

Poetry Series

**Kulkarni Puttu**  
**- poems -**

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# Kulkarni Puttu()

I am translator.

# Aim

AIM

With all hopes to support roots  
raindrops ready to quit heaven  
Sacrificing its own identity, light  
reflects with the state of vision

Earth ready with patience to accept  
the pressured foot-print of human  
Even bears the scratching, digging  
fills the palms with affection

With all efforts to expand the space  
Sky welcomes the arriving elements  
Even the shapeless air enjoys, while  
carrying fragrance of every moment

With pleasure Atman enters the body  
to feel the cycle of birth and death  
Even eternal truth smiles, while  
that rotation towards the worth

Kulkarni Puttu

# Before Enter The Goal

Before enter the goal

A Prophet, had a vision and found an atom, dreams  
At the shining soul, holds evolution key  
The team of peaceful mask, at universal cluster  
Flied for revolution thru ladder of Mushroom tree

A Molar, splitting the light always to recapture  
Filled the zeros, converts one, to better unknown  
Now, monitoring to impose with mighty spy  
Stopped the wheels of new-dimension

Searching soul of unknown, before enter the goal  
Rushed thru galaxies to rule Black-Hole  
Finger lights the sky, perhaps to Time  
Showed the hidden soul mate of universal at all

The mind of supernormal driven by the remote  
The digitigrade's acceleration to the steps of cursor

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# Body Is The Soul Of Shadow

Body is the soul of shadow

Feelings of the mind now fountains of purity  
Flames of dancing light try to shape eternity  
Shadow of universal tree spreads hands of love  
&quot;Body is the soul of shadow' in search to shine cave

Valleys of worried black-holes in renewed rotation  
Deep-silence mingled with sky for the meditation  
Smiles of endless horizon with eternal rainbows  
&quot;Truth of Time is the soul of wisdom' and also space

Life is not the day dream of merely affection  
Blooming stars to support the will of evolution  
Dancing waves of fragrance from infant's eye  
&quot;Sky is soul of vision&quot; always tries to realize

Addition to the tradition leads the steps of perfection  
&quot;Peace is the soul of divinity &quot;to honor everyone

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# Contrariety

Contrariety

I love all trees " always  
because...

They never oppose me  
even receiving an offer  
for the cutting-festival !

I salute the wind " always  
because...

it reacts with a warm affection  
to all deep-sighs of my soul

I believe the sky " always  
because...

it never depresses me  
even though it is in extreme top

I love the art " always  
because...

it never showed any  
treasonous actions  
to my reliance

I fear -always the men  
because...

they will never appear tomorrow  
Like what they are today!

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Kulkarni Puttu

# Every Thing Is There

Every thing is there

Air is there everywhere,  
Even we are using fans  
Light is there everywhere  
Even we are using lamps

Peace is there everywhere  
Proclaiming with roaring team  
Space is there everywhere  
Even encroaching with tame

Time is there everywhere  
Even binding it in watch  
Land is there everywhere  
even digging daily by the batch

Scene is there everywhere  
even trying to store in snap  
Way is there everywhere  
Even rushing within the gap

Flow is there everywhere  
even putting it in the tap  
Sky is there everywhere  
even trying to draw the map

Fire is there everywhere  
even dropping the cell bombs  
Seed is there everywhere  
even hybridizing in test tube tombs

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# How Can I Forget.....

How can I forget.....

How can I forget the healing-touch  
to open the screen of fog  
Drops of spectrum waiting butterfly  
to fill the colors of life

How can I reject the guiding -finger  
to climb the hills of truth  
Steps of feelings; messages to universe  
to search the tunes of life

How can I suspect the hurdles on way  
to check myself towards the aim  
Crops of success; ultimate to efforts  
to fill the hope with scope

How can I forget the tunes of flower  
Gods open the door of peace  
Decorated to shine, the beauty of life  
to go ahead on eternal paths

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# If I Feel

If I feel the rhythms of blooming petals  
If I feel the photons of speeding light  
If I feel the innocence of infant smile  
Distance is vanished; I am with Thee

If I feel I can hear the speaking trees  
If I feel the fragrance in action of honey-bees  
If I feel the image of absolute nothingness  
Distance is vanished; I am with Thee

If I feel the pain of the hidden- roots  
If I feel the sympathy of rain-drops  
If I feel the sacrifice of Mother-Earth  
Distance is vanished; I am with Thee

If I feel the charms in the light of the stars  
If I feel the life in stones of the hills  
If I feel the footsteps of water dropp on lotus leaf  
Distance is vanished; I am with Thee

If I feel the hope in the sprouting of seeds  
If I feel the rhythm of five elements of life  
If I feel the evolution of the universe  
The curtain is lifted; I am with Thee

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# Introspection Of A Technocrat

Introspection of a Technocrat

Am I worse than the terrorist?

No. No! Even more and more

He is open to access always if tries

However I am disguised ever in "System core";

Am I bitter than the bureaucratic?

No. Never! Always more and more

He is surrendered himself to soulless leader

However I use the both as my perfect ladder

Am I worse than the whistle -blower?

y greater than him

He tried to put the holes to "Black-Hole";

However I fill perfectly the same, by "Black-Energy";

Am I worse than the job in the mob?

. Rather more yobby in the job

He may realize himself after action of punitive

However I am known to the &quot;justice of native&quot;;

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# Introspection Of Death

I examined myself, consider me as eternal  
Even the universal cloak limits my race  
Break the bars of life to enter the space  
To jump from that cycle of dark and light

Considered it is all vain and endless pain  
Yet, filled with sorrow, all accepts mission  
Diluting light and the thicker darken field  
Blinking stars closed the act of the shining

I am the border of life to numbered body  
Unknown soul counting the departure day  
O! What a silence at that root of the dark  
It is not the full point of any lively -task

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# Introspection Of Fifty-Plus

Awaiting for the restaging  
of youthful drama  
Treasured memories are lost  
Re-searching for the newer taste  
O! The same old, leads to vomiting stage  
The unknown new - always a mirage

We are dependent - each other  
to joyful love and lawful date  
both had the bundles of dreams  
to reach the evergreen horizon

Cruel reality was the break  
for the colorful dreams  
Showed the mirror to see ourselves  
Alas! alas! ! Wrinkles on the mirror! !  
to clear the illusion it is the solder

Younger mind; Half-ripened body  
Sweetie in talk; caution, diabetic touch  
Then attacked by hearts  
Now fear of heart - attack  
Can I love now? Can I love now?  
O petrubated imaginations

Empty empty stalls after the festivals  
Covered with dust and rotten fruits  
Shrinking eye-lids with winkled skin  
A perception with stuporus - elegance

The same old dream - girl  
met me a day before  
She had never talked then  
Now smiled with decorated lips  
after gently plucking the cheek  
of her grand-son! !

Now tell me please  
What is the meaning of life?

It is not merely a love.  
It is not merely date.  
It is not merely Car and gold.

Life is there -to wait and watch  
the crystal clear laughing of infants  
even to see them in the same day-dream  
Rotating in the same wheel

Let them all there, as it is  
Full stop is waiting for us  
Come quickly come quickly  
by wearing any sari  
Remove the wrinkles by ironing  
I will come within a minute  
After getting dye to  
the silver-shining hair

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# Marvelous Morning

Marvelous Morning

Dripping drops of reeding love

Pouring to awake dizzying buds

Gleaming smile of blooming petal

Beaming designs on creeping mood

Glittering mind of the rising Sun

Parting the fog to darting state

Threading to muse then nature's soul

Glancing towards the clashing part

Flowing of wings ever tuning the space

With gliding songs of tumbling chorus

Meditating wind opens the whitening rills

Silver-shining reflects on moving gills

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# Paradoxical Freedom Of Utopian Welfare

Paradoxical freedom of utopian welfare state  
Decorates the coffin of innocent plebiscite  
Dodger leads the dancing steps for packed fodder  
Loop-holes curtains for the hidden ventilation

Helpless voice of powerless position teams  
Tried to shape the route of the ethics  
Hurling of abnormal elements on procession  
Proclamation to light the shining Sun

Wandering in somnambulism to reach goal  
Locked the symbol of awakening all  
Hanging on the power lines to put the cut  
Even the natural flow is subsidized

Swallowed by our shadow itself waiting for sympathy  
Digging the contaminated clouds in search of the hopeful seeds

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# Petrolopanishad(Upanishad Of Oil)

Petrolopanishad  
(Upanishad of Oil)

O! The Resident of the White House  
O! The Secretary of Universe! O! The leader of England,  
O the Power- based Russia, China- France and Japan  
Salute to the NASA, gratitude to the OIL  
Naturally you are liquid, however considered as Real Asset  
Honored and meditated by the world  
Voluntarily surrendered itself to thee  
You are the Life you are the breathe, Obeyed by the universe  
Illuminated shining to the life  
O! The Oil! The Oil! ! The Oil! ! !

This is the Code; Criminal Procedure Code  
However considered as Civil Procedure Code  
Jealousy is the trend: Weapon's power;  
&quot;Power is Might&quot; &quot;Might is Right&quot;;  
This is the Code; Criminal Procedure Code

To grab the victory and the might  
Shape the policies, the Rules of UNO  
But keep the Power with G-8  
Pledge the future, Mortgage the knowledge  
Hypothecate the freedom with G 8  
Now you are gentleman, really a management Guru

O the people, Poorest in the past  
Minister in present, Caste and creed is the formula  
Voting is the media; Voting is the media:

This is the Fate: Might is the base  
Position is the target Have a race; have a race  
Oil is the formula; war is the media

Now the knowledge;  
West is best; west is best; Others, always waste  
Technology is the formula;  
Computer is the media for computer-mania;

Now the Generation;  
Test -Tube is the base; Hibernated semen is the seed  
Science is the formula; Cloning is the media  
Cloning is the media

Now Dharma;  
Materialistic - life is the target;  
Procreation is the mean and The End  
Mixing is the formula; Lust is the media  
Lust is the media

This is the new commandments  
One, who knows this, is happy, will be happy  
Donate the same to the world -  
To animal and also to the human being  
-if they are, really if they are! !

Kulkarni Puttu

# Poetry Is A Butterfly

Poetry is a Butterfly  
Fluttering to touch the sky

Creeping steps towards the flower  
Pouring love on shaking sight  
Jerking on the leaf of shadow  
Hurrying to kiss for spectrum flow

Whisking rhythm of wings of love  
Tumbling to create the fragrance wave  
Twisting gently the cheeks of feeling  
Slapping to have the dropp of twinkling

Stunning in the dancing -mood  
Spinning suddenly in search of deed  
Battling with the hissing sound  
Roaming to muse with flower's reed

Glittering soul of whisking face  
Frothing hopes in rapid race  
Creeping steps on mossaing place  
Spreading the wings to get embrace

Poetry is a Butterfly  
Glittering in the shining sky

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# Poetry Means

Poetry means....

Universal power, which guides  
the location of commensalisms to  
the planets and stars

Poetry means.....

Traveling light-beam in the dark  
To bright every field;  
and light every - fold

Poetry means.....

Correlated heart-beating waves  
with the pulsation of the absolute  
Abstract feelings

Poetry means.....

Refined melting golden -sheath  
In the crucible of universal -truth

Poetry means...

Percolating saliva by emollient lips  
in the innocent-laugh of infant buds

Poetry means....

A dropp of happiness to the ocean of pain  
Entered the cell as twinkling pearl

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# Poetry Was In

Poetry was in womb, exploded by the bomb  
Spread pieces of flesh; like flowers of hope  
Radiated raindrops pouched roots, to put fire  
Bending trunk of scrawling, move to a shape

Poetry was in soul, buried it to store in a hole  
Built bricks to seal the core; Blessings on board  
Dumped garbage to tight it never allowed breath  
Quacking earth-belt meditating slowly, to new hold

Poetry was in nature; covered by darken curtain  
Smoky-chimneys splitting cloud, fallen sparrows on road  
Drawings of crushed bodies, victories of devil wheels  
Rushing rockets of modern illusions, search of crystal dew

Atoms of evolution, why in anti-clock direction  
Dark waits for the spark in soul of nature's womb

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# Poornima Of Intuition

## POORNIMA OF INTUITION

Adroit footwork tuned with the obstinate control  
Kinetics of the body language exemplified the road  
Delighting the new dimensions imbibing with mood  
Mirroring the smiling nature thru the tunes of soul

Lotus eyes of lotus face always aesthetically shine  
Grooming smiles welcoming to the dawn of the life  
Theory is told; however, the Tantras are taught  
Knowledge would be given; thru the tunes of soul

Endless stars several planets hidden with the deed  
Spacey banyan tree seedling; life to twinkling seed  
Pouring nectar from universe, heart accepts as a flower  
Fragrance of the shining colors from the tune of soul

Perfumed layers to the sound waves; status of silence  
Sky and Earth meet at horizon, no question of fence  
Mirror stands in front of Time; reflection is the Sky  
Light and flow started to pour from the tunes of soul

Light the lamps without the fuel secrecy of the space  
Multiplied by the mass with every pulse of the place  
Dancing atoms cheerful twinkling again with the joy  
Time and Space joined happily thru the tunes of soul

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# Pricing The Earth

Pricing the Earth

O! What a marvelous flower of known universe  
Seeded by the cosmic-energy on endless space  
Rushing soul of Time, searched a road of future  
Dancing waves of feelings led to plant the race

Budding hopes of bloomed, grab the core to capture  
Hurt the stings of roots and cut the link of water flow  
Shut the door to light and heat, covered by smoke  
Breathing in a plastic-tube also conditioned glass box

Skeletons and skulls of victims, buried in the treasure  
Recounting the history for the increment of pleasure  
Shapeless results of baseless, policies hit the petals  
Vibrated pulses, pushed the blood to break at all

Illusions of metallic-money, bids the value of womb  
Searching thru web and hub, to fix the perfect tomb  
Researching on rushing rocket, to find another flower  
Pricing of the Earth is waiting on the sandy tower

Seeded bullets to grow the gun-plants, dropped bomb  
Flooded the fountains of flesh and blood on atoms  
Hit the fire of jealousy to hold the power in smoke  
Spitting pipes of contaminated heart, pricing the earth

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# Question Of Almighty

I am Fire; are you ready to kiss?  
If yes, you will be my flame

I am water, are you ready to embrace  
If yes, you will be my wave

I am sound; are you ready to accept  
If yes, you will be my frequency

I am sky; are you ready to touch  
If yes, you will be my 'space'

I am the silence; are you ready to see  
If yes, you will be my Truth

I am the nothing; are you able to feel  
If yes, you will be my vision

I am the beauty; are you ready to reject  
If yes, you will be my real Prophet

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# Signature Of Almighty

While honoring root for its sacrifice  
Silence is shining canvas of universe  
While meditating for the evolution

Star is the illuminating support by eternity  
While venomous clouds swallow the tunes  
Truth is the sky to allow the space for all  
While movement of elements towards Unknown

Light is the affection of 'The Future'  
While guiding the searching atom  
Migrated light is the dress of knowledge  
While reflecting hidden wave of intuition

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# Ultimate Fine

## ULTIMATE FINE

I proclaimed myself -

    &quot;I am the Space&quot;;

Sky simply smiled at me

    with the empathy

I declared myself -

    &quot; I am the power&quot;;

Nature simply touched me

    with gentle sympathy

I announced myself -

    &quot; I am the powerful creator&quot;;

Time simply blinked at me

    with it's unique infinity

I announced myself-

    &quot;I am the leader&quot;;

Sun simply shined brightly

    with real eternal entity

I considered myself -

    &quot;Everything is mine&quot;;

Death simply embraced me

    With the 'Ultimate fine&quot;;

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# Voyage On The Silent Zone

Voyage on the silent zone

One has to write with the light-ray  
Thru the space of endless universe  
on the dark layer of the unknown bay  
to shine the hidden trousers of soul

Plough the mind before the sun-set  
To install the shining of stars  
Open the mask of scanning machine  
Feathers of rainbow on horizon

Countless eyes for pulses of heart  
Voyage on the silent zone  
Move towards the divine-blooming  
To feel the truth and vision

Pour the drops of pearls of hopes  
To link the eternal evolution

Kulkarni Puttu

# Why The Poets Are Like This...?

Why the poets are like this-?

-becoming as a pale - cloud  
to pour a few drops  
even after seedling in  
artificial way  
with the imported technology

Why the poets are like this-?

- Like a public taps  
sprinklings a few drops-  
once in a week  
if any invitation comes for  
commemorate function  
with a roar and murmuring voice

Why the poets are like this-?

-Like the symbols  
of SMS calls  
of the hurry-burry malls  
in the hidden voices  
of recession of dollars

Why the poets are like this-?

- Like a dried bore-well  
even after boring  
to the extent of mile-  
together in  
burning sun and churning life

Why the poets are like this -?

becoming like a soft-  
drink bottle  
with the artificial energy  
filled by the machine  
in the declining of the cultural flow

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# World Of Words

World of Words

I seeded the words in dark

They twinkled in stars

I seeded the words in eye

They started to pour feeling

I seeded the words in water

They danced on wave as lotus

I seeded the words in wind

They smiled with fragrance

I seeded the words on trees

They tuned with bird's smile

I seeded the words in heart

They pulsed with the love

I seeded the words in mind

They enlighten the hidden cave

I seeded the words in sky

They decorated in galaxy

I seeded the words in &quot;Elements&quot;;

They clubbed and appeared as infant

Infant seeded the words as proxy

They entered the soul of evolution

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