhuddhist child of Hinduism
With his own ism of words
Interestingly I treasure-hunt repeatedly
On his obscure zone of meaning
And I slap my folly each time..

A stylish poet to word-wit
Even pain to be 'put into a white tunnel'
And death metaphorically..
The scorpion to burst its back
To give birth to multiple dying

A poet
By a parable of five brahmans
Yet to declare 'No fifth man'
As for him'poetry too is a tigress
Except there's no fifth
Man left on a tree
When she takes your breath
Away'

A poet
Whose mind can beg his hindu-body
To go with it'to rise in the sap of trees'
To 'feel the weight of the honey-hives
And the burlap weave of weaver-birds'
And
To my poems..
He inscribes his stony words and throw
For me to expiate my flaws
No way I'm noted
For he'll not look behind
But he can look down on me
For he's high in the skies
And me, just one foot up
The poetry stairs down
'I salute you sir'

Indira Renganathan
On Raja Ravivarman's Saraswathi

Positing whirls of peacefulness She's posing
Rejoicing a peacock in stream of bliss melodizing
Attired, ornate and serene Her lumining complacence
Wholly of her all-knowingness is enthroned cosmic
Denuded is my mind alone of my shameful nescience
Awaiting attired of Her gorgeous blessings enlightening
I'm in captivity with Saraswathi's intense luminosity
In captivity with Her congruous Veena-Gaana-compatibility

Watch, Vision of my pointed musing keeps open its eyes
Alert ears too await from Saraswathi the logos
Trudging is soul alone on a vented divine hunt
In silent hush inert everything around me a while..
Yet in a moment's wink seems caught Her seemliness
There, Subramanya Bharathi at Her threshold
In praise of Her aesthetic done how..
In praise of the artist how and how..

Renders then his melodic verses poet Bharathi..

'*'Moon's corona created God-To rave about
Indeed created the 'Jatak bird'-Made the 'Ambrosia'
Indeed lined up Devas to crave for-Indeed
For Indran's excellence made the white elephant

*All in flower, sky, woman, in their looks
Created the Lord beauteous countenance
For esteemed Ravivarman famous worldwide
His cognitive eye immeasurable to comprehend all

*A king's palace and a poorman's hut
His touches of finesse bring in cheers
Master-painter of the bestest paintings
Enough of earthly fame gone heavenward this day?

*To Ramba, Urvasi like dancers heavenly all-
O'advent artist great, to equate yours with the real
Wished and gone to the empyrean world?
Beaten the Rambas by your mastery, know it ascertained'....
My heart is now overwhelming
Pleased with the pleasance-
An artist, an aesthetic, a poet-Godliness

*- Translation of Subramanya Bharathi's song on Raja Ravi Varma's demise
Bharathiar's vaazhthupaattu- 'Chandiranoliai Eesan padaithathu....'

Indira Renganathan
One Liners 101-110 (Musings)

101. Rejection should not cause dejection as sometimes rejection is causeless too

102. A promised promise helps the promised person feel a promising support is turbid by nature..fight against its mire depths..a lotus will bloom
g too high in the skies is eagle like..reaching the moon is manlike

105.'shame, shame, puppy shame' mocked the animals at a man in the woods..why?

ne, sailing the crescent moon singing 'life's but a dream'

son or daughter when sets you on the pyre of words..pregnancy, labour is all nothing

mummy and Nimmy are fighting Jimmy barks in rhyme....a kid's nursery rhyme other animals can not do a catwalk..only a fashion model-girl can do a cat walk
de sometimes stands on a bucket

Indira Renganathan
One Liners 1-10(Musings)

1. midnight crow wakes him up- morning alarm sings him a lullaby
making needs oil- an oily space needs soap to be cleaned

ow colours-Garden, full of flowers- colourful birds suck honey

4. A lone star in the dark- hope rises- desires bloom one by one
ess darkness- desireless sky- peace descends
saw, up and down..swing swing, up and down..well and pail..? (down and up)
dal methods may vary as per one's choice but death likes only body function stopped
's far above, earth's down low yet they love and yield issues
ngless talks sometimes help to mean something &quot;shoo...shoo..&quot;
ion to God is to grow perfectly noble and not to sacrifice a life on the altar

Indira Renganathan
111. Shifting from one god to another God shows one's diffidence

I dalliances are seldom disliked during times of misfortune

were the days picking up shells and rare weeds from the Marina

days picking up plastic and other waste is often done in the Marina

ased population is increased man-power

ation can not be a cause for pollution if it has the civics and hygiene sense

117. A dry life needs an oasis..mother's lap alone will suffice

t lights on...stars adown on a cloudy night

119*. 'Why're you too late back home? 'she asked..'went in search of you' he said

120. 'Rosy lips'hesaid.'smoky lips'repulsively she said

Note*- As life style has changed a lot today we see many working women, girl students after extra tuition classes, too modern housewives after partying somewhere e.t.c. all come home late in the in this line it could be the conversation between a husband and wife or a father and daughter or a brother and sister.

Indira Renganathan
spice..(don't stick any spice) ..it's cinnamon..I call it so
of Newspaper is umpteen than read
a is shameless..outbursts all its issues
is a magical stroke..may be awesome..may be awful
learn to live..we live to learn..life's full of questions
r-sitting..mouth uttering..mind fleeing
is a poem..creator? .. the poet Anonymous

128. A cock crows at dawn from the hump of a buffalo in vain..(lazy buffalo)
129.3am a few tweets..4am a few more 5am a horde of tweets greets me 'good morning'
130. Dream..good dreaming boosts one's life

Indira Renganathan
lation needs tremendous involvement not to spoil the life of the original
of opposites doesn't exempt even God as He too has Satan as His opposite
reading is not liked how else learning will be liked
ience is how you read incidents and events and learn
ng needs only one leg but walking needs two legs..God's timely help
best teacher is he who has read and learnt and taught a lot
137.'Don't punch on my head, then I'll punch on your belly' little son
said..pregnant mom dismayed
asked 'why's the glow worm flying so high? '.because it's flying by the aircraft'
dad said
139 God didn't give wings or a the shooting star burns half way(a child's
discovery)
140.A stop sign never stops saying the word stop

Indira Renganathan
y has an inner colour that reflects outer through the eyes on one's face

that glitters is not gold...so too the farther stars

is a god-star close to our He doesn't winkle at us like other stars

can talk, walk and dream...sleep is wakeful in its own domain

throws challenges one by one...how we face and cross is the game of life

146.'Love you&quot; said a good butterfly..'already gang-raped stupid, I'm wilting now'said the flower

thinks it's divine..life says 'beware'

always wants to be identified...'how? ' is the valid question

can sing the song of the sea? ..Conch

h sings..heart percusses..audience ears listen..nature's body concerto

Indira Renganathan
back sees itself in a mirror and we leer at through another mirror

gh the train of thoughts time travels to show us the back of our mind

alive we're aware of in Death will we be aware of Birth?

rain..wet soil...love at first touch perfumes

155. Full moon..breeze..music..mind's reservoir is brimming

it that winter is cool so is the moon with the blanketing clouds?

157.(Home-) Taxed and banked with works and words most wives know not the tax and bank otherwise

m is mostly a birth-gift by chance

only deterging word of the brain is 'Why'

ning has multiple rungs to go one on one...unanswered stays perplexed often

Indira Renganathan
brain is a forest of thoughts, which way to choose and go is risky

brain is a garden of thoughts, finding nectar and poison is risky

brain is an all time joker unlike a bald head

tuality is beyondreligeon...a media to find the ultimate Truth

has no ism...may be we attribute a new word 'Godism' to Him

can not ride a bird like the gods but can ride an airplane

167.A one liner has no length-restriction...(on a web page)

rflies can be a model of colours to a fashion model

169.A family has two wheels to travel by the life-cart...(father and mother)

170.A family has two wheels changing from parents to parents in a chain for ever

Indira Renganathan
One Liners 171-180 (Musings)

171 Compulsion earns 99.9% hatred mostly

172 Compulsion in education is not an adorable option

173 Compulsion sometimes breaks the rapport between father and the son

174 Compulsion always fails to turn an atheist into a true devotee of God

175 Compulsion sometimes gains success by talent

176 Self compulsion helps reaching a goal

177 Compelled to the divine command is the perfect cosmic beauty

178 Compelled to the perfect formula is man's all inventions and devices

179 Compulsion is 'no sweet' to the diabetics

180 Compulsion to every life is death

Indira Renganathan
181 Inner eyes' ken is stronger to even reach God

182 Eyes can enact any play including death

183 Silence is..peace as well as fear

184 Silence can be broken easily within oneself

185 Silence is pristine only when thinking ceases

186 A mother hears her stillborn babe's cry life long

187 Pain in silence is the cruelest punishment

188 A tryst with God might help change the world to good

189 Creation's all intricacies..who can unravel the mystery

190 Surrender is the best than questioning divine laws

Indira Renganathan
One Liners 191-200 (Musings)

191 Humour thrives on enjoyable moments with enjoying people

192 Humour doesn't look up on anybody nor look down on anybody

193 Sensitive beings don't suit humorous conversations

194 Humorous talk and humorous write is a serious work

195 True humour needs spontaneity

196 'Look into my eyes' he said...'I say the same and look at nothing else' she said

197 'You touched my heart'said the rose.'But free me from your prickle now' said the butterfly

198 To be light-hearted is to be humorous

199 Cracking silly and vulgar jokes is not the virtue of humour

200 If laughter is the best medicine humour is the best doctor

Indira Renganathan
ing up the rock, reminded of his house, fell down the same lizard-way

has no wings - yet it flies.. eloping cheat..!

23. Life is a samosa stuffed with the masala of experiences fried in hope

r- an easy ride loaded with all our a 'Mother's Day' however can make it up.

ng roads cleaned - oil drizzled- summer omelette

chly devout to God- miracles do happen

ng sun- beaten earth- winds caress- clouds placate- summer rains

28. Neem tree- neem fruit- crow's desert

boulder- storm kissed- both did rock 'n roll swiftly

30. Love soars and floats in cloud nine.. clouds disperse.. love is sour and sore

Indira Renganathan
One Liners 31-40 (Musings)

31. A writer is more a captive of his mind

needs a tool incessantly to keep a better record of its musings...so the writer

has no seat to rest...meditate..it is seated

34. A book breathes only when filled with words

of a book..its words have to decide long or short

here is Goddess Saraswathi..papyrus is a sacrifice to that Goddess

37. A pen's service can not be abused

38. A pen is more intelligent with its content

input of a pen is man's intelligence

output of a pen is man's wisdom

Indira Renganathan
One Liners 41-50 (Musings)

and Chime are the best friends in perfect rhyme and chime

night comes to say that day is dead

night comes not to say that day is no more as day resurrects

44. A cuckoo has been cooing replied by some other cooing somewhere..when will they meet?

45. A sentence is to sentence few right words to make that sentence

ing stars is easier than counting mosquitoes before sleep

ng star dreams..morning star aims

oed lips on the hand- engraved love in the heart

the onion in brine to let her know what tear drops are

is too much if you go nonstop around that..otherwise life is simple

Indira Renganathan
lsory thinking is hard for a compulsory write

ring thoughts are surprise gifts like a lucky dip try

is above..above which side of the globe..? the Earth does ask as she rotates

ng river..floating leaf..crossing me..floating slippers..missed

has only two pages...multicoloured day and silvery night

found everybody faulty throughout..felt himself faulty and guilty at last dying

57.'Wars and destruction..! ..how long you're going to enjoy..? '(God's conscience)

tastes..mouth only tastes..not the stomach..what a tricky fate..! !

alk gives what? ..fearful determination

smokes a cigarette to light another one with its last spark..hmm..chain smoker

Indira Renganathan
One Liners 61-70 (Musings)

will not reveal when Time and all will end..His secrecy, His privacy
knows well when a day, a week, a month, a year will end but not his life
net world- how to measure its size- bigger than the universe..?
both do jump-walk..why not on a race..frog asked kangaroo
tly Good has a spot of bad and Bad has a spark of good..surprisingly
was easy with ten fingers once...today it's a symbol of heritage..
e and thanks are the best words in English language used profusely
e is the beauty queen..sunshine is the makeup man
rage with a 'backpat'..like a mother's pat on the babe's back
lion's message by airmail

Indira Renganathan
71. Rainbow's kaleidoscopic view..a flower garden

ow's confusion..7x what, a flower garden's myriad colours

e is changing its costume for the next scenario..Season's change

r is pushing to stay on..autumn is pushing to step in..seasons quarrel

in the pond... sweeter than she in the vast sky

between the coconut fronds... more inviting than she in the vast sky

up the mountain peaks... providential

g full moon..the Goddess's entry

farther moon in hazy hideout...who's mad? we or she?

love with the moon he is moony holding her beam walking to reach her

Indira Renganathan
coupel rowed a boat with one dream...but shortly soon their dream broke into two

82. Myriad gods are the powers of one supreme Power

83. One god of the myriad gods is just one hand of the one supreme Power

unto the feet of the one supreme Power..blessed then by myriad gods

has no heart...neither laughs nor cries

86.'What's for dinner? '..we're going to a hotel'..'o.k I've finished, you go'..hubby said

while away time watching heavy traffic from their flyover

88.A street dog is chased by the lust of many...six puppies at last

chocolates weep outside fridge..tropical infection..be them quarantined back

's rock dance...rock bursts thundering cracking

Indira Renganathan
ning sounds are painful pollution

ious sounds are melodic medication

gives anticipation first..disappointment next..(season's failure)

94.'Cooking is easy, eating is difficult'says he.'yes yours' says his wife

95. Life is a one line poem between two dots

idery is wise with spoons, forks, shredders, combs e.t.c today

sporting in the pond..clouds played rivalry..spirited wind rescuing

98.'His felling is killing me' says the cuckoo from up the tree

the hill he climbs singing loudly..a rock rolls down forbidding his singing

will soon end, yet wish-list seems not ending

Indira Renganathan
One Liners 11-20 (Musings)

11. 'You touch me with love'. 'But you sting me with lust' - bee and flower talked

12. Begging is worse yet the worst is not giving alms. But, how to find out the true beggar

in the ocean, gloom on the land - storm in the heart, gloom on the face

ience says 'don't do'..who respects a true teacher?

ric cremation..how safe when the ashes are committed to water?

has its best goal 99.9% with no assurance

17. *C challenged K- 'say cell'..K said 'kell'. C laughed. Irked K said 'say K'...C said 'cay' and laughed

r's grip of scorching lust...Earth's tremulous try of escape

need of photos and videos? a loving mind has already scored and stored them in its memory

20. A crowned Beauty queen is yet to prove her family bonding..in haste her title conferred

Note: * To my knowledge, there is no word beginning with the letter K that has the pronunciation of c-sound or as that of the word 'cell'. So it is well derived here that letter K can not pronounce 'C'. But it is the other way with letter 'C'. It can pronounce 'K' as in 'cay' or in 'chaos' or in 'chemistry'. So C wins.

Indira Renganathan
Only One Means

If you can turn
The moon
To her other side
Do it

Sun is bright..
If you dare
To touch his
Black hole
Do it too

If you want
To come out from
The other side of the
Ocean
Just dive this minute

You can even
Dig a hole to
The other side of the
Earth

If you want
A guise of a
Worm
To wriggle through
The hearts of your
Fellow men
Just be guised too

Above all

All lands
In drifts apart
Will you want
To glue them
Together...

By what means..?
You've been practising
What? ...war
You've been facing
What? ...destruction

Only one means..

'Peace'
No war-no sorrow

A life-slogan
'We and Our Earth'

Chant the hymn
'Hail to thee Mother Earth
Hail to thee 'Mother Peace'

Indira Renganathan
Origami

Multi-fold thoughts
Multi-fold steps
Manifold ways

Thousandfold folds
Vale to mount
Mount to vale

Up and leap
Bent and unbent
Thrown in at last
Various

To find paper-made
Heaven of creation
Crafted shapes welcome

Indira Renganathan
Other Side Of The Clouds

Through the window of the aircraft
I see an ocean of clouds
They shape in groups-
Some are lion headed brutally brave
Some are winged birds tiny and timid
Some alike crocodiles on cheating float
Some and some alike aliens from welkins
Some seem to be the souls supine awaiting next birth
Some and some still struggling to shape up
Some of the puffy whites in dispersing hurry
While in between filmy space telecasting earth
Whence cinematic romance is being shot
Surrounded by dry ice scenario
I get back to the ocean of clouds- alas!
All shapes dimming down in the falling sunlight

Indira Renganathan
Our Earth

Peace has no shape
Nor can we imagine a shape

Godliness is
To be felt

To moon and mars
Man fly to
Create earths new

Our earth is left
Orphaned
In the hands of
Looters and fighters

Peace is global and beyond
If only
All hearts as one heart
All thoughts as one thought
All voices as one voice
Desire to be in one harmony

Let us chant the hymn

'Hail to thee Mother Earth'
Hail to thee Mother Peace..! '

Indira Renganathan
Outlook

As your thoughts, so your outlook..
Ponder prior within deep
Right thought, taste..right lookout
And vice versa

Ponder prior within
Outlook up to the brim
Right thing, action, person...
Ripe the fruit

Family, society
Outlook, attitude...
Quality, ability, unity, utility
Yes for the betterment alone

Indira Renganathan
Paarvathi

Just a wink she came there in silence
Fair milky like heavenly Kailas
A day it was in heavenly trance
She met me with her godly stance

Something horned it was a divine answer
Long after butting against weighty prayer
Mooed my heart a mirthful whisper
That days ahead sure I'm to butter

Paarvathi came to cream my life
Very often indeed to free from strife
I graced her with 'pottu' of hindu- belief
Helped her hunger with bananas and relief

Graceful she frequented her visit
Godly she was, prayers I did repeat
Still to be she gave her last visit
On a day for long to sit and wait

Paarvathi no more then met me
Cloaked white in mind mine heartened she
Life mine tailed with her motherly glee
Good omen she in mind mooing bubbly frothy

Know not the reason till now
At my gate often she came why and how
To me wasn't just a cow
Paarvathi but the goddess to bless and bestow

Indira Renganathan
Satan sets in
Regardless of sorts and species
On the physiological route
Incidentally to invoke a spirit
Accidentally to provoke a spirit
Bullying the nociceptors to cry
'Paining, paining'
Satan sets in
Regardless of sorts and species
On the psychogenic routes
To invoke an emotional upset
To provoke an acrimony
Ragging the soul to cry
'Painful, painful'

Indira Renganathan
Pancha Bhuthas

The fire ball (Theyu) of the firmament (Akash)
Rays its flecks soothingly
Befriending earth (Prithvi) to produce me
I get up breathing in the air (Vayu)
To grow vertically, intellectually my face
Translucently showing my shiny brain
The hunger churned belly provokes my tongue
To drink and relish so cravingly
On rice and vegies quenching with water (Appu)
I grow and ‘ve now grown fully
Rejoicing the bhuthas in and around me.
Enjoying the divine solace to the fullest.
But lo! Very soon God is unwilling
He shakes Appu, Theyu, Vayu, Prithvi, Akash
Vigorous, may be the deluge? Shiva Shiva!
Driven out I pray, vow to worship
The Pancha-Bhuthas the Pancha-Lingas

Indira Renganathan
One of those many times again now
To count your attendance to me
On some special issue as to how
All the good folks are not free
From so many kamsas here who row
Readily to dine merrily merrily
Over the herd of cow
I, at your sacred feet
Your Mercy,
Time for you sharply to blow
Your Panchajanyam declaring not a fiery
War but an out bursted nectar to flow
To the other side of this heavy
Planet for the good people who sow
So much hope in you.
In urgency!
Krishna! come along with 'Amruth' right now
To protect nd to be friendly
But in real hostile with kamsas to tow
Them dead to hell

'Done hastily'..
Yes your viewing eyes should show.

Indira Renganathan
Papa Is Transcendent

That tranquil hill and the rippling river
Serene at both sides of the road
We hand in hand walking faster
To that temple to worship its Lord
Sitting for a while on the sliding steps
Down to the river from inside the temple
Then prostrating before the Lord with our prayers
Next going round the sanctorum nine times ample
Coming out and again prostrating
Before the flag-mast in acceptance of His Blessings
Coming back home to sit next to you
Enjoying the supper mom served us
And before bed, still clinging to you
To listen to you on stars and stories
Under the open sky at night were in repeats
When cold morn dawned one day in shivers
Papa, you became still to give me tears
You were dead and transcendent
Memories are haunting me. Please come back, papa

Indira Renganathan
Papery Papery

Papery is Bougainvillea in catchy colours
But with stabbingstout spines
Papery is Newspaper in catchy prints
But with stabbing tragic news
Despite the thorny ilk get not torn
Papery, papery...yet
A difference 'twixt His make and his make

Indira Renganathan
Papyrus

Stripped, hammered, pressed the purposeful papyrus
Unaware of herself a would be goddess..
Saraswathi of this country
Moulded in forms of paper artistry
Formed of holy codices
Seated respectfully on Navarathri pooja
But
God's unaware of Satan slipped in
Denuding Saraswathi
Stripping out all Her holiness
Cunningly to be reported of dark prints
Yet Saraswathi grabs a grip of peace
Grappling with the betwixt white
Of the newspaper

Indira Renganathan
Paradise

Slipped into got into whirls
What a fantastic place mine was
River Varaha from the western hills
Into my village bifurcating north and south
Mango orchards, coconut groves, crossed streets with
Two water-falls, two hillocks and my school
All in order on one bank, very chill
A big tank surrounded with paddy fields
Green sward with day-full iciness
On the other bank along with big temples
Civil court, elementary school, post-office,
Cinema theatres, hospital, and 'agraharam'-houses
In my vista are the cows back home
After grazing over a grassy roam.
'Aadu paalam'(dancing bridge)is shakily strong
'Pudhu paalam'(new bridge)widens very strong
Ah, my music master with his syllables
'Sa, ri, ga, ma, pa, dha, ni'..'hey, hey! 'I'm nudged
To answer paradise, paradise, paradise!

Indira Renganathan
Parents' Longing

Mom told her son
"Don't think dad has no heart for me
Just waiting to gift that special one
In right time to me"

Dad told his daughter
"Don't think mom has no heart for me
Just waiting to gift that special one
In right time to me"

Son and daughter told their parents
"May you let us quest for our special hearts
Or may yourself get us our special hearts
So that you can gift each other your special hearts"

Indira Renganathan
Parijatham

A habit of harvesting happiness
In the wintry dawn
Gathering the unfettered soul-feasting
White aroma, thousandfold of a celestial ambrosia
The queen of the night hath shed medicative..

I remember
Parijatham tree, our agraharam-house bore
The fragrant rear- yard youthfully carpeted with
When shaken the blest me with its flowery drizzles
Then to make garlands with my sister
Heady fragrance routine, Perumal garlanded us

Hundred years old in my heart
Grew Parijatham passed by
Grand-pa, pappa, mine years inclusive

This fecund tree, my heart's child
A poetry of aurora
Its coral-tubed creamy whites
On the way-side out while dropping
Reminds me of Sathyabama enraged
Her tree on Rukmini's court when showered

Inside bred, wayside spread
In and out picking as busy I'm
Burping, signals the porch..
My husband!
Ah, neither Satyabama nor Rukmini I'm
But Yashoda

Blowing out the sandy sorrow
Thrusted in the legend of this divine tree..
'Risen out of a sunned woman's love-ashes
Fading out on vengeful sunny sorrow..' 
My determination disbelieving..
I'm for my pooja ready to string up
This ambrosial Parijatham
All for my sweet little Lord Krishna
Indira Renganathan
Parrots

She repeats her love
His turn now to say 'yes, yes'
Her red lips to smile

But he repeats 'no'
Giving out no green signal
Flapping her heart wails

Indira Renganathan
Patience

Daughter of Mother Earth
Drowns her woes in ocean of tear-drops
Grows her pleasure on smiles of mirth
Mother of pain in silence
Mightier grand-ma of pleasure
Not a virtue, not a sin..beyond but
The seasoned queen of perseverance

Indira Renganathan
Peace

Peace

Peace is white
White be, a dove, a flag
High snow, higher clouds, higher more twinklings
White is tranquil, honourable, reliable, honest and decent
But white is dubious too
As the sparklings dotted in black sky
And black is immoral, bad, evil and sorrow
Yet black is utile too
Like these writings on peaceful white
White is the most sought
As white is peace disliking conflicts
Yet peace is stuck with wars 'cause
Providence eventuates agitating criminal energy
Beyond love and hate, pain and pleasure
Hidden in is peace special
An exclusive providence unknowing to create evil

Indira Renganathan
Peace Is Not White

What is the way out
When in the tenebrous heart
One is caught hold tight

Let not the eyes wet
Rush out to drench in the rains
Just like that wet crow

Pouring rains weaving
Clad in happiness up soars
Splashing sprinkles once

Then down flutters wet
Caw, caw cries left and right glad
Then up the tree flees

Its nest its chicks feeds
Watering sky, laughing earth
In mirth happy crow

Circling once again
With one-eyed look caws
Drippy before you

Set free from your cave
A bird fleeing unfettered
Look, peace is not white

Indira Renganathan
Peculiar Is My..

Peculiar is my mind
As of a opinion here..

Those squirrels percuss
When in solo each
My heart stretches its ears..
Cannot profess notating
Nor can syllable the screech-es
Those captivating tones
Enchanting in variable meters
Sounding in chiseling stony tone..
When I opine of it so..
'Peculiar is my mind'
As of a opinion here

I like their rhythmicity..
Their tala patterns
Permutated to different sets
Screeching-s one, two, three
Combined with five, seven, nine
There goes a percussion concert
In congregational bands all around
Those squirrels rock tree to tree
Irresistible my admiration comments
'Have they morsing(jews harp) in their mouths'

'Peculiar is my mind'
As of a opinion here

Indira Renganathan
Perumaal

Thy gesturing hand ever signing over feet Thine
Complying heart commanding mind mine
In coherence fused when fine
There, there stoop all planets nine
Haunting destiny hurrying to decline
What bliss else than Thou feet Thine shrine
Hey Vaikuntavaasa, vision, here I surrender to thine

Indira Renganathan
103 Child divine Thy venture where killed Kaaliya
Butter Thy thievery where melted from houses
Mighty mouth Thy Yashoda where visioned creation whole
Rukmani, Sathyabhama where with Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Gokulam
That fondles in pasuram Perialvar
Hey Navamohanakrishna, vision, I surrender

104 Empire Thy where reigned righteous
Escaping poisoned where from Mewar Meera surrendered
Benevolent in Thy grace where Meera merged
Where with Srilakshmi, Rukmani Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Thirudwarakai
That clothed where Thy mercy Draupati
Hey Kalyananarayana, vision I surrender

105 His dense thapas where Garuda desired Thine Narasimha
So did Thee where with nine allocations
Split meaningful where for nine Narasimhas
Amritavalli, Senjulakshmi where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thirusingavelkundram(Ahobilam)
That extols flagmast where Thine saving Adisankara highly
Hey Prahladavarada, Narasimha, vision, I surrender

106 Brigu's fault where exiled Thee to tamarind abode
Found later where to wed Padmavati
Thence to conjoin where in Thy heart Lakshmi
Where with Pundarikavalli Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvenkatam
That decks in seven whorls Thine bed Adisesha
Hey Govindaraja, Balaji, vision, I surrender

107 Where Thou beginning, where Thou pausing
The hub of cosmic creation
In white pervasion where reclining Thee on Adisesha
Kadalmagal, Bhoomidevi where with Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Thiruparkadal
That awaiting souls where Thine grace rescues
Hey Parkadalvanna, vision I surrender
108 Salvaged souls where serving Thee
Their presence in Thine pleasance where immortal
Thine fulgency where preaching bliss ultimatum
Where with Periapiratti Thee reigning
To Thou abode that of Vaikuntam
That from this muddy haven to Thine my pleadings
Hey Paramapadanatha, vision, I surrender, surrender

This Perumaal series is about the 108 shrines of Lord Vishnu
This is not a translated work of hymns but my own independent work, my own poetry. A prayer poem wherein hints of mythological events are referred to mark the greatness of the Lord so to add meaning to the prayer.
Out of the 108 shrines, 106 are earthly pilgrimage spots and the final two are heavenly abodes
which can be reached only by highly devout ascetics and celestial beings

Note: -Referred Book- 108 Vainava Divyadesa Sthala Varalaru by va sudaraazhi ajanB.A-Karaikudi-Published by Sri Vainava Sidhanta Noorpadhippu Kazhagam

Indira Renganathan
13  No salt, agreed where Thee to Markandeya
Wedded where Thee to Lakshmi by Thou heart
So to impart where Thou excellence matchless
where with Bhoomidevi, Tulasidevi Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvinnagar(Oppiliappan koil)
That accolades Ennappan, Ponnappan, Maniappan, Muthappan
Hey Oppiliappa, Venkatappa, vision.I surrender

14 Ascetic Medhaavi's austerity where bore Mahalakshmi
Her damsel-beauty Where Thee captured in marriage
Beseen where Thee in split five personae
Vanjulavalli where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thirunaraiyur(Naachiar Koil)
That bears highly weighty mighty Thou Garuda
Hey Thirunaraiyur Nambi, vision I surrender

15 His mud-pot for creation whence Brahma made
Kaveri's thapas where gained Ganga's stature
Kaveri's wishful child where Thee improvised
Where with Saranayaki Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thirucherai
That sings Thee in Thirumangai's praises
Hey Santhana Perumaal, vision I surrender

16 Thapas where at Badhrivanam Mahalakshmi did
Dharshana Pushkarani where had Mahalakshmi ablution
Well then Mahalakshmi where to Thee married
Abhishegavalli where with Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Thirukkannamangai
That praises Thee in Thirumangai's heart
Hey, Bhktavatsala, vision I surrender

17 Visioned where Thou walking elegance Vibhishana
Vanquished where Thou discus demon Vikataksha
Padmavathi to marry where Thee fished
Where with Kannapuranayaki Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thirukkannapuram
That hymns Thee in Thirumangai’s heart
Hey Sowriraja, vision, I surrender
18 Where for Thirumangai stayed Bakula tree immortal
Where for Thirumangai stood tamarind tree sleepless
Whereat Thirumangai won the thievery-case
Lokanayaki where with Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thirukannangudi
That sings the Mangai-myth of a well Thine
Hey Lokanatha, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
Perumaal 1-6

This Perumaal series is about the 108 shrines of Lord Vishnu
This is not a translated work of hymns but my own independent work, my own poetry. A prayer poem wherein hints of mythological events are referred to mark the greatness of the Lord so to add meaning to the prayer.
Out of the 108 shrines, 106 are earthly pilgrimage spots and the final two are heavenly abodes which can be reached only by highly devout ascetics and celestial beings

Note: -Referred Book- 108 Vainava Divyadesa Sthala Varalaru by va sudaraazhi ajanB.A-Karaikudi-Published by Sri Vainava Sidhanta Noorpadhippu Kazhagam

1 In rippling bliss where Thee recline
Where Thou feet blessed Kaveri washes
Where from Vibhishana stayed Thee on
Ranganayaki where with Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Srirangam
That holds Thine maxim of pasurams
Hey, Ranganatha, vision I surrender

2 Delighted where Thou feet lotuses illume red
Where the vedas in awe of Thee
Thou blessed Alwar Thiruppaanaar where born
Where with Kamalavalli Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thirukozhi(Urayur)
That Brigumuni where to Thou heavenly posit bows
Hey, Azhagiyanavala, vision I surrender

3 Beheading Brahmma swerved with curse Shiva
To Thou Poornavalli begged where for food
Alwar Thirumangai in praise Thou where sang
In ablution Thee where with flowers Nagalinga
To Thou abode that of Thirukarambanoor
That bears Brahma, shiva and Thee blissful
Hey Purushothama, vision, I surrender

4 White Thou fulgency where glows
Vedas reflecting Thine white where fulgent
At Thy feet Perialwar, Alwar Thirumangai where rest
Shanpakavalli where with Thee blessed Sibichakravarty
To Thou abode that of Thiruvellarai
That bears mounted glow, Thine gracious Varaaha
Hey, Pundarikaksha, vision, I surrender

5 Of Thou shape where shaped up love
Blessed Manduka, Valmiki where in Thou bliss
Nectarous vantage where in Thine
Where with Azhagiavalli Thee blesing
To Thou abode that of Thiruanbil
That bears boundless love Thine
Hey Vadiavazhagiya Nambi, vision I surrender

6 Benevolence, benevolent Thou persona where art
Oblation Appam Thou mercy where propitiated
Amused Ubamanya where with Thine Appam
Indiradevi where with Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Thiruper(Koiladi)
That cuddles child Ubamanya with Thou hands
Hey, Appakudathan, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
Perumaal 19-24

19 To Thou couch be, Adisesha where did thapas
Charismatic Thee where Thirumangai astounded
Dhruva where at magnetic Thee hallowed
Where with Soundharyavalli Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thirunaagai(Nagapattinam)
That bears Adisesha, his causal name
Hey, Neelamega, Soundararaja, vision I surrender

20 Vanquished where Thee Thandakan, Gajamukhan
Vanquished where Thee Thanjakan
Shrined victorious where Thee thrice
Senkamalavalli where thrice with Theeblessing
To Thou abode that of Thiruthanjamamani koil
That decrees Thou valour in paasurams
Hey Neelamegaperumaal, vision I surrender

21 Espousal Thou eternal, Lakshmi where did thapas for
Afflicted Nandi where by Thee solaced
Sacred soil Thine where fertile and fecund
Where with Shanpakavalli Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of NathanKoil(Thirunandhipuravinnagaram)
That pictured Rama for heart Thirumangai's
Hey Jagannatha, Nathanatha, vision, I surrender

22 Cured vision-cursed Sukra where Thee eyeful
Mayan asuras' for Thou bliss where did thapas
Elated where appeared Thee as Rama
Maragathavalli where with Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Thiruvelliankudi
That praises Thee in paasurams Thirumangai
Hey KolavilRama, vision I surrender

23 Cursed his chariot fell with where Uparisaravasu
Cursed his settlement where settled Thee devas, rishis
Brahma's repentance delivered where Thee with cows
Where with Senkamalavalli Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvazhundur(Therezhundur)
That bore Kamban, the Tamil poet
Hey DevaadiRaja, Aamaruviappa, vision I surrender
24 Vainglorious Garuda where Thee conquered
To Adisesha where cherubic Thou grace gifted
Vyagrapaada on thapas where Thee salvaged
Thirumaamagal where with Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thiruchirupuliyyur
That in verses Thirumangai praises Thee
Hey Arumaakkadal, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
Perumaal 25-30

25 Amid the surging ocean with sacred conch
Rescued Thee where Chandra from curse
Thence Thine crown where adorned the crescent
WherewithAmrithavalli Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of ThalaichangaNaanmadhiyam(Thalaichangaadu)
That accolades Thou dazzling charisma Thirumangai
Hey Naanmadhiya Perumaal, vision, I surrender

26 Thee where granted Chandran his naming-wish
Thence Thou abode Indaloor after chandran known
Thirumangai where debated for Thou vision
ParimalaRanganayaki where with Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of ThiruIndaloor
That scents outspread with Thou fragrance
Hey ParimalaRanga, vision, I surrender

ThiruNangoor 27-37
Eleven abodes of Perumaal situated in and around ThiruNangoor

Ashed Dhakshayani, dancing Shiva whereon outraged
Furious Shiva Thee where tranquilized
His fury Shiva to end where Thee blessed
In and around Thou abode ThiruNangoor
Thine shrines eleven whereat Thee domiciled
To Thou eleven those of ThiruNangoor
Hey Perumaal, vision, I surrender

27 Conquering Indra where after Thee reposed
Parijata to SathyaBhama Thee where granted
Where from Dwaraka Thee with Rukmini endured
Madavaralmangai where with Thee bestowed Shiva
To Thou abode that of Thirukaavalampaadi
That praises Thee Thirumangai in verses
Hey Gopalakrishna, Rajagopala, vision I surrender

28 Rebuked Brahma's pride Thee where blessed Romasa
The rishi then Thrivikrama where visioned
Versified Thirumangai where Sambandar's heart won
Where withLokanayaki Thee blessed Shiva
To Thou abode that of KazhisriRamavinnagaram(Sirkazhi)
That sings Rama nearer in Thine chamber
Hey Thrivikrama, Thaadaala, vision, I surrender

29 Rishi Uthanga prayed where to Gopal
As GovardhanaHari where Thee blessed
Thirumangai on Kudamaadukoothan where sang
Amrithakadavalli where with Thee bestowed Shiva
To Thou abode that of Arimeyavinnagaram
That praise Hari Mangai's pasurams
Hey Kudamaadukoothan, visin I surrender

30 Who than Rama be humane of humans
August from Ayodhya wheredescended
To rid Shiva of rage Thou Purushothaman
Where withPurushothamanayaki Thee graced Shiva
To Thou abode that of ThiruvanPurushothamam
That versifies in pasuram Thirumangai
Hey, Purushothama, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
31 Vanquishing Ravana Ramawished where after to atone
A golden cowwhereon offered to a brahmin
Thou abode where of gold, brahmin built
Allimaamalar where with Manavalan favouring Shiva
To Thou abode that of ThirusemponseyKoil
That in pasurams Thirumangai versifies
Hey HemaRanga, vision, I surrender

32 Lamping Thou luminance eternal in'Nanda Vilakku'
Thou abode amid where mansioned beauty
Narayana where from Badrika descended
Where withPundarikavalli Thee bestowing Shiva
To Thou abode that of ThirumanimadaKoil
That illumes in verses Thirumangai
Hey Narayana, Nanda, vision, I surrender

33 Thou persona where like Thine at Vaikunta
Descended where fulgent surpassing crore suns
Armed four armoured where with weapons
Vaikuntavalli where with Thee blessing Shiva
To Thou abode that of Thiruvaikuntavinnagaram
That praises Thee in Thirumangai's heart
Hey Vaikuntanatha, vision, I surrender

34 Mien Thou presence where as LakshmiNarasimha
Poornavalli where with Thee in proximity
Thou embracing whereat with Amrithavalli
Preached Thee Narayana mantra where to Thirumangai
To Thou abode that of Thiruvali, ThiruNagari
That presents Thee juxtaposed to Shiva
Hey Vedaraja, vision, I surrender

35 Descended Thee where from Thiruvidanthai
Espoused Thee where Thou Lakshmi
Thou wedding where for devas congregated
Kadalmagalnachiyar where with Thee gracing Shiva
To Thou abode that of Thirudevanarthogai
That accolades Thou Madhava Thirumangai
Hey Deivanayaka, vision, I surrender
36 Thou repose where on Adisesha four armed
Descended Thee where from Arangam
Thou eyes beauteous where wakeful, blissful
Where withSenkamalavalli Thee blessing Shiva
To Thou abode that of Thiruthetriambalam
That praises Thee in Thirumangai’s heart
Hey LakshmiRanga, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
37 Where from Kanchi descended Thee
Thou abode where Thine shrine bell shaped
As VaradaRaja where Shiva visioned Thee
Thirumagal where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thirumanikoodam
That in pasurams praises Thee Thirumangai
Hey GajendraVarada, VaradaRaja, vision, I surrender

38 Blessed Swethan where Thee with immortality
'Annaa' to Thiruvenkatam where Thirumangai greets
Kumudavalli where consorted with Thirumangai
Where withAlarmelmangai Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvellakulam
That stands causal for its pristine tank
Hey Annan Perumaal, vision, I surrender

39 Varuna relieved where of a curse
Blessed Thee Arjuna where for water
Thirumangai heightens where Thee as Thaamaraial Kelvan
ThaamaraiNayaki where with Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of ThiruPaarthanpalli
That holds in from war field Thine Paarthasarathy
Hey LakshmiRanga, vision I surrender

40 Where on Brahma's plea Thee judged
Siva-Paarvathi dance at Thine Chitrakootam
Boarded where then Thee at Thillaivanam
Where withPundareekavalliThee favouring
To Thou abode that of Chidambaram
That demon-daughters chilli, Thilli where keep vigil
Hey GovindaRaja, vision, I surrender

41 Indran where Thee blessed with vajrayudha
Adisesha seismic where for Thee dredged up water
Garuda where for Thee brought in river Vaikunta-Viraja
Bhargavi where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvahindrapuram
That at Aushadagiri bears Thine Hayagreeva
Hey DeivaNayaka, vision, I surrender
42 Yugas earlier where Thine Gopal dwelt
Vaamana, Thrivikrama where Thee blessed Mahabali
Vaamana, Thrivikrama where Thee blessed Mrikandu Muni
Where withPushpavalliThee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thirukkovaaloor
That extol Thine Vaamana, Thrivikrama, Mudal Alwars
Hey Thrivikrama, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
43 Brahmma where did yajna spouseless
Aloof Athivaradan where in tank-deep
Lizards Heman, Suklan whereat curse-relieved
Perundevi where with Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Thirukkachi, Athigiri
That praises Thou answering to Ramanuja
Hey Athigiri Varada, vision, I surrender

44 Annoyed Saraswathi where obviated Brahma's yajna
Sent where Kaali with demons to disrupt
And Thee fought against where to win eight-armed
Where with Padmasini Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Thiruattabuyakkaram
That speaks of Mahachanda rishi, Gajendran salvaged
Hey Gajendravarada, vision, I surrender

45 Annoyed Saraswathi where obviated Brahma's yajna
Sent fiery Mayanalan where to engulf, benight yajna fire
A lamp in palm with where Thee then held him guarding yajna
Maragathavalli where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thiruthanka
That sings Thee there born Vedanta Desikar
Hey Deepa Prakaasa, vision, I surrender

46 Thee whilst tearing apart Hiranya
Persona Thine another whilst chasing to kill other demons
An abode serene where found for Thyself Thee
Where with Velukkaivalli Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvelukkai
That praise Thee Peiazhwar, Thirumangai
Hey Aal Ari, Azhagiya Singa, vision I surrender

47 Thee where as elemental aqua symbolizing
Like in deluge where a chit on Banyan leaf
Where for Akroorar appeared so blessing
Nilamangaivalli where with Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Thiruneeragam
That accolades 'Thee Neeragathai'Thirumangai
Hey Jagathishvara, vision, I surrender
48 Janamejayan where did Asvamedya yajna
Wished for erstwhile presence Thine challenging Duryodana
Blessed Thee Janamejayan where in Thou vishvarupa
Where with Rukmani, Sathyabhamathee gracing
To Thou abode that of ThiruPaadakam
That places wide and high Thee in paasurams
Hey Paandava Thooda, vision I surrender

Indira Renganathan
49 Enraged Shiva where dissuaded Parvathi's thapas
Burnt Her mango tree, sent the wrecking Ganga,
Done away but by Thee where all obstructions
NerOruvarillaValli where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of ThiruNilaThingalThundam
That united Shiva-Parvathi Thou moonlit charm
Hey Chandrachuda, vision, I surrender

50 Head stamped down by Thine feet under earth
Mahabali where wished for Thine Thrivikrama
And Thee where blessed him as Thrivikrama
Where withAmudavalli Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of ThiruOoragam
That by Thirumangai sings Thine names Empiratti
Hey Ulagalanda n, I surrender

51 Rampant Vegavathy whereobstructed Brahma's yajna
Bridged Thyselflaid where then Saraswathi(Vegavathy) receded
Adisesha's hood where rolled, spread for Thirumazhisai, KaniKannan
Komalavalli where with Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Thirumazhisai
That sings Thee lotus-born Poikaialwar
Hey Yadothakari, vision, I surrender

52 Did thapas where Kaarha Rishi for Thee
Thou immense beneficence where blessed him
And where from Thou effulging mercy enlightening
Where withPadmamani Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Thirukkaaragam
That dwells in the abode of Ulagalandan
Hey Karunakara, vision, I surrender

53 Mercy Thine where on par with heavenly Maayavan
Maayavan Thine whereat heavenly merciful
Descended so where from providence Maayavan Thee
Thaamaraiaal where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thiruukkaraarvaanam
That praises Thou benevolent heart Thirumangai
Hey Kalva, vision, I surrender
54 Kamakshi whereat mercified by Thou mercy
Overheard whereat Thee Kamakshi-Lakshmi's talks
Kamakshi where so accosted Thee 'Kalva'
Where with Anjilaivalli Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thirukkalvanoor
That sings Thee nomenclatural Thirumangai
Hey Adivaraha Perumaal, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
Perumaal 55-60

It was where against Saraswathi
Fought Thee, vanquished Her sent demons
Bloodstained stood Thee where valorously coral
Pavalavalli where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of ThiruPavalaVannam
That befriends PachaiVannan opposite
Hey PavalaVanna, vision, I surrender

56 The decline of Pallavas where Thee revived
Blessed with heir Parameshwara Thine
Then to be domiciled where from Paramapadam
Where withVaikuntavalli Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of ThiruParameshwaraVinNagaram
That chronicles an aeonian name Sarpa Kshetram
Hey ParamapadaNatha, vision, I surrender

57 Jataayu's end where commiserated by high norms
Created where thence Thee JataayuTheertham
YadavaPrakasa tutored Ramanuja whereat of Advaita
Maragathavalli where with Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of ThiruPutKuzhi
That in espousing alliance with Thee Thirumangai
Hey VijayaRaghava, vision, I surrender

58 Speciality was Thine and Thine split many personae
One such awaited where Mangai's paasuram
Discontent where then for more Piraatti wished
Where withSudhavalli Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of ThiruNindravoor
That holds for SamudraRaja Thine wedded ataraxia
Hey Bhaktavatsala, Badraavi, vision, I surrender

59 Satiated Thee with Chalihotra's hospitability
Thence where Thee stayed on to bless
Did thapas Vasumathi where to wed Thee
Kanakavalli where with Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvalloor
That accounts Thine curative Quality
Hey VaidyaVeeraRagava, vision, I surrender
60 For king Sumathi where from Venkatadri victorious
At Brindaaranyam where for Aathreya too
As for Arjuna appeared Thee as ParthaSarathi
Where withVedavalli Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Thiruvallikeni
That blooms in plentitude in Thine lotus presence
Hey VenkataKrishna, Parthasarathi, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
Perumal 61-66

61 Self manifested where sacred Thee art
Valmiki where visioned Thine Neervannan
Despite moating rain diligent Mangai where visioned Thee
Animamalarmangai where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thiruneermalai
That accolades Neervannan, Neermukhilvannan, Ranganathan
Hey ShantaNarasimha, Thrivikrama, vision, I surrender

62 A girl per day where married Thee of Kaalavarishi
Three hundred and sixty girls in a year after
Compiled next where as one Lakshmi
Where withKomalavalliThee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvidanthai
That atones where of Bali's killing of Devas
Hey LakshmiVaraha, Nithyakalyana, vision, I surrender

63 His path for ParamapadaNatha ocean-blockaded
Pundarika's devout folly where of hand-dredging ocean
Thee rushed where to bless, then to embed there on
Nilamangai where with Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Thirukadanmallai(Mamallapuram)
That bore Thine child Bhuthatalwar
Hey Sthalasayana, vision.I surrender

64 RishiVamadevawhere with saptha-rishis
To vision Thine Narasimha longed like Vishvamitra
As for Vishvamitra where Thee blessed in one kadikai
Where withAmrithavalli Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Cholasimmapuram(Thirukadikai)
That is honoured with Thine Yoga Anjaneya
Hey YogaNarasimha, vision.I surrender

65 His craving piety where for more lotuses
Gajendra got where Lakshmi's share too
Blessed him then where Thee with Lakshmi worshipped
Malarmelmangai where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thirunavaay
That breathe Thine fragrance nine yogis
Hey Navaay Mukunda, Narayana, vision, I surrender
66 Serene river Neela where Pandavas captured of
Stayed on where to worship Thine Vishnu
Ambarisha's Paramapadanathas where erstwhile encircled
Where with PadmasiniThee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvithuvakkodu
That decrees Thine Kulasekhara's devotion
Hey Abhayaprada, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
Perumaal 67-72

67 Third foot Thine where measured Maavali's head
In haste where Maavali prayed for a boon
Moment then Thee granted where Maavali's wish
Perumselvanayaki where with Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Thirukaatkarai
That festively accolades Maavali in Aavani-Thiruvonam
Hey Kaatkaraiappa, vision, I surrender

68 Haritha rishi did thapas where for humans
Unto Thy feet sooner to salvage
And Thee thereby where preached Srisooktham
Where with Mathuraveni Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Thirumoozhikkalam
That worshipped Thee where Lakshman and Bharata
Hey Srisookthanatha, vision, I surrender

69 A woman virtuous accustomed where to alms-giving
Every dvadasi-day whereon Tholakasuran troubled her
Her worship Thee where killed the asura
Vaatsalyadevi where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvallavazh
That decrees Thine guise of a brahmmachari
Hey Srivallaba, vision, I surrender

70 Devas where stole flowers on earth
Caught arrested where then they unable to return
His Ekadasi Punya where Rukmangathan helped Devas return
Where with Karpakavalli Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thirukkadithaanam
That helps salvage Thine herd in a kadikai
Hey AdbhuthaNarayana, vision, I surrender

71 Their habit to descend often on earth
Devas where so did thapas with zeal
Thee blessed where with fatherly ilk
Senkamalavalli where with Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Thiruchenkundroor(Thiruchitraaru)
That Dharmar consecrated to atone
Hey Imayavarappa, vision.I surrender
72 Sibi's angry yajna wherefrom emerged ruinous Devatha
To be ruined whereby Indra Vishnu-sent
Thereon Thine Mayapiran blessed where Saptha rishis
Where withPorkodinaachiyar Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Thirupulioor
ThatheartilyPandavas consecrated
Hey Mayapiraan, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
Perumaal 7-12

7 Curserelieved where Shiva in Thou domicile
Rid He where of the Brahmmakapalam
Thou presence where Agasthya visioned
Where withKamalavalli Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Thirukandiyur
That proclaims Thee in Alwar Thirumangai's heart
Hey Harasaapa Vimochana, vision, I surrender

8 Meaningful Thou incarnation where blessed Nandaka
All the Devas blessed where along with
Queen Mangamma where restituted Thou shrine
Padmasini where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thirukoodaloor
That glorifies Thee in Thirumangai's verses
Hey, Vaiyamkatha Perumal, vision I surrender

9 Conferred on where Anjaneya title 'Chiranjeevi'
Salvaged Gajendra where from crocodile
All Thou mercy where sang Alwar Thirumangai
Where withRamamaniThee blessing
To Thou abode that of Kapisthalam
That bears Thee bedded on Adisesha
Hey, Gajendravararada, vision, I surrender

10 Thou beneficence bound where to Jatayu
Cautioned to Thee who of abducted Seetha
Thou mercy where did Jatayu's last rites
Hemambhujavalli where with Thee served
To Thou abode that of Pullam Bhoothangudi
That streams with Thee in Thirumanga's heart
Hey, ValvilRama, vision, I surrender

11Swarding paddy stealthy where Thou art
Accounting where with talipot and stylus our actions
Rewarding the worthy where with justified measure
Where withRanganayaki Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Thiruadanoor
That amounts Thine mercy and marakkal
Hey Aandalakkum Iyya, vision, I surrender
12 Nectar-pot of creation rescued where from deluge
Flown Amrith formed where the tanks and Kumbeshwar
Nadamuni compiled pasurams where blessed by Aravamudan
Thee wedded where Komalavalli as Sarangapani
To Thou abode that of Thirukudanthai
That sings in Alwars pasurams Thou Sarangam
Hey Sarangapani, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
73 Repented his heart, killing Karna unarmed
Arjuna to atone where did thapas heartily
Him Parthasarathy blessed whereat Pamba-bank
Padmasini where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvaranvilai(Aarammulaa)
That did thapas Brahma for Thine Vaamana presence
Hey Thirukuralalappa, vision, I surrender

74 Cursed over a tiff Narada by Brahma
Where then did thapas to learn cosmic truth
Thee whereon blessed him, his Naradiya purana
Where with Kamalavalli Nachiyar Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvanvandoor
That his staunch piety Nakula consecrated
Hey Pambanaiappa, vision, I surrender

75 Where from Thulu land wished Divakara rishi
Divine play, Thine cherubic chit where blessed him
Then to grow huge then to the wished normal
SriHariLakshmi where with Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvananthapuram
That feeds Thee loral mango in coconut shell
Hey Ananthapadmanabha, vision, I surrender

76 To Thretha yuga aeonian, where Vasishta long stayed
Demons Kesa, Kesi where Thee slayed
There to ease Brahma where at his yajna
Where with Maragathavalli Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Thiruvattaru
That garland Thee Ganga and Thamiraparani
Hey Adikesava, vision, I surrender

77 Their piety where Saptharishis earnestly prayed
Shiva, Vishnu where as Thee blessed them
Treasured Thee where Mahalakshmi in Thine heart
Kamalavalli Nachiyar where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvanparicharam
That Vibhishana where envisioned Rama's coronation
Hey Thiruvaazhmarba, vision, I surrender
78 Huge Thine look Varaha where minified
To Piraati where storied Thee on Nambaduvan
Who saved a Brahmarakshas sharing his fasting-earning
Where withKurunkudivalli Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thirukurunkudi
That salvaged Thirumangai to Thine feet
Hey Vadukanambi, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
79 Bountiful earth where bore blessed Adisesha, Garuda
Romasa, Urvasi, Thilothama, SinduRaja all where on thapas
To be blessed by Thee anointed anodyne
Sridevi, Bhoodevi where with Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvaramangai(Vanamalamalai)
That stories Bhoomipirati pining to Thee
Hey ThothathriNatha, vision, I surrender

80 That stolen secret codex of creation Brahma's
With Somukasuran where Thee fought and recaptured
Guised as Kaladhushaka where Thee preached beneficence
Where with Vaikuntavalli Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Srivaikuntam
That blossoms sacred Setru Thamarai Thine
Hey Kallapiran, vision, I surrender

81 Done with earthly duties where then Vedavith wished
'Aasanathai' where that mantra Thee enlightened
Vedavith where to Thee bowed to pursue
Varagunamangai where with Thee favouring
To thou abode that of Thiruvaramangai(Naththam)
That praises Romasa Thine salving sanctity
Hey Vijayasana, vision, I surrender

82 Their pleasance where in union Vishnu and Lakshmi
Angered where jealousy Bhoomipirati
Dried up earth then where Thee replenished reconciling
Where with Malarmagal, Bhoomipirati Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thirupulinkudi
That stories Thee salvaging Indra
Hey Bhoomipaala, vision, I surrender

83a Making of yajna sala where Supraba rishi found
As weighing balance, bow Vidyadaran, his wife
Honoured with Avirbaga devas too Where blessed by Thee
Karunthadakkanni where with Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thirutholaivillimangalam
That praises Thee Nammalvar in pasurams
Hey Devapiran, vision, I surrender
Whereafter his yajna, Supraba in continual devotion
Worshipped Thee where with routine lotuses divine
Whereon so pleased to name Thyself Aravindalochana
Karunthadakanni where with Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Thirutholaivillimangalam
That Ashvini devas too where thee blessed
Hey, Aravindalochana, vision, I surrender

-Two temples make one divya desam at Tholaivillimangalam

Where for a babe Vedasaran, Kumudavalli prayed to Thee
Blessed their daughter where Kamalavathi on thapas
Happily embracing where Thee conjoined Kamalavathi
Where with Three devis Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Thirukkulanthai
That where from Asmasuram, saved Thee Kumudavalli
Hey Soranatha vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
85 Leerred that he lost his seeing, one-eyed
Kupera, Parvathi-cursed where on thapas atoned
Lost wealth his where Thee blessed with a portion
Kumudavalli where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thirukoloor
That praises Thine recline on 'Marakaal' Mathuravalli
Hey Vaithamaanidhi, vision, I surrender

86 Messenger where Durvasa played for Lakshmi
Disrespectful Bhoomidevi where Durvasa cursed
Whereon blessed Thine Makarakundala repenting Bhoomidevi
Where with Kuzhaikaadhuvalli Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thenthiruperai
That retrieved Varuna his Paasa Thine blessing
Hey Makaranedunkuzhaikaadha, vision, I surrender

87 Guided where Thee Brahma to do thapas
Casted untouchable where Thaandhan driven by brahmins
Thine Adhinathan where blessed him respected
Kumudavalli where with Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Thirukurukoor(Alvarthirunagari)
That bound to Nammalvar where Nadamuni scored Prabandam
Hey Adhinatha, vision, I surrender

88 Born where Garuda as Vishnuchithar
To foster where Kothai from the basil groves
Her piety Thee where bowed to Her garland
Thereon where with Kothainachiyyar Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Srivilliputhur
That binds Sridevi, Bhodevi, Niladevi to one Kothai Thine
Hey Rangamannar, vision, I surrender

89 Stature proving of the trio where quarrelled
Sridevi further where did thapas to win Thee
Banyan to blessed hill whereon Thee posited
Senkamalavalli where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thiruthangal
That Pururuva too where did thapas for Thine grace
Hey Nindranarayana, vision, I surrender
90 Built for Brahma's son whereat he did thapas
For king Vallabha where Thee sent Perialvar
Doubt cleared Vallabha where decreed Thine ism
Where with Mathuravalli Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thirukoodal(Madurai)
That sings on Thee Perialvar'Pallaandu, pallaandu'
Hey Koodalazhaga, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
97 Guiding Brahma where indicated of a falling wheel
Austere rishis where chose to do chatra yajna
Thee where from the holy fire rose to bless
Srihari lakshmi where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Naimisaranyam
That Vyasa, Sukabrahma where scripted Bharatam, Bhagavatam
Hey Devaraja, vision, I surrender

98 In concealment Thine divine play
Amid the serene clouded hills
Thine sylvan where befriending lake Manasarover
Where with Parimalavalli Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thirupirithi
That his first paasuram where Thirumangai debuted
Hey Paramapurusha, vision, I surrender

99 Indran where at Ganga-bank keeping a watch
Thine deluge-abode where immortal Banyan awaiting
His adoration ever Thee where for Brahma did thapas
Pundarikavalli where with Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Thirukandam(Kadinagar)
That praises Thee in paasuram Perialvar
Hey Neelamega Perumaal, vision, I surrender

100 Self manifested where under Badri tree
Thine Salagrama(ammonite) -persona where decreed
'Om Namo Narayanaya' where as a salving preacher
Where with Aravindavalli Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of Thiruvadari ashram(Badrinath)
That Narada where by Ashtakshara was blessed
Hey Badrinarayan, vision, I surrender

101 So much yearning, whereriver Kantaki did thapas
Thence to bear blessed Salagrama divine enormous
Droning in the core each where Thee as Vajrakreetam
Sridevi where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thirusalagramam(Salagrava)
That Perialvar's Krishna, Thirumangai's Rama embodying Thee
Hey Srimoorthy, vision, I surrender
102 Mighty Thee where at Mathura born as Krishna
Then to prank and play where at Brindavan
Heaved Govardana, Thine plight where sheltered Thine herd
Where with Satyabhama Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thiruvatamathurai(Mathura)
That splendid Yamuna ever where in awe of Thee
Hey Balakrishna, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
91 While on thapas Dharmadev where visioned Thee
Thereon where built Thine abode Vishvakarma
Thine golden beauty where adores NoopuraGangai
Sundaravalli where with Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of Thirumaliruncholai(Azhagar Malai)
That in appraisal versifies where Andaal handsome Thee
Hey Paramaswami, vision, I surrender

92 Deceived Asuras where Thine Mohini
Nectar-droplets where fell to sanctify
Thine Matsya where retrieved Brahma's veda-codices
Where with Mohanavalli Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of ThiruMohoor
That staunch Brahma where worshipped Thee gratefully
Hey Kaalamega Perumaal, vision, I surrender

93 Kadamba Rishi did thapas where to vision Thee
Brahma, Indra where gifted Kadamba Thine images
Mayan and Vishvakarma where built Thine abode
Thirumamagal where with Thee bestowing
To Thou abode that of Thirukoshtiyoor
That Narayana mantra where atop Ramanuja preached
Hey, Uragamellanaiyan, vision, I surrender

94 Dhasaratha did thapas where for a child
Imploring on ocean farther where Rama to Varuna pleaded
On Dharbasayanam where did thapas Rama for Sita
Where with Kalyanavalli, Padmasini Thee blessing
To Thou abode that of Thirupullani
That descended Thee where for Kaalava, Kanva, Pullava rishis
Hey, AdiJagannath, vision, I surrender

95 Where for satvaguna blessed Adiseshan did thapas
Rishi Athri's son where for Thine grace did thapas
On thapas Satyarishi awaiting where after Thee blessed
Uyyavantha Thaayaar where with Thee gracing
To Thou abode that of ThiruMeyyam
That Pururuva too where Thee blessed
Hey Satyagirinatha, vision, I surrender
96 Fish-shaped such that land where from Vaikunta gifted
Manu whereat Sarayu-bank founded then
WorshippedPallikondanathan where Ikshvakus generationally
Where with Sitapiratti Thee favouring
To Thou abode that of ThiruAyodhi
That Kulasekhara fondly where sings Thee
Hey SriRama, vision, I surrender

Indira Renganathan
Please

Heavens, i'd like to be reborn!
Right now, for my mother's affection,
To feel her touch, to feel her cuddle
Lying in her lap all in idle,
No more growing morn to morn.

Heavens! how much mother'll worry!
How long for her to carry
Me, in her womb for ten months
In her lap rest of the days.
I'm stubborn.I can only say sorry!

Heavens! still i'd like to be reborn!
Wish my mother's youth back at dawn
To hold me in her arms
Feeding me with her merciful kisses
Making me again a new born.

Wake her up to see her young
To bear  avenge and bang
This coffin into pieces.
Wake her up please!
I'd like to be ody, please!

Indira Renganathan
Poetry Is...

Dance is poetry on the feet
Poetry is dance on the feet

Music is poetry from the mouth
Poetry is music from the mouth

Love is poetry of the heart
Poetry is love of the heart

Life is poetry to love
Love is poetry to life

Indira Renganathan
Politics

Their hobby is politics
Like
The kind of a mother-in-law
Emblemed by a pedestal-sickle
Or a burning stove
And a father-in-law
Emblemed by holding a crushed rosebud..
Their norms and ideals are green
Like
The kind of the flavouring, favouring mint field
Or the kind of a paddy field
Greenish, fleeceable, reaped seasonally seasoned
And politics is creased black and white
Like a crushed news-paper
And all the good 'in-laws sparsely noted

Indira Renganathan
Pongal O Pongal

Pongal o pongal
When the sun turns vernal

Pongal o pongal
Harvest season functional

Pongal o pongal
Three days of joyful festival

Pongal o pongal
Bogi to discard wasteful

Pongal o pongal
Praying to the Sun God thankful

Pongal o pongal
To greet with sarkarai pongal

Pongal o pongal
A sport of bull-fight successful

Pongal o pongal
To one and all Happy Pongal

Indira Renganathan
Posters

Fashion, collection
Scraping the sky
Under sunny white
Sweatless, buoyant

Under sunny white
Angelic, luminant
He is coated dark
She is jewelled
Their legs booted

Gourmet in dhabbas
Hello over mobiles
Connecting villages
Bulls and bears on market
Bold and gold on Akshaya tritiya

Cosmetised cosmos
Cosmic breeze yogic

Celebrities refresh juicy
Set smile never to mute
Drawn mascara never to winkle
Levelled up sale-show

Invitations on installments
Temporal devas feet up in air
Trespassing the road down

Bid them bye; but they don't

Indira Renganathan
Prayer To Ganesh

Hey Ganesh,
You’re the sun to bestow
A spectrum blossoming into a rainbow
Of powers soothing like the moon’s glow
May our prayers on You dawn to flow
Providentially in lives that follow
May our obstacles be treaded low low
May our endeavours prospect to grow grow

Hey Ganesh,
You’re the sun sanguine
Risen to erode our distress pain
Closer You are our woes decline
More the sun eeriness be slain
You look grey benign
Around us a brighter shine
Clad in white You’re so fine

Hey Ganesh,
You’re multi-named, multi-formed
Yet formless too; beyond this world
Macrocosm is You spread
Incomprehensible, yet do comprehend
Be You the first sound
And the creation then evolved
Ganas the microcosms; Ganesh their God

Hey Ganesh,
Elephant-headed You with moon on forehead
Capacious belly on with netted trunk curved
Broken tusk and eyes red
Weaponed arms with noose and goad
Blessing arms granting boon and guard
Fanning ears with a body broad
Bonded with a shrew pervading globe around

Praise to your presence blissful
From turmeric to clay pliable wonderful
Shape to shape adorable meaningful
Preserved or permeated ritual willful
Our litanies Your heartful
Our oblations plentiful
May You be with us fully full
Perennially to favour the needful
Hey Ganesh, Jai Ganesh, Jai Ganesh
Omnipresent, wealth and victory be Thou zestful

Indira Renganathan
Prayer To Pipal Pillaiyar

Gorgeously pregnant with varieties of dumplings
Vadas, appams, puffed and flaked rice
Cooked, baked chickpeas and raw rice idlis
Payasam with ghee-fried cashews and raisins
Added to the core of sweets
Fruits of jack, jumblem, mango, banana, wood-apple
Guava and of modernity simla apple, pineapple
And tangerines; Also on availability whole sugarcanes
Main offering of potful of cooked rice
With little dal purified on with ghee
Whole and halved coconuts, betel and areca
Little water from panchapaathra....Pillaiar
Signalling to nap, Your paunch belched uptrunked
This peepal tree on this tank-resort
You chose to sit under for rest..
Gentle breeze peepal tree strokes so sweet
Mind-sweeping and You're in a pleasant mood
Delicacies bulge though in real bulges your omniscience
In full prostration seeking Your blessings oh Lord!

Indira Renganathan
Pregnancy

Buds
A gift of love pouched

Babe
Kicks in the womb bulged

Babe
Side to side moving

Heart
Drowned in love mother's

He
Says be like your mom

She
Says be like your dad

Pals
Wish be like the sun

Grand parents
Wish, 'out safe grandchild'

Ahoy, shower all your wishes
Hurray, hurray

Indira Renganathan
Prose Poetics-1

If fury is red
My dawn is furious red
For various reasons dark

Yellow is not cognizant
Nor is Green verdant
Nor is Blue pristine
Gheraoed by corrupted, polluted
Won't you agree
So my dawn is furious red

Indira Renganathan
On a powerful power-cut day
Including the inverter-failure
As we were all sweltering
At midnight heat
It was a pleasant shock
Resuming electricity
Lights on, fans on, e.t.c
And
The streetlights...
The lineman's duty
Either he does not switch on
Or does not switch off
The lamppost here
Holds The earthly sun
For nearly a week..
To laugh or cry or shout?

Indira Renganathan
God is strictly omnipresent on His own
But also lenient with man's proposals
In various forms and shapes and names
He descends as and when man needs Him

The recent one is Visa-Ganapathy
This God will grant Visa-boon
So people throng Him

My wish for the forthcoming season..
A God to save from mosquitoes
A Mosquito Lord

Imagine a mystic covered with mosquitoes
Getting not bitten at all
Getting no malaria or dengue at all
Because he being mosquito-god's devotee
So too we hopefully in future

Indira Renganathan
Prose Poetics-3

I know I need to accept
The changing culture..
Proudly I do opine of
Myself bridging
Old and the new..
But
With all parental funds
These high-learned
High-paid youths
When they really break
All morale late night
My bridging is splintered
Over an arid river

Indira Renganathan
Prose Poetics-5

It's an accepted custom
That pictures of gods are
Worshipped daily
But with what respect?
To print them on
Grocery and other packs
Just to hurl them onto
Dirty roads and litter-bins?
I guess
After all five elements are
Gods too
So what if they get
Flipped or sunk or
Buried or burnt?
Or what if they are
Chewed by stray cows or
Preyed by stray dogs or
Prayed by the waste pickers?

Indira Renganathan
A friend in need is a
Friend indeed 'because
He or she is like
'A stitch in time
Saves nine'
Friendship is respected
And commonly welcoming..
But modern friendship
Is addicted, diseased
To dine and drink and
All blah blah with
Thundering giggle
At wakeful nights
Just to laze and sleep
In sun's lap
Worried family each crying

Indira Renganathan
Prose Poetics-9

Stealing flowers
Without the plant
Itself knowing...
I've seen it
Happening in
Many independent
Houses here
Even the respectable do
Jogging, walking, stealing
In early dawn-hours
So too many common folks

Surprisingly it's a shock
Occurring even in 'apartments'
The whole horticulture is stolen
None other than
The blind watchman supporting
I heard it's common
In apartments everywhere
'So what' you ask?
Just my agony..

Indira Renganathan
Of late
A sense of Green
Imparted
And the corporation here
Started planting trees
Watering in its possible hours.
But a fully loaded garbage cart
Unable to load any more
Heaps the waste
Next to the new plants
Just to set fire
The plants die
In routine scenario
Where and when hath He said
'Ye shall remain with offenders?'
No, let Him take back the bad destiny

Indira Renganathan
Prosepoetics-10

Wonder these daughters and sons
In every next house imposing
Their taste of costume, hair-style
Accessories e.t.c on parents
Just for the sole reason
That it is social indignity..

What way their prestige is lost?
'Or else' some wish
'I' prefer to be present
without my mother on occasions'
All said in a tv show
Some mothers pitiably agreed to change
Which I don't agree
Also the panel judge
Feared the disappearing love, respect
Concern for the parents all in a sweep...

Indira Renganathan
A few were spinning
Around the deities
A few were meditating
More a few were waiting
For 'archana'
Wakeful like the goddess
I was watching though
There was a silent pricking
Of conscience inside me
As I was not praying

But that didn't matter
For justice was on my side
As I was actually filing
A case against the priest
In the court of the goddess
Performing archana with
Cut-naamaas mumbled
Ashtotharam was interrupted
As of a show even today by
Cleaning around the deity
Talking to the flower girl
Counting the coins
More then and then
Service or profession
This impious act?

Indira Renganathan
Imagine a blossom
In breeze fresh
Slithering in joy..
Such I feel
When no smokers
Or beggars I find
Along the streets I go
But
A hanging shoppy newspaper
Reads about political
Scandals and scams
Fresh and firing
Blossom at once dead

Indira Renganathan
Can a White saree
Clear the sorrow
For the lost husband?
I shouted at my
Maid’s son
For the stupid custom
Only the son
Should retaliate
For his mother
My maid now sparkles
Colourful
Rainbow-clad

Indira Renganathan
Mercy-killing
Is oriental too
Two decades back
It was just a news
From a friend..
When I read Of
Killing the bedridden
Oldies with oil bath
At cool dawn hours
And daylong intake of
Tender coconut water
Causing renal failure
To death even presently
......just horrendous

Is getting old
And infirm Sinful?
Then the Young
Relatives(culprits)
Alone should decide
How to remain young
Lest they too will be
Mercy-killed one day

Indira Renganathan
Prosepoetics-7

Everybody is
Beauty conscious and
After beauty parlours..
It is a personal desire
I cannot deny
Even if I feel
They’re mostly awry, awful
With their tweezed look

But many parlour-goers
Be it male or female
Young or old wear
wigs to hide their
Bald or grey..
Something wrong somewhere
If mind and body are friendly
Then face should reflect
Its inner beauty
The most respectable

Indira Renganathan
Punctuality

A rider in life timely by sun
Bus, flight, rail, sail, strides
Content with objective appraisal
Point to point
A character personalized
Of comportment to conduct the self certified
Abstentious of iniquity
Point to point
A personality manifested
Of promptitude to hold sanity
Steadfast on virtuosity, humility
Point to point

Indira Renganathan
Pupil

This enclosed dim space
Treasures a sparkling memoir
Pupillary in a moral instruction class
Seated with my bloody friend
To learn, to follow all the morals
Preached my teacher's morale

By changing colours pupils change
Cause in some is social trachoma
Society's lacking acuity
But with me
Myopically my bloody friend
Made me cataracted to become
Glaucomatous to drench in sweet memories

Indira Renganathan
Radio Memories

Vande Matharam invoking a day of spirit
Mother tunes her frequency to a devotional band
Saroj Narayanaswami somewhere radioed
I'm broadcasted by her voice to school alerted
Mayilvahanan with birthday wishes bids me bye

Mid-day melodies refine mom to a good cuisine
Fine-tuned are gloaming lessons by 'Vanoli' notation
Farmers converse with grand-pa on paddy-fields
Quite vivid an old Bharati recollecting elixir to slake heavenly

Ere retirement 'brush with Binaca' commands Amin Sayani
Saigal sings 'soja Rajakumari' to mom sky-high
Lo, mom has slept all for good

Indira Renganathan
Rain Drops

I fall in water bodies and on all in nature
I fall on human beings, wipe their tears and sweating
I fall on all places, roads and buildings
Clean, cool everything to heavenly rapture

On overflown litter bins, open potholes and drainage
But when I fall, helpless to clean myself
I run and espouse ocean...
God! he rises to huge fury, his kids that I damage

Indira Renganathan
Raise Yourself If You Can...

Raise yourself if you can
To the heights of Him high
Up the bliss of cosmic clan
In one with Him I don't deny

Confess if you can't and fail
There's a way simple you pray
For you He descends to avail
Earthly nk, don't deny

Indira Renganathan
Reachingthesky

Top step up the stairs
Is not one step ahead to sky

Terrace is not sky itself

More stairs and more stairs
Sky is not reached

Going up and up
And in and in

Quest and questions rise
One on one

One is testing and
One is praying

To discover Him
Forgetting that One

Within oneself resides
Driving the life-force

Indira Renganathan
Ready

She says..
I can not be
Moaning of waiting
Anymore

Ready is
Mango tree
With new tender leaves

With new designs
She'll be colourful
Fruitful soon

Season gets over
Season gets back

With a discount %
Or gratis
one free with
One priced

Like the mango tree..
Pelted one
Fallen two

How lovely
Textile arts
Refresh...! !

Wondering
She's running
For a 'discount'
Purchase

Indira Renganathan
Real Beginning

Soul-body wedding
Born 'mind' to wed ignorance
Clashes, clashes on
Born mire-smeared 'self' feels cheat
Seeks to wed Truth conscient

Indira Renganathan
Reality

A three year old
Scents his dad's deed well

When the little boy cries aloud
Dad beats his wife
She starts crying and the boy stops
When the boy stops, he's beaten
Is it somebody should be crying?

Mom cuddles her son
Says 'even a thundering sky cries
by sun's burning blaze
Even the earth cries of drought
By sun's burning blaze
Sun can do anything

Then the little boy asks
'Who's the sky?
Who's the earth? '

Mom says'whoever cries louder'
Boy asks
'Who cries longer is what?'
Mom says 'mom'
'cause Earth is our mother

Boy says
'Ma, I'm your son
And son alone..
Never the sun

Indira Renganathan
Reflections - 7

1Sun

Stillborn was Dark first
Seven horsed He came to wake
Half done, half undone

2Sunrise

Red streaked horizon
Concocting ocean water
Day's nature tonic

3Sunshine

Up the hills piquant
Pinkishrise to breakfast just
Glazed spread in ripples

4Sunlight

Meridian march
Warm loam welcomes with regards
Puckers but hot land

Indira Renganathan
Reflections-1

1 Waves

Surging waves shouting
'Sky fallen, sky fallen, save'
Holds the horizon

2 Conch

Ringing in her heart
A hiss of His melody
Forever in hush

3 Horizon

Merry waves rise cheered
Waken earth blushing crazy
Sun-sprung horizon

4 Dark Waves

Storming ocean dark
Up-sky adown sunken dark
Bubbling boat hosting

Indira Renganathan
Reflections-10

1 Universe

Expanding expanse
Stars' constellations twinkle
Sages presaged how?

2 Space

Beyond vision's ken
Open stage for secret play
Matted Lord wide sprawls

3 Sky

Outer space of earth
Untouchably deep upward
In love with earth down

4 Spheres

Sun-Earth's wedding rings
Mechanism mystical
Music of heaven

Indira Renganathan
Reflections-11

1 Earth

Good dietician
One fourth mud three fourth water
Fresh, kept up green chaste

2 Land

God-made home for man
Oh, man made Satan invades
Land-made life slumping

3 Soil

Monsoon's friend lush green
Carpeted soil-spread healthy
Beasts dwell happily

4 Bharat

India's prologue
Great grand ancestral expanse
History's proud sigh

Indira Renganathan
Reflections-2

1 Ocean-Beat

Summer sky fervid
Angry ocean steaming up
Sun hides behind clouds

2 Who?

Coral-pearl quarrel
Who the best round silky neck
Beats them a rain drop

3 Whales

Melody in depths
vigilant ocean warning
Vigilant hunters

4 Shore and Ocean

Friendly when two
In oneness...enemies two
Man and tsunami

Indira Renganathan
Reflections-3

1Sand
Ages and yores sprayed
Glint of God gleaming in grains
Vast spread varied hues

2Shore
Restless Rani rues
Set ashore her way his heart
Silicon Raja

3Salt
Preservative His
To save and savour this mud
His taste of our hearts

4Surf
Sea-shore sport endless
A draw-game, no win or loose
Breaking the game Surf

Indira Renganathan
Reflections-4

1Morning ocean

Grey clouds, yawning waves
Orange sky, foaming folds, caws
Azure down water

2Evening Ocean

Yellow orange dusk
Birding tides, breezing amber
Farther peer silver

3Moonlit Ocean

Sheening moon wavy
Musing sky done
Moon fed ocean feasts

4 Nighted Ocean

Aghast, asuraas...
Blackened dark, stretched mouth, craving
Sky..gone to fetch sun

Indira Renganathan
Reflections-5

1 Ice Berg
Tip of the iceberg
Sail -flung albedos
Reflect hiding hunt

2 Shark
He scents ere we do
Marine mom's villain-son's play
Gory waves caution

3 Seals
Happy colony
Eating squids, alarm
Scared waves..sharks, whales, man

4 Mermaid
Yonder days' wedlock
Coupled d myth
Cyclone-hit Chennai

Indira Renganathan
Reflections-6

1) Glacier

Startling sport-field God's
Battling sport-field man ventures
Crevassed..ice and life

2) River

Gentle start soothing
Wide and deep incremental
On to ocean's love

3) Lake

Nature's gift to man
Man's make to life purposive
God's rule not to foul

Indira Renganathan
Reflections-8

1) Fire

Friction-ignition
Invoked Agni Generates
Operates, Destroys

2) Flame

In degrees rises
Flares, burns, brightens best boosted
Eats to smoke greedy

3) Lamp

Man's first call on God
Lit myriad shaped, coloured
Symbol of vision

Indira Renganathan
Reflections-9

1Air

Escaping body
Can not but break through earth's hoops
Earth's timeless breather

2Zephyr

Healer of pained heart
Godly treat timely caress
Zealous choice mortals'

3Wind

Fluty through leaves, reeds
Dusty roller clouding sky
Fair monsoon's friend best

4Twister

Funnel-armoured quest
Storm to cyclone forwarded
Final slap he sweeps

Indira Renganathan
Rejection

Sugared words you use
To make me say yes

But I see a volcano
To rupture from you
Any time

An ocean of love life should be
That a couple can sail smoothly
You are not a sun
That rises from an ocean of love

Indira Renganathan
Religion

A divine-ride mounted on human fears
A human method bribing the divine in arrears

An edifice that celebrates the descended divine
Termed by aroma, ambrosia to vanquish the demon

A style of unity by gastronomic rituals
An unity of curriculum by hymnal prowess

A trend to buck up social morals
Never for human to buck up bucks

Indira Renganathan
Remember Me (Song)

Remember me...remember me
My name is Benevolence
Kindness and love is my sort
I am a human being
Remember me

I am a human being
Do not ask me man or woman
I am a human being
Benevolence is my name
Remember me...remember me

Who lives for ever
For peace and happiness
My name is Benevolence
I am a human being
Remember me...remember me

Happiness is where...
Does it come much easy
Wherever you look for it
First be a human being
Graciously benevolent

Hand in hand let us join
With peace and kindness
For peace and happiness
Then sing "Benevolence
My name is Benevolence"

Remember me...remember me
My name is Benevolence
Kindness and love is my sort
I am a human being
Remember me";

Indira Renganathan
Repentance, Compliance

When the third eye mine opens wide awake
Repentance there on espouses me
And within the vision mine
A spark, two seeds sown
Two trees karmic-grown..
A fruit rancid, fallen from the evil
Holding the root of the good
Hoping to be salvaged
In search of the causer
Blinks and blinks and blinks
And again within the vision mine
A beaming spark causes
A persona mien and mighty
Ardent with a splendid silent smile
A hush of a perception in His third eye
Cognizant yet with a pretext of unknowingness
His half-shut eyes..
Inability of a mortal untrue deifier
In the whirl-current of Good and Evil
Disposed in compliance
Prostrating an immortal Fulgence
Matted far and wide
In the timeless, sphereless space

Indira Renganathan
Reverberation

Like a destructive lightning thunderbolt of the monsoon
That day that big bad event happened
Ere that faded out slowly fully in years, so soon
A little cloud split itself in tiny bits sported
To thunder in weak frequencies so pestering and disturbing
Perturbed he decreed one of his split mind-lets
To supervise and drown dead that psychedelic thrashing

Indira Renganathan
Ritual Ram

Bathed in final sweat of his blood
A sickle above ready to wreath
To the breath-taking holy din
He bleats with gory eyes
Whilst his soul
All set ready to soar
To the bloody god
Heaving the sinful globe of heavenly prayers..
Human tears bleed vows for atonement

Indira Renganathan
Rivers

Fate is birth of a woman
Like a river from nature's opening..
Peaceful ignorance to virgin innocence
Maturated to course fierce over confinement
Scurrying for peace from bitten life however

Peace-borne is river Ganga
Like a woman's birth ataraxic
Beauteous quiescence from sacred Providence
Saturated motherly with crocodiles sinning
Scurrying for peace from bitten life however

Nectarean is river Viraja
Like nectarous Ganga from Providence
Rimming devout around SriVaikunt..
Assuasive cleansing to blemished souls
Affirming salvation to Vishnu Lokha however

Indira Renganathan
Rose

A rose is but a woman
Chaste, fragrant, prominent
Its thorns its protecting weapon
In haste to retaliate, violate

Roseate blossom is innocent, redolent
Wafting in air chaste fragrance
Crushed by anyone malevolent
Thorns'll pierce him bleed by vehemence

Indira Renganathan
Salutations Salutations Salutations

Silent like the idol in the temple
Silently are they watching amidst sounds
No one knows that that idol
Keeps watching people and their minds.
Alike are they too sincerely observing
The people and their occurrences
To put in a compendium of writing
To register the prevailing events
For so many so many years in history.
Good or bad, pleasant or dirty
Everything written, memory to memory refreshed
To cause an effect over the later masses
With an impact of don't from bad
'Do do' from good, so always
Themselves being good-hearted polite
With scholarly look shining with a halo
Ardent and sheen. God! Godly elite
To be declared as my 'Saraswati' and their Apollo.
Poets, ! Salutations! Salutations! Salutations!

Indira Renganathan

Indira Renganathan
Satiety

Fatigued..
This moment..
Golden jubilee carrying on to Diamond
Wheeling, rolling pain, pleasure, pain, pleasure
Yes
Treasured life measured of pain and pleasure
Fatigued
Uncertainty? yes
Bloody plexus, pain-pleasure nexus
Sixtyplus terrified
White and black, bright and dark..
Yes
God is fair, unfair
Enough, enough
Yet just one wish
Just enough to retire eternal
Only in fair God

Indira Renganathan
School Memories

Born on the bank my school
Bathed in cool breeze of river Varaha

Fanned cool by coconut groves around
Blessing inside the premises
A seasoned Exam-Pillaiyar

Commencement of assembly my voice to lead
Followed by the rest in increased volume
Prayer songs dispersing the air

Penned the pupils in respective classes
Class-rooms old and new and mine
Holding a Badam tree at its feet

Clothed full of caterpillars
And they creeping inside bit me for a year

Anyway to the bitten me
Flapped colourful wings my teachers
To fly up to catch the Rainbow

SHARADHA

Flowed flooded river between home and school
Sharadha though otherwise calm then a gullible fool

Bridge was a round about way
Hasty Sharadha got drowned in great dismay

Pupils assembled for prayer
Then heard a screaming from the river

Sharadha's! Sent at once the school the peon
Was Sharadha rescued from a mile on

A lesson for everybody
Ashamed Sharadha unable to look at anybody
Needn't have happened to a soft Sharadha
Shy and shivery was the real Sharadha

'Came late for the exam' was her fear
So did she get into the river

Unwilling the bridge-way chose the river-way
Wisdom then failed anyway

Hasty ventures may better be averted
Else may better be alerted

Rosy memories are sometimes thorny
Like Sharadha at times twinging me

Indira Renganathan
School-Time Autorickshaws

Tailless Bandicoots infest tri-wheeled
Magnified, laureled, festooned..
School bags, lunch bags, water bottles
In gentle jounce
On their humps as they takatakataka
On tremulous birr trickling amusing
Their children in open bellies

Crisscross, zigzag the streets
Through their nosy horns
Pied traffic ransoms the piper
Letting free the coots
Children innocently picnic
smokily panic
A way of minting routine, kinetic

Indira Renganathan
Scribbles On Currency

Throned on currency
Crowned Mahatma ever to smile
But the other way
Children, grand-children his
Remark their love
Scribbling, naming, messaging
Their lovers
Signing, coding, drawing
Amounting to signal something also
Mahatma disappointedly pox-marked
sobbing, sighing invisibly
At the sill of watermark window

Indira Renganathan
Scrutiny Of A Psyche

Never a hallucination did she never fear
Snake gourd like a snake didn't delusively appear
Yet all changed smacking her heart to drear
One day with a basket by a snake charmer

Came on the charmer to capture with glee
Embedded her boldness drove him to flee
Devotee of snake-God she on a spree
Eerie-less so her heart was cheery

Around the house garden a dense forest
But seldom a treat such so left
Can enter in no foreign body
Permission granted only to known somebody

Appeared a week later snake- charmer
Simply played his magudi the snake catcher
Grew her nerves anguished in temper
Controlled herself but with all prayer

On and on went the magudi
Bushy hiss, a snake up on eerily
Asked her piety to let it flee free
But lo, caught and thrusted into his bag gunny

Disobeyed he, hence obliged not she
Nothing of his money paid she
His turn, released the reptile angrily
All the world's curses throwing on her badly

Sleepless nights thence haunted her gravely
All the charmer's curses gunning fiery
And her psyche accounted the destiny
Bad to worse to the worst of scrutiny

Of course life writhes, squirms and wriggles
Serpentinely venomous at times
Spreading its hood trouble- flickering
From its satanic fang sufferings out flowing
Although trustworthy her serpent God
Sudden susceptibility yet in sunken heart broad
In the grip of a comminating serpent
Bewildered life in mirthless thought

Her guts unnerved why?
Recessed her devotional ply?
Who the serpent, charmer or the reptile?
Or the Lord Himself for a while?

Unknown person, unknown reasons
Coiled down life with curses
Revere the Lord and dread His wrath..truth
Seldom more prayers, she with vigilant breath

Indira Renganathan
Search

When He signs 'I'm there'
As illusive we snub it
Blessing sign put off
Doomed at infirm end closer
Search, search how we for His sign

Indira Renganathan
Seasons

Season-1

Up
Escaped Jack fruity
Unreached

Fall
One day in crumples
Juicy

Season-2

Wind
Tolls the mangoes ripe
Birds hover

Season-3

Monsoon gale blowing
Leaves and twigs all along strewn
Birds nesting busy

Season-4

Dance
Peacocks foretelling
Monsoon

Queue
Ants forecasting rains
Running

Rains
Love-mails sky to earth
Nature's wedlock

Feast
Under umbrella
Shamiana
Lick
A drop of nectar
Splashed

Feel
Cleansed mind and body
And soul

Season-5

Feels
Summer-earth sultry
Needs bath

Care
er and pour
Rivers surge

Bathes
Earth pleased to the full
Enough done

Up
The sky her dress flown
Rain-bow

Shy
Earth weaves on herself
Rich green

Season-6

They
Hop-skip in leaps teamed
In rains

Croak
Like wet toads aquatic
Those kids
Winds
Chime with umbrellas
Up above

Sneeze
Those kids cold-caught
Moms scream

Season-7

Came
Gales, clouds, rains, winter
Mosquitoes

Season-8

Ah
Spring of love flowers
Vasant

Green
Signals to flourish
Fertile

Waltz
Around flowers
Butterflies

Buzz
Bees and beetles
Honey-sucklers

Paired
Couples ring the bell
Wedlock-season

Season-9
Social norm here
All twelve months on festive spree
With rituals lot

Prayers primary
Along with offering next
Traditional treat

Discount sale common
Season's festive gift offer
People throng crazy

Season-10

Season of fine arts
Music and dance and drama
And Harikatha

Concerts all over
To give and gain and relax
Approved talents good

Note: As the seasons change in nature our social life also changes accordingly.
So this poem

Indira Renganathan
Self

Bluff it is
If I say I'm a learned poet
For I'm not a scholar
So too my poems

My master's degree..
Lost in the abyss of oblivion
Searching out of and on
Those learnt reminiscences

I write to learn
Learning to write
And that learning
For my heart's happy content

You're welcome to read my words
For shared should be my happiness
Pat or hit..I don't bother
For I'm not a learned poet

Indira Renganathan
Senility

Most people fear death
While some embrace it
Those some board death
By their own way to quit

Another kind being senile
Invite and await death
Too frail and fragile
Diseased with no mirth

Senility itself is Hades
Who escorts us to death
Strangling lives to fade
Day by day, breath by breath

Indira Renganathan
Sense

Something beyond ours
Slyly present in mind's depths
Hit heart feels strange
Godling for earthlings rises
Heaven-crowned earth's visioned arc

Indira Renganathan
Shaking The Pagoda

Their seething toil churned
And churned and churned
The confined milky-ocean labouring
Whilst Vasuki’s fanged venom
Throttling Shiva, Parvathi to scurry

All in spirit of unity rose up
Karpaga, akshmi, Dhanvantri
And a potful of Amrit afloat
Be dished out to devas
Whilst whorls storming the serpent

Their raging hilarity acquired
Perfumed with Karpaga all else in heaven
Decreed devas won to declare asuras driven
Whilst the asuras sheltering in humans
Deceived to avenge awaiting to betray

All in desirous guise asuras sown
In a hush of reach to shake Karpaga
Possessed humans shaped up
Their masquerade named Desire
Whilst asuras grading up to greed

Their craving quest humans coveted, coveting
For all time bestowment to shake Karpaga
Illusorily on rungs of forbidden piety
Whilst asuras delivering anger, enmity, hatred
Laddering and befriending lust and greed in hell

Indira Renganathan
Shakthi

Justice of morals, armoured of valour
Ardent She the gracious gem
Frail our woes like ignescent cotton
Afire at Her anguish gaze
Vanquished of hate, hostility and enmity
O' people whole of globe
Acclaim surrendered surrendered acclaim
ShakthiOm shakthi Om Shakthi Om

Good and evil powers all Sakthi
Bestower yet plenty of boons
'Vanquished evil be o'er seven worlds'
Boom, boom o'Murase
'Sourceful power solely here behold'
So say, whoever they
Sanctified and salvaged to the Heaven
Om Shakthi Om Shakthi Om

Best but to trust is the way just best
This day we confide in
Pray, you chant Shakthi forever
I bow to you then my heart
Wary, torrid archery, poison, malady
Needless be afraid of
For everyone is rescued at Her feet
Om Shakthi Om Shakthi Om

O'Benefactress of rains and lushness
Praises we sing
Mother Parasakthi, hail and herald we
Weeding out our obstacles
Keep up your words o'heart
Pray, nothing else
More we now pursue
Shakthi Om Shakthi Om Shakthi Om

Mounted on white lily crowned is a persona
Heart of the vedas
Pristine, cultured Tamil Vaani, to you
Here's a plea from me
Not a second should go useless
That in my speech
Out pour in force
Shakthi Om Shakthi Om, Shakthi Om

Translation of Subramanya Bharathiar's song 'Nenjukku needhiyum, tholukku vaalum niraindha sudar manipoon....' and this my first attempt on translating a poem

Indira Renganathan
She Repeats Herself Unconditionally

Boring...day and night
As we labour and strive..
Sorrow...ever shadows joy
Any time, any way, any side..
Daunts to fill her with unease
Joy is not joyous
Life is boring

But

Every day and night
Her every attire and colour
Scented with beateous splendor
Brings me Heaven and the nectar
I drown in her..fade in her
And entranced when embraced
She is.. vast and delectable
Nature
Life is not boring

Indira Renganathan
She's Not A Celestial Like...

She's not a celestial like Earth
Rotating, revolving per divine command
A magic in need for human demand
To obligate in obedience of high worth

A magic indeed is to ceil an airing
Cool or hot against godly decree
Liable but to man's electric choking
Ceiling fan of high modern degree

Indira Renganathan
Shiva

Thou art dark tressed space along
Smeared of peaked ashes
Whence strolling souls chained along
Burnt fierce Thine almighty Thine darkness
Arises atop the sheening sickle
Ragging Thine kempt Ganges
To splash on terra-firma to tickle

Thou art fire ablaze figureless
To redden orangey sun to sprawling white
To wax the moon to silvery bliss
To generate earth in Thine might
Sphere to rhythm all way around
In Thine cycle of make and remake
In Thine plane of an invisible round

Thou art black and white
Attired of molten gold
Spearing drummy the woes out
With pristine persona with serpent
In still breath of illimitable silence
In heavenly immensities of space
Thou art peace, Thou art peace

Indira Renganathan
Shiva 1- Appulingam-Thiruvanaikaval

Legend may say this and that
We can not question but
The imprudent brain ever indiscreet
How to be taught of the omnipresent
A way God thought
To curse times and times His consort
An act of destined pretext
Repercussions of mockery at Shiva irked His fret
Cursed Akillandeswari to abide onto a water resort
Clenched aqua-lingam (Appulingam) Her divine sort
Under a jamun tree all set
Worshipped Akillandeswari Her spouse staunch, devout
Pleased Jambukeshwar on abode Hers to retreat

Miracles are legendarily possible
So too Appulingam of icicle
And He is the God bountiful
Such so ubiquitous water too godly plentiful

Indira Renganathan
Shiva 2-Jothilingam-Thiruvannamalai

The holy fire vast is aghast cool
Poleless source of a soul to rule
Matted flames of a roll whole
Mounded mien dominant silence sole

Myth of mysteries truth of an allegory
Fiery defeat of Brahma, Vishnu a divine arbitrary
He is the force of macrocosmic theory
Power of all powers a surpassing glory

Do not doubt the ism of nature
Omnipresent the Lord to venture
Fiery His blessings to nurture
At Thiruvannamalai esteemed His stature
Consorted with Unnamulai, elated our rapture

Indira Renganathan
Shiva 3- Vayulingam-Kalahasthi

Lord even should respire on earth heartful
Air bountiful hence is powerful
Proven record of a legend contentful
Of an altercation between Adisesha and Vayu fearful
Who the stronger were the two willful
Vayu was the accepted successful
Adisesha but defeated sorrowful
Yet all the victim was only mount Meru pitiful
Surged blow, diced the mount Vayu unmerciful
Demoted Meru, its triplet fell farther forceful
One at Kalahasthi turned a cave-temple zestful
Self-manifested the Invincible there blissful
Eventually Vayulingam essaying air truthful
Veraciously twosome lamps ever flickering dutiful
Acquired marks of salvaged spider, snake, elephant eventful
Air or Vayulingam evidently elemental factful
Lord even should respire on earth heartful

Indira Renganathan
Her act elvish of closing the Lord's eyes
All lives while smothered of darkness
Wild Shiva cursed the Goddess
That Parvathi dark like then pervading darkness
Expiated error on penance by prayers
To Earth-Lingam or Ekambereshwar to redress
Under a mango tree of austere sensors
Unobstructed even by Vegavathi's bursting floods
Retorted the Providence by Her efforts arduous

Truth is beauty flourished Earth when cherished
Of fecundity, fertility healthy, hearty, green swarded
Is truth beauty ruined Earth when perished
Of quake, ache, Drought, clout, blood and flood

What could the reason be else
Than man to commune with godliness
Should hence ever be in compliance
Mother Earth he to idolize
Wishes such the Providence
Prithvilingam reasonably with oblations

Indira Renganathan
Shiva 5- Akasalingam-Chidambaram

Times and times Thee Thyself depute Thy blissless vacuum
At times superbia when created inordinate tantrum
Of ascetic pride of a conundrum
Did dissuade the conceited exhorting with Thy fulcrum

Simple mendicant simply handsome
Raptured everyone spacy awesome
Relinquished pride replenished a blossom
Penta-phased bliss Thy dance of macrocosm

O'Lord Thy chassis of cosmos when robed
Of tiger and deer and snake and moon adorned
And demon Muyalavan under Thy feet crushed
And Thee when danced was Pathanjali stirred

Desire irrepressible was granted the show replayed
Live for Vyagrapada along with again Thee danced
Rhythm of cosmos, energy created and destroyed
Elemental atoms cascading spaceward they enjoyed

And meaningful o'Lord of space
Thy dance..revelation of Thy grace
Creation, sustenance, dissolution in race
Thine concealment and bestowment after chase
Formed through a semi-form though to a human face
Hey Shiva, truism is Thee a lingam of space

Indira Renganathan
Shivshakthi (Repost)

He
Rises
She
Springs up
In oneness

Riply
Purls
Springing
Existence

Creational

Creating
Cradling
There
Upon

Creating
Cradling
On
And~~on~~
On~~~~~

Indira Renganathan
Shooting Star And Manhole

A dying shooting star
Falling down on earth

With no such intention though
He falls to create a crater

Where no life sprouts
Too wide too far too long
Isn't that earth's fate?

On the road
Being dug a manhole
Certainly not for a
Toddler

Matchless match though
Isn't that the uncaring fate

Indira Renganathan
Show-Piece

Behold! knees curled up to his chin
Head down, his empty bowl shaken
Fatigued and languished with weary mind
On penniless status for his bread...
Pity, even unaware of somebody playing upon

Poor beggar, a pose of hapless repose
An act of begging on loss
But an utility for a sculptor behind
The chisel shaping up poverty well formed
Benefited is the sculptor in bucks

Soiled emotions to the beggar glue
His concaved belly nothing to pursue
Unnoticeably trespassed the sculptor to crop
A faint sitting target artistically on whop
Sold off by re-makes, the sculptor's ooh!

In a rich man's house seated respectfully
Is the pauper carved carefully
Out of a heavy stone looking meaningfully
With unshaken bowl for pennies hopefully!

Indira Renganathan
Silence

Silent the whole lot in silent space
Who art Thou silent in silence

Yonder beyond yonder in silent spirits
Thou bang banged in silence
Silent Thou persona unseen, unknown in silence
Yet smelt in silent thoughts
Thou taste, Thou fragrance non-figurative
Yet figurative in tentative five elements
Fundamental who, what, how, why, where, when, ..
A mysterious quantum in perpetual unfound answer
Ceaselessly in ceaseless silence

Silent the whole lot in silent space
Who art Thou silent in silence

Indira Renganathan
Silence And The Absolute

Wisdom's wisdom hunts
On constant thinking stairs climb
Strange first bliss anew
Through scenes, sounds, scents, realms
Peaked merged Silence, Absolute

Indira Renganathan
Silence Tuned

Reposing in this porch
In the yellow noon
Fenced around with grille black
On this quiet grey chair
Alleviating me
Hush of the colourless silence

Zapping out through the white gaps
Gazing at a crow, a sparrow
A pigeon, a parrot
Stuttering, twittering, hooting..
Squeaking, trilling many the other
Dark and bright on green...

A swallow seesawing on a tributary
Rhythmic screech of a squirrel
Fluttering with colourful potpourri
The butterflies waltzing around
An unknown bouffant bird
A radio melody from afar
In iridescent harmony silence tuned

Indira Renganathan
Simple Living

Invoked gods functioned unified
The biggest theirs the only domicile
In proclaimed unison the villages
Long ago..
Housed in artistic, sculptural hearts
Dwelt in palaces patronising kings
And in moneyed mansions
Stealthy few merchants
Ruling authorities, commercial minorities
Long ago..
Living prototypically housed
In a life prototypically flourished
Unbiased of food, clothe, shelter
Subjected simplicity self satiated
Propitiated impartiality
How then the emulous rivalry there be?
Peaceful long ago..
But....?

Indira Renganathan
Singing For The New Born

You're my life's treasure this day
So will ever be you all days
Like the fencing wind soothing
Saving all lives abound
Livening all lives so lovable..
May my hope come true
May my hope come true

You're my life's pleasure this day
So will ever be you all days
Like a blooming flower fragrant
Turning to a fruit yummy
Lovable much to all and whole..
May my hope come true
May my hope come true

You're my life's favour this day
So will ever be you all days
Like the new rains heavenly
Freshening the loam so lush
Lovely with lavish love adored..
May my hope come true
May my hope come true

You're my life's healer this day
So will ever be you all days
Like the handy salve treating
Healing the wounded well cured
Sought after much with needs..
May my hope come true
May my hope come true

You're my life's salvor this day
So will ever be you all days
Like a magician godly in a wink
Weeding the wild from peace field
Lovingly loving the whole world..
May my hope come true
May my hope come true
For The Forthcoming New Year-

Indira Renganathan
Sky

You are a kaleidoscopic drama
A gusty platform for celestial revelation
Dotted soars are your closest audience
Scudding clouds are the opening curtains
Roaring pour is your musical orchestra
Solar to lunar, shiny to Selene
Scenario, persona..astounding, incredible
Applause.
But..
Beyond your spherical width what?
Black nether yard of vast darkness
You've drawn your blinds over there
Sun is mindless to let even a speck
Departed souls are wandering aghast
Your nocturnal mischief is thundering in silence
From here you're a majestic roof
But why mystical, magical otherwise?

Indira Renganathan
Sleep

Encased pupils rapidly moving
Erstwhile yawns extend to snoring
Bliss setting in to dreaming
Some humans airily walking
Some humans merrily talking
Aperture on the iris best awaiting
The mind early or late signalling
Sun light the iridic doors feeling
The physique getting to a refreshed living

Indira Renganathan
Smile Infantile

Flash of the Heaven's fulgency
Splashed in a wink's frequency
On a new-born with divine adequacy

Embraceable ambrosia of the Gods
Gifted to the cherubic nascence
By way of blessing its parents

Indira Renganathan
Back and forth i’m swinging on.
So is the cradle bearing my chubby sister
'That day I was an old heroine-
Happily on scenarios wearing silk full-skirts
Of pink and green on change overs
Rustling around my ankles,
With a little ponytail right headed,
Toddling along pushing the cradle
With an eager look at my sister
Hoping to get a hello from her.
Just three years but enough old-minded
To welcome the guests willingly
On celebrating the new heroine's birthday'
Flashing is a smile on my face!
'Worried was lovable grand-pa
To secure me from others' eyes while
Pretty mom worrying about my fair sis.
Grand-pa called me black beauty'.
I'm smiling swinging over the days gone!

Indira Renganathan
Smugglers' Deal (Limerick)

That was a conflict over smuggling
Criticism was highly juggling
All longed for profit
All fought for profit
Final deal—Who to go jailed struggling

Indira Renganathan
So

Obscene mortals on scene
Adept at betrayal
Off scene goodness off seen
Mortals rest sceptical
Mother queen Earth has been
Her best to be whimsical
Rebirth umpteen on wheeling
Nature 's assaying reviving trial
Unseen Lord off scene
Not yet at self-portrayal

Indira Renganathan
So Long

I never dreamt of a characteristic wind
Knocking into my ear-drum to tear it
The first tread soothing it was
Next it tickled following to hit me
Down to be trampled by a rolling rock

Already quivering in the cold,
Fluttering still more the chill wind,
I kept trembling unable to foot on
Caught up midway, far from home
Became a driven orphan.
But
Home- inflated with mounted chilliness
Aerated with freezing coldness
Iciness always welcomed to threaten
Me to be murdered awfully to death

Finding no difference I decided to die
That spot promising to get acclimatized
Sometime somehow in my next birth
Friendly with this 'freez'y'-land'
So long with sobs and sighs good-bye

Indira Renganathan
Soar

Eyes
After the birds fly
Soul winged

High
The azure on clouds
Soul rests

Dive
The birds to fish
Life back

Life
Haven to heaven
Soars

Indira Renganathan
Soil Service

Inspirit to up so fond
Fetch down that godly wand
Wave and wave so grand
Ring out well the cluttered mind

Over again, again wave the wand
Ring in afresh a soil a land
Set in liquid and gas to bind
Pattern dark and red well tilled

Sandy, loamy, yellow coloured
Grey, brown, black spread
Hill and river and wood
Up and down, side to side

Over again wave the wand
Vegetation and crops all to blend
Over again make rain-falls thundered
Forests and fields be pulsated

Again, again the waving wand
Volcanoes and oceans be befriended
And righteous human be ever good
Geology, ecology reckoned and regarded

Again, again the waving wand
Food shelter clothe ever offered
Sylvan scene of prolificacy splendid
Stealthy, healthy life humanised

Again, again the magic wand
Not to wave but to hide
In the heart of the alert mind
A promise to conserve all that found

Again, again the promise be continued
For the soil a sacred servitude
Failed if one and all to mind
Impaired soil chucks the wand vanished
Solitude

Whenever I'm sprawled on the colour-free loneliness
My mind becomes colourful
Sometimes spirited with nature
Sometimes dispirited with co-humans
And whenever I'm dispirited with co-humans
I resort to sit in meditation to open the providence
But my mind grows still more perplexed
About where the Lord is
And whenever I pursue searching the Lord
Some instinctive knowing reveals
He's in untouchable 'solitude'
So whenever I realise 'solitude' is godly
Aghast I gaze into a distinct sol'I'tude

Indira Renganathan
Some Nonsense Poems

a boy read some good poems
Inspired he tried to write poems
He wrote but none liked them and said "nonsense"
Since then they're called nonsense poems

a young boy got a new pen
He drew a peacock with that pen
None could make it out and said "what nonsense"
Willing to rhyme the pen said "hen"

he was a child he liked gowns
So his mother dressed him in gowns
But none around liked it and said "nonsense"
Grown old he still dresses in gowns

old woman too infirm cried
"Oh, what a hell, can't live, can't die"
None could bear it, so said "stop this nonsense"
But son said "don't say you can't die"

a boy became a rowdy
All advised him "be a good boy"
Never he liked it and said "what nonsense"
I like to remain a rowdy

6. A child was playing with the soap
Mom came running to snatch the soap
Lo! slipped and fell "what nonsense"
Gaping the child asked for the soap

7. "Wake up in the morning early"
Mom advised her little baby
But dad liked it not, so said "what nonsense"
Child slept till waken by daddy

wanted to fight with his wife
Just for fun ready with a knife
But she with a sickle screamed "what nonsense"
And fearing him knocked down his knife
liked her parrot with red beak
So wore green sarees with red streaks
But it didn't fill the parrot; what nonsense;
It said, match me painting your beak;

everything you say nonsense
Do you know what it means, no sense;
Atleast nonsense has a meaning no sense;
But you, you're meaningless nonsense

Indira Renganathan
Some Nursery Rhymes- 1

1 'Gran, gran, what's the time now'
Joe asked her in voice low
Gran turned to see the clock so
But a dog barked then 'wow wow'
Shocked gran simply yelled 'no, no'
Angered Joe on that 'no, no'
Herself cried aloud 'go, go'
'O.k, o.k 'gran said'I go now'

- - - - - - - - -

2 'Only pizza, no dosa' said Asha
'Only dosa, no pizza'said Liza
'Alright, dosapizza' Asha, Liza
Mamma then said 'just for free of paisa'

- - - - - - - - -

the mango tree we sit
Waiting for a mango to hit
For nine of us to eat our bit
Little while a mango does hit
We rush to cut fine each our bit
But lo, forgot the knife to get

What so if there the knife is not
Pick up some stones the fruit be hit
What so if there the knife is not
We have in the mouth teeth a lot
Easy 'bite a bit' than the cut
Munching is nice in the mouth shut

Indira Renganathan
Some Nursery Rhymes-4

at that pretty mango tree
With green leaves and yellow fruits

Look at those pretty parrots
Eating the fruits and fleeing away

Just you wait till the sky pours
Then come and watch the seeds sprouting

Then growing into big trees
Then tell about the groves and forests

The story from the birds to seed
Down the earth and the rains and all

---------------------------------

9. 'Get up in the morning early'
Mamma says hundred times, thousand times

'No' I say yawning just one time

Mamma repeats hundred times, thousand times

One eye open I see still sleeping papa
I love papa'.. I say one time..and brrrrr...

---------------------------------

above earth down
In between what..? what..hmm..ah,
Air planes, bees and birds..! !

Indira Renganathan
Some Nursery Rhymes-7

old clock stopped
The keys dad fast wound
But brought the sound
Out a 'roach in a round
Dad fell on the ground

- - - - - - - - - - - - - -

a tailor was mending an old shirt
He saw on it a patch of dirt
Stopped half way mending the shirt
He washed it rudely to remove the dirt
Torn was the shirt, stubborn was the dirt
Tailor had to stitch a new shirt
To correct his mistake first

- - - - - - - - - - - - - -

a, Corona
Go away Corona

God's domain here Corona
We're His children Corona

Corona, Corona
Go away Corona

God's domain here Corona
Peace alone can live here corona
No war is allowed corona

Corona, Corona
Go away Corona

Indira Renganathan
Some Nurseryrhymes-2

4.'Who's that Rose, Rose
I'm not that Rose, Rose

Who has prickles, prickles
I've prickles, prickles

Hey, not Rose? you're out then

Who's that Rose, Rose
I am that Rose Rose

Who has prickles, prickles
I've no prickles, prickles

Hey, no prickles? you're out then

Who's that Rose, Rose
I am that Rose Rose

Who has prickles, prickles
I've prickles, prickles

Hey, so you're that Rose
Damask or Edward?

I'm Damask, I'm Damask

So you're scented, scented
You're that Rose Damask

Hey Rose Rose Damask
Queen of queens Damask
Damask, Damask Rose, Rose
Rose Rose Damask, Damask
You're that Rose
Queen of queens Rose

- - - - - - - - -
little lizard
Moving up the wall
Moving up the wall
Moving up the wall
So tall is the wall

One little lizard
Moving up the wall
Moving up the wall
Slow and steady
To catch a cockroach

One big cockroach
Buzzing up the wall
Buzzing up the wall
Buzzing up the wall
Near the lizard small

Oh look at the lizard
Ohlook at the lizard
'get set ready go'
Moves one step forward
Mouth open, the lizard

Cockroach is nearing
Cockroach is nearing
Lizard is trying
Trying its best
Mouth open, the lizard

Close your eyes, close your eyes
Cockroach is getting preyed
Cockroach is getting preyed
Mouth open mouth open
Too closer the lizard

Keep closed your eyes
Till 10 counts,10 counts
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Let the buzzing stop
Open and see next
Oh, where's the lizard
But the cockroach's scuttling
Where's the Lizard
Where's the lizard
Oh look, tail off on the ground!

Indira Renganathan
Some Nurseryrhymes-3

e puppy, little puppy
Where do you come from?

Little puppy simply wagging its tail

Little puppy little puppy
Where do you come from?

Little puppy simply wagging its tail

You should answer little puppy
Where do you come from?

At last little puppy yelped
Ran to jump into a litter-bin

- - - - - - - - - - - - -

7.'Whither do you wander oh wind? '

'Off to yonder land oh thy mind'

'Hither be what we without you? '

'Exhale you, quick I'll be back in you'

'Ah, we do inhale, back you're is true'

'So I'm this way a wanderer
Hither, thither filling all and you'

'Yes, you're our friend and more
Without you we're not is true'

Indira Renganathan
Some Nurseryrhymes-5

11. Up the stairs to the top
Once by chance you're on top
Next and next but you tumble
Tumble tumble next and next
Hope says seven steps to success
You're fixed on top at last

12. Little Joe couldn't sleep that night
Mamma sang lullabies five that
Didn't help, didn't help, didn't help
Papa said he would play in her dream
At once slept little Joe soundly sound
Next morning papa asked little Joe
How papa played in her dream last night
Little Joe said 'very very bad'

e sis wanted to catch a butterfly
Little bro didn't help but threw a challenge
'Catch the wind'little bro commanded
Little sis tried and tried, cried and cried
Little bro brought an empty pot fast
Said 'it's filled' and away he went next
Blinked little Joe but laughed a while later
Little Joe laughed a while later

Indira Renganathan
Somenursery Rhymes-6

14. When I want to save money
I ask mummy
Mummy gives me one rupee

Thirty days I ask for money
Mummy gives each day one rupee

Mummy asks how much I have
After thirty days

I count all rupees I have
I answer 'thirty rupees

Mummy asks 'thirty days means what?'
I think and blink and ask 'what?'

'A month..!' mom says
'A month..! ! 'I say

- - - - - - - - -

15. Waiting for the school bus
Waiting for the school bus
Wish it doesn't come at all
Wish it doesn't come at all
One hour gone now
One hour gone now
We wish it doesn't come at all
But here it comes now
Moms all thank God
Let down we all cry 'oh God..'

- - - - - - -

16. A big ladle of butter
A big ladle of honey
A big ladle of choco syrup
A bid scoop of ice cream
With a big plum cake
A treat on grandpa's birth day
Grandpa smiles
With a bowl of porridge

17. Sugar and salt and chilly
Mix with mango so spicy
Fill a jar and
Under the sun let it be ready
Eat it with bread and roti

18. Laptop, laptop
Lucie has a laptop
Bought in a toy shop

Laptop laptop
Daddy has a laptop
Bought in a foreign shop

Laptop, laptop
Lucie wants Laptop
Daddy's cute laptop

Daddy says 'no no'
Lucie says 'no no'
Lucie cries on top
Daddy shouts on top

Lucie drops her laptop
Broken into pieces
Daddy gives his laptop
For Lucie screaming on top

Lucie is the winner
Daddy is the runner
Ever after Lucie
is pouring to fill the ocean
Rivers are running to fill the ocean
But lakes and tanks do not run
And stay in their places for our use
Lakes and tanks are for us
Lakes and tanks we to take care of

- - - - - - - - - -

20. Under the Banyan tree
All the girls were dancing
Singing the glories of
Lord Krishna

Krishna played His Venu
Krishna played His Murali
Krishna played His Vamsi
Krishna played His three flutes

Little girls enjoyed
Dancing and singing
Dancing and singing
The glories of little Krishna
The glories of little Krishna

Indira Renganathan
Sometimes

"Where from I came..how I was
In my mother's womb? ..I don't know
Why I am living this life..
How to live? ..my apprehensions
Set aside..wasting the hours;
Just go by it without any dogma;
Selfishness threatens..how long? 
To determine the time for any goal..
Ere my life ends, When? to reach that goal;
I don't know..full of perplexity
Where, when, why, how have no answer
At this point
Sometimes I'm muted
Like a stopped clock

Indira Renganathan
Soul Hunting

Inward
Voyage through mind
Trekking along steadfast
All queer g will wins at last
His light

Indira Renganathan
Sounding Borewell Signals

Good morning
On bicycles and 'bikes run
With kudams and buckets
On first-chore-water-hunting
Provoking heartfelt empathy

Yet water-hunting isn't much
Empathetic but feasting
Warblers squad signalled
Of sounding bore-well motor..
Overflowing overhead tank pouring..
Birds many round screeching
In gentle drinking harmony

Empathetic humans jostle..
Water-pumps and metro-water cabs
All by road-side screeching humanly
Sympathy or empathy is humans'
Yet apathy is...?

Indira Renganathan
Sounds

O'this system of cosmos rolling systematic
Predestined pattern carried on dogmatic
O'heart, opine of a Supremacy hypostatic
Whose banging in secret decibels cognatic
Whose music in infrared design spheric
Whose clinking in secret silence mosaic
In the immensities ere the creation creatic
Inaudible to me, you and some enigmatic
Audible yet to rishis in trance poetic
Tones and overtones in harmony sympathetic
In their hearts of space bliss aesthetic
A hymnal gift of chiming utterances then vedic

Indira Renganathan
South Westerly-1

Summer kicked off its size
Took off a dusty west wind
Dry from the summer zone to the skies
Hither-thither wandering clouds joined

The wind westerly fluttered
All its dust down on my face
So pristine to be it tried
Thence to the clouds to propose

Indira Renganathan
South-Westerly-2

What ecstasy you've got into
Tumbling home, me and all you do

Frisky sometimes in perfect rhyme
Frowning sometimes in hassling mime

Breeziest breeze but not a gale
Brisk hurling litters all in bale

See, the surging sea..you're roaring
Upping, upping tides overlapping

See, the flying birds..you're pushing
Downing down in your tilting

See, the tottering trees..you're beating
Fluttering leaves in your streowing

See, the slamming doors..you're hitting
Drying clothes far in your tumbling

See, the swirling dust..you're rolling
Up and down all around you're spraying

What ecstasy you've got into
Dusting my eyes you're into

O'naughty Wind, South West Wind
I would  say but at the end

Summer solace you are my friend
Soothing mercy o' you abound

O'Monsoon wind, South West Wind
So good, so good..yet dear friend

How would I  say still at the end
'Hats off to you' o' naughty wind
Spectre

Even while counting days
Never had I counted my breaths
Like at this moment
For
My breaths are fastened
My thumbs to my toes
To send signals
Of leaving the huffings to the all-pervasion
Hollowing the shaken mortal
And
I'm brave to be breathless
Confiding in my routine benediction
Dying to meet Shiva, Rama and others
And
Folks around 've started counting down
As I feel a wafting rise
For the upper-birth fellowship
An act of a heavenly welcome
And
I'm happy to be breathless
For
I can soar up, up, above and I do
Above the earth's cycling spheres
Happy to be heavenly welcomed
And
Now I try to swig the taste of Elysium
It's dark around and I'm waiting
Waiting for the providential welcome
But..
Lo, who's flagging there
Hey Rama, my m'law
Am I not in heaven?

Indira Renganathan
Spirit

Gone is the Matter on cremation
Escaping soul easily mind-trapped
Emotional or devotional erstwhile
The Spirit that way

Indira Renganathan
Sri Rama Jayam

Evokes chanting of my 'RamRam'
Picking up Pavalamalli flowers at 6a.m
A good day ahead

My regular counts of SriRamajayam
After a hectic kitchen record at 9.30a.m
Inking out in words in a note book

And on a day of submission...

'BBefore pooja almirah supporting me a mat-seater
My concentration grips Rama better
Although bossing over my anger to fade out

As the maid keeps sweeping
Dust from the broom splattering
Without a divine heart for the sacred book

I say sorry to Rama

Chuck out myself of the room
To make coffee for the lady-broom
And give up not; I further continue with Rama

Sitting in the chair in the porch in silence
A while later hubby next glances
Brunch ready?

Rush to the dining table
Hubby relishes his papads crumble
Hmm.. I say sorry to Rama

Back to pooja almirah
Sit up to pursue Rama
But oops, a phone call

Daughter! And hubby is hysterical
Me too driven towards grand-son's prattle
Forget myself and quite unaware
But soon conscience pricks
Work be soon finished for Rama's blessing looks
Should submit it to the Lord

I say sorry to Rama

Sit back to my writing
Lunch time past; Yet mind not skipping
Write and write on

Rama must be invisibly looking at me
My hope, Anjaneya recommends me
By 4 p.m complete my work

March on to the temple
Hand over my book so humble
Pray with closed eyes

Finally blessed with ' prasadh' when awake.
But lo, the wrapper to shake
A scrap of Ramajayam-paper...
I look at the Lord so puzzled
But He, smiling as He ever has stood

Indira Renganathan
Standing On The Seashore

Standing on the seashore alone
A loving privacy from too afar
Fell into my sight so bizarre
Can't tell how sportive they were
'cause it's their intimacy
The sky and the horizon

A beautiful vista vast, incredible
Inviting and so much tempting
To embrace...but impracticable
Before I could do anything
Born the golden prince enticing

Excited my anxiety threw flying kisses
As by speed post to the new born
That a happy wind took them fast
Each kiss singing birth day cheers
Ah, playing that prince golden
In hide and seek with my kisses

Indira Renganathan
Still Unsolved

Dad likes talking to the tree
Tender buds caress his heart
His heart to feel tender much
Dad is talking to the tree

As dad's talking to the tree
A monkey comes there to crush
Crushed buds crush his tender heart
As he's talking to the tree

He can not console the tree
Nor can save fast the crushed buds
Can pelt with stone the monkey
Though can not console the tree

Monkey 'll come again
To molest the buds again

What is a society
Where all humans want to live
In unity together...
That is a society

Life needs a society
So that humans are well safe
But are the girls safe here? ...yet
Life needs a society

Are we living in jungle
With wild lions and tigers?
A daughter we are
In fearful concrete jungle

Happened does happen again
Monkeys grin to come again

Note: Tree- family
Buds- daughters
Indira Renganathan
Street

Social carpet spread
Walk, talk, run, hit, even spit
Cluttered clashes tar

Indira Renganathan
Street Decor

So stunning a stretch of kolams
Before each house in definite columns.
Simply superb, woven into patterns.
Designs of dots, single and multi lines,
Encircling loops and inviting colours
Well done by bare fingers
Threading out flour of rice or quartz!
Down on the cleanly cow-dunged floor
An auspicious embellishment beside the door.
An aesthetically geometrical art so popular.
Dots foretelling the pleasing figure
Of a variety to decorate a border
Or to illustrate divine lords super
Or sensibly any paraphernalia in favour.
Note! riceykolams mean an offering
To insects and birds welcoming
spirituality in, well off thereby warding
Evil. Ephemeral everyday but much amazing
In perpetual ethnicity with tamil ladies!

Indira Renganathan
Styles Of Beggary 1

A board of pantheon brassy on a plate
Encircled currency insufficient, gods beg
To aid a wedding, heal the sick
Holy tonsuring of the crown..
Untidy sins succumbed to the gods

Well, tamed gods forget their ride
Forgotten elephant follows
Obsolete gourmet, out of rice and jaggery
Modest animal lies sick
Uptrunked- salute for bucks alone

Indira Renganathan
Styles Of Beggary 2

Two men
Eyes whitened, pupils hidden
Probing inside of eye-lids..
Alms staring at me
If I am blind to Truth
Knowingly I pay the untruth
Knowingly untruth well tunes

Sindhur, mascara
Colourful ribbon-bow overhead
Fake plait long with tassle
Modern chudidar, clinking anklets..
Sita alias Rama
Salutes, somersaults, dances
Flees away crossing over to Srilanka
Trainer, earner
Bunch of bucks
Tailed fuel, oven on

Indira Renganathan
Bundled pregnancy with pregnant beggary  
Foretold aunty's future  
Over a hillocked fortune  
Of turmeric, sindhur, flowers  
Incense, perfume, bath-soap  
Cash, jewellery, rice and pulses  
Hillocky on a kanjeevaram silk brocade..  
Aunty spat three times..  
Ten minutes-meditation  
Closed eyes, no turning back....

Temple evening spat back  
on lady-beggary  
Aunty's blood-pressure heightened  
Chasing the fleeing with shaken coins

Indira Renganathan
Styles Of Beggary 6

A deal between two hearts
Mine and the Lord
Wish and vow mine be fulfilled
With hearts beneficent
With no need of a hearty(haughty)brokerage..

But pantheon-sentry(purohit)does it
Grinning face, stretching hands
Ablutions and decorations false
Hiding the Lord's vision..

'Gods won't talk 'paattee'(granny)
Preaches my grand-son
'Sh, close your eyes and pray'
Even my eyes close my heart
Easily possible the most

Indira Renganathan
Styles Of Beggary-4

Regular absentees festively so present

Deepavali and Pongal scavenge to harvest

'Not paid, not supported sufficient'

Grinning memo haunts the government

Tipped grin salutes bright

And

Road doesn't remember the sweeping faces

Year throughout as mostly their labourless absence

And the unending hands of cadgers..

Festivals are beggary-days

For divine boons

True but untrue

As 'inam' is angry beneficence

Indira Renganathan
Styles Of Beggary-5

In the eerie hours of blackened night
From the grave ashes turbaned
Jakkamma rises to caution
In multicoloured drapes
Toned to resemble Shiva to percuss
Her Udukkai to rattle out voodoo-words
Her collyrium to telecast
A macabre happening
Jakkamma then bids bye to come again

In the sunny hours of the day
At the gate is 'kudukuduppaandi'
His collyrium to telecast atoning methods
Through the key hole
Closed windows and doors gaze
Concealed-escape from voodoo-menace

Indira Renganathan
Submission To The Baby God

The music of Bansuri-the flute,
Fastened me in trance in a heavenly spot.
Little Krishna! i saw you under a tree,
As a cow-herd playing the Bansuri.

Your soft velvety tiny feet,
Dancing in rhythmical gentle beat,
Myself sinking deep, deeper in devotion,
Little Krishna! harmonic was my emotion.

My closed eyes touching your petal-feet,
My arms hugging around your legs resplendent
My nose smelling-in your divine basil,
My bowed body sensing your garland's tickle,

'Ma' you said to make me calm,
Touching me with your tender palm.
Enthralled by your tranquil blessing,
No mind to get back to my living.

I surrender in deep rest of peace,
Unto your abode for your divine solace.
You are my sole, solemn, SAVIOUR!
Krishna! may my soul never waver! .

Indira Renganathan
Such, Silence Was Spiritual..

Such, silence was spiritual
Spirituality was so silent
Seated amidst 'Supremacy'
Highly high above me
Like a lotus above mire
Mind and soul somewhere apart
Eyes and ears all elsewhere...

My big-eyed gaze gazing..
His semi shut eyes tranced
Engrossed wholly of the limitless
Floating upon beyond earth's spheres
A great discovery he 's rejoicing..
Here, what am I, a tiny bit trivial
Drowned ever in tearful unsolved enigma...

So such, wonderment raised my soul
In inquisition to follow his march
A march towards the summit of silence
Upon the mounts and dawns of silence
Along the streams of silence
Along the scented florescence of silence
Along the immortal bliss of silence..

Could only be a watcher me silent
Watching my soul marchingspiritful
On and on steady until someone nudged me..
Interrupted was me alone, not his vigil
For he was the Buddha teaching in silence
Succor and solace in huge silence
Such, silence was spiritual..

An experience at a buddhist monastery

Indira Renganathan
Summer

Season is up for summer
Nascent, vernal to spring and glimmer
Out of the womb of winter
For a fest of pongal splendor

Clutching the charriot of the above fire
On Rathasapthami is lovelier, happier
Its wayward on spring's carrier
Pleasant yet of a destined barrier

Summer on Thaipoosam for a cosmic lancer
To rhythm all as a tressy dancer
And on Maasimaham abluted to surrender
Expiating sins in sacred rivers to ponder

That awaken Shiva awake whole night to squander
His blessings on Shivrathri to pour and wander
Then on high-beamed moon of a grandeur
Celestial fete on Panguni uthram in awesome wonder

Summer has thus grown now to feather
Upping along with the sun hotter
Then on birth of Rama happily to high soar
To enter into Chithirai of a Tamil New Year

At the wedding of Meenakshi and Sundareshwar
Summer dips and rips in Vaigai river
Just to be endorsed good in Chitragupta's ledger
On first moon full of the new year

Summer is ahead along the sun's ladder
To witness the birth of a celestial warrior
Lord Muruga of Vaikasi on Visakam star
Then adown its rungs for a festivel of car

At Nellai unto the feet of Lord Nellaiappar
Summer is humble to be a driver
Pulling the charriot of the divine father
Meek unto the feet of the divine mother
Summer awaiting Autumn his seasoned brother

Indira Renganathan
Summer Faunae

Mercy is a bowl of water
Birds in the garden quench fluttering together
While squirrels have dips in a whisper
And a cat silently pouncing softer
And for a bucketful of water
Cows and calves at my gate gather
Sip and lap all together
Then a limping stray dog burnt
Badly out with its drooling tongue
Wearied with eyes half open
Looking pitifully for a sip inbetween..

Indira Renganathan
Summer Gala

Who likes not? Who will not like?
City throughout, summer throughout
A gala of mangoes in heapful hike
Delicious, luscious, ambrosially succulent

Baby to tender green, ripened
Yellow and variously blushing red
Tremendous, wondrous she the queen
Duchess of summer fruits-squad

Forty centuries' pride and old
Pregnant with legends and lore told
Opulent under the sun opulent
Palatable and alluring assortment piquant

Sweet and tart and no waste
Design and medicament mesmeric bait
Glistening gold of mangoes strike
Who likes not? Who will not like?

Indira Renganathan
Summer Rains

He touches her with extended hands
She hates him with extended heart
His emotions are extremely hot
Her heart is on parched lands

Between sun and earth a bad space
Love and hate of misunderstanding
But heaven wishes on speedy pace
To cool them by rains outstanding

Short and sweet but sudden pour
Summer sun is back shame wiped
Lover earth is back hate wiped
A pastime play of God's hour

Indira Renganathan
Summer Scenario

The splotchy blot of the yonder eastern sky
So cooling piercing the grey
Bewitching its aesthetic orange
Empowering its blue sprawled
But fallacious, fallacious
In mid-day of its white bright..

Ogreish, throwing a volley of invisible ammunition
Scorched up feasting on the fauna
Horrendous combusting the flora
Ferocious quench of its thirst
Atrociously impinging the nearby Indian ocean
Entering steaming into homes
Devastatingly beating humans down to sweat-streams

Leaving everyone to feel on edge
Departs in diminished grey, black, dark, night
Lingering on.. its fiery menace fully swung
Farther twinklings pacify crooning 'don't worry'

Indira Renganathan
Summer Spectacle

Summer wind's fussing 'it's hot, so hot'
Say I 'never mind, blow a lot a lot'
Cleaning the storeroom I too hiss and shhhh
Neaten things segregated
Fussing over a rusted kettle dated an ancient A.D
Set of playing cards, token coins some decades old
Used plastic boxes, bottles, plates etcetera my daughter's age
Shameless umbrella- frame, plentiful tamil magazines
So old and loathsome...
Then I open a trunk full of clothes
Hiding a cane box underneath.
Ah, treasure resurrected
Take out a spectacle, put it on, suits me
Happy tears roll down
Summer wind's fussing 'it's hot so hot'
Say I 'no, it's divine and dandy like this spectacle'
I see, an angel from the heavens
Say I 'love you so dearly, dearly Mamma'

Indira Renganathan
Summer Trauma

Beats
His heart through his mouth
Harsh words

Broods
Her heart on wet eyes'
Sad beats

Indira Renganathan
Sun Is Bright

Sun is bright with no disparity of caste
Raying on all and everything
So too are god men and good men righteous and virtuous
Rising from all and raying on all and everything caste free

Indira Renganathan
Sundowning

The sun is setting
With a beautiful hue
Tired of a daylong labour though

Fatigued he's back home
Chipped off by a load of thoughts
A different split person now
'Blabbering' starts
With a different hue

A leave for one night
The sun is off
A leave for one night
The man too is off

But sleepless like the sun
Rises next morning afresh
Yet don't trust
Cheating normalcy
Back in the cycle

Note: Sundowning, or sundown syndrome, is a neurological phenomenon associated with increased confusion and restlessness in patients with delirium or some form of dementia. Most commonly associated with Alzheimer's disease, but also found in those with other forms of dementia, the term "sundowning" was coined due to the timing of the patient's confusion. For patients with sundowning syndrome, a multitude of behavioral problems begin to occur in the evening or while the sun is setting. Sundowning seems to occur more frequently during the middle stages of Alzheimer's disease and mixed dementia. Patients are generally able to understand that this behavioral pattern is abnormal. Sundowning seems to subside with the progression of a patient's dementia. Up to 1 out of 5 people with Alzheimer's get sundown syndrome. But it can also happen to older people who don't have dementia.
Symptoms
When someone is sundowning, they may be:

Agitated (upset or anxious)
Restless
Irritable
Confused
Disoriented
Demanding
Suspicious

They also may:
Yell
Pace
Hear or see things that aren't there
Have mood swings
(Taken from the internet)

Indira Renganathan
Sunny Day

Of course
Water is essential

But wet clothes
To dry now

Under the scorching sun
The cloth string's full
Tag clipped well
To dry out thoroughly

The ocean is over done
With too much of brine

She has no resolve
Than to dry up her heart

Behold her there sunning
With wide eyed gaze

Indira Renganathan
Sunrise

When the pregnant night breaks open its vent with few drizzles
when the grey stretch elasticizes itself with a pinkish rift
There, the celestial babe with his fulgent face facing earth born
Exulted earth exalts his every rise from aqua, and hill
Sprawling a roll-on blanket of gold giving earth a big embrace

Indira Renganathan
Sun told the iceberg
'No matter you grow harder
And harder pelting me
with your sharp cold beats
Silly iceberg
And
No matter
I'm set drowned
In this briny ocean
As I rise daily..
But listen, just I
Rise vehemently
To melt your conceit
Oneday sure'

But adamant
Iceberg said
'No matter
I'm melted one day
But see,
As I just get immixed
Into this ocean melted
I'll see you
Just drowned in me briny
Every your rise'

Indira Renganathan
Sunup

Look, there our hero
Acting blazing innocence
Calls us to wake up
Up means up to down for him
But he calls us to wake up

Indira Renganathan
Supplication To Rama

In the panoptic view of my heart's arena
Deep seated Thee coronated o' Rama
And with crowned Sita
Past afforested treads of Thy life's data

My heart is sanguine, sunny and unfilthy
As Thy pristine persona is hearty
Ploughing my thoughts a nitty-gritty
Thy bio of Thy Ikshvaku dynasty

All well known of Thou radiance
The hub of cosmos Thy resplendence
Thou wedlock to Sita by ritual relevance
Thou woodland days of perseverance

Also of Thou oceanic valorous conquest
Vanquishing Ravana of southern most
Retrieving Sita, a notable feat
Back to throne endlessly at Thou behest..

Well, safe back in providence
Thee should essay, prove evidence
Unanswered for we by coiled aeons in silence
About Vali killed why in concealed indulgence

Also about Sita much why calumniated
Out of fire much even after was she unscathed
Again to be slandered and expelled
Pregnant with woes, sorrows then Thee kidded

Thou human- incarnate should answer
Appease Sita in my heart's chamber
About Vali too to me his murder
Before blocked my heart's door
Of Thou infame and dishonour coronated

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-1

Up The Terrace A Beehive

Cut left dried a vine
Up the terrace the jasmine
A reversed hammock
Canopied bees hive, enjoy
Wind or gale no mind they swing

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-10

Sounds

Chirrups rise from green and dawn
Sprinklings wake up men from yawn
Ringings pass by with milk in morn
Cyclings throw paper news with scorn

Vendors' turn at times intone
Wheels' run-time hasten and horn
Mid-day quiet relays airplane tune
Many are so mild in monsoon drone

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-11

Crow-Mynah Fight

Crow-chase
Angry mynah
To get back its snatched prey
Half an hour show closed both loosing
Grabbed third

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-12

Pesticide

Sick plants
Disheartening
Flit, flit..acrid odour
Dead sprayed..more said
Sorry

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-13

Apparition

Screeches
Anklet-sounds...ghost..?
Chirping crickets?
Sleepless mid nights fear struck
Still morn sleeps

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-14

Wedding

Wedding
Opposite house
People throng and throng flocked
Nose blocked-canopied street perfumed
Street blocked

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-15

Winter Here

Cool breeze
Nostrils trickled
Sneezes swat mosquitoes
Dawning melodies yet warm up
Salved morn

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-16

Bike over Boy

Mental
Eccentric teen
Fated kinetic force
Speedy style fatal as street turns
Self-cause

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-17

Stray Dogs

They bark
Dawn to night eerie
Grouped, race with two wheelers
Gherao fishmonger
Feasting

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-18

Winter Rains

Naughty
Sun northward slips
Bullies the clouds be stirred
Sky weeping
Motherly earth chides the sun
'Rascal'

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-19

Ration store

They store
For grocer's store next
Do a wholesale
Queuing public queuing
Month end opens imbalanced sale
Who gains?

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-2

Evening Rainy Street

Rains in silent grey
Dozing trees on drippy leaves
Caw-coo birds sparse cry
Wheeling sounds off in hurry
Nighted street lighting tubes lined

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-20

Ice scream

Baby screams
From the van'buyyy..
Van answers tuned 'yes, yes'
Saved 'ad' tempted street, messed up scream
'Ice scream...'

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-21

Silence Is Gold

Treasured gold in yellow silence
Sparse wheeling unfelt in doze
Snoozing in heaven-mother's crooning
Post meridian, midway resting princess

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-22

Window Sill Visitors

Pet invitees birds hunt
Racing for a fist of grains
Poking in intruder-squirrels
Beating them on a quicker quest

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-23

Season's Art

Nature's automated shots fall sprayed
Naturally automated applique done spread
Nature's naturopath in time arrived
Naturally neem-sheddings' cycle revived

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-24

Sheep In The Street

Clinking they lead flocked
Clinging they bleat starved

His hook stick acts didactic
Street treesstripped, a tactic

- - - - -

Note: The shepherds as they herd their
sheep along the streets they have the tactic
of clearing up the leaves from the street trees
to feed their sheep

Indira Renganathan
**Surroundings-25**

Wasted Ration

They unload their load
Distress unloaded
Seeing spilt rice-load
A passerby pain loaded

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Note: As they unload the rice sacks
from the truck to load in the ration store
the men in charge fail to see so much of spilt rice
on the road due to their carelessness.
But a passerby sees it pain loaded

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-26

Nesting Crow

Pecks, picks, builds nest on new tree
Caws, cries, sounds best to show spree
Sticks, strips, twigs set up on tree
Flaps, jerks, chirps just new rent free

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-27

Missing Sparrows

One day I felt-'where are they?'
They are not seen these days
Days in chain so long wait
Wait in pain for sparrows none

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-28

Strange Friendship

Two cows two storks friendly strolling
As if storks white caring cows each
Strange sight on street wonders outreach
What most in me thrilled still trickling

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-29

These Days..

Only crows and squirrels are regular
For windowsill-grains
Squirrels the deft revelers
First to get in through the window
Peeping why the crow cries regular
Poor crow...

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-3

In The Farmers' Market

Fresh and fruity they
Need of the public rightly
Yield from the field straight
Right measure, right cost, right sale
Retail chucked, happy bagful

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-30

Singing Carter

A freewheeling mind singing
Mindless of the surroundings
Homes amazed keen watching
While bulls on ruly wheeling

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-31

Neighbour's Prey

He's clearing his throat very often, may be hungry or thirsty
Pitiable nuisance, they don't even seem to offer and eat
So much, neighbour's prey getting the surroundings' goat

Indira Renganathan
Changing Milkman

As is the milk so is its bell, so is the milkman so changing
Music on air ere the milkman nearing.'Cellphone'sends loud signal
Adulteration  music like milkman's milk

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-33

Cycling Maids

So are the changed maids too.
No more unkempt and clothed creased
But fast cycling in national costume
Chudidhar-maids like A-one professionals

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-34

Street-Hamlet

Sorrow is trailed
Along the street
A Hamlet soliloquising
With bagful tears
Pity, cluttered street
Still more done

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-35

Schools Reopened

Reopened schools colourful
Attired street alarming
Wheels run uniformed

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-36

Just out of station..
Station back found out just
Vacant neighbour's house
House without neighbour's dogs
Dogs that strayed all time
Timelessly barking to threaten
Threatened street sighing freed just

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-37

Time Again

Season
Peacocks swarm
Peahens follow them
Rain strings tune music
Dark clouds paint romantic colour
What makes them choose this town
Monsoon vintage seems to sprout here likely
Some at the porch, some at the rear
Some at the terrace, some and some all around
This place is now a paradise flashing its unfurled iridescence

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-38

Cycling Tea

Season at peak
Cycling with tea
Sleepy street
Longing stimulated
Wakened morning
Posing with cups
Tasting hearts
Steaming brisk
Invoked minds
Ready for work

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-39

Advertising

Poor models..
In their outfit
Decorous in golden pamphlets
Thrown hurled unto my doorstep
Their indignity I much pity
Helpless I trash them
They keep smiling
Helpless though

Indira Renganathan
Resolved

Congested mind out
In the concrete street housed full
'Where is this breeze pure?'
'Gone to retreat from northeast'
Said the rippling leaves shh..ing

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-40

Opposite House

sounds are running

Street is chased

Kids are found

Many decades after

New tenants

Smiles exchange

Formal hellos

Replenished

Indira Renganathan
Absentee

They're gone
Like sparrows
Flower sellers
Stopped coming
For sale

Seasonal fragrance
Expert export says
'Sailing busy'

Street sellers
Say "hence"
Local purchase
Shortage, scary"

No jasmines
No flowers
No street-buy

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-42

Making Of A History

Man can plant trees
Man can fell trees
Man can dig up a history
Man can bury a history

Demolished to vanish
Opposite pretty house
Pretty much old historied
Din-dinned my heart into crumbles
May be, making history too this is

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-43

Noisome Noise

Twosome noise noisome noisy
Noisome noise noisy twosome

Opposite house harrowing my heart
Neighbour house hammering my brain

Life is quaked, life is quaked
And I'm being buried under building wastes
Din dinned, din-dinned
Din dinning opposite house
Din dinning neighbour house

Twosome noise noisome noisy
Noisome noise noisy twosome

Indira Renganathan
Scarlet Surroundings

Spring has gone
Summer too at its end
She's but still flaming
Spreading her glory
Several weeks for now
Surrounded by the green trees
Standing out seen in the middle
Scarlet Gulmohar

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-45

Acerbic Tears

Our neighbour has bought a big car
Big and tall as their Neem tree
Their Neem tree is happy being shading..
Their big car so could be parked under her shade

I'm a daily watcher of that Neem tree
In touching distance how wide she branches
I wonder at her capacious space for birds
Those birds' medley of a harmony every morn

This morning when those birds woke me
It was unusually a pensive medley of ruefulness
I heard sounds of axe and saw
And that was for a big space for the big car

Now Neem is gone right in her top blooming season
Felled to logs and pieces and trucked away far
How many years she took to grow
How many years still she would have been alive

Vacant space is still waiting for the big car
People around hope and pray
Somewhere in a secret niche
A bit of a Neem root is alive and resurrects

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-46

Scarlet Surroundings-2

Outside the window
Up the apartment
I see her glowing
All days young and fresh
Tall and wide and bright

She booms, booms to bloom
Blooms blooms blooms to boom
Her boughs bow humbly
Make shady willows
Along the full stretch

This year she is late
A month and a week
June flower she is
And not May flower
Pretty Gulmohar

Unsurpassable..
Even the sunrise
Fails to beat her but
Enhances her charm..
Flaming Gulmohar

Struggling heart speechless
So gone my mind far
To fetch here rich words
To crown with praises
Winning Gulmohar

In opulent red
And abundant spread
How come glorious
She alone this much
Lovely Gulmohar

Waiting for my mind
Back with those rich words
To honour her crowned
I keep on gazing
Splendid Gulmohar

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-47

Scarlet Surroundings-3

On a sudden flash
You are sinking
Dull and dim..
Oh Gulmohar,
Why?

You've been well guarded
Like Draupati
By a well known five

A tall mango tree
Behind like strong Bheema
A Night Queen on the left
Like righteous Yudhishtra
A neem tree on the right
Like vigilant Arjuna
A temple tree in front
Like timelypredictor Sahadeva
And a tall Portia tree next
Like salving Nakula

Yet you're sinking now
Dull and dim..
Oh Gulmohar,
Why?

"Season is getting over ma'am"
This window forecasts..
Oh,
Mindless to close it
I shall wait here
I know, flaming you'll go
More flaming you'll come back
But to miss you even a while
It is sad.

Anyway
Your message to this world
I shall declare
"Live flaming to dazzle till last;"

Cheers Gulmohar

Indira Renganathan
On A Day Of Fortune

Tougher is shifting
With heavy package
from place to another..
More tougher is living there
With heavier heart deserted
But who knows
The route is getting cleared
Of a mirage and taking to a
Real Oasis
Such, I found Her
Just a street away
On a day of fortune

Juxtaposed
With a snake mound
Templed there
She is Putru Maari
By name
This Goddess..
Very close
To my heart and home
I resolve
To fall unto Her feet
Day and night to be guarded

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-49

Death In Opposite House

They blew the conch...
Signalled, people thronged
To condole

Already a signal sepulchral
Had overtaken a year ago..
Cancer

Beware, His is the best alert

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-5

Season's Building

Busy crow nesting
Here on the canopy of
'Manoranjitam'
Monsoon eggs will soon breathe life
Prickled outcome preach toil next

- - -

Note: Manoranjitam - Artabotrys hexapetalus
A creeper plant with prickles
and fragrant flowers

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-50

Perhaps the felled Neem
Furious for ever to revenge..

Monster cyclone pleased the Neem
Big grown Mango tree..killed uprooted

But sure I am..innocent Mango tree
Gone to Him only

Along
With the Night Queen
In somber mood with full blossoming

Shall we await
Happy days..Happy New Year
They to bless us from above

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-51

Pigeon’s nest

A sudden lookout
My instinct did

A sudden sight
My eyes caught

A pigeon-pair
Building their nest

Already half done
Busy still they were

It looked like
An upside down basket

Grown on construction
It now looks a mound

On the window ledge of
Neighbour house

Symbol of love
Symbol of peace..

A messenger group
Convening to implement

I hear many coos
Kith and kin and friends

Many flaps like claps
May be their way of avowal

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-52

Watching

Swooped diving on to a leaf
With a bit of meat in his beaks
Perched and seated comfortably
Mane-eyed he looked downwardly
Left and right twice or thrice
His usual habit of hosting...
Up with his neck so majestically
He crowed for his friends "caw, caw;"
Just not the story-way as you expect now
But cleverly securing his meat between his claws
For several times caw-cawed
Until a pigeon came too closer
Frightened the crow flew away
Missing his meat

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-53

Scarlet Surroundings-4

Her soundless presence in scarlet pleasance  
Accidental, I saw through the window  
Late June now though  
May flower turned June flower She still lures  
Just in one single bunch  
At the tip of a long branch  
May be in extended mood with extended blooms  
Now agape! ! I look, she looks!  
Shhh, we're talking mindful heart to heart

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-54

Mid-Day Surrounding

Silent street doused in yellow
Splashes on solitary pedestrians
Rolling wheels jiggle the silence
Scarily portending shivery fear
Chirping squirrels chisel their tones
While a jugalbandi of cuckoo-crow overtones
Houses clink the palate to water the mouth
Accompanied chatter befriending badmouth
Zapping channels sound on high frequency
Aged serials nap to snoring telecast

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-6

Waste Picker Passing By...

Waste picker passing by
Set your time to 7 o'clock
He picks plastic wastes
Waste picker passing by

Chasing wind rolling plastic
Plastic bags rolling picker
Waste picker passing by
Set your time to 7 o'clock

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-7

Nuisance Neighbour

Four dogs bark all day
Grunts frequent thirsty bore well
Helpless tiffs pursued
Mom, dad, sons two quarrel loud
Four dogs theirs too bark all day long

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-8

Holistic Moon

Fettered mind sleepless
Flutters on eyelids midnight
Silver coin peeps
Full in flame through window pane
Lulled mind in silvery lap

Indira Renganathan
Surroundings-9

Holy Bath

They drooped drippy drenched
cleansed in last night's heavy rains
Stooed like a child wet
Stooed trees daubed smile like child wiped
When with a sunshine spread next

Indira Renganathan
Sweet Bitter (Limerick)

All like sweet potato for its taste
Many hate bitter gourd for its taste
Former laughed at latter
Grand-ma solved the matter
Mixed both and cooked with sugar to taste

Indira Renganathan
Symbol Clock

A long breathed soul shelved therein
Tick-tock-ing in his unseeable lub-dubs

Embedded therein an oracular code
Tick-tock-ing of a proud make infallible
Striking one to twelve times two times
Over half-past a century via a pedigree

Pursued by his symbol-clock great grand-pa

Indira Renganathan
Symbol Moon-1

This day Chithragupta's ledger is approvable
Our sins and virtues are now accountable
Providential check-in is going on accomplishable
There, she's the proof proven amicable

Revealed Heaven's allowing the good adoptable
Opened Hell's scoring sins punishable
Atoning austerities on Earth cherishable
There, she's the proof proven amicable

Aesthetic her fulgency shining noticeable
Can never be hidden erratic Chithragupta actionable
And Chithragupta is but our karmic shade amendable
There, she's the proof proven amicable

Amicable with ascending Chithra twinkling
Amicable with freshened Chithirai newly seasoning
Amicable with Chithragupta recording
She's Chithra Pournami, testimony of our doing

Indira Renganathan
Symbol Moon-2

Great mother earth's pregnant beaming
Silvery of the blue moon bubbling
Vaisakha or Vaikasi it be revelling
Asterism of Visaka as up hiking

Great mother earth's birthed a divine incarnate
Six-headed, twelve-handed to disincarnate
Demons thrice and all evil corporate
Tropical night while enlightened to celebrate

Great mother earth's pregnant more beaming
Silvery more of the blue moon bubbling
As prophesied the providence yet more birthing
Argent terra-ball fledged more of moonlit shining

Great mother earth's birthed Buddha the great
And Nammalvar with Visaka to relate
Together with Shanmukha all divine incarnate
Under Vaikasi-moon's auspice Visaka to reverberate

Indira Renganathan
Symbol Woman-1(Repost)

She is like birds to peal a wake up call
Early in the dawn to her mind and heart
To be brisk and active without a fall
Just to cook and feed her home with no fault
In to day's mainstream she is marked 'jobless'
And is called a 'home maker' to her pride
Her honesty polished she gleams flawless
She works and works sweltering day full wide
Homemaker- not just a kitchen-woman
But a mother and a symbol woman

Indira Renganathan
Symbol Woman-4

As much is greying her age
So much is her ilk too
Like a mellowed fruit she's ripe
Sweet to self and others
This woman eighty plus
Is service minded, charity minded
Bee-like she's busy around
Building up honeyed days for others
Crow-like she's cleansing others' woes
Her seed of karma is to ever grow
Into a birth of service
Admiring from heaven
In soundless articulation
Proudly her spouse is asking
'Tell me, amid oldies how many of you
Can be like my darling?
As none else there till now?'

Indira Renganathan
It is not
He or she but child of Hades
Queasily butterflying increasingly in rash
Over the nose-bridge disturbingly winged
He or she
Afflicted to grow impatient, demented

Agonised the temperature to hype aghast
Inwardly there's a systemic war of collapse
Part by part failing to be psyched..
Fevered spasm convoluted epileptically
To sleep still in mutiny adorably against the roses

Note: Systemic lupus erythematosus (SLE) is an autoimmune disease.
In this disease, the immune system of the body mistakenly attacks healthy tissue.
It can affect the skin, joints, kidneys, brain, and other organs.

People with SLE may experience a variety of symptoms that include fatigue, skin rashes, fevers, and pain or swelling in the joints. Among some adults, having a period of SLE symptoms—called flares—may happen every so often, sometimes even years apart, and go away at other times—called remission. However, other adults may experience SLE flares more frequently throughout their life.
Other symptoms can include sun sensitivity, oral ulcers, arthritis, lung problems, heart problems, kidney problems, seizures, psychosis, and blood cell and immunological abnormalities.

The rashes in SLE patients appear significantly on either side of the nose and hence called the Butterfly is mentioned in the first stanza of the above poem

Indira Renganathan
Tears

Eased can be
By whose words
A depressed heart
Afflicted, agonised
But in isolation
Bursting to self
Or
Out bursting aloud to all

Swept can be
With what broom
A cluttered mind
Guilty and shameful
But in isolation
Bursting to self
Or
Out bursting aloud to all

Consoled can be
With what method
A lost heart
Bereaved and pathetic
But to the soul's brim
Let weep to the Lord
Or
Left done in Time's run

Indira Renganathan
Tell Me Oh Krishna

Always in heart and vision
Like Arjun felt and saw thy presence
If I too get to feel and see thy presence
Always in heart and vision
Will I not be a winner then

Tell me oh Krishna
Was it Arjun's valour that won the battle
Was it not thy presence that blessed the win
Tell me oh Krishna
Is it "first deserve then desire".. deserve don't I..?

Indira Renganathan
Temperance

How this mind be done with..
Do means don't, don't means do
Dictature on its own extremes
Alike the ocean-tide high and low
Never moderate in steady show
'So let go' enjoins the 'shastra'
To a festival fete
'So let go' enjoins the 'shastra'
To a fasting abstinence even
'So let go' enjoins the 'shastra'
On a spree to talkative rocking
'So let go' enjoins the 'shastra'
To vow of silence even
Done the mind extremist in balance
Done with extremes attributed Lordly
'So let go' enjoins the 'shastra'
To meditate at last on 'aham brahmasmi'
What wrong you being temperate this way
Beware, beware..

Indira Renganathan
Temples

Earth-bound providence man discovered
To make Him descend
From His invincible farther Temple

His own dwelling is a Temple
If only man desires to be
Remembering
In secret chamber of his soul
Templed is Himself

Indira Renganathan

Note: There are four kinds of temples as per Hinduism

1 God's secret Providence

2 Man-built temples on earth

3 Man's house or home where God dwells to protect him

4 Man's inner conscience or soul where God dwells as the divine life-force

Indira Renganathan
Thamiraparani

On the bank of Thamiraparani
Once an aesthetic later inaesthetic
Deep in a picturesque water- memory
Replenish myself very much thoughtful
Gazing at the historic sylvan spate of Porunai
Born to the grand governess Podhikai
Traversing along a Tamil culture affluent, pristine
Asking but presently 'paint me picturesque'

Arid the river the aesthetic crumbles down
A sharp chip rocky hurts my sole(soul)to weep
I realise standing amid stained Tamiraparani
Rubbish ecology ruing..
Only a scenic taste can govern
Purge, lustrate, resume the water flow
Thamiraparani pleads
'Please, paint me picturesque'

Indira Renganathan
Thank You t Frost

Thank you t Frost
For 'The road not taken'
That showed me the route..
But a road many travelled taken

Sounding vehicles of noisy, dusty smokiness
A space of all trees felled
And there the lurching, ditching pits
Venturous like your route of 'yellow wood'

True many times trodden on black
This body mine painful to carry
Through the agony of a road black
Still follow you sir, challenging as you say

Along a road of hurdles my life
Everyday waddles towards a temple resort
And I mind not my strife
Thank you t Frost

Indira Renganathan
Thank You PoemHunter

Elements all and creations all
Creatures all and colours all
Nature, adventure and life all
Sensational and emotional
Rational, inspirational
Poems and poets worldwide...

Her divine child, in Lord Krishna's mouth
Just like Yashoda saw the whole cosmos
All are amazed by PoemHunter

I accepted and chose this site
As I found renowned respectful poets here
They have been giving me support
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My decade-long stay here
Has certainly boosted my poetry skill
So, it's time now to thank
This great site PoemHunter
And all its Poets

Thank You PoemHunter
Thank You all Poets

Indira Renganathan
That And This

That is a wild forest
Animals hunt animals
With claws and canines

This is a wild forest
Humans hunt humans
With arms and alarms

Indira Renganathan
That little lamb, otherwise proud and loud
Now I see in silent thinking.. 'what and why'
I ask. 'Sun is hot, a cliff prefer I would
To rest so cool...but Corona a killer high
On earth'. Moved much it sobs aloud
I urge to console.. 'don't worry and cry'
'Here I hold you in my heart o' tiny cloud'
A picture of camaraderie, I capture him nigh

Indira Renganathan
The Bewildered

I hear the forthcoming buzz
Mosquitoes in demonic fuzz
Done something should be
Rebel, repel, hit it be
Ah, ready now to coil them all
An electrifying swat to burn them all

'Beware o' insecta-devils
Beware of a shocking battalion
Matted to balm and net and bang you all
Buzzing and fizzing muted thereon
Beware o'venom-vectored devils

Hubby dear ready with an electric bat
And me and the kids and the servant
And whoever comes home will swat
All by a magic of an electric racket
No more of your proboscis fright
And your saliva-welt
Flee away, flee away bloody heart
Frightened of ashed your breeds a lot

Indira Renganathan
The Breakfast

Look, the golden plate is ready set
On the round table for breakfast.
Glitters reflecting tinges of my blood
In tune with the table of mud
With the green meadow streaking to fret.
Listen, worshiping Aurora at dawn daily
Comes to me that golden plate by priority.
The green paddy rooted in deep water
Fans soothingly with its ricy flavour.
Feel, it makes golden plate more catchy.
I cook the rice to petal soft
Adding ghee and jaggery enough to taste.
I resolve with my prayers in bundle
To offer the made rice i.e 'pongal'
To the above deity of splendid light.
On the muddy table, over the glisten
Placed a plantain leaf, served on
The pongal. I then whisper 'my sun,
Enlightened by the plate of your glisten'!

Indira Renganathan
The Buffalo, The Cock And The Monkey (For Children)

As the monkey jumped from tree to tree
The cock too wanted to test its strength
It tried but failed, sat aside so sad
Then the monkey said "climb up the hill
If you can't do it from tree to tree;"

So as the cock was about to go
There came a buffalo ambling slow
Monkey pulled its leg for a challenge
"Beat the cock in a race if you can;"
"Up the hill to reach the top should go;"

That was ridiculous the cock felt
As buffaloes are known to laze well
Anyhow race began, cock flew fast
Just roof-high then to rest, then to go
Buffalo was pacing in slow lilt

Monkey followed them as the umpire
Cock was now quite far off happily
Proud of itself playfully zigzagged
And lo, fell into a thorny bush
At that buffalo started like fire

It ran in forty miles speed too fast
Ran and ran and ran and reached the top
Monkey saved the cock, then both climbed up
As fast as they could they reached the top
Looked for the winner to greet at last

But to their awe nowhere he was found
Searched and searched for a long while
At last at the sunset they saw him
Soiled, smeared of mud in a muddy pond
Coolly entranced with himself so sound

Indira Renganathan
The Cacti And A Cactus

Hiding yourselves in bushes lying in ambush
Like a porcupine hiding its head bundled
A ball with spines you're formed too

And straight and majestic like the soldiers
Fencing along the land's border with guns
Guarding you look with spines too

Along the roadsides and rocky regions, deserts and hills
River banks and everywhere as you all live in squads
you plume with different flowers attired with
Different leaves and shapes spiny is true too

In a tranquil mood as the calm waves roll
Anaked seashore stretches in silent admiration
Under the quiet yellow sunshine like an army woman
There stands a lonely spiny cactus bold and gallant
A panache, a red flower on her crown proclaiming
'A symbol of confidence'.Isn't that too true

Indira Renganathan
The Caw, Caw

On your dais of a mango twig
You tune your pitch gently swaying
Even before the sanguine sun trig
Seen on the horizon rising

Your caw caresses me through the window
Like that of the mango breeze
Hazily finding over there a dark halo
I sit up, a little laze

'Good morning crow'
' Caw caw' you beak a hello
8 o'clock, a rice-ball at the window sill
Our first guest you're full

There, grand-son querying in haste
'sanaishwar rides this crow? '
Your then caw caw do I translate
'Greatest great grand-pa alone' says this crow
Stone-fixed ever with his Lord'...O crow!
True or false, all your myths..?

Indira Renganathan
The Changing Red Rose

She stands there lonely
Pretty red polite good
Awaiting to be noted
But in vain ignored

She may not know..
All good humans
Do admire and go
With no heart
To pinch her looks
Stir her pretty silence

Also all good humans
May not know..
She wants each one
Closer to her, like her
Hug and kiss her

May be her prickling ilk..
Humans and she herself
Frightened of

I'm a passerby
And a daily watcher
I read her daily
May be she too me
Vice versa I guess

Unheeded she is dull
Day by day more null
Changing herself pale
Pensive gloom tainted

Now in all urgency
I want to tell her
Not to be sad
Not to fade out

But how?
What of my diction
Does she know?
My face gestures
All consoling words
But of no use

She withers
Like a feathered bird
Hurt, pained
Atlast to vanish

Aside that road
Outside that house
On that spot there
You can find
Daily a red rose

It's me who with
Empathetic friendship
Offers to my still
Untalked friend
Though
Lady of that house
Grouches 'trespassing'

Indira Renganathan
The Croaking Frog

When the rain pattered
The frog started croaking

The monkey on the tree warned
'Danger is in ambush'

She wouldn't listen too
'I know, my father
Keeps saying this'
She said

The monkey didn't ask
'Is your father too a monkey? '

The frog got finished
In one hiss
So was she finished
In one miss

Indira Renganathan
The Difference

Peeps into north
Summer-fried south
To assuage but is cold-bitten

Peeps into south
Cold-bitten north
To assuage but is summer-fried

East meets west with an intent
The hemispheres, not the least
The clemency of the humans is biased
Says the sun

Indira Renganathan
The Doubt

you are extolled with praises by poets.
Your cold weather with wild chillness
However a barrier, they still praise
Crowning you with more wordy ice.
Under the winking stars, friendly
With the smiling moon illustriously
Above you in wintered darkness so vigilantly
You look like a watch-dog obediently.
You are cool at night, even snowy
Frozen and foggy sometimes.
Newlyfresh like a pious lady on sunny.
You look different and different to me.
Streaks of water golden and silvery
Day and night and with sprayed flowery
colours of bed for birds and breeze
To rest in cold is an eternal amaze.
But a doubt. Sitting on your peak
Caught by cold I'am shivering. You're meek!
How come? Ever've sneezed lady mountain?

Indira Renganathan
The Dropped

Given her up he
Completely long back from heart
No more of concerns

'Get out, out'he says
In gruff anger as often
Very rough these days

She knows the reason
His wrong weakness and vices
And he knows she knows

What then, avoids her
Trying his best to divorce
But she doesn't stoop

She trusts her children
Who have grown up with good jobs
That they will guard her

Wise they console her
Different with coated words
She knows what it means

'Oh, don't worry mom
We can look after ourselves
Won't bother you'

'Know the way to earn
Can send you enough money
You can be peaceful'

For that beaten heart
High time what is needful more?
Justice and support

Indira Renganathan
Indira Renganathan
The Drying Dresses, She And He

There, dresses were drying in the opposite terrace
Some shook their hands, some their legs, small frocks "twist twist"
The genuine hero breeze's spirited friendliness that was

But a sudden gusty windy villain took off a obese nightie
Yelling the big mistress demanded it to be picked fast
But he slacked off saying, "one lost means nothing"

Angrily she hastened to go rolling down the stairs
But then he saw the little frock too flown off far
Yelling he ran down fast and saved that little frock

And ofcourse the obese nightie too
Villain turned hero in her eyes now

Indira Renganathan
The Ended

When loneliness feels depressed
A pocket radio sings from far street
A distant song hits romantic

Sombre in heart grandma is stirred
She likes it yet in a sombre mood..
Granddaughter enters with "oh, so romantic..! ! &quot;

She utters hundred ised
Grandma quips"in love sweetie? &quot;
Grandchild winkles a smile so romantic

Then she says &quot;you too're so touched&quot;
Grandma throws a sombre stops.
Grand ma says..&quot;oh, over..gone... romantic&quot;

Indira Renganathan
The Grieving Mother Earth

That piece of land struck with drought
This piece of land with flood
Quakes, wars, diseases this and that lot
We cry out with tears loud

But who knows our great Mother's grief
Who has ever heard her cry
Fate, she's not to any one even brief
Her strife and grief and cry

May be like some of us in secret heart
A covert groaning cry she does to her Lord

Indira Renganathan
The Lord Of Seasons

And space is the Lord of tangled tresses
Of an unending arena of darkness
Waving hither and thither mirthful effulgence
Of whose hearth born the sextet sparklers
And this terra-ball of heavens
Extending a sextet set of hands
Acceded to the sextet sparklers
To caress and cuddle to a motherly bliss
And there, son of space with grace
With fulgent glow of six faces
With ardent vision of twelve eyes
With victorious valour of twelve hands..
Handsome God of hexagram arose
Chronometrically to reign over aeons
The serpent of the infinite cosmos
Its bodies and their seasoned activeness..
Sa ra va na bha va, the inscribed syllables
Centered of Om and its ripples
Devised of six dimensions
Chanted in multiple refrains
O'mind don't you see Him of His seemliness
Annealing at His feet the elemental forces
The Lord seasoned for your heart, its seasons
Of summering, withering emotions
Of pattering, wintering feelings
Clement for your soul of peacefulness
Clement for your whole of liveliness
Shanmukha the Lord of seasons

Indira Renganathan
The Loud Speaker

Big mouth his funneled music and speech
Into my ears to touch my heart which I cherish
Even today after decades many

Be it temple ritual or wedding or political speech
Or any function loud speaker would there embellish
With songs and speeches many

Big-mouth-speaker was loud in his voice to reach
All the hearts of the town where he did flourish
Today he's remembered by many

Humming all those heard and learnt songs so much
Today I miss him as in the city hubbub garish
He's gone dwindled by the din din many

Indira Renganathan
A thief who had a magic wand
Could freeze people and steal at ease
Birds and animals on the road
The running cars and the walkers
Homes with infants, children and old
Houses open or closed all done
So stunned with that strange magic wand
The thief could easily rob then

Somewhat to an unaware state
Or semicomatose blinded
Were all and everything around
Ceased and seized were the saved surfeit
Just at the mere wave of the wand
Sense back people sensed all robbed lost
But something special with that thief..
Only on full moon night he thieved

This, people came to realize
And a police complaint was made
Enquiries helped much the police
To find what the magic he played
New moon to full moon by strange rites
His wand was infused with more force
He too got filled with confidence
To rob easily with delight

Next full moon night came fixed to trap
Encounter began in ambush
By keenly watching agile cops
As magic theft was going hushed
The cops in mufti were ready
In secret spots to catch the thief
A while gone thief was seen busy
House to house piling his greed's sheaf

Cops ran in silent cheetah-speed
Gheraoed him in a house he was
All was there still and not yet freed
Except the tv loud that was  
The thief was happily watching  
Left aside was the magic wand  
A cop quickly snatched it screaming  
Shaken the thief was atonce nabbed  

Thus caught the thief and seized the wand  
Yet how to set free the freezed folks  
No one knew and the thief refused  
Each one waved the wand but useless  
A whole family stood like dolls  
So too the street and everything  
As the wand was with the police  
It lacked its trigger of prodding  

They talked long atlast to conclude..  
The surrounding cops in mufti  
To fire many gunshots skyward  
That all resumed their self truly  
So as they did...alas! ! it worked  
The wand was destroyed first of all  
Then the thief was slapped by the crowd  
Subsequently to live in jail  

A story of a magic thief  
You might believe or believe not  
But muse very well on that thief  
Find out now, gunshot or the wand  
Which was more powerful that helped  
Finally for a happy end  

Indira Renganathan
The Patient

She is like the moon
Always bright and smiling
Wherever she is she plashes
Silvery flashes all around

Never shows her dark side
Always bright and smiling
So contemptuously peep
If you into her far side..

Only you 'll feel tainted dark
Then you more wonder at her sort
She still remains bright
So composed, so controlled

She's the moon fully silvery
Always bright and smiling

Indira Renganathan
The Plea Of A Wellwisher

Beyond the 'Farthest' where are YOU?
Like ancestors dead, are YOU too?
Resurrect with us GOD!
Bloody people making the earth a coffin,
Drunken people saturating into dirty drain,
Satan is eating your mighty gift.
Lusty people kicking off the lasses,
Dusty leaders licking-in their wishes,
YOUR MERCY is exploited here.
Physics and Chemistry changing into misery,
War and weapon treading on history,
YOU are the expelled here.
Poisonous ocean not quenching your thirst,
Autonomous drugs unbalancing mental burst,
People are insane here.
Wealth is crazy. Health is lazy.
Spoiling other species in brutal lunacy,
Human is not humane here.
RESURRECT! REBORN! RESCUE! RESTORE! OH GOD! !
Answer my plea! - A well-wisher.

Indira Renganathan
The Poet And The Full Moon

She's his friend
And an eraser
Of his tainted heart

Under the fishy sky
He is lying with
Denuded mind bare

She is complete and big
So is her ardor
Beating the darkness around

Gently she descends
Dazzlingly to mound
On him silvery

In thorough her warmth
Silvery zing passing through
He is bathing in her pour

'Come my dear, come
Down on me, own
More and more and more'
His murmuring asking

She does
Brightly, beautifully
Closing his eyes
Forgetting himself
Enjoying wholly possessed
The poet

But
Suddenly a nudge

She whispers
'Goodbye my dear'

Poet says
O' no I'll wane'

She whispers
'Don't worry
I'll come again
More beautiful
To wax you
More silvery
Till then
Wait please'

Indira Renganathan
On a sunny day a little cloud was
Light and white and bright and puffy cutie
That it charmed the poet who said 'sabash,
You set my mind joyful oh bright beauty'
Day went night came with silvery full moon
Little cloud was seen again in moon light
Poet was charmed and yelled 'oh what a boon
You set my heart peaceful sweet cloud this night'
Next day morn was lazy and rose bit late
Sky was dark with thickets of the dark clouds
Upset poet yelled at the clouds 'abate!
Atonce and show me that little white cloud'
Dark clouds got wild, thundered a rude poem
'Hey, hey nature's poets we are mayhem'

'But that little white cloud alone inspires
What though you all thunder wary wild threat
You can't do the best like white cloud inspires
As you do havoc too sometimes to fret'-
Upset poet chided the dark clouds harsh
'Do your job just to clear quickly from here'
Said he waiting for them to end their wash
Angry thunders bursted lightnings to shear
'Without water how would it be You think'
Saying they poured and poured in haste patter
Then their frightful body started to shrink
Signed off from there with irked growls of spatter
Morn rose early next day with cheery birds
To sing on white cloud with poetic words

Neat and clean sky was azure-ing its sprawl
Sun was bright leering long-rayed at the earth
Little white cloud came on a lonely stroll
Off and on changing its small shape and girth
Mostly some bird, measly some animal
Long limbed, short limbed, winged and wingless, timely
Floating crocodile luring magical-
Down, the poet stitching his words simply
Withal the cloud was moving fast its best

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Some urgent search might it be that it made
The poet beg the cloud not to go lest
He would lo the cloud not stayed
Goodbye it bade'I must grow big and dark
Let me join the rain clouds fast'said it stark

Indira Renganathan
The Poet And The Ocean

'There is music attuned on earth
When dawn rises above your waves
There is music attuned on earth
When life is basked in sunny waves

There is music upon your breast
When the wind plays along your waves
There is music upon your breast
When the birds wing across your waves

'You're a musical melody.....'

Paused the poet, told the ocean
'Inside but a weird rhapsody
Still I sing the same o 'ocean,

'There is music attuned on earth
When life is basked in sunny waves'

Indira Renganathan
'Big and bonnie, wide and deep in spate
Humming in your own way gurgling notes
Adorned ornate with bordering aesthetics
Oh aeonian affluence so beauteous river
I wish you were born a human damsel
That I so take now your hands in marriage..
I'm simply stunned by your beauty dear'

In extolling content the poet praised
The river replied her wavy brows raised

'O'poet, great and bonnie, wide and deep in wisdom
Cognizant of all global dialect and diction
Versifying in your own way well worded praises
Oh hail to you poet with my heartfelt thanks
Your wish, your right..but o' wise poet
Listen, I have my wish too..further births as many
I wish to be the same me wedded to the same wind'

So saying the beauteous river continued
Uttered more with her sinuous flow pursued

'How great to be in this river-body my soul
O' poet, you know how much wind loves me
He strokes me gently breezing over my bruises
That the rocks and stones give me in my run
He makes the green and hues all swing and sway
That they soothe my body and breath
Ambrosially aromatic showing me heaven
And when the sun at times is angry to burn
O' poet, my spouse swiftly herds the clouds
Hither they come and pour on me to cool
And this aquatic children, their love..
O'poet, will I like to be anything else
I wish to be the same me wedded to the same wind
Better you wish to be a river now or in next birth'

'O.k dearie' confessed the poet in a tone of finish
'And now' he added 'in reverie of you for my wish
Let me swim along my dream for you'. Then Swiiiiish..
The poet dived and swam to his heart's full wish

Indira Renganathan
The Poet And The Rose

He entered the garden
Welcome blossomed sudden
While breezing perfumes fanned
Fell to his feet all blooms
Except one big pink rose

Surprised poet felt pleased
Yet he remained confused
About that one rose big
'Perhaps I'm not so great
And not up to her taste'

The poet thought of him
But reading his mind dim
Quickly the rose looked up
And said 'I have thorns,
Released, my petals torn'

'Is that fair to disgrace
Dear poet, your verses
With my petals all torn?'
Overwhelmed with high feel
He stood too close to heal

'Never mind my dear rose
Of prickles that I'm used
At home with my wife Rose
Pick you up now my hands
To save in heart most loved'

So he gently kissed her
So softly he picked her
On his coat then fixed her
The rose now was so proud
Of her placement profound

Indira Renganathan
The Poet And The Sky-1

He keeps proposing to her

Her blushing colours
Her boundless beauty
He is enchanted

Her glowing eyes
Hot fervid now
Cool stroking next
He is enchanted

He sings
All the known melodies
Of love and praises
To enchant her

But she-
In silence stays away
Her sunny face
Always half way
To catch up a moony mood

Sometimes she ends up
In a hideaway in dark
But her trousseau
Shows her up

Enthralled he sings
Proposing to her
Who continues
to stay away

He blames not himself
For being ignored
It's his routine
Out home upon that hill
To gaze and gape and propose
To the above expanse

He keeps proposing to her

Contd

Indira Renganathan
That day
    Imbued of vibgyor colours
    Atop that hill
    He was singing his proposal

    Inquisitive
    About his act
    She followed him
    Panting obese

    Unaware
    He was in his trance
    Drowned
    In the nectar of his
    Beloved

    But
    A sudden rolling
    Boom
    Quaked his space

    Stirred
    Getting out
    From his space
    He saw her-
    His obese wife

    He knew
    She was doubting, spying
    He simply
    Thanked the hill
    For rolling her down

    Reset
    He got back
    To his trance
    Drowned

    Angered and bruised
Crying obese
Limped back home
His wife obese

But
A twist-
Wind
Supported her
His silky way
Touching
Her heart all through

An oasis
For her hurt heart
She lost herself
In the caress
Of the wind

Contd

Indira Renganathan
The Poet And The Sky-3

Later
   On a dry day
   When sky and wind
   Were set apart

Before
That hill
For the verdict
They were standing

'O' hill,
You're the cause
To show me the sky
So entrancing that
I fell in love with her'
He said

'And
You're the cause
To roll me down
That I fell in love
With the caressing wind'
She said

'Strange'
Said that hill
Then
Continued to say

'I the child of Earth
And all on Earth
Thrive by
Sky and wind'

'Hence
I the child of Earth
Hereby decree
That
Inseparable the
Sky and wind are'

'And
You, sky-lover
You, wind-lover
Are in perfect match
Thereby inseparable'

'So
I the child of Earth
Wish you all happiness
May that Sky
May that wind
Bless you for ever'

Convinced
Was the poet
And his wife too

Contd

Indira Renganathan
The Poet And The Sky-4

Reconciled
They are harmonious
And compatible

And
Now captive sun
When hidden behind
The rising moon

Supine
He is watching
From the terrace
His beloved

Bewitched
Readily he sings

'O' dear silver angel
I'm no more a stranger
You know me for years
I know you for years
Still why we stay apart
Wish we live heart in heart

Those far away twinklings
Wish they tell you my longing
Why don't you get closer to my mind
Why can't we get closer to conjoin
Wish I'm blown high by the wind
Merged into your beauteous kind'

Just
At that moment
Enters she his wife
Smothering obese
She quickly intrudes

'O' no my dear
I can't leave you
Be not blown high
Pray so to the wind
Not to take you apart'

Let down
A sigh he heaves
But with a normal face
He tells her

'O' my dear
Say I so never
To be blown high thither
When you're nigh hither
But season's change
Wind might change
Of its mighty rage
Me blown to the high range
Might be sometimes strange'

worried
Yet to cheer him
She sings

' Cheer up my dear
Say so no more
Mighty wind
He is my friend
I'll see
You don't flee'

Tolerant
By that hill's say
He smiles

Contd

Indira Renganathan
Thus
As days pass on
This moment
On the sea shore

Overwhelmed
Our poet watching
The setting sun
Kissing the horizon

He wonders
'O' my sweet heart sky
How you've bent so kind
To show your thirsty heart
Downing in the ocean vast'

Slowly
Sun is setting
Down and down
To bid bye at last

Dusk
colouring
With its last
Red and pink

He moans
As night falls
Slowly

'Oh, not all wishes to be blessed
Not all thoughts to be thought out
Am I one such left out
O' sky why you stay apart
Can't you comprehend my heart'

'Idiotic'
Frowning she comes
His wife from her stroll
Along the shore

'Will you stop this nonsense
O'my husband nuisance
Sky can never come here
Nor can you touch it up there
Please stop this nonsense
My husband nuisance'

'But season's change
Wind might change
Of its mighty rage
Me blown to the high range
Might be sometimes strange'
He repeats his words

Contd

Indira Renganathan
'Peculiar you are
Strange you are
Unaware of
Thinning your health
Thinning our wealth
Sky will never
shower money
Nor the wind will ever
Blow mercy
Life being threatened
Wife being weakened
How are we to survive?'
Implores
She helplessly
Over all these bitter days
Having felt too much

But not giving up at all
He asks
'Oh dear, how was it
You stood by that hill's verdict
How was it
You lost me to become wind-addict
Does ever a hill talk
Ever the wind does hark
Answer, out from your dark'

Confused
Whether to trust or not
The hills words
She keeps silence

He continues

'I ventriloquized
Unaware stupefied
You stood emotionalized
Try to know my heart
Dwelleth there a poet
Seldom you're his poetry

Those sun and moon and stars..
Your eyes are the spectrum
To release them like cupid’s arrows
And that vast sky boundless
Is your hearty love endless
I see you when I see it

You look into my heart
Honest with all your heart
Speak if you are not there
Or loose me if you can't bear
But I will not loose my poetry
Will sure relish my verses' gentry

I'll keep watching the sky
Trust me, your beauty they magnify
I will not leave my poetry
Believe me, you're my chemistry
Do not doubt our endurance
Better we live in adherence

And the earning for our life
The verses of my strife..
I hope they bring us luck
More than now more bucks
And morrow's change
Wind might change
Of its mighty rage
Me blown to the high range
Might be sometimes strange'

Somewhat implicit mind
Somewhat perplexed mind
She stands silent a while
Contd

Indira Renganathan
The Poet And The Sky-7

Lowly
Clearing her throat
Then she asks
'O' my dear
Thanks
For all your kind
Words dear
But tell me
That far away glee
That feel you free
Spent on that spree
Most your life agree?
Thereby away from me

That rabbit you be
To race sky high
Dreaming to decree
You the winner great high

Never mind
Me be the tortoise
To race slow behind
Loose game of any choice

Keep watching the sky
Opining of me nigh
You'll find me floating
As abundant turtles alluring
In that ocean of sky

And morrow's change
Wind might change
Of its mighty rage
You blown to the high range
To catch me all outranged
sometimes strange'

And morrow's change
Wind might change
Of its mighty rage
Turtles might fall disarranged
You might pick them deranged
Sometimes strange

Goodbye dear'

Bidding bye
Off and away far
She's gone

Passion or dispassion
The poet
Turns turtle

End

Indira Renganathan
The Poet And The Star

In the nearest decibel
The farthest star
Asked the poet
'sing me a song'

So cajoled motherly sang he
'Twinkle twinkle
little star
How I wonder wha..'

'Stop stop'
Stopped him the star
'Not this much childish
A better one please'
From just a distant decibel
The star asked

'Winkle winkle tiny star
Crinkle crinkle nigh from afar
Friends we want to play with you
Lots of games we have true'

Excited poet invited the star

'Hey
Childish, boyish?
No no, still better
Something sunny
And funny'

At the farthest decibel
Crooned the farthest star
Winkling winkling

Discerned poet sang

'O winkling winkling naughty star
A captive of my dream you are
That you love me is so bizarre
I wonder what a star you are
As sky is getting fastly solar
Come again the next night stellar
Then I sing more what you are
As captive of my dream you are’

Smiling
The star dimmed to vanish

Indira Renganathan
The Poet And The Sun

He said to the sun
'There is this night
Which ever darkens our run
Behind your might
Either you cut away that
Or be it done light-donned'

'O'dear my son
My destiny' said the sun
Is that I can't turn back
I'm chasing the said night
But my brightness does make
Nowhere to be found that night'

'It's you humans' sun continued
'Who see it trapped in its dark
In front and at the back
And in and out all around
Pray, better you find a way
To light your way like my way'

Then the sun went lighting its way
Leaving the poet his thinking way

Indira Renganathan
He mused, he found
He asked the wind
'Tell me dear friend
Formless, colourless
Odourless by nature
Yet
Soothing soft
When you breeze
You're colourful
On leaves and flowers
And scented too
You are strong
Enough to play with
Rocks and mounts
Oh, what lovely ripples
You create on river
You become that of
Each thing on Earth
And so wise you become
Breathing through me too
I do wonder...'

'Stop, stop
No wise you
It's my wisdom
To have held
You fit'

'Ah catch it'
Continued the poet
So wonderful you're
I agree
But tell me,
The tempest, turmoil
Your other face...why'

'Simply like your verses'
Saying the wind
Swept away swiftly
Puzzled poet
Striking and correcting
Then after repeatedly

Indira Renganathan
The Poet In The Forest (Italian Sonnet)

Gone into the forest the poet felt
A weird silence and a hushing whisper
In roaring threat that feared his move further
Somehow bold and brave he watchful on went
There was beauty everywhere all well dealt
'But wild in weird silence - who that maker?'
The poet asked aloud in great wonder
'Is there a God special for the forest?'

He smelt a war of strife, a hell of freeze
As well a music of harmony donned
Hell and heaven in thick friendship he saw
But then the forest said with all its weaves
'To reach the heaven cross the hell pardoned
O' poet, hell is the checkpoint, mind yaw'

Indira Renganathan
The Silent Prophetess

'My bad moods and friends
I was painful ever
My vices and flirts
I kept you in despair

I never disclosed my wage
Wanted you to be in a cage
I kept our children in provocation
Only to be against you in aggression

I guarded myself very well
I ransomed people very well
Hoping heaven would ring me her bell
But only to put me in hell

You never besieged! nor revolted
I killed you cell by cell tortured
I am pauper and without people
My life now is like a fallen steeple'

Were the words of a cruel husband
Knelt before his wife's snapshot framed
The dead did answer 'reaping your crops'
Toneless words preached the 'silent prophetess'

Indira Renganathan
The Silvery Cloud

Her scholastic life set out
When she was enough old
Scalloped marge of a figure
She learnt it as a cloud

Cirrus it shaped
Fairly then up a height
Each day slender it whorled
Along her way white

Her heart afterward bore
Joy-cumulus of her emotional youth
High as the clouds high did she score
Amassed beauty cumulus all truth

Up and down in wedlock ocean
Stood she apart like a beacon-light
Tenebrous stratus or nimbus
She defied it as a nought

So does a nimbus in new ring
So did she swing and spring

Indira Renganathan
The Smoky Solomon

Hey man! Spare a second
Answer down your hand
Why are you injuring?
You, me, our folks and everything?

Can you exhale a good breath?
Or can i inhale a good breath?
Let your conscience prick you
For your family has leaned on you

Let not your health be spoilt
Let not your folks cry on coffin pit
Remind yourself of your wedlock vows
To remain moral to your dear spouse

Smoky SOLOMON! i can't see you
Put it y smokes around you
Are you fiery? feared? get away
Before that devil clamps, run away

Count down your cigar to nil
Not your life to nil
Do not get smoked being smoky
Let your family with you be lucky

Indira Renganathan
The Solo Performer

Light dims down to semidarkness
And we wrinkle our eye corners
Our cloudy vision through a billowy
Dusty curtain picks the figures shadowy
The performer begins biting the bass
No accompaniments. His own' super-cell' harmony
Very conceited the performer overdoes becoming gloomy
And the concert cracks along the octaves
With the burbling sound of notes
Unbalanced, lo, he becomes angry
And now with dismantled beats and bangs
The performer kicks, rolls, and scrolls
Sounding screaming, crackling, creaky, croaky
With all that improper concerto music squawky
Toppling you and me in thundery shivers
Everything getting topped up in swirls
Yelling 'tornado tornado'and falling on each other
We run away from that killer twister
Guarding ourselves from that shearing windstorm

Indira Renganathan
The Song Of A Poet

My eyes see..my ears hear
My ears hear..my eyes see
Oh my my.. eyes and ears

My heart feels..my mind thinks
My mind thinks...my heart feels
Oh my my..heart and mind

Throat lets out...chords jump out
Arrayed voice..at once sings
Oh my my..song's ready

Oh my my.. eyes and ears
Heart and mind..voice and song
Oh my my..they're play mates

Goading my hand to write
With ink on a paper
Oh my my..all I feel

Oh my my..my eyes see
my ears hear..heart and mind
Feel their way thus to write

"Life's pretty...life's dirty
Dressed that way.. my life lives
Oh my my...my life lives

Oh my my..every life's
Pretty and dirty..ho,
That's the way life is dressed"

Indira Renganathan
The Song Of Our Mother

Oh my darling sons and daughters
I'm a different mother now
I'm a different mother that
You would have never thought of

Tell me, is it fair
Cutting the bonding
Indifferent so farther
Forgetting my charm and lustre
As somebody else a stranger
You look at me this day, is it fair
Oh dear sons and daughters

Pushed in oblivion
My oblivious pride and grace
None now to refurbish
Oh dear sons and daughters
Tell me, is it fair
Are you not interested in me
Saving from the tainted stains
Don't you love to enliven me

Ababe in the womb does kick its mother
Kids do it plaefully to their mother
Your mother, I love those tender feet
But enough grown to guard me
As somebody else a stranger
You look at me this day, is it fair
Don't you love to enliven me
Tell me, is it fair

Do not stamp me down with bloody feet
With wary mind do not gaze at me
Do not stab me with sharp words
Do not put me on the pyre of wars
Burried in mire my heart is yelling
For help to rise in sunshine
With perfuming florescence and happiness
Don't you love to enliven me
My hope...don't fail me...rise
Oh my darling sons and daughters
Not some day far but right now
Come united to rescue me
I'm a different mother now
I'm a different mother that
You would have never thought of
Come united to rescue me

Note: The mother in this song could be related to the mother of any nation or mother Earth is the title "The Song Of Our Mother;"

Indira Renganathan
The Song Of The Happiest Woman

I am the happiest woman
I'm the only happy woman

Mother's crying, sister's crying
Sister-in-law's crying
Even grandma's crying
All the women are crying
Oh all the women're crying
So're not happy

Yet I'm the happiest woman
I'm the only happy woman

Do not ask me nasty questions
You know well why they're all crying
But you don't know why I'm happy
I'm the only happy woman
I am the happiest woman

Do not ask me nasty questions
Do not ask me silly questions
When I say I am not married
And I will not marry at all

Do not ask me nasty questions
Do not ask me silly questions
When I say I'm the happiest woman
I'm the only happy woman

I am the happiest woman
I'm the only happy woman

Indira Renganathan
The Song Of The Ocean

Don't you know my heavy heart
My dear friend, oh wind
Its dark mystery inside
My dear friend oh wind

My plea to the rising sun
To light the dark mystery
Is of no response and help

Pressing down my kids in dark
The fallen blue on my breast
Makes my heart so agonised

When I do befriend the land
For a support and relief
I'm chucked back cluttered so much

Hindered and abused I'm friend
Blow, blow low or high oh wind
Allay, appease my hurt heart

My dear friend oh wind blow, blow
Low or high I sob and sigh
Hiss or roar, my words to Him

Ceaseless, my dear wind you blow
Ceaseless, my heart vacillates
Hiss or roar, my way I quest

Indira Renganathan
The Summer Flood

This day
when I'm somber and sad
A huge curtain of clouds comes
And stops your entry
Oh Father Sun, I know
Clouds are mischievous
But you..
Do you care to clear
My added gloom
Cajoling me with your gentle warmth..no
A sudden summerly agony
You shoot on the clouds
Right when I'm
In a flood of tears..
So what...you ask?
Clouds too join me
In a havoc of tears, that's all
Just a single day's event
Proves you are mightily bad
You console neither me nor
Your spouse, our mother Earth
Waiting
For your springy gentleness
Father Sun

Indira Renganathan
The Table, The Swing And The Mouse(For Children)

The lady on the swing, swinging
The swing with the lady, swinging
The table in front felt jealous
As it couldn't swing like them joyous

Mouse came in to help the table
It began to shred and nibble
Gnawed, chewed the legs of the table
Remained patient so the table

When done table had broken legs
It tried to swing with shaking legs
But found failed with its broken legs
Master came and saw the carved legs

Annoyed he trashed that spoilt table
Kept a mouse trap on new table
And mouse never turned to label

Indira Renganathan
The Tailor Then And Now

He desired
To stoop to his work
Every inch of his load
Raised on to his shoulder
Added pressure
Pedalling to account
His life-lines
Marked by destiny's quill
He used to mend the wrong

He motors
On the fashion-ramp
Flowery colours assist
Transforming style
Elegance goes by inverse law
Dwarf the garment
Giant the payment
Wrongs are fashioned
Tailor has been well mended

Indira Renganathan
The Temple Lass

Look at her! vision internal
Amidst the flood of lights providential
Sitting so simple before the temple
Doesn't tremble but capable
Stringing up the flowers essential
Without struggling like a professional
To sell to you only retail
For the deity in the temple...

Her eyes with pupils muted winkle
Revealing so much potential
Herself nurturing her own life, a testimonial

My visit to the temple
Is now habitual
To see that lass little
Visionless still visualising with vigil
Her earnings and savings a brave sentinel!

Greet her courageous spirit with flowers cordial
Despite her impairment is she hopeful
Raise her up to bloom and blossom life full

Indira Renganathan
The Trickster

With honesty-mask on, his charisma talks a lot-
Of course on honesty- his tainted tarred inside-
How well his honesty-smile hides..! ! very often
His used wife feels eclipsed by that smile
An instinct-a fox? a monkey? orangutan?
Chameleon? rat? pity, repulsive she feels-
A caterpillar's prickles all over her

Indira Renganathan
The Unborn

What could it have been...?
Musing rests on age pre-life
Lightless gestation...
Haste-born ere God could light full
Half visioned birth banged in haste

Indira Renganathan
The Untitled (A Tribute To Emily Dickinson)

The greens! being denuded or dressed?
I do not know...but
Wind's in crude breezy play
Then comes the bright sunshine
In competitive rude play! !
One on One! !
For me, a divine contest
A *terpsichore, a weaving, any...
Yet the best, who to name this poetry?
More the deserved...
Than Emily Dickinson! !

Note: *Terpsichore
(Greek mythology)the Muse of the dance and of choral song
taking a series of rhythmical steps (and movements)in time to music

Indira Renganathan
The black trousseau with its silvery sparkles
Inspires me to roll on.
But ho, i can't touch it.
A luminous silver coin charms me
Happily to use it.
But ho, i can't touch it.
A painted yellow plume with smudgy rouge
Ashed around desires me.
But ho, i can't touch it.
Dip dip, says a saphire stream
For me to feel replenished.
But ho, i can't touch it.
A glassy white spread burns me to blister.
I want to remove it.
But ho, i can't touch it.
Now this rain seeks to connect me
With those sky-clad scenarios.
But ho, they've bid me bye, bye.
Ho ho, untouchable welkin ever so, ever so.

Indira Renganathan
The Wall

If you want to scribble on a wall
You choose to do it on which wall

Anywhere a public wall
At home yours any wall?
Be not too wise
To say 'my mind's wall'

Two kids...
One writes
With his index finger
On the other's back
He laughs tickled
Repeated the play
The other way

What's written
Answers sometimes right
Sometimes wrong

Mother joins
She answers all wrong
Kids laugh tickled
Mom writes too
Kids laugh tickled

Scribbles, scribbles, scribbles
Scribbled on their heart's wall

Indira Renganathan
The Wet Lyre

Acoustics naturally set, the breeze drones on.  
The wind gathers the clouds upon  
To check the thunder's pitch in tune.  
The performance to be applauded high in tone.  
Wind hissing to winnowing to blowing  
The concert starts storming and thundering  
With lightening effects the open auditorium darkening  
To get drenched in heavenly drizzling.  
The wind flags on and on and  
The hydraulic drops get stringed  
To pour into thick strands from up.  
The wet lyre is fully tuned up  
To sing and dance, God as the conductor,  
Synchronising with wind, thunder  
And blazed lightning, stamina in full swing.  
Though wet with variable pitch ongoing  
Bliss the rainy lyre is so poetical  
The finale makes the audience silent a while  
But cheers is 'Come again another day'.

Indira Renganathan
The Written Poems

Ah, which is not poetry
Sun and moon, day and night
Birth and death, joy and sorrow..
Happiness be if a blissful poem
Even sorrow a dolorous poetry..
Yes..lovely poems

But sorrow is not sorrow to swear
Inside the inside, inside it a dream
Rolling is sorrow on uncaged glee
A glee of unfettered wishes and desires
An aesthete of the secret soul..
Yes..a lovely poem

And gaiety too not so to swear
Inside the inside, inside it a guilt
Pricking the soul is the wakeful conscience
Awry-sorry-karma on wrong rungs
A fake upping of the secret soul
Yes..a lovely poem

Ah, just in bliss of ripened years
Connoisseur you rejoice them
Glee and guilt, aesthetes of secret soul
Written poems in every godly creature
Found and read in appreciation to acclaim
Oh..lovely poems

Indira Renganathan
Their Style Is Shoed...

Their style is shoed
Counting genes
To separate males and females
Simply to devise their fancy
At the cost of my feet..

Modern girls
Easily fascinated illusorily

With no choice of giving up
when I was shoed
Into that illusory style
Priced four thousand rupees
Me a middle-class conservative
Was booted with a costly kick
Torn apart was my heart...
My tears or your lure for the modernity..?

Indira Renganathan
Their goal

They decided to march

With no support from circumstances
And experiences

They decided to march

Hand in hand
With kissing hearts
They decided to march

Sitting upon that cliff
They chatted on so much
A long, long talk
And they forgot
About their goal
And everything else
Around

But that cliff
Reminded them
With a rupturing
Volcano treatment
Of their end-goal

Indira Renganathan
There was a rooster in the neighbourhood
Gallant, bouffant, royal
White like peace, valorously crowned

Droned to a victorious red beak
Clucking with a battle of chicks
His puissant, repetitive alarm..not a nuisance
To me a sweet consonance
Whilst every note of his phrase
In uniform rhythmicity out from his beak
Wide open through thousand microphones

I used to be the staunch spectator
Recalling my bygone music
I used to be the admirer
To his crowing in gentle, genuine stance
I used to be the best critic of his concert..
Day and morrow rose timelessly routine
By his crowing to the sun's dismay

Yet, oh God! !
Against all my admiration
Adversely he strangled me one day

His unusual alarm like that of a chit
Syllables clearly 'amma, amma' to perception
In the darkness of a witchy night
Strangled me sharply, then sawing
Point by point my neck bone
That I became breathlessly silent..
From the next morrow
In search of him me in his netherworld flock

Indira Renganathan
The story of A Village temple (For Children)

Once a village was hit by drought
Rain failed and cultivation failed
People had to move out from there
Evacuating the village
One last couple were adamant
Unwilling to move from their place
Yet having no choice they too left

With no form of transport support
That village people had to walk
Their way and many walked in search
So too the final old couple
In slow pace walked and walked much hard
Wearied as the night fell they sought
To rest in a wayward mantap

A stone mantap lonely it was
It was a hot night so arid
Used up all the water they brought
Dire the couple wanted water
A miracle then happened
There just flashed a saintly figure
With a big jugful of water

No sooner they emptied the jug
Than they felt what was happening
They saw a saint smiling in front
A gesture of thanks they did show
Smiling they asked who that saint was
That great saint did not answer but
Vanished into the air swiftly

Anxious to know about the saint
One more day the couple stayed there
While all else had gone away far
In search of a safe dwelling place
The old couple had no mind to
Leave their native village at all
And now thought the saint might help them
The next night too as expected
The saint came with food and water
Thanked the couple next humbly asked
Who he was and could he help them
A forthwith acceptance saint gave
But with a demand for a vow
That they should oblige in return

Agreed the couple, asked for rains
To ward off the drought once for all
Bestowed the saint a boon at once
There! rain poured and poured in answer
That not only the village but
All places around the village
Also were blessed for two days

Now with his demand saint came back
A temple, an abode for him
With all the daily rituals
Be built as promised by the two
Taken aback for a while though
The couple politely agreed
And walked back to their village next

Blessed, it was a blissful surprise
The village had turned to the best
Fertile and replenished fully
Hearing the news gone all came back
Prevailed a brimming happiness
That people all vowed to construct
The temple as asked by the saint

It was a mystical change that
Life does meet sometimes on its march
Temple built, rituals practised
As vouchsafed in full thankfulness
As a mark of faith in that saint
There had been a contented life
For ever in that small village

Miracle sometimes when happens
Happens a happy change this way

Note taken from the internet:

Mantap or Mandapams are where travellers stopped to rest and, despite the neglect, still serve as a treasure trove of our rich past.

They were used till perhaps just two generations ago by pilgrims, traders and travellers to cooked there and slept. They sang g rains, they perhaps found comfortable shelters in these mandapams.

It was a silent service. Not charity, but service. Service with nothing expected in return. It has no English equivalent - and usually not for oneself, but for posterity, for the community and for the state.

Indira Renganathan
Were you there, I do not know
In my mother's womb when I was..
Over the years an 'I' inly mine
Inclined toward mayic transience
Teen-aged in fanatic fantasy
Matrimonially in illusory affection, affliction
Surpassed all in untruth

All in unreality of 'I'
Nescience of the true 'Self'..
This moment you stand split so salient
O'my conscience, sentience, thought,
Why so concealed so far?
Alright, be unconcealed in nexus of your fulgency
To me as atonement when I am reborn

Indira Renganathan
This Morning

This morning when sun was hiding in gloom
There arose a throng of cries with doom
I peeped out of the window to check what
Saw a dead crow consoled by crows lot
Cries were too pathetic high on pitch
That all the trees even looked low pitched
Clouds gathered fast to clear off the pathos
Poured and poured in their full compass
That dead crow was washed away very soon
As if by nature's rites in commiseration

Indira Renganathan
This Time When I Met Her

Gorgeous.. fulgent.. self-esteemmed
Surpassing any beauty heavenly
Tinseling her aureolin in racemes
'twixt her buddy-green all gleeful
Round her aureole buzzing beetles
In swinging breeze singing a melody
Caught awe-struck drowned my mind
Then my heart, my soul all pretty
She demanded a song from me
For her to dance an elysian style
Awe-struck me in silence too silent
'A song' she demanded...only in vain
My ear drums beat me..only in vain
Angry her one grape - bunch cursed me
Then paled bunches all slowly faded
She's gone buzzing beetle me waiting
Who's she? flora Golden Shower

Golden Shower-Cassia Fistula(Sarakondrai)

Indira Renganathan
Those Television Channels

Every night
Prayers lull me to sleep
Infusing a watchful Lord
In my hope over evil
But a flip-flop switch of a snooze
Zaps the television
Through the flickering channels
Only to mean awake the whole world
Doing its blah-blah-blah
However
Of the sleeping Lord
To remind me at 5 a.m
Pristinely they invoke Him
With 'Suprabhatham'

Indira Renganathan
Those Two Red Roses..

Roses..
White and yellow abound much
Grouping to match wayward
Red roses popping up the fences..

Two red
In special peering pretext
Piercing through the spikes..
Bruised fence adrift

Twenty days more
've been in bloom
Appearing to me gossiping..
've been watching and praying..
Such their charm shouldn't fade..

They continue their blooming..
Nay, gossiping..
Flanked by three more red
Alike out through the fence..
Gossiping going on and on bigger

Their hushing verbiage
I cannot grasp
But a solitary pink seemingly
Lonely in seclusion apprehensive

All about her I suppose
She droops her face down
Pale and petals off in drops..
I ready myself for a tiff

Indira Renganathan
Thoughts Memorized

Made up face
With 'Remy' talcum powder
Smiling with a smile
Cleansed with Colgate..
But just changed for heart's curiosity
To Ponds and Palmolive
Brushing with Binaca and Forhans..
Playful choices to changes all
Fascinated fancy onto a fantasy
A season of cousins and kids
Sweet thoughts memorized..

Aged mind but matured
In a high-style-masquerade
Musing erudite thoughts
On frequencies of happy journyes
A habitual hobby of the gray
To shrines near and far
Pleasant memory mine traverses
Farther to that Lord of Batu caves
An awaiting wish of yet another chance
Sweet thoughts memorized..

Indira Renganathan
Thunder

Weather-bureau godly telegraphing busy
Messaging in morse-code of distant sounds
Decoded to roll on in soft beats
Metric in simple, duple, triple
Restless but in lightning ardency
Accelerated additive to down-beats
To din-din the earth, a 'tete-a-tete' scenario

Indira Renganathan
Time Again

How long.. how long?
O'human, gonna mate her
To split and split beaten
It's her confinement now
Scared, bewildered of
Another new born bomb

As such as much conscience
Left alive merciful
Loyal, truthful, grateful
To this trembling Earth
Give hope, soothe, vouchsafe
For a 'Happy New Year'

Indira Renganathan
Time-1

A coil extending ever to coil
Serpentine to be partially diurnal and nocturnal
And a snake segmented into decades and centuries
Of an endless chronicle of recurrences
And a chronology perpetually quantified
By an ever unseen pantheon
Driven by ceaseless dribbles of yugas
And yugas born to a hi-fi macrocosm
Accounting countless rebirths
Next and next of infinite aeonian time
And time is the measure of the living space

Indira Renganathan
Time-2

Limitless and abstruse
Abstruse limit of life's length
Whip of the Lord weird
 Strikes, strokes, in ensnared circles
Vibrant magic of His wish

Indira Renganathan
Time-3

Ever a growing front-yard
Ever a dying backyard
Ever a confused courtyard
Unknowing its start and end

Indira Renganathan
Time-4

Time,
You are long
As I guess
Very thin to be invisible
Between two endless stretches

And
How strong you are...
As I guess
Strong enough
To move heaving
Endless lifes' recyclings
Like the killing noose for a convict

Indira Renganathan
Tips for beauty

A sickle moon can not teach you
How to rip apart the cloud-curtain
Nor can she teach you
How to sail through space

In pursuit
of myriad attempts
Moon herself is still trying
How not to wane and
How to clear the cloud-curtain

Watch

Tolerance
Composure
Perseverance

Are her tips for beauty

Also
Wisdom
How wisely she hides her dark side! !

Indira Renganathan
To Fall Is To Rise

Life seems old
And falling

Which hand's there
To hold and rise

Waiting
Like the fallen
Leaves with the
withered look

To be swept up by
A monsoon blow
For a new season

So that
A nascent leaf
Fluttering
In gentle breeze
Flickering
In golden sunshine
In the lap of mother nature
Excites me

As I keep gazing
Kicking my tiny legs
In my mother's lap

Indira Renganathan
To Helenkeller

You lit the fire of Heaven
To gross over the wisdom of the gods
Holy wisdom and ain't holy dark
Your eyes.. whilst your heart visioned
You retrieved godliness to spark
Booming erstwhile darkness
In blind silence and silent sound
Back into its own unanswering depths
And Madam, you're the topnotch
The world with your deliverance and applicability
With your message of courage and help
Parading construed blindly in sound silence
Profoundly acclaiming 'kudos, kudos'

Indira Renganathan
To Poetry Today

In the zone of love you've yourself crowned
Winged around by she and he abounded
Ever youthfully a youth profound..

But just heartless to vision beyond
The love iridescently lustfully
Signalling code-worded

Another fluorescent life missed

Of love lovable to comprehend
Of help and aid for the manifold
Of pasture, nature, culture multifold
Of history, events plentitude best told
Of plentiful zones than your kind
Wouldn't you feel in your mind

Indira Renganathan

Indira Renganathan
To The Lord

Concerned or cornered? o'Lord Thyself decide
Speaking out from the fraternity of disabled
To allay with Thy bliss desired

Figured out Thy model noble
On paper, wood, stone..a sacred ideal
A celestial idol the disabled forged
O'Lord impaired Thee too there
Law of nature? If true
Even Thee impaired have we to accrue?

A multitude of creatures
A mundane bulk of pride and prejudice
Disrespecting us in Thou mighty sphere
Concerned or cornered we here?
Virtuous or impaired Thee there?
Thy omnipotence biased? Benighted here hilighted there?

O'Lord Thou benevolent showers
Imbue with us, with our silenced limbs
Assay our struggle Thyself then decide
These mortals to be cornered?

Indira Renganathan
To The Ocean

It's thou dawning horizon
That dots the first sindhur
Lambent on earth's crinion
Bubbling with waving freshener

It's thee in morn tide light
Bumpy-bumpy-busy wavering-
Over a pretext for a breakfast
As if it is earth-heaven's wedding

It's thee on slumbering nap
With bellyful salty food and aqua
Under sunny shade in a wavy trap
As if feasted in meridian awe

Plentiful thee, in plentiful harmony
For plentiful people along the border
Thou rollers in tender melody-
Seems a warm evening wedding- splendour

And thee! why so awful
In sunless hours in spumy fear?
Sembling a human life frightful

Indira Renganathan
To The Wind

Hey Messenger, what do you do
Traversing along hill and land and water
Simply pretending to construe
Waving shapeless hither and thither

Kindler of fire, collector of clouds
Aeonic by command natural
Kindler of bombers, collector of tears
In breaths of humans, aren't you unnatural

Hey Messenger, what do you do
Messaging along of love and hate
Simply pretending to be true
Hailing and wailing in conspiring haste

Call your Messiah, I shall ask
Your celestiality be checked up
Of your split hearts He shall hark
Hey Messenger, retort, don't simply pass up

Indira Renganathan
To The Winter Breeze

Breeze, blow with thy winter might
With thy cold heart rain-doused
Not at all to break a dew
But to know my heart tear-doused
Just to break it open to my Love
Who breathed last to vanish
Who seems to have rested farther
Who has gone beyond my bare ken
Who seems not to return at all

Like thy ilk invisible
Like rock rigid
Not answering my squalling
He is

Breeze, o' winter breeze
Sick, sombre, gloomy, eerie
My aloneness begs thee
Swift, blow with thy winter might
And break my heart open to my Love
Who breathed last to vanish

Perhaps had he merged in thee
Breeze, please with thy winter might
Embrace me this moment right now
Nevertheless slamming, pricking, chilling
For in thee he my marooned love is

Indira Renganathan
To Thebabe Of This Century

You've opened an epoch of an empire
You are the emperor of that empire
Kindness and courage in blood
To which bow down people in flood
Me foreseeing in my mind - there, there
Sparks a rise of new sun clearer, nearer
Aren't dreams. True with your demeanor
Darling babe, put in your ear to my mouth
Listen, all the bygone were bitter in death
Now, rise like the new sun empowered
To constellate the subjects united
Into a design of your wisdom for
Peace and prosperity unseen before
Eat not flesh. Eat green
To keep your brain evergreen
For a lasting erudition with keen
Veneration to morals profound and pristine
To signify the babe of the century?
No. Man of centuries. Aye!

Indira Renganathan
To Thy Excellency Bharathi

Versified 'VandheMatharam' in refrains
Lulled the blazing hearts of Indians
Serfdom turned Freedom this day reigns
Thy Excellency Bharathi
Who else, be of great strains
Than Thy Excellency Bharathi

Kindled the fond hopes of Liberty
Liberated the captives from nonnative notoriety
Cantillated tamil doused in Bharath-Integrity
Thy Excellency Bharathi
Thee alone of much tactical frivolity
Praiseful hosannas Bharathi

Incapable we in bomb-blasting society
Peaceless life by diced polity
Looking forward to 'Poet of Piety'
Thy Excellency Bharathi
Retort, who else can amend disunity
Than Thy Excellency Bharathi

Reappear, persona mustached, turbaned
Bravery aglow in eyes well challenged
'Vandhe Matharam' flamingly well versed
Thy Excellency Bharathi
Subramanya, Soul blest Thou indeed needed
Reborn Thy Excellency Bharathi

Indira Renganathan
To Uncle Eighty

I was then a little lass sweet
In mama’s warmth replete
The midnight blue fascinated me
With mama's arms around me

Later that little me
Grew along iridescent dreams yummy
Imbued with a woolly-woolly sweater
Fascinatingly in midnight-blue colour

A gift of yonder lore
Filially given to adore
Booming and booming to soar
Up the sky affectionately to score

That sweater got itself unravelled
Endearingly out flowing behind
To this day closely to me continuously
Caresses my mind to linger on
Your special affection on and on

Unending strands of love and care
You hold to knit for me I'm aware
Brighter than thousand counts of moon
Your love is ardent and sheen
And that alone this niece does ever mean

A life of eight decades
With a hopeful heart of upgrades...
You simply stand out with excellence
Holding a holy codex of your life-experience
Indeed an exemplar luminous
Let flow those unravelled endearing strands
Pass on their way through ever your blessings

Many more returns of this nascent gaiety
Wishing you is niece sixty
On your birth-day eighty
To You Dear Little Boy

And now, steady you walk
Romp to explore your efforts
Following are your parents

You jump and jump and jump
Over the stairs up
Following are your parents

You then hop and hop and hop
Chasing the steeple over hurdles
Following are your parents

Then you run and run faster and faster
Hunch-backed with your erudition and profession
Running still faster after your possession and passion..

Hey, quite a while later

You pant at a point of realisation
Turn back; note a sullen blot
Waiting are your parents old enough

Will you run? stun?
Paces on life one's from a mama and a papa
Loyal ever be o' dear little

Indira Renganathan
Today

There is one particular day
That bothers me daylong
Again and again
It comes in repeats
Like the lightning dazzling
To blind aged eyes
Or to lull this null old
Behind clouded curtains
In satiated fed up tone
It does sing all past glory
I pray nightlong
for a mightiest day
At last to end up
At a happy rest
But...hmmm...

You guess now
What day it is...

Indira Renganathan
Tolerance

So
Of your own choice
You taint tolerance
As you're doing so
I'll watch tolerance speaking
On
A mother's painful accouchement
Infant's strifeful birth nascent
The child-raising problems
With conjunct ailment-problems
Tradition's manacles
Along with social obstacles
Matrimony's undone suppression
Connubially dispirited depression
Familial temper of moods
Unfamiliar play of crooks
Stealthy years most unhealthy
Departed in homes all filthy
Empyreal war of human culture
Evanescing pattern of life's nature....
Now
Sh..tolerance is silent, isn't speaking
A silent fight within the self on going
All shades of somber mood
Sad and hatred incurred
Darker shades of rainbow colours
Drowning with the brighter colours
A built-in patient
In the heart of a live monument..
So
Of what colour your choice
To taint tolerance

Indira Renganathan
Tonsillitis

As the Matter of Satan
Satanic he deals the matter
Craving edacious, gluttonous
Eating, drinking junky
The Tongue our food

As the Matter of God
They mind their matter
Hooding guarding vigilant
Well picketing predators
The tonsils from food

As a matter of wellness
A war with the predators
Die hard the Tonsils the best
In vain just for Tonsillitis
Win or loose betterment anyway

Indira Renganathan
Too Much To Do

A stress..or a depression
Or just that boredom
In whole, that pestering
Rubbish Mind..

One sleepless night
My I vowed and challenged
It paid its attention
Full and huge on my Mind

Then it told
'Let me see oh stupid Mind,
How long you'll torture me
How long you'll pester me
How long you'll put me in
Sorrow, frustration, fatigue
With your useless thinking
Let me see, let me see..'

Then my I began to watch..
Watching my Mind..
A long long long watching
Till sleep enfolded me

Next morning
My I was boastful
On how it nullified
My Mind
It saw nothing but a
Blank space of dim, meagre light

Gone Mind back from a
Treatment fresh anew

Indira Renganathan
Tortoise Versus Rabbit

If thousand tortoises are equal to one rabbit
So is a rabbit equal to thousand tortoises
And that is why the rabbit lost the game

Indira Renganathan
Towards The Final Day

Towards the final day
Knows one for certain hundred percent
Sure to wind up thoroughly
Leaving behind even the mortal sheath

There so the blood vessels shrink
Also the brass and bronze vessels
Also the sentimental tradition
Children can't be glued to...

Traditional furniture papa's, grand-pa's
Espoused with mamma's, grand-ma's silver, gold
All secretly or forcibly to the mart

Grand-old-mistress innocent
Holding back her darlings' left-by goods
Snaps, clothes, books
Grand-old-mister adamant
Mindless leaving his own house
At last, they're gone

Tear-soaked bucks mamma's, papa's...
Children celebrate their special days
Purchasing antiques far farther

Indira Renganathan
Traffic Jam

Sleepless nights travel by heavy vehicles
Bearing to account two-wheelers and cars
Across the red scream of a school boy
With a blessing of 'God be with you'
At the rear-face of a sacred auto-rickshaw
There, an ambulance caring intensively

Indira Renganathan
Traffic Signal

Overtaken over run
Hurt trespassed
The brother-roads conspire
In the big pits of their hearts
Polling a colourful jury
Of green, amber, red
From the height of justice
To command right-of-ways

Indira Renganathan
Trepidation

Friend and me bade bye
She that way, me the other way
Out of station..
Returned to meet when I opted
Obstructed a thief-encounter
She said'police is enquiring'
Her elucidation..
'I apprehend the house
A go-down of messed up goods-mounds'
Thirty days queued..
Over to ' Graham Bell '
She whispered 'I'm jailed'
'Me too, bored of house-arrest'
I did admit

Indira Renganathan
Tribute To Professor moorthy

A tiny seed grown into a Banyan tree
Shoots noted aerially in deep roots
To grow repeatedly for aeons
Till the Earth's last breath
Blown out musically
Faming on into the ether...

Look, the wide mouthed sky
Exclaiming over an immortal service
Raga Devathas felicitating..

Advocated his musical eminence
The morning raga in the curriculum
Thence
The Sun in its universal voyage
Singing and preaching his words
Moon too along with the dancing stars..

The glory of a musical personality
Albeit a face of an attorney
Found founding a modality
Musicality in Madras university
moorty..'Maker of a musical century'

Note: Prof. P Sambamurthy
Professor P Sambamurthy contributed greatly to Carnatic music with his many volumes
and books published on the various aspects of this art.
His great works included his famous series South Indian Music,
A Study of Music and Mathematics, Comparative music - country-wise comparison of music, Music and temples, Kutcheri Dharma, Careers in Music, Biographical sketches of composers, Raga and Rasa, History of Music, Mudras in musical compositions, and many more. Apart from authoring many books and papers,
he also made disc recordings.

Born in Bitragunta in Andhra Pradesh to Parvati Ammal and Pichu Iyer,
Sambamurthy trained in vocal and violin music under Manatthattai Doraiswamy
Iyer and Walajahpet Ramaswami Iyer. He graduated in Law but chose to start his career in the field of music. He was appointed as the first lecturer at the Queen Mary's College in Madras. He then studied comparative music at the University of Munich in Germany. He became the Head of the Department of Indian Music at the Madras University in 1937.

Sambamurthy also taught at the Sri Venkateswara University as a professor of musicology and received the Sangit Natak Akademi fellowship in 1963.

His tours took him to all corners of the world, giving lectures and meeting many musicians. The highlights were a lecture tour of Europe, leading a music delegation to Manila, the International Tchaikovsky Music Competition and the International Society for Music, Vienna and Paris. His contribution to the field even prompted a doctoral thesis titled Prof. P. Sambamurthy's Contribution to Music Theory.

murthy was my professor when I did my M.A in Indian Carnatic Music

Indira Renganathan
Tribute To Sudhachandran

The molten gold drips from the sun
The silver drops plop from the moon
The yonder sparkles twinkle down
Compiled to make a face...

The gentle breeze of the fragrant flowers
The smelly soil of the monsoon drizzles
The symphony of the harmonic rains
Compounded to make a body-grace...

She is the ripples of the morn
Draped with the rain-bow yarn
Flowing and flooding up and down
The river and its run...

Swiftly bounces and crawls, walks and swirls
Her resilient plies, single foot and a prosthesis
The tenacity of the danseuse
'Losing a foot walking a mile' in praises

An angel is born
Strong and fortitude hewn
To soar high to enthrone
Gracious willow of her mellowed elan
Sprouting on a prosthesis dances on
Invigorated her verve to ascend the global crown

Note: Sudha Chandran (born 27 September 1965) is an Indian film and television actress
and an accomplished Bharatanatyam dancer.

In May 1981, at about 16 years old, in Tamil Nadu, Chandran met with an accident
in which her legs were wounded. She received initial medical treatment of her injuries
at a local hospital and was later admitted to Vijaya Hospital at Madras.
After doctors discovered that gangrene had formed on her right leg, amputation was required.
Chandran says that this period was the toughest time of her life. She subsequently regained some mobility with the help of a prosthetic Jaipur foot. She returned to dancing after a gap of two years and performed in India, Saudi Arabia, United States, UK, Canada, UAE, Qatar, Kuwait, Bahrain, Yemen and Oman. Her biography is part of curriculum for school children in the age group of 8-11.

I have a great admiration and appreciation for Sudha Chandran for her great venturous spirit of pursuit in life with a prosthetic foot.

Indira Renganathan
Trinity Of Carnatic Music araja

You're lost in the ism of Rama
Leaving behind a mission of Rama
Whence a practice of euphony
Across the compass of tones
Treasuring a supernal bliss long trailed

You know the heft of the bliss?
As much as that of Rama
Ethereally coloured quantum
Your-way-caressed to melt
Into our souls abundantly scaled

Your realm of scales, mode of melodies
Credence of pristine musical perseverance
Whole spirit alone with Rama
Ineffable elation of a doctrine for salvage

How am I to accost?
Guru? swamy, rishi, poet, writer, father?
You're the immortal, empyreal adept
Permeated and permeating intransient
A cult of popularism for soul-liberation
How else be acclaimed than 'Nadabrahmam'
And 'Nadabrahmam' alone

Indira Renganathan
Trinity Of Carnatic Music 2-Muthuswamy Dhikshitar

Blessed Yogi when blessed
Blessed was your cognizant mastery
To be blessed from the sacred depths
Devi Ganga to treasure you with Rama-Veena

Blessed later when the Lord of Tiruttani
Blessed was 'you' with your vibhakti kritis
To be blessed from the heavenly treasury
'GuruGuha' to treasure you in bouffant compendium

Blessed your sanskrit lexicon when blessed
Blessed Navavarna kritis blossomed in stacks
To be blessed then planetary nine in seven talas
Extended seventy two Kartas issuing varieties aplenty

Blessed your peripatetic journey when blessed
Blessed Amrithavarshini pattered driving drought
To be blessed you then to sing to Madurai Meenakshi
'Meenalochani Pasamochani'to board you of Her abode

Blessed scholar with blessed knowledge
Blessed verbarian, blessed musician
To be blessed is we O'Guru, by your soul
Devis and deities from your resort of music

Indira Renganathan
Trinity Of Carnatic Music-3shyama Shastri

Gladdened to gladden us
Replete with your holy songfulness
Gracious Her mercy personated the mentor
Sangeethaswamy to tutor you in music..
Persistent Bangaru Kamakshi Persistent
All through the ancestral genres
At last to making of a golden maestro

Herself the cadre of your musical spate
In your ecstasy exulted Navarathna Malika
Challenged Kesavayya challenged to flee
Soon enough succored 'Devi brova samayamide'
Chintamani's plea verbalized ere when humbly
Gemming Bhairavi, Todi, Yadukulakambodhi
Shyama's sangeet galore..swarajati-Ratnatryam

Metering mastery, mastered speciality
Manifold artistry in tala quality
Kamakshi's glistening is your capacity
So such of rare ragas in rarity, rhythmicity
Guru, so much of your Shyamakrishna's brilliancy
Me lacking much and not brainy
'Be blessed'..my wish..may I into your musicality..

Indira Renganathan
Two Birds Wished To Be Friendly

1 Two birds wished to be friendly
I was the messenger winged
Hither thither cuckoo and magpie
Two birds wished to be friendly

'Come here, o' dear, come here'
coo~~coo~~coo~~~in rising notes
Two birds wished to be friendly
I was the messenger winged

2 Hither thither cuckoo and magpie
Two birds wished to be friendly
I was the messenger winged
Hither thither cuckoo and magpie

Warbling, whistling, fluty trilling
Magpie just couldn't let me read
Hither thither cuckoo and magpie
Two birds wished to be friendly

3 Two birds wished to be friendly
I was the messenger plucked punished
Gloomed cuckoo, confused magpie
Two birds wished to be friendly

Reading failing, messaging failing
Loamy homey cuckoo angry with me
Two birds wished to be friendly
I was the messenger plucked punished

Indira Renganathan
Two Friends Two Thieves (For Children)

They were two thieves in thick friendship  
Stole from small hamlets and towns and  
Never they stole from big cities..  
Reason known to themselves only  
Their choice now was a town nearby  
With all tools and sacks they started  
A short travelling by bus and  
They reached their planned destination

Ere they were into that small town  
Paused under a tamarind tree  
To talk on their set plans to thieve  
They did and then had a short nap  
No sooner they relaxed reposed  
than suddenly heard a scream  
'There's a ghost up that tree..! ! '  
Shocked though the friends said 'no, not scared'

That was a passerby who warned  
With that they walked to the township  
Their time it was to know a lot  
Inquiring about who were rich  
Who were absent and who were lone..  
Their pretext of seeking a job..  
Day spent on to end in a theft  
Of a sumptuous plundering

Two big sacks stuffed with the robbed goods  
Were dragged to that ghost-tree midnight  
The thieves thought that was the safe place  
As people were scared of that ghost  
Without delay they climbed up fast  
The sacks were hidden perfectly  
Amid the dense growth of that tree  
So that none could spot their treasure

Morn rose from bad blows of a night  
People were upset and much shocked  
To find the thieves police got set
Enquiries like missiles thrown on
At last to suspect the two friends
Next day's nightly darkness, cops stood
Around that tree of ghost-abode
Hiding unnoticed in mufti

After a day through wandering
At the moonless dark night's onset
The two thieves rushed to the ghost-tree
For their robbed goods up the tree top
With all bags as they hastened down
An eerie cry of wailing ghosts
A sudden cry of ghostly howls...
God! ! threatened the two thieves badly

In a dreadful trepidation
The friends jumped down trying to escape
But not to let them flee out came
Like lightning the cops in mufti
Caught red-handed the best two friends
Arrested and imprisoned them
People of that town believed thence
'Sometimes ghosts too help to catch thieves'

Indira Renganathan
r To Daughter

'You owe me a lot for my servitude
But dear, I expect only gratitude'

Routine Prayer

'O God, I've a complaint against Nature
No calls, no tasks, that is my stature'

Writer

'Sick of thinking'...'stare at something blank white
Then peace is yours'. Writer's hands urge to write

er's Message

'Rain's going to write a poem on Earth...! '
Ready to enjoy the scented fresh Earth

15. Artful Slaughter

People throng to enjoy his fine bone art
His little girl knows the pain behind it

e's Blows

A chance availed that parrot to flee freed
Kind cage slammed the predictor for wrong read

holic

He works and works all the time for money
Yet, she claims for his heart more than any

18. Anti Negativism

'Ma, as I drive don't talk negative words'
'Yes son, won't read cautionary sign boards'

19. You Too Tigress?

Rose a fight on a threat by the tiger
Pounced dead the tigress down a motorcar

20. The Adamant Fool

'Your passion won't justify your income'
'But dad, bucks apart, let me live wholesome'

Indira Renganathan
Two Liners (Snippets Of Life 21-30)

's Dolorous Asking

'O'dear you alone know how you died
O' doctor, why the doctor in you failed? '

ing Custom

Women are busy with a pregnant cow
Enjoying 'baby shower' to that cow

ed A Straying Bow-Wow

They lost their pet stray dog of their own street
For one lakh bucks a finder brought it sweet

24. Caution

'Why fear ma, this is city, not forest'
'Yes dear, human beasts live in this forest'

Laptop For Two

No way, grandma too has to watch cartoons
Grand child never gives up for grandma's croons

Ganesh Chaturthi

Immersed gods drowned tered, why they didn't?
Marooned else where may be to stay to hit

psed Dream

Cheated house with wrong basics just crumbled
Betrayed poor she thrown down the street tumbled

28   Secret Affair

When she came to know of his else affair
He readily saw her off ere she flared

28 b. New Sakti Peetas

Killed, chopped, threw seventy chunks ways apart
She might rise to venge, he too to depart

29. Lifelong Turnings

'I've pain in my neck'said the sunflower
'Sun's too much for you'said the rose flower

30. No Studying Otherwise

Angry mother upset on child's demand
Should crack jokes and laugh is the child's command

Indira Renganathan
Two Liners (Snippets Of Life 61-70)

61. Failed Prediction

They warned about two cyclones forthcoming
Diverted en route they left a blessing
's Scare

Intruding bike-race interspersed with streets
Racing crashes threaten the mob to fleet

63. In The Cinema Theatre

National anthem played before film starts
Some show their dislike...fools aren't patriots

64. Temple Looters

Is God bored of being locked in temples?
Why then He absconds with thieves as idols?

65. Killing Narrow Precincts

Hanuman is templed on that hill top
Bhaktas played like Him but to die from top

66. Elderly Suicide

They lived for the sake of their children long
Aged uncared they longed for suicide-song

ing Clemency

Rain has e of weather has set in
Fear of mosquitoes...dengue shouldn't set in
Delight

Woes aside, December has sprung up cute
Festivities of music and dance shoot

nting

Recounting of last year is everywhere
Except Time that looks not back for ever

ully

The winter sun wakes up too lazily
A Bright New Year wakes it fast hopefully

Indira Renganathan
Two Liners (Snippets Of Life 71-80 on Chennai Music Season)

71. Month Of Margazhi

A Goddess too elegant from heavens
A damsel laurelled with music and dance

72. The Rich Musical Tradition

Having been honoured is Chennai's big pride
By UNESCO for its musical strides

ng Invocation

Invoked by hymns and bhajans Aurora
Puja and prasad in great plethora

74 a. Daylong Festivities

Vocal, instrumental music concerts
Demonstrations and discussions all sorts

74 b. Added Flavour

Dance concerts and divine discourses join
Many forms of old, modern and fusion

75. More To Add

Research studies meet at conferences
Awards, tributes to boost self confidence

76. Attire And Accessories
Attire and accessories glittery
Artists do excel in their mastery

77. Venues

Sabhas rent or own halls for the concerts
Without fail canteens too to feast perfect

78. Applause

Well trained talents recognised and admired
Young to old well received and applauded

79. Promising Participation

Indian and foreign artists take part
Fans worldwide come to enjoy with whole heart

80. Traditionality, Seasonality

Grown season growing seasoned year by year
Notably a large event year by year

Indira Renganathan
Two Liners (Snippets Of Life 81-90 On Coffe)

81. Morning Coffee

Every morn lazes under the blanket
Creamy coffee cupped hot wakes the dearest

ng Headache

The whole family is coffee addict
Otherwise get headache, their hearts predict

83. Super Coffee

"What secret she has! " all wonder at her
"Salt a pinch" she tells "with coffee powder"

Duper Coffee

A dash of cocoa with instant coffee
Mixed with milk and sugar makes coffee spree

r Coffee

Boiling water poured on coffee powder
Filtered decoction join milk and sugar

e Coffee

High quality coffee powder and pure
Milk and sugar and of course pure water

87. Capuccino At Home

Instant coffee, sugar, water beaten
Fluffy to blend with hot milk to freshen
88. Cold Coffee

Blend cold milk, ice cubes, sugar, cocoa and instant coffee frothy in mixer fused

Malli Coffee

a) Sukku, malli, cardamom and pepper
Powder, boil with dash coffee in water

b) Concoction when drunk with palm jaggery
Or honey boosts level of energy

(Sukku - dried ginger)
(Malli - corriander seeds)

ss Caffeine

This worldwide empress dressed with cinnamon
Is delusive with her ilk of &quot;caffeine&quot;

Indira Renganathan
Two Liners (Snippets Of Life 91-100
Oncoffeeconversations)

91. At Home

a) Pleasantries over a cup of coffee
They exchanged ere seeing the lassie

b) She came, he saw, eyes paired for the first time
Their smiles okayed the bond for the first time

92. At The Coffee Shop

a) &quot;Coffee shop is the best place for our meeting&quot;
&quot;Yeah, but beach's better for our chatting&quot;

b) &quot;At the first look itself I decided&quot;
&quot;Even I&quot;confessing simply she shied&quot;

93. After The Wedding

&quot;Enough, coming to this shop for coffee&quot;
&quot;But swear to make this same taste of coffee&quot;

94. Ha Ha Ha

So he years rolled on his sons grew
&quot;Dad, we found one good coffee shop for you! ! &quot;

Restart

With his sons now he got back to coffee
The same shop, chatting, sipping same coffee

Justified
A sip of coffee between talks strengthens
Helps all our relationship to thicken

Continued

Ideas exchanged, help extended and
Life too changes for betterment wondered

Clarified

On prolonged hours with coffee is so meant
A conversation or an argument

We Gain

All settled, friends, kindreds remain themselves
And love too stays lovely like itself

Usual Advice

Do have coffee talks with all cheer and grace
Each sip to boost kinship and friendliness

Indira Renganathan
Two Liners (Snippets Of Life On Rain 51-60)

51. Lashing Rains

Pouring flooding rain, rain, rain everywhere
Ho, not a way to go out anywhere

c Rains

Puddled, soaked, flooded sodden roads some some
O'er flowing lakes, tanks and rivers some

53 Striving Rains

Vehicles small and big get just stuck tough
Hassling traffic jam gets trapped tough and rough

ndous Rains

Collapsed houses kill and vacate people
Collapsed bridges kill peopled vehicles

ed Rains

Schools and colleges urge to remain closed
Students muse on workload in added dose

ring Rains

More and more cyclone threat news papers read
How to guard themselves, people feel besieged

ling Rains

Complaints on city formation grumbled
Complaints on city maintenance grumbled

58. Epidemic Rains

Death toll is graphing high of many types
Dengue rides mosquitoes to kill in swipes
59. Migrant Rains

Birds do migrate even in this turmoil
From miles away seeking their matching soil

Rains

Seasonal prayers soar for enough rains
Seasoned prayers soar in need to stop rains

Indira Renganathan
Two Liners (Snippets Of Life 31-40)

ny's Gift

He fixed son's wedding with all readying
But upped to shower heavenly blessing

vation

Two crows challenged one on one in triplets
Joining the challenge a chick in duplets*

33. At last

She gushed breaking all the man-written fate
Cauveri came for Pushkar fest in spate

34. News Papers' English

Ceaseless presence of too many new words
Reading becomes disgusting being off words

35. Mobile Sympathy

They shot and shot till the boy fell on earth
While stray dogs were gnawing the child to death

rity In Pitying

He rescued the monkeys used for begging
But left helpless the gypsies with begging

37. World Is Too Much

World has too much of knowledge for its mirth
World book is more heavier than the earth

38. Allusively That Night

'Come down my star, closer' he told the sky
Star came too rest watched the sky

39. Mixie Chops

Power haste she stirred with her hand
In haste power came to chop off her hand

d Ganga

She has long been cleaning up our sins, but
Whose waste who to clean up in today's threat

Note: * duplet noun
du·plet
du·ple·t
plural -s
two musical notes played in the time of three of the same value

Indira Renganathan
Two Liners (Snippets Of Life 1-10)

1. Lotus And Her Lover

Lotus felt jealous of those close lovers
Sighing for her ever farther lover

2. The Scientist

He's inside and bathing for so, so long
Mom warns 'don't think you're Archimedes, Dong'

3. Marriage

He proposed, she disposed, parents wanted
Ho, forced marriage soon divorced so haunted

4. School Care

'On my way dear, Just in two minutes done'
Five year girl waiting for mom office-gone

5. The Abandoned

Up the hill, but she did not end her life
An abandoned child gave her new hope rife

6. Good Teacher

He advised to gift saplings on birth days
Ho, trees, trees, trees, trees, trees now all walk ways

7. The Stupid

Waited, she at last slept grumbling 'stupid'
Waited, he banged open grumbling 'stupid'
Treasure Hunt

Rumour was, 'a treasure at the backyard'
While they were digging, theft in the courtyard

9. Beware

So often he gives her a rose with thorns
She says 'life's a rose but with horns

Old Age Homes

'Hope they attend to the oldies each house
By law males and females be paid good bucks'

Indira Renganathan
Two Linerson Diwali (Snippets Of Life41-50)

41. Diwali Ablution

Special trains to Kasi for Ganga snaan
Will Ganga be ere cleaned ready for snaan

Best Greeting Way

'Happy Diwali' is wishing one way
'Had Ganga-snaan? ' is greeting special way

43. Diwali Ads

Everywhere everywhere Diwali ads
Festive richness crazy in shopping hubs

44. Diwali Is Double Dealing

Discount-diwali plays gift-sale also
Along with price-hike, tax hike all more so

ing The Custom

Tasty sweets and snacks in colourful packs
Shopping spree at home-bound custom just mocks

i Is Not Apt

One demon killed was diwali's concept
But today does it mean to be so apt?

Apart

Giggly giggly firecrackers are blazing
Sometimes but hurt and throw apart bursting

48. Ten thousand Wala's Percussion

Ten thousand wala, all set to count down
Down down one by one till grandpa's ears down

-daughter's Regret

'Why are you against diwali granny? '
'I'm not dear, wish you Happy Diwali'

50. A Diwali Recipe

Pound coarsely roasted till seeds, add chopped dates
Make balls with coconut powder, great taste

Indira Renganathan
Understanding

You pick up a grain of sand
And a grain like shiny star

Try to test their shine
In your poem

My brain, my heart and my eyes
All work in unity

Some what I comprehend, apprehend
A reading through the far away fog

Who can read through the eyes of a
Miss Universe to study her real heart

All say 'just beautiful'

Indira Renganathan
Unwanted Memory

Havoc struck cyclone
Threw me aghast to shrink sunk
A shrine gobbled up

Nineteen sixty four
wreathed big with uprooted lives
Dhanushkoti deep

Indira Renganathan
Upland Walkway

Walking along the walkway
The valleys, slopes, -scapes walk along
Green swarded like a vast emerald

Don't you miss an 'eye to eye watching'..
A love from above of the azure sky
Patched with puffs of white cloud
Gazing non-stopping
At the peaky-peaky greens

Don't you feel shy..
While the sky impulsively through the breeze
Its kisses drizzles to the waiting emerald
Doused in loving silence

And as you pass by a lake
Don't you please move on..
The sky still frolics on
The lake holds a mirror
you to watch on

Don't you please slip away..
While the green hill feels shy
Kissed by her yonder fiance
While your vision closed while a bit of fog curtains

And you do play secretly hide and seek
Through and through the fog
Picking up the flecks of the sun..
Wait until the show restarts

Indira Renganathan
Vaanoli(Radio)valentine

Politicians gesturing their denial
waving black
Exhorted television channelled
To show-talk pros and cons
Vandalizing public rallying
Against intimidation too
Annotating authors arrowing
Samples from Bharath-puranas
Oldies like me worried much
Off the way extended unnoted
What though jailed in commotion
Priest Valentine in confusion
Approbated a folkband accomplished
Valentine over Vaanoli-Nellai
Folks of folklore from Kovilpatti
Banded with udukku, thala, kudam, kattai..
Somewhat melody sworn in so, so
Valentine celebration validated
Meantime Manmathan burnt to ashes
Villu paatu(bow song)wished Rathi
In resurrection to Rathi invisible Ananga
Invincible cupid too invisible to everyone
Bound to flower-arrows Vaanoli Nellai
She chose no wonder an apt lore

Indira Renganathan
Vacuum

Silence cannot be simply silent
For it’s swirled in burning memories
Grudging heart adventuring victoriously
Put out the fire with oceanic tears
Senile wedlock and rancid life are the eyes
In swollen emptiness
Now gazing into the remote vacuum

Indira Renganathan
Vaijayanti

What the flowers, what the flowers o'my Lord
Doeth cherish Thy garland
Flowers forest wild?
Strung up five elements, a loud chord
Whilst Pandavas and Kauravas
Clashed and crashed and crushed in thunders?
A kind otherwise different
Of a change fervent?
To Arjun Bhagavadatta's slaying vaishnavastha
Forbade Thy merciful neck; to Thine whirled a Vaijayantimaala?
Mother ours, Thy consort, Thy conscience
Sanctifying our flow of transcience
Variably altering Radha to Godha
Seethai to Kothai, Rukmini to Satyabhama
All but one Lakshmi when conjoined
Thy heart garlanding fragrance piled?
And those colours highly bewitching
Thy enchanting flute so matching
What a poise Thee and Thy Vaijayanti
Doeth look like Gopis resting on Thee
Else, gentle Alwars reciting Paasurams
Nestled Vaijayanti genuinely toes down in tassels
Each end velvety bearing on a blot
Me, Thy child a tiny dot
At thy lotus feet joyously feel
Myself soused in fragrant Vaijayanti whole
Jasmine and lily all varieties white
Lotus, rose, nerium all red and bright
Scented leaves of tender green delight
Yellow, blue, purple potpourri intrusively right
Interspersed with a leafy craft of nerium-parrot
Intertwined with entangled strands of basil
Thy vivid persona divine and tranquil
What else for doeth quest this soul mortal
Other than Thee Thy mercy immortal
O' Krishna, fasten me unto Thy lotus feet
My closure amid Thy mercy flowers tight
Indira Renganathan
Providential wish!
Daughters of Thirumal, to the eye-born sisters
Amirthavalli and Sundaravalli
Preached Lord Muruga Shatakshara mantra
Offered in return the sisters gratefully
Both themselves to marry Muruga
But ordered them Muruga to be born anew
Then to conjoin Him
Deivanai and Valli hence their incarnate next

Providential command!
Demon Padmasura to be slain
Amid the oceanic silence of Tiruchendur
Prior slain brother Taraka the hill-demon Krauncha
Gifted, much cheered Devendra
Daughter Deivanai to valorous Muruga
Seated the couple encaved at Tiruparankundram
Tri-pieced Taraka, slain head hurled off
Mahendragiri hill defending it
Taraka's head transformed into a rock- cave

Providential wish!
Vallimalai bore Vishnu on penance
Deer-guised Lakshmi consorted Him to bear Valli
New-born Valli later found abandoned
'Vallikizhangu' burrow supporting the babe
Found and fostered the hill-king Nambi Valli
Sneaked out to Muruga everything sage Narada
Valli now grown beautifully
In proposal disguised Muruga
Played all tricks and gimmicks
Unaware of the divine being
Tender Valli hid herself in 'valliguhai', Tiruchendur
However helped Vinayaka His brother
And matched Valli with Muruga at Tiruthani

Desired Valli to settle in the rock-cave
Demon-Krauncha where concaved
Consented Muruga to Valli’s wish
Spear-struck 'saravanapoikai'
The spring for Valli to relish

Enlightenment the divine proximity did pave
Thereon named as Poornagiri the rock-cave
Valliyur thence the name after Valli
She dwelt with Muruga gleefully
Bliss of love in predominance
Exempted can not be even the providence

Indira Renganathan
Vande Matharam

Not to thy knowledge of information cognizant
That credentialed people value intelligence
Not to thy nucleus of power-plant
Thy children rocket on par excellence
Not to thy progressing industries eminent
Concerned much to mint global wealthiness
Not to thy soulful populous effort
Endemically to eradicate illness
Not to thy efficacy of art, architect
Gleaming in society's ethnic fields
O' Mother India, our obeisance
But to thy valorous martyred quest
Thy sons fought for independence
That they manured a soil-fest
Themselves strewn blood-shed to fertilize
Their hopes sown to result
In reaping peace in abundance
A reformation of a fertile harvest
A progression essential in economic race
Vande Matharam! Vande Matharam!
Also to thy souls who deeply support
In times to save thy populace
Defending thy bravery on peril and threat
This day even in wars and clashes
With brimming cheers of grateful heart
Vande Matharam! Vande Matharam!

Indira Renganathan
Vegetarianism

Innocent animals are not ignorant
But let with manure grow plants abundant
Innocent plants are not ignorant
But the strength of exemplarily an elephant

Obese with the slaughtered is befoulment
Free of fat and toxin is vegetarian treatment
An animal eaten is then God indignant
Social life wild is then in endangerment

Vegetarianism is brainy, fulgent
Strength of breeding animals innocent
Vegetarianism is humaneness triumphant
Strength of morals resplendent

Indira Renganathan
Vidhi

A Super Zero invisible
Recruiting ever a baby zero invisible
Characteristically mysterious, mischievous
Playing upon the whole creation..

And fruition-dilemma
To be good or evil? off-centered the humans
Incognizant of their third eye

Eye-opener the Super Zero invisible
Adjudging baby-zero on good and evil
Adjudging the third eye all invisible

Wish of the Super-Zero to reveal
When, where, how, why Super-Zero to unveil
Call it the law of the providence or destiny
Also it is Vidhi

And Krishna the Lord
Masquerade of Super-Zero
Hath preached..
'Unto me the greater laws, truths
In compliance unto me your deeds'
To confide and comply
And truly you go by
Vidhi it's then even

Indira Renganathan
Wakening

Forces aplenty
'Sleep', one such bore the first babe
Alone and aware
Afraid of the dark around
'Knowing' wakened to yell 'Maaa'

Indira Renganathan
Walking And Talking On The Edge-(Somnambulism And Somniloquence)

1) Walking and Talking on the edge
This way, that way, out of the way
Sleeping Somna' walking semi-eyed
Walking and Talking on the edge
Sleeping Somni' talking aloud
'Wait, wait, I too shall join'
Walking and Talking on the edge
This way, that way, out of the way

2) Walking and Talking on the edge
This way, that way, out of the way
Somna' semi- fell from upstairs
Walking and Talking on the edge
Talking Somni' fell from the cot
Two friends ended in a strange way
Walking and Talking on the edge
This way, that way, out of the way

Indira Renganathan
Wasted Pottery

Lovely pottery
Just for cookery

She bought one
To try

She cooked
Something delicious

He commented
'Uncooked pot'

She's broken
Into shards

Indira Renganathan
And water-wound, this mud of circle
Bound by aquatic link of land global
Of storm and cyclone and hurricane all evil
Imprecated albeit with hydrasphere ever in espousal

And fraction of land in that copious, spheric well
Saturated for the submerged, submarined to dwell
And terrafirma for men and mammals to swell
Seesawing in streams of erythro-pool

And water is life, useful
By cycles of vapour, cloud, rains and icicle
Flora, fauna, forests to flourish, thrive so radical
Wells, pools, ponds, lakes all rational
Rivers and oceans in pollution- why not solutional?

Indira Renganathan
We Know Though

Feel the Truth do we
That God made the daily sun
And not we-
We Know though

Feel the Truth do we
That God made the air
And not we-
We Know though

Feel the Truth do we
All else that God made
And not we-
We know though

Trust the Truth do we
When seen God in real
As earth and sky and water
And air and fire and all-
We know though

Pleas and prayers
And apologies- -
A personalised Idol
Makes it all- -
The Truth
We know though

Indira Renganathan
We Shall Sing Peace

We shall Sing Peace
Heartfelt hand in hand please
Our world this should cherish a life friendly
So shall we be friends
To see rise in ascents
Our life, our lands one in this world lovely

Why fight, why war
Angry captives what for
Let us be pledged to peace and peace alone
We shall promise
That we will never miss
To see this world thriving on peace alone

We shall so join
In nexus to enjoin
By oath, our earth, our world to treasure peace
No gore, no loss
Heaven on earth be gross
We shall sing peace, we shall sing peace, just peace

Indira Renganathan
Welcome Newyear

Three hundred and sixty five suns
We have hope for the betterment
We have dreams for the betterment
Welcome New Year to meet the suns

Indira Renganathan
Welcome Sir

Kwaah...Kwaah..., No one to notice me
From inside my mom's belly
Angrily I kicked and kicked and kicked
Aaah! mom got pained and pained

Pushes started to put me out
Preparations were on to pull me out
Enough bored inside the tummy
Waiting to be out to see my mummy

Having dreams about my parents
I started creeping into my transits
Step by step mom pressurized me
Steadily with all her compassion for me

Poor mom! 'ma! I'm there for you'
That's all I could murmur
I was fast reaching the world anew
In thirty minutes' rush I landed. A wonder

'Boy' midwife cried! 'Ha, I knew it'
I was handed to Daddy the great
'Welcome sir' Daddy said. I 'Kwaah'ed in shy.

Indira Renganathan
What Mood Was He In...?

What mood was He in
While making His pervasion..?
Easy must have thought
Mixing venom and nectar
Wishing upset lifeto live

Indira Renganathan
What She's Trying Tosay

Her breezy flash on the neem leaves
Fascinates me
Her albedo- sheen on the green
A bewitching show enticing
Even the withered heap pale
Down the neem shining golden brown
And I see the passers by
Glowing on the street
A feel of proud complacence
Engulfs me as she falls on me too

Now a thud of a fall from the tree
A crow chick- limping
Inebriated by the golden shine
A hope? yes I hope
But an unpleasant odour too
Wafting around- a rotten pile somewhere
The golden beauty falls on that too
What hope could it be from her
Sunshine has no disparity
Even the rotten be a manure?
Or the food for the insects?
This tender morning
What she's trying to say

Indira Renganathan
What Was He..

A lonely beggar
Wandering along the street
Day and night last month

Stayed under a tree
Looked fearful, unkempt, ugly
A ghostly dark face

All of a sudden
He was missing one morning
Felt something fishy

News came later on
A band of beggarly thieves
Police arrested

Indira Renganathan
Wheeling

So the Earth is wheeling on
As wheeling the sun and moon

And wheeling the Time on ages and aeons
As wheeling the life on births and deaths

And wheeling on are hope and despair
As peace and woe chasing one another

And good and bad luck are two wheels
Creatures all in destiny's colours

And creatures all wheel around what
An unknown power-point, the Pivot

And we the comparted wheeling specials
On quarrels are we to spin our visuals

And we the comparted human specials
Aren't we to wheel on our sixth sense

Indira Renganathan
When Giddiness Attacks

That was a day restless my head was
Reeling and rolling all things around
Confused confusing all things around
Expecting my deathanly moment
I quickly summed up all about me
I looked at my history and asked
"What do you think I have been so far
Any remedy for any wrong?"

"I'm dizzied friend, you're so unbalanced
Like now you've always dizzied yourself
So unbalanced between this and that
At last giving up all strength to rest
Cooking alone your foremost resort"
Puked all about me my history

"Is it wrong to cook and eat?" I asked

But right at that moment just popped up
Dizziness to show its persona
That was like a bog and a quicksand
I was swirled somewhere down round, down round
Dizziness retched all its repulsion
Gushed out "Your cooking is no wrong but
Your eating alone is unbalanced
You eat a lot or eat not at all"

At that my history rightly poked
"Must seek to a remedy dear friend"
"Yes, pitta, vata, kapha doshas
Unbalanced body, mind, emotions
Set them right and don't call me often"
Dizziness said tired of spinning me

Conceited head was on its own roll
That I just could not make it say yes
Yet touchingly to my inner sense
My halfway left history whispered
"I have still many pages unfilled"

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Don't worry, you will make it for me
Get well soon my dear friend; and went paused

Allopathy or Ayurveda?
Some suggest this and some suggest that
"Anything" fatigued my body says
Against its resistless giddiness

Indira Renganathan
When Night Descends

When night descends
Sleep ascends
Dream descends therein
And he alights thereat

Strange! !
He looks petalled!
'Why and how'
Ask I appalled

'I had a dip
Down there'

Moon! !
Intense more
He flares

I look around
There, in that pond
Crushed and scattered
Lillies found

'It's God's mischief
Not I to grieve'
He quips

My lunacy it is
Now no way
Than
Getting up and
Run away

Indira Renganathan
When The First Bell Is Tolled..

When the first bell is tolled
Decreed first is 'light be there'
All well held in dawn's hold
Birds hunt their day's fare

When the second bell is tolled
Sunny chandeliers of lustrous racemes flare
Buzzing around 'Golden Shower' enfolds
Eclat enlightened in that floral glare

Ere the first bell is tolled
Enforces me my mind 'ready be there'
To party birds' euphony manifold
Up the 'Sarakondrai's solitaire

Sarakondrai- Cassia Fistula

Indira Renganathan
When The First Ray Lights The Sky

When the first ray lights the sky
I doubt whether you do it golden
And when the dusk passing adown
I doubt your sheen is reflected
Such is your resplendency Sarakondrai

Sun is burnt up with jealousy
But you stay here brightly cool
When you were born simple afresh
Raw and rough as then grew taller
Would any’ve thought of this glory

Surprise, a real stunning surprise
Sarakondrai, dazzling in heights
All well sung accoladed a lot, lot
On all your promising enticing charm
Resonating even in this street-light

Yet lot more my heart wishes to praise
For you alone read my sorrow in my heart
My sombre solitary seeks your refuge
Into my eyes to my heart set to console
Caressing with your bunches so motherly

Sarakondrai-Golden Shower-Cassia Fistula

Indira Renganathan
When The Sun Shines

When the sun shines on the wall
When the wind blows on the tree
At once there's a shadow art
Does the tall tree on the wall

Now a giraffe then a seahorse
All and all for me to wonder
Well I think that all in nature
Happy of wind and light they dance

Create shadow art of many shapes
Never can man boast of himself
As they are the pioneers
To beat man in shadow art

Indira Renganathan
When The Thunder Bolts Boom

When the thunder bolts boom
With electrifying signal
Frightened
She hugs her lover

From above a romance
Roller-clouds giggle
With a whispering crescendo
'Are we too loud?'

Indira Renganathan
When The Vernal Shine Falls On.. (For Children)

When the vernal shine falls on
Fallen the shadow on the wall starts moving
Clear and distinct yet feeling uneasy
It asks the mango tree
"I'm your shadow, I'm on the move
But you're always stable, how is it?
Even the wall I've fallen on is stable
How is it and why?"
The mango tree knows not, nor the wall too
Like any human mother mamma earth chides
"Shh..don't question the higher laws"
At that, a bird's shadow
On the tree's shadow squeaks
"I'm flying far high to ask the sun
'cause shadow falls on his shine only"

Children oh sweet children answer can you
To the moving shadow the answer true

Indira Renganathan
When There Was No Network

When there was no network connection
Since that unpleasant cyclonic day
I adjusted myself to work offline
I wrote some poems too..
But one moment
Triggered my Laptop
Said "enough, your scribbles"
I told it..
"Why, you are my friend
You can not say so"
"Simply for that reason"
My Laptop continued
"without dictionary
wrong spelling wrong words"
Enough, stop
"Let the readers say that"
I told it

Indira Renganathan
When the clock struck one
The moon above the tree giggled
Scared mouse went up the clock
Held it tight not to strike again
A mid-night crow cried caw caw
At once a sleepy baby chick crowed
In fear to nudge a cock
Cock crowed thinking it was dawn
Feared mouse left the clock
Jumped away running
The freed clock started its
Ding-dong one to twelve
'What the time then? '..
The mouse was musing

Indira Renganathan
Where's hidden that bliss of peace?
Volcanic heart smoldering in silence
As it ruptures in speech to question
Where's hidden that bliss of peace?

Lotus poised aim is trying to up
Closed eyes open the mind only in vain
Where's hidden that bliss of peace?
Volcanic heart smoldering in silence

Indira Renganathan
Who Is The Strongest? (For Children)

That huge hill at the foot of which
A small hut and a big well found
Closer a veg garden all which
A farmer owned to live so sound
He was so content with no pride
But the hill was so conceited
Of itself on its height and size
So it laughed at the low well much

Just to teach the hill a lesson
Well told "look down deep into me
You'll know how low you too are then"
As the hill was hard and stony
It could not bend, so sought wind's help
Wind showed intense force with much spree
To behead the hill, a swift whip
Boomed down, down, down the hill adown

A taste of waste the well was served
And it vanished with the hill's head
The hill remained crestless since then
The farmer left that place so vexed
Till today the wind is boastful
Of turning life so eventful
"I'm the strongest, I'm the strongest"
It 't it the truth biggest?

Indira Renganathan
Whose Conscience Is It?

He held her hands
She closed her eyes

He kissed her on her eyes
'Sss, eyes are burning'
She said
'My lips are burnt even'
He said
'But no fire in my eyes'
She said

He stood silent, then
'Sorry' he said

Whose conscience is it?
'Stop smoking' it says

Indira Renganathan
Whose Fault?

Drilling the bark happily singing too
Cutting the trunk happily singing too
Bark to bark the wood-pecker goes
Next and next the cutting he does
Happy bird turns into a crying struggler
Victorious cutter is still happier

The deprived bird and the slain trees
Throw a curse over the man for no life
There happens a turn of drought
On the land forests being totally without
No rain and life becomes lifeless
Man preys on even beasts

Beast-like himself indeed, the wild
Cuts down his own race - be it old or child
Mother or other brutally killed and preyed
The land wounded with ichor oozing
Putrid stink everywhere nauseating
Soil becoming rusted with blood
Mother Earth to burst now of whose fault?

Indira Renganathan
Whose Hunt Was It?

To them in the jail cell
A challenge
"In the middle of dark night
Catch a mosquito alive
With bare hand..keep holding
It alive until checked
At once you will be released
Mind, no lights allowed"

For ever they would be in jail

Yesternight it came buzzing
On my left..then right..
Then my nose..then on my face
My hands swatted it not
But my ears, then nose
Then right on my face
Then suddenly my legs swatted
Lo, I covered
The whole of myself
Suffocating

No insect found..fugitive..
Buzzing..fugitive..buzzing
Like this tiny wingy foe
In any part of the world

And now, came again wingy foe
Buzzing over the blanket
I quietly flashed the torch
Through the blanket
I could see it
Quietly my hand out to trap
Held my breath..almost caught
But lo, how it fled away

I got up impatient
Sleeplessly sleepy
For the next day
Unable to win
Like them in the jail-

Indira Renganathan
Whose Name I Don'T Know

.... whose name I don't know
Whom I opine of a damsel divine
Of Aurora's orangy pink and yellow
Of her heart in velvety circles
Stocking cosmic pleasance
Biggie bigger blossoming
On par with the sunshine-morn...

....Whose name I don't know
Whom I opine of a damsel divine
Enchanting to endear and love
Albeit prickling caution beware
who weakened to perish sudden apart
For whom my teardrops flooding
For whom my soul swimming across...

....Whose name I don't know
Whom I opine of a damsel divine
Who endorsed her charm in my heart
A damsel divine as I opine
A ceaseless hunt wanting her back
Anyone, know who she is, who she is? ..
Anybody, know who she i, who she is? ..

Written in memory of a hybrid Rose

Indira Renganathan
Whostandsstrong?

Beaten to golden glisten by the sun
He can sheenmoonlit too well in the night
What if a small stone just rolls away from the sun
Shelters itself shady under the biggie's might

The boulder's fate, it's disturbed and toppled
Rolls down and down the slope to end crumbled
In anxiety the little stone too fast falls down
Oh, bad luck, it gets flipped off to vanish and frown

The hill shows its concern in self pity
Says'oh, my crown of beauty is now gone
How will I gain him back to my steepled beauty
Who crowned me showering all his luminance on'

A sand grain then says'lucky I'm this way
Tiny though I too can sheen night and day'

Indira Renganathan
Why Do They Laugh....?

1 She knows not English
Just 'II form' passed, there stopped
Those days' in Tamil

Her dignity posed
No less poised with 'The Hindu'
Up side down one day

Grand-kids bullying...
'Where does Porunai begin?'
'Arabikkadal' she answers

2 One more old woman
Talking to gods up skyward
To all devatas

Bullying grand-kids
Note down all talked to playful
Pastime reading fun

3 Yet another man
Old from the next neighbourhood
Wandering along

Forgets his own house
Gets into some other home
Sent out much mocked at

Leave alone the kids
Even the adults laugh at
Why do they laugh psychotic...?

Note: In earlier days 7th grade or 7th standard was known as
'II Form'

'The Hindu' is a daily English News Paper

'Porunai' is a river and 'Arabikkadal' is Arabian sea
Why (Shakespearean Sonnet)

Every morning sunshine prophesies Him
In leaves, flowers and trees and all around
Blest most, blest I in mind and heart hold Him
Tight in myriad colours me around

Every sunshine shines to light on a Truth
Blest I vision Him in land and sky and
Water and fire and air so strong in depth
My heart and mind hold Him tight in so bound

Every morning wakes up with a sunshine
For the man too to find Him in him too
While I feel Him in all things around fine
Within me I can't vision Him is true

Everything looks godly around me nigh
Yet I'm not lit to see Him within, why?

Indira Renganathan
Wind Mills

Man-made gods single-headed
Attached to a detached bust
Synthesizing on top decorad
Three- handed, two-handed deified
Whirling in slow motion
Standing at ease on four legs
Empowered to empower human needs
Whilst headless wind-God dispersedly
Diffusing, herding his rotor-children

Indira Renganathan
Window

Window open
Breezy, well-being
Aliveness, liveliness

Window shut
Breezeless, ill-being
Affected, afflicted

Window a puppet
Puppeteer we
Strings, our decree

Indira Renganathan
Window Track

Window opens wide
Rising sun is bright
Sun shine gets in straight
Through the window nice
Life is lighted bright
Life is lighted nice

Some yards ahead there
Railway tracks do glare
One train passing fast
Life is running fast
One train crossing fast
Life is racing fast

Trains running up and down
Life running up and down
Sun is upping to down
Sun shine upping to down
one left out bogie muted
Rife life at last refuted

Sun is gone and sun shine too
Life is muted in dark around
Window closes in night-fear
Awaiting the rising sun
Awaiting the sun shine morn
Another day, another journey

Indira Renganathan
Winter

To winter is to enter into a spirit
Of illumed triumph of Karthikeya
Portending the end of a season's demonic beat
While waken Devas of curving ozonic vista
Witness by Vishnu's Ekadasi Muran's devilish defeat
On which Vaikuntam throngs open with praises
That people fast to realise a fact
That Andal practised through her verses
With the Lord with devout fervour to unite
Holy abluted in the wintry aurora hours
Soul-strung garlands adorning the Lord bespoken elite
Winter welcomes warm and never freezes

Winter is warm yet freezes astounded
Whilst coupled to Thiruvadirai the night-long moon
Verity of unending space unveiled
When Lord Shiva danced to our fortune
Thence that Winter has been laureled
Of festivities artistically flourishing
Cymbals of Bhajans on streets loaded
Winter bears sacred springs outpouring
Everyone soused soulfully ere wakes the sun clouded
Afresh, anew like the new crops growing
Winter pleads to shrivel our sins heaped
Then of good consequence of good karma on harvesting

Indira Renganathan
Wisdom Parrot

A call of 'key, key'
In the skies above the house
A kind of squeak
'Key, key' of parrots
Delivering a routine green evening
Signalling that my heart be open
To see one mounted by Kamadeva
Another one Andal holding in Her hand
Some more each with
Multi-faceted consort of Shiva
Another one, a guise, sage Arunagiri
Questing for Parijatha
And of course parrot-faced Sukhabrahmam
Importantly preaching Bhagavatham...
Parrot parroting the Truth
Mortals' inner truth of wisdom-quest

Through love and desire
There's an enlightened plumage green and divine
Red-beaked from the 'Bakula'tree
Gazing at me 'key'key'ing
My heart blooms a smile
A parrot to parrot to me
The quest on wisdom

Note: 'key keying'- the cry of the parrot

Kamadeva, Andal, consort of Shiva(in various forms with various names), Arunagiri, Sukhabrahmam are all characters in puranas of ancient times who were associated with parrot.
It is said that parrot in the hand of a Goddess is singing the vedas all the time

Bakula tree- Mimusops Elengi

Indira Renganathan
Wishing All The Best

May our heartiest prayers bring us
All His mercy and blessings to accrue
Love and peace, love and peace alone

May our heartiest prayers bring us
All His mercy and blessings to accrue
Goodness and kindness, goodness and kindness alone

May our heartiest prayers bring us
All a happy life in unity true
With all His mercy and blessings alone

May our heartiest prayers bring us
A Happy New Year and years to accrue
This world to a one world our world alone

Note: I wish all the poets a very happy and prosperous New Year

Indira Renganathan
Wishing The New Year

Old Earth in its turns
Sprained seriously
Yuga to yuga.
Time does not at all freeze
And years unfreeze
One by one from B.C to A.D
Visioning through the old set-
The same Sun and the Moon
And the newborns sans new eyes;
Dimmed vision to be rectified;
Undoubtedly to be treated by one Lord-
Allah, Buddha, Jesus, Krishna, Shiva all mighty
Put together in a mighty nascent name
Nascent Sun and Moon
Nascent Land
Each grain of soil glittering
Imbued with mercy and benevolence
Joy and happiness
A continuum of happy almanac
A peaceful triumph of good over bad
And there's a way of wishing the New Year
'Open up may thy eyes Newborn Year! '

Indira Renganathan
Withering Petals  White..

A Rose
No sooner she in blossoms
Than she in withers white
Hurt and left forlorn
Failed my counselling even
But her examined heart
When murmured 'wary compost'
Shattered still more
Were petals of Peace
Strewn
As if along a lethal march

Indira Renganathan
Wonder Boy

A little boy, very little boy sported
Spun out a metallic rod playfully
The fate cunningly so jiggled
Hit an electric poll, an electric shock drastically

Boy's burning life be cared
His hands and one leg
And the remaining toes amputated
Prayers answered that his parents did beg

Sold his property, met the expenses
Loving father to save his son
His immaculate heart's wishes
Effortful kid repaid as a good son

Trained his mouth to write and paint
Mastered and won praises and prizes
Advanced to computer to work out
Then his mouth to keyboard to songs

His goal now to earn
For a prosthesis rupees in lakhs
No doubt he'll learn
For the money the ways

Need not a big tree bear a big seed
Need not skill too be only old age
Pruned plant doesn't die but yield
So too wonder boy ventures on with courage

Indira Renganathan
Wonderbond

Soul-life
Forces bodied
Silent He, active She
Sole and soul Shakti rules for will
Shiva's

Indira Renganathan
Words

Day and night
Alike
Dark and white

Words

Good or bad
Love or hate
Bless or curse
Praise or scold
Silent or loud
Pat on the back
or
Stab in the back
Peace in the heart
Or
Pain in the neck
Words are words

Words

Which labyrinthine mouth
Gluts with them our minds

Words

If you think
From your mouth
Better clip it shut
Muse on the labyrinth
Pray
Good or bad
Words do have power

Indira Renganathan
World

Unrest
Incapable
Failed peace-hunter ever
Tasty fights with bloody aqua
Fed fooled

Indira Renganathan
World Peace

This page is tranquil like its white..
On this
When I write to my Mother
About her lotus, her peacock
Her victorious liberty, her astute, salubrious issues
Halcyon breeze trills unfurling a peacock-dance
To the felicitous lotuses in abundance

But in a sudden hush of a spooky heart
My trembling hands admonish Mother
Voicing an alert to terrorism and violence..
Shocked..This page..outraged to bleed tear-flood
Bleeds and bleeds in a nexus to wet red
Other pages and other pages reticular far and wide
Friends, You feel the pain of my heart
In your eyes, in your hands as I do yours
Tell me, what shall we do to write
'WORLD PEACE' to restore this tranquil page

Indira Renganathan
Writing

Word-lit dreams
Waxed colourful
Waning to a blank decline
Recuperate, wax again
Psychedelically perfuming
Metaphor, simile, metre
Rhetorically cut, collect syncopating
Yet blank decline once again
Unthematic, dissatisfactory
Seeking materials waxing the thickest
Nature, man-heterodox, orthodox
Stories, history
Domestic complexity, social perplexity
Repeating, repeating
Dreams-word-lit true

Indira Renganathan
Ye Mybreath

Neither a vegetarian nor a non-vegetarian
Ye but the empyrean Eternal
Who can seize and store ye inside his mortal being
To proclaim to be alive immortal
Nay, but ye, when leave, killed the being, a dead carrion
While ye is there omni-spread eternal
Who can endorse no life in death? while death doeth in it have a function
Be it my being or my spirit, there's my ye Eternal
Oh my breath the Air, ye's so my food, cloak, couch, all heaven

Indira Renganathan
Ye The Above

Sun shines yellowish yellow
'A crow wants to wed a sparrow'
Say they of a saying old
Ye, the Above, the All Knower
Where has gone the bride pretty
For long does wait the crow

Ye, the Above, the Conductor
What charm this yellow has
Peculiar it shines much alluring
This good shine...a quagmire? a cheat?
That slumped in the pretty sparrows?
Help, Ye the All Power, the crow is waiting

Note- This poem is on the extinction of sparrows

Indira Renganathan
Ye The Eagle

Big wings, sharp look, ye! the eagle!
Highly spirited in high heights ye circle
Like a sage in spirited trance far high
Yet not like the sage to touch the Providence
But to fall like a missile with confidence
To prey a chick down nigh
Whose vision in better circle
Not the sage within but out, ye, the eagle

Indira Renganathan
You Are A Buffalo

Fat and weighty
Puddling in dirt and dust
You are a buffalo

I am a poet
Who picks up words
from the moon
To sing it to the sun

The sun rises
But you don't
You need somebody
To pull you up
Ready for the
Daily life even

I need a moon
To gift me words

Indira Renganathan
You Are My Best Poem Dear

As my senile eyes are looking up
At the rainbow colours of my karma
My heart is drowning submerged
By the morbid cacophony around

I am happy with my silent body
Woven around a confident soul
Up above, my karmic colours
Are weaving a magic carpet

My vision is sure of its reward
But this morbid cacophony this moment
As if from the House of Hades
Forbids me reaching that magic carpet

As my confident soul supports my soaring
My agile mind timely shuts my hearing
My vision makes my force rise up
With a sudden tug my hope sits up

Cacophony stops..alas..! I am alive
I tell my Life "You are my best poem dear";

Indira Renganathan
You Sway Not Here

You sway tree to tree with two hands' grip
two legs and the tail down in airy domain
Sometimes upside down with tail up
And two legs' grip and two hands down

An aimless wandering with a grin
Plucking fruits in a menace before they ripen
Hey monkey you make messy a green scape
Letting it not to sustain its happiness

Somersaulting ground to tree and vice versa
Poking and denting without a goal mindless
As if it's your free domain..hey the shilly-shally
Know, my heart my domain..just out this minute

Indira Renganathan
Your Attention Please

Alarmed were the people of that town
Ambulance running here and there down
'Boil Boil' was the slogan everywhere
Bitterly affected by the water there
Cryptosporidium, escherichia coli, campylobacter
Be vigilant about parasites' and bacteria's enter
Dwelling devils in sources of water
Killing horror in bloody terror
Unaware were the elves drank
Stomachs kneaded by nausea and cramp
ul more even in kids' camp
Affected were the cattle and crops to rank
Soberly patterned the way of that town
Strongly negligible the council of that town
Though happens at times better beware!
Cruelly contaminated that water be
Cautiously drinking must we be
Dissecting those devils to vanish
Boil your water your lives to cherish

Note: Definition of cryptosporidium
any of a genus (Cryptosporidium of the order Coccidia) of protozoans parasitic in the gut of vertebrates including humans and sometimes causing diarrhea

Definitions of Escherichia coli:
noun: a species of bacterium normally present in intestinal tract of humans and other animals; sometimes pathogenic; can be a threat to food safety

Definition of campylobacter
any of a genus (Campylobacter) of spirally curved motile gram-negative rod-shaped bacteria
of which some are pathogenic in domestic animals and humans

Indira Renganathan
Zodiac

Even the solar kinesis has restraints
A band of twelve figureless figures allures
Their pantomime enjoying the sun reposes
Buckled but we are at times
To laugh we cry to the deities
Unseen gods quietly in the game of celestials
Constellations anyway figure in the magazines
Over telecasts and broadcasts
On road-way palm-lines
You're foretold to name your fortunes
Aries to Pisces via Taurus to Aquarius
Via Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpius
Sagittarius, Capricorn to make all friends

Indira Renganathan