

Poetry Series

lovita j r morang
- poems -

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lovita j r morang(16th july 1976)

>>Breaking News...

Look into me: Lovita Marang

'Air pollution is not as dangerous as a polluted mind'

written by Aiyushman Dutta, times of india Guwahati

Life has been nothing short of a dream for Lovita j r Morang in which she calls each and every shot. This enterprising young model from Assam shot to fame while walking the ramp with the likes of John Abraham and Aryan Vaid and consummate performances in Assamese blockbusters, Bukur Majot Jole and Morome Morom Jane. In fact, she along with Tora and Panchali, set the stage for modelling to make inroads into the state of Assam and the north eastern region.

Apart from modelling, Lovita also writes poems which underline the agonies and cries of the helpless apart from making documentary features and tele-films. This self-admitting 'chronic traveller' is now all set to make her first full length feature film to be released all over the country.

'Nowadays, I walk the ramp only on invitation. I am totally focused on film making at present, ' says Lovita. Her latest documentary, The Sylvan Bride had been accorded A-grade by Doordarshan Kendra, Itanagar last year.

After garnering the experience of making more than twenty documentary productions for Doordarshan, Lovita plans to make as many as three full length feature films in the coming three years. And she wants to convey a message through her films; the message of 'peace'.

Lovita while talking about her 'protest features', said, 'I just want to make films so that I can capture a message and convey it to the world. My films will protest against the hypocrisy in society. They will focus mainly on social issues. I feel bad about the present state of the world'. She quickly added, 'All my initiatives are on humanitarian grounds. I don't know politics and don't want to play any politics. I just want peace on Earth. The world can be so beautiful when it is peaceful. Sadly, people have failed to realise it'.

Elaborating on the objectives of her debut feature film, Lovita said that she has a message to convey to mankind. 'I am a patriot. I may not go to the battlefield but I am very much frustrated with all the happenings around me. My poetry and films are all works of protest. Protesting is like writing in the wind; I am a silent protestor.'

She ridiculed the developmental initiatives of the government and said, 'India shining, India glowing, India moving forward. All these are crap. I go to interior places of the region to make films on developmental features and there is no trace of development in those places'.

She took instance from the latest debacle of Assam in the form of the public clash with the Adivasis, 'Just see how hypocritical people are. Their outlook itself tells you. Politics may be a tool but think about humanity for a change. They are crying for clothes, for food, for shelter. Listen to their cries and be with them. But no, people are going about stripping those unfortunates in distress.' The seriousness of her thoughts can be gauged as she pleads, 'Don't pollute your mind. Pollution in the air is not as dangerous as pollution of the mind'. Lovita's new avatar doesn't go down with her on-film image and she explains, 'I don't drink nor do I smoke. But I broke that rule in Gautam Bora's film for the character demanded it. I broke it for the sake of art as I had to develop the character.'

In this strife-torn age when all sort of achievements are solely based on monetary or materialistic benefits, it is people like Lovita who help re-affirm one's faith in humanity.

...fatally passionate about her works on so far and still inspired by life to write a child you learn and what here we are as projecting and protesting into world of fashion and films, flute -all goes great...when the beauty and love grows within and branch out...shining in out down up... this so far is lovita J R Morang...

. Here Is Love

. here is love
tell me
the moment
when
that you
wrapped that much of love
unnoticed
and left

never to return
and
you
never returned

tell me
when

when I was
so near to you
and I failed
to notice

today
I am amazed
To find
This love
This feelings
In your absence

Feelings to see love
Through every love
Through every moment
Here is love

And feel sad
When people fight

Amidst that fight
And fighters

I see you
Smile
And fight gets over
I hear
You say
Here is love

A flock of birds
Just fly passed
And disappeared
All in one direction
Leaving behind emptiness in the sky
Leaving behind emptiness in my mind

Like you
Disappeared
To all directions

And from all these directions
Returns to me
Love in million forms
That reflects through me
Because
Of the love
you left
And then
you left

here is love

now I can feel
the togetherness that filled the emptiness in the sky
the thoughts that filled the emptiness of in my mind

of the birds that disappeared
how they
Gathers Strength
Through togetherness

There was
The same love
In their togetherness

In their strength
That they left
Me to feel more togetherness with you
Me to feel more strong without you

Here is love

This is what
We fail to feel
That can keep
Any forms of living being
Alive
Any forms of death
Live again

Here is love for us

lovita j r morang

. Inside Your Mind

. inside your mind

mind you
magic is in you
start counting
if your fingers fail

that brain
where 10 add 11 zeros
of neurons branching out inside
pause
think over
deeper
so it's possible to count

your brain can know
one hundred trillion things
your and mine
add on
what wonder can we not do

[haute cuisine everyone round the table
one asking for salt
there is already enough salt in the food
doctor says extra pinch of salt is fatal to health I said
tell the doctor to join dandi march
Mahatma will be happy not me
pass me the salt]
billions of atoms
burst inside my mind
I suddenly become
A grain of salt
a grain of a single salt
inside your mouth
just feel
the power
of sixteen zeros
forces of ten million billion atoms

and the forces of power
between the atoms
atoms in the salt
salt on the table
salt in the mouth

another bigger universe
in these smallness of being

mindkind shall never misunderstand
if you can understand
if I can understand

mind you
magic is in you

if you have felt it
than the atoms will dance for you

so you are thinking now
start thinking

mind you
magic is in you

lovita j r morang

. We Need No Change

we need no change
We cannot change the society
We cannot change the world
For whatever everything was born with own beauty

WE WANT CHANGE

because we have ALEADY
changed the unchanged
chained the unchained

if changed... will be chained
if unchanged... will be unchained

we want to see the caged birds fly NOW
when it was ALEADY FLYING

change made everything hostile
for this earth was ALREADY rich and fertile

We shall see these ed events evolving through these beauties
Let Every thing be unchanged but UNCHAINED

For we don't want ourself to change but unchained

Not to be confused here again

We need no revolution
We need is evolution-[natural selection]

We need no solution
We need is a RESOLUTION

YES WE NEED TO CHANGE THE MIND SET[means setting the mind RIGHT]
Never mind CHANGE IT FAST

For nothing need change is the global WAR. NING

Think of NOTHING now

Human lullabies

You need sometime to sleep

Do not think of changing sleep

For we NEED to WALK and WAKE UP tommorrow

lovita j r morang

...A Silent Kiss

Night orchestrated now the stars are silent
Behind the sky drumming up thunderous beats

some distant rumbling of yesterdays haunt me still...
rains of hope falling

caressing the bosom of the earth
like the wind

writing painting into the canvass of this maddening night
this another night shall give birth to another colors

another silence another you and another me

the smiling night queen
flowers engulf in the fragrance of jasmine

breathing in the spirited strength
tired is not yet your feet - miles more to unfurl the ...

the sun of the land has kissed your feet
feet are stronger now

magical steps

with a heart singing happier songs
you made me see these thousands of suns

rising from all directions
and made my days to bloom

what a beautiful gardener you are...

each petals of each flowers awaits for the fall of the dew
each morning awaits to show the path leads to tomorrow

every small way every wonderful way
you made the moon kiss me to sleep.

What a beautiful lover you are...

lovita j r morang

...Another Love

this evening was different
crimson red clouds with passion looking down
every leaves on trees on plants looking up
amidst the birds so confusing
jig and jump over
they can sense death

in the romance of these sadness

I was breathing quietly
So that this dying little bird
Learn to breath again

Little heat from the sun left
Lifting the movements of soul
Soul stirred
I thought this right this time
Now now now
Yes yes
Now
Eyes half opened
Heaven's door half opened
Like the first cry of new born babe
Awakens the smile of dying mother

You don't need to fly now
Though you have wings stronger
Breath first

then with
my love
fly away

lovita j r morang

...Birth Of A Day

... birth of a day

An endlessness, gifted:

maddening passion

wrapped in blue, red and green

to make love to the enormity of littleness...[]

moments wanted to be married [moments which...]

but time not yet born...

thirst frozen-steaming cup of coffee

time alive-the clock on the wall dead

so many tomorrows- today has for us

A new moon day ...

...in the nights of these -each living...

Dear endless sky-never shall you be walking in the dark

Without the stars-

...so far gone...

...still the fragrance from the empty bottle of perfume lingering in and around

Wherever I go...

lovita j r morang

...From The Color Green

Greener is the night
I thought
of a friend farer

Windows are open
In this silent
midnight winds
my eyes
breathe

Quietly peeped in
The long curtains
breathe

like the sunkissed
black and brown hair
turning into golden
Everything is defined in itself

I wonder
why light glows in the night
If such is the beauty of
being in love
You cannot simply sleep
with a human
Until he can
make your soulful survival dance

And like the firefly
you dance
and made me dance
A maddening dance-
where you made me see everything dancing

Making love might have marred
the marriedness
of such madness

Emptied

cups of mint tea
Emptied
all the thoughts
that were in minds

Two minds

Minds that can hear the music
in everything and everywhere

Both sleeping in peace
like a new-born babies
After a tiredness of talking
and thinking of fools
who failed to feel
What a pure feeling
of beingness
That spread it's wings
towards the TOTALNESS
in the glory
of this new born night

I woke up first...
you made me look beautiful
You made my life beautiful
And you made me write
Greener is the night...

lovita j r morang

...In The Single Room

in the single room

dreams of
yesteryears
yesterdays drips...

all in each particles
of each teardrops
flowing through the face
of many a morphed faces
tears tearing through it's veins
through that 100 trillion cells
cry in the single room

where the single bed waits
for human to wake
for another moments
endless days
endless nights
that and there
you ease your angst

standing in the corner
that single frozen denude woman
like the bride in exile
still singing
have you ever seen her
wailing too

still
in the stillness

when you roar
like the lion
have you seen her
awaken too
when u sigh

when you beat the drums

with eyes closed
have you seen her
dance in the beats

like the window
masked inside
by the creeping money-plants

like the birds making and unmaking love
on tree top outside
like the buffaloes
crossing the river
from this bank to other bank

sealed moments
unmasked
everything crept all over me...
refracting and diffracting
reflecting I
like the pure light
with an universal unlimited speed of light
crossing 300000km per second

sometimes you-
like the light
sometimes me-
like the energy

light through energy
energy through light
like the time
that never waits

everything traveling faster...

like the two-stage process
of negativities
into positivities
developing black and white photograph
with endless colors of images
imagination
inside the dark-room

you cry
in your single room

empty tables
sealed with words
weaving words
for the world
with your mouth shut
you are healing
these many wounds
marching heading
changing
and challenge to realities

you cry in the single room
and
eyes swathed with teardrops
that sieved through eyelashes
failing to hold
like you fail to hold thirst

like the bee
that knows honey drips
deep inside the flower
an impact of fertility
of three colour of red-green-blue
and
green in between [our dreams]
with 10,000,000 colours inside

that creates green...
that creates pure green...
and from the pure image
that teardrops
like honey drips out
on to the single leaf
of the creeping money-plants
of my greennee

and you said
dewdrops...

lovita j r morang

...Sounds Of Heartbeats...

...sounds of heartbeat...

Always wonder-each beat longs - each beat ask

...where are you...

Questions all frozen...

A hot cup of tea...

And the table by the window lying since unmoved-

Some dry flowers ready to be enliven though dust ridden...

By the touch of the creepers of blue bell flower that creeps through-

On the fractured wall-standstill laughing Buddha...

A secret, many a mysteries of a face-ready to smile...

-a face very known in the standstill painting hidden...

No no never...

Never you try to know it...

I may love you the most

Magazines old some new...

Many a pictures of human on the run...fun...gun

Culture war...

A sacred calling to their own celebrated survival...

Somewhere my own face glows unto the faded face of the magazine...

Someone a writer by life, living, passion, profession...

Knocks into the doors of silence

Wants me -

to express, address

And I then and there undress...

Do you want me to pretend...

Sounds of heart beat

Paused...

lovita j r morang

...The Secret Victory

...how

what is the secret victory you triumph over
what is that in that eyes-like the calm blue sea

impregnating the vast blue skies of wholeness of beatitude
how you give birth to plentitude
how you make the pearls sprout out from the dews
and how you compose music of life
in the dark empty room
and make the night bloom...how

lovita j r morang

...Walking On

...walking on

...no end to this untamed walk

where numbened nude feet walk miles free and wild

soothe beneath are the grasses

wild ferns unfurl its leaves

the tallest bamboo grass grows n grows higher

even higher the pine tress

touching the morning sky

unkissed shall not be the valley

unchained landscape of survival

wrapped into these wilderness...

walking on...

lovita j r morang

...When Was I Dead...

Cruelty in your love,
Reign higher the devil;
Nightmare-

How bitter is your sweet words,
Glitter you, in your vain world.

Life, realities...
A mere acceptance,

Dream-
A truth, I followed;
Unto it treasured,
Peace and happiness.

Why did you wake me?
When was i dead

lovita j r morang

.i Am Your Man

I am your man

[.]

writes a woman

then

all the blanks

then

appears

...

...

...

only dots

I am stuck

I do not know

How to

know you

Through that violin

Hanged on the wall

For years and years

Enlivening the walls

Or

Through the guiter

That enlivens your fingers

Awakening the man in you

Lord krishna on another wall

And I fiddled the flute

I see the man in you

Across the table

Beneath all the lights

Waits

Mix amul milk powder

Little more

Over bru black coffee

While...

Through

South-east asian vision

You can see her in the air

You wait for her
your woman so far

Without knowing
I tried to
know

Unknowingly

You say
Know me too
And I try to

lovita j r morang

A Birth Of A Day

... a birth of a day
an endless - gifted

wrapped in maddening passion

to make love to the presence of such enormity of littleness...
moments wanted to be married

but time not yet born...

thirst frozen-steaming cup of coffee
time alive-the clock on the wall dead
so many tomorrows- today has for us

A new moon day ...

...in the nights of these -each living...

Dear endless sky-never shall you be walking in the dark
Without the stars-

lovita j r morang

A Ceaseless Cry

...a ceaseless cry

I am growing in between
Change and what needs changing

Between force and power
Mistakes and misdirection

Like flowers from bud
And bud from another deep universe...

In between my true and extended self and beyond.
I see more colours more patterns now.
I have just begun

So brave are this men brave enough to live full out
What a honor to have the blessings to be
and live more for tommorrow
necessary to feel this power now

NEWNESS so old so young so beautiful-an ancient act
being and non-being
in the circle of bohemianism
my forehead broken not me
I my be bleeding but not my destiny

THEY are thirsty
using my blood to whitewash their walls
what happened to the GOD in me

remembered you walking tall
soul stirred by the music you composed for me

a lively PIECE
Iike a ceaseless cry of a countrymen
of a country for little PEACE

lovita j r morang

A Day More

Somebody's friend,
somebody's foe;
Somebody daughter
somebody's mother.

Relations

living, where nobody wants eachother to live...

why still the heart beats,
In a dead man's breast?

Why do the voices within,
allures me to wait,
 a day more...!

How blissful is the blessings...
through the notes you wrote...

What more the hungry eyes yearns to see?
What else do the dry lips want to mumble?
Why do the hands should beg shamelessly?

A prayer.....A dying desire
To live a day more...

O, Sun-how bright you can shine...
Shine amidst life
Very long, to far...
But wait for a while

Little dreams left Little love, little more care
 for someone, something more.....

Shine! Shine a day more
Let my beloved sleep-in the my womb of my dreams

under the shadow of these survivals

of your Sun Shine...

Shine...

onto the woes Of the forbidden land

shine

a day more...

lovita j r morang

A Golden Country

Create for me too a country
Where everybody fights
And I too fight
to make them not to fight

Sky sought shining sun
Your green field filled with raining roses
Smells of mud
Soften soiled huts

Do you dwell with us
Do you know me God
Taming my mind
Through bitterness
I shall try to be kind

Beneath my stoic servitude
My subdued laughter might burst
Life may be less sweet
But I shall not gift you pain

Gift me too a country
Where I too can reign free
Levity in lone sojourn
Brick by brick
I too shall build a chain free-a golden country...

lovita j r morang

A Little More

Who shall I say-
the God!
When so many Gods we are surrounded with
on trees... in stones... in home... in hearts
I am not mystified
Friends wanted to know my religion

I smiled and said Relation! ! !
Relations are religion...
Confused
asked me other way
Who is your God?
you look like the God
still confused

Night slip off into dark confusion
smiles on
earth finished another round
Ready for another- slipping into another day
I came out of my room
Looked around
Looked down

Human hum from the temple bell, the church, the mosque ...
Like a good morning song
Then I look down to the crowded street
Walking the same street - a Hindu, a Muslim, A Sikh A Christian, A Buddhist,
Like the planets in the solar system
And sun smiling by

As the shutter of shops opens
first thing I see everyday is smiles
street filled with spirit of smiles
as if every precious words from the Koran, the bible, the veda, dhamma
merged in the air
The smiles ooze out everyday like a good morning
The street looks like a peaceful garden of earthliness
I believed in love again
A re-birth-

Humanity worshipped,

Down from the street, the paper boy throws up the newspaper
Graphitt 2 December,2007

Master of art

Raqib shaw

garden of earthly III delights sold

for a staggering \$5.54 million at sotheby's London

Secret of success

Native land of Buddhism a paradise on earth called kashmir

parents muslim,

teacher a hindu,

school Christian

great victory in great Britain

They say if you have Victoria miro

Then you are made

Delightful dealings of earthliness

Grow your own garden

Don't choose flowers

Be a good gardener

News in the paper

Millions of human mistakes danced before me-cries before me

Cries creeping out from the words and pictures

Human Beggars,

begging nothing but the

Things that costs nothing

Nothingness-as empty as the sky.

Veering to an unknown direction,

There...Here...

The sinner's Abode-neither you nor I rule here

but we Preached the most sacred psalm;

like the Holyman burnt in sin.

Sin by loving...things not to be loved

They say forbidden apple don't eat

Down in the street bihari bhaiya calling me

Didi... apple aam

Do accha apple pheko

Apples rolled on the floor

i smiled as I heard myself saying forbidden apple for the day

what more you want me to say
everywhere is happy and gay

Serene sleeping soul,
ashened in an unending passions of sinning;
Entrapped in the beauty,
Of it's own sadistic slaughter.
to the direction where goodness tries
god in us reign to rise...
in these beautiful temples of aliveness...
a little more prayer in these relations
a little more smile for these religious existence

lovita j r morang

A Motherly Man On 187 Flinders Lane

as you just passed by
187 flinders lane
I smell you through
the aroma of truffles

Each ingredients a motherly man
Makes love to
the veiled secrets of human taste
And
each human face
Bloom like vincent van gogh's pain
through the Sunflower
For a moment
pain all frozen
beneath all these pretentious smiles
And
The caring hand with sharpest knife
Cut out
What each human desires
And pure honey bleeds
And honey tongue talks of delighted love
A taste that test
The warring minds
And the you win over
Yes, Simple way
As you pass by 187 flinders lane
And the beautiful mind humm
Some hidden songs you mumble
And the music and food becomes a poetry
and also the stories like a poetry
That has all human stories
of human burning fingers in wildfire
of human discovery in dark
of all that secrets of taste
that
A motherly man carry
And passby 187 flinders lane

lovita j r morang

Abandoned

...Still the images of the hidden evil,
Scratch the wounds;

Dying soul,
Collecting impossibly,
The ash.

A new life-expecting!
Isn't it possible to forget,
those untitled deeds of unforgotten days?

Madly, soared on laughing,
Over the untouched memories;
Soaring desires soared on and on

Searching...
the perfect image in the nothingness;
From the core of blank spirit.
Standing amongst the strangers;

Started-off I,
My journey...
To search for a dropp of attainment;

Strangers-

Helpful hands extended,
Helplessly towards themselves;
Ran ran and ran away my beingness-
Rape of the new born hopes!

Died
Before the death greets.

Alone standing-
Abandoned,

None but my own soulic survival;
Started laughing;

At me.

lovita j r morang

Also My Story

Also my story

I

so were the orthodoxical desires
of womanhood
so were the deeds
of agreements
to live on
as religious lover
piercing through
this cleavage of
any high and wide skies
to prove that
you are a beautiful woman

truth about
a true story
in the foolishness
in the blunder
in the regrets
a fertility cults
as a matter
of faith
as a mother
of fact

again impregnating
with these
ceaseless desires
is it a pro-creativity
or a ion
of breeds and births
moulding months
from I into me
then to myself
then to we
then to us
to gift human-
symbol of love
as spring gift

orchid
to it's season
like the chinese lovers runs
towards rivers chen and wei
and the assamese
towards river brahmaputra
to gather and gift [kapouful]orchid

symbol of
undying love
and love dies

dumb beast
do your heart beats
dark machiavellian machismo
here I fail
to define the
unidentifiable monsterty

II

culmination of energy
to write life
this is another story
where a woman
like they and me
te over
to proof
our own worth self
testimony
to ritualistic use
tried fried eaten beaten

III

from everything
evolves out
also my story
I slept and sleep next to
superman sycophant
Under an blanket
wrapped in the suffocating smoke
of cigarrates
That has ashened
my beingness ...
Soul succumed

at the smell of drinks
And their translated pride
and glory of falsehood
has slaughtered
my living

IV

Suddenly I came out

ALIVE

Like a madman
running out
of a wheelchair
Never knowing
legs were stronger
to walk
to run free
Feeling of a life
again
to be lived

V

In the crossroad
many a human generations
pass-by
People shaking hands,
friends hugging,
laughing,
crying
Waiting,
working,
struggling
surviving...
I was standing
near a signboard
written
'no standing no parking'
In these bussiness
and hurriedness

[not knowing who is going where]

I was not lost
deeply rooted
to my ownself

VI

smiles

[that is important for everyone to feel]

The woman in me
sigh
for this superior one
for womenliness in me
stirr up
waves in the sea
urge
surge
and merge
surrender

sleeping souls
[breathing] again
with another
wayfarer man
-no cigarrate,
no drink,
no eroticism
Simply
falling in Love
these tides
of timeliness,
through these concentrated time
soul slolely sleep
next
to this superior man
and
smell of life
my mongloid blood
runing through the veins
enlivening an acts of ancient mongoloid warriors
rooted over
UP. rooted rituals
of war
of womanhood
of worldliness wonders

I felt myself
instantly
as superior woman
untouchability
away from

any that casts system
Smells of life-
generates power
inside
my principle of inheritance [now]
nothing
tempts me
except
this tempestous
smell of life

[two sterlings on roof-top-
kisses in the air -Two for JOY
doves flying by]
[when I say TWO-
it's the total earth and the sky-
total time and space-
total vaccum and the total beginning,
total moving and growing,
total music and mind]

VII

good to have you
in my life
through cerebral
then through corporeal
infinite spaces
between notations
for the music to grow
infinite layers
between the earth and the sky
for the universe to grow
infinite distance
between relation
for us to grow

grows universal relations
I smelled of life
so PURE
Through these relations
that revolves around
in this orbit.

VIII

Two human

zealousness
jealousness
merge of two elements
of forces
inside my body
Igniting me
into nothings
and
into somethings
Clash of
two different forces

peace
pieces

again peace planted
Mortalities and immortalities
of vision

Nothing bleed so much
and BEAR
Great only is
the Mother Earth

Like phoenix-
I rose

My strength rose and reflect more
than this my own image
that appear
before this mirror
[more than they know themselves
Everybody has this strength]
I see thoroughly
Like the madman
Between
nothing and something
my beautiful body
ooze out its beauty
overtaking
Through the bruises

beneath

Donned in Diamond
might not be this Divine
Then my richness
in denuded form

purely denuded
in all form of senses
of rights
of wrongs
in womanliness
in worldliness
I wrapped by body
in the sacred robe
of a holyman[in my pious mind]

IX

smiles and loud beats
I put on
the haute pants and spagette
and in my ballerina shoe
I am ready

As the beats begins
hundred decible deafening
let it be
no turning down
the noise and the sound
that's the human music

[I don't want to hear anything this moment],

my room shaken and waken
by the techno-afro-beats, raggae-hiphop...
The child in me
the girl in me
the woman
the feminine fantasies
all merged
Like the rivers merged
into the sea
into wholeness
stones
some from sea

some from river
beneath the mirror
also moves
also dances
body automatically moves on
to dance -non stop-
not to stop now

X

My picture
like a historic mural
next to my bed
smiles
in the photoframe
Hot cup of coffee
steaming waiting
Stanstill evening
Crimson red sky
autum air
birds retiring
[music still on country songs, gazals, raaga,
instrumental-flute and tabla, violin, saxophone]

I played the flute
for some hours...
letting highest form of
supreme energies
into six holes
reaching right upto
the whole universe
That was divine...

dawn of romanticism
in dark mid nights
glorified morning
And I am busy now

writing life
Not on feminism
Machoism
Chauvinism
humanism
Subjective

objective of world
not even
on you

Simply an intercourse
of my story
and
my life...
intimate relation
with realities
half-truth
other half
hurts
hidden

beauty of secrets
I will tell you
Another way

Such is this life
intoxicating beauty of a bird
that immense power to fly
nothing to hold
hold on to nothing
just in nothingness
freer than
freedom itself
wings
like free thoughts
of human hopes

composing music
for the landscape
bird knows NOTHING
only to spread the wings
of wholeness
totalness of being...
[when I say MUSIC]
[it is the these wholeness and totalness of being]

XI

Through this big
and beautiful WINDOW

Flowers and butterflies bathe
in fragrance
of their own beingness beneath
I see this BEAUTIFUL WORLD
forgetting nothing
cutting off nothing

Between necessities
and essentialities
Between injuries
injustice and inspirations
Between my poetics
and my mother's politics
Human animals
What are we
Social rational political
what a gallant gallop

Translating time...
taming bohemian promises
and play timid
to traditional ties

Nourishing my pragnating peace
growing
silence
When I say LONELY-
[we are NEVER alone
when we are surrounded by
the WONDERS OF THIS WONDERFUL WORLD
[feel the magic and let me know]

XII

Watching kuku
packing up
little girl
growing
crying in loneliness
Today
she will be travelling
alone
hometown to celebrate new year
Everything grows

in silence,
in loneliness
Amidst people's
growing
greediness

Watching the food cooked
in the firewood

Fire through the wood
wood through the fire
forming forces

People gather round the fire-
They need these forces
bonfire
smiling
laughing away
hard days of hardwork

cold wintry nights
of december-
distant rhyming
of bihu song
by children
of village
Light oozing out
from the huts

...Lao kha, bengena kha, [eat gourd and aubergine]
basare basare barhi ja, [grow year after year]
maak soru, bapek horu [your mother and father are small cow]
toi hobi bar garu[you will be a BIG COW]
holy COW
the another native new year]
the GOD
everything GROWS
except COW. ARDS

[goru-bihu will be in April-

finished watching
MIND IS BEAUTIFUL
joan of arch and la vita de bella
nothing is lost

but found
in translation
called
LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL

retreating
like the sun
from its own shadow
heaving
in heaven-
leaving this life
INCOGNITO
My world of film, fashion, flute
Flowering inside
through beauty through love
love is alive
only through us
not
because of us
for still we know
no love

when you utter
I love you [no pretentious pronouncement]

let the flowers
bloom to its utmost-
for this is the season
of fruits
I am not waiting
for anything,

mouth shut
for questions
for answer
for right
I left
the pretentious streets
of ghosts
of monstrous men

I remember

but running away
from few good lovers...
I love
not only love-
for I have glorified
love for the globe in my hand.

like a wildside of woman
my nude wilderness
my madness,
my daredevilishness

[devils die if you dare live]
[human they love all these but
dare not bear with it]

I love MAN.KIND
these universal relations

how open is your mind
to see this universe

XIII

hope God is still ALIVE

I am on the roads
Just discovered
less travelled
travelling again

NOW living this LIFE
on a hill-top so high-
If you can take
your highest steps
and climb

with highest homage
Happiness is smiling here-

lovita j r morang

And Magic Continues

my dear friend
roared like a lion 'let me die'

I asked 'why'

for there is no more love in the relations I am ruined

I said 'you are blessed'

She fired back 'I am still in love now see me'

I said 'please save the love for you have never seen the magic still'

I said 'come with me'

And she came

I said 'look up'

she did

I asked 'What did you see'

She said 'nothing'

I said good

that is nothingness

Now you can stop and start

For few days she forgot the idea of death

And was in the process of deathlessness

She with her idiotic mind went back to see what did she miss

She looked up and forgot to look down

She saw magic in the sky

Pure love was there, magic was there

I saw her now she is prepared

She sees love blooming bigger everywhere

And the magic continues...

lovita j r morang

And Said The Dead Bird...

and said the dead bird...

is it a mere Betrayal,
or
heart nomore being loyal.
Said the dead bird

broken pieces of my dead body were scattered
by the strong hurricanes of destiny and human anger.
I wanted to fly through these beautiful breeze said the dead bird

Freedom became just a dust and a danger
mouth filled with blood
stomach filled with hunger
I was succumbed through polluted nature.
I wanted more to fly said the dead bird

Finally I become what there is nought.
And my dead body enliven by a mere human touch
As she hold me up from the spot-dead
Where I clashed with catastrophic civilization.
I smiled but she did not see said the dead bird.

My heart became endless now,
My dead body Dissolved into this deathness
If death is that beautiful-the final ecstasy
Let death not bleed
Let death not be this painful
Said the dead bird...

Drops of dew on a petal of a flower,
Not yet dissolved.
whole sky raining cry-like
tears dissolved in rain -
I cursed not never those
who are Enslaved in human's idiocies...
who rot in human's concubine room said the dead bird

the lovers were made of winds and hurricanes...

and I was made of their souls...
I was not a mere bird
I was not even a rare bird
and i roared at my inability to fly
again into currents of destiny,
I broke my wings in the heaviness of hurricanes
And my feathers fall through in the lightness of the winds
and i celebrated at the perfection of unfolding events of another life.
O earth where all lives has Life.
Crown me now not with a shroud
I am living yet another life
said the dead bird

into this MYSTERY
I seek for more knowledge
I search for more knowledge.
I wanted to fly more I wanted to flower said the dead bird
yes it is painful to fly higher with these broken wings
into this space
Space is what you can not touch.
Space was only for this secret reason to fly in joy. Said the dead bird

As winds of destiny has to keep on blowing.
To continue the magic through hurricanes
Here I fly again
flying higher with broken wings
but with human love
it is not a pain
it is not a death
Said the dead bird...

lovita j r morang

As An Indian

as an Indian

Walked on Indian path
Breaking through
Hi
Hi
What's the time
Three
Silence
Smiles
Where
Festival
Which festival
Film festival [images in my mind
moving back and forth
uma ganapati's big bindi smiles at me,
next tabu in table,
smell of cordon bleu
my ill body nauseates,
I smiled on
Next jackie shroff 360'look
Afzal's non-stop saire wait...
'Mexican actress? ' Voice was larger then Mike pandey
Mrinal sen as young as the old sea
'O jungle queen
Lost in deep forest.'
Terror on the roar
Everything fade out to silence
Back
Blood beneath the path
I walked on Indian path]
O iffi goa
You are from korea, japan?
And you
Indian Indian from India
Tell me your country
[...]
Welcome to my home
I will give ticket to fly

Ticket very costly O oho ho thank you
I don't have passport
Even I do not have passport
He looked
at me
But didn't looked
into me

[I see into my indianness
Then back little into history-Tibeto-mongoloid
Mean Tibet and Mongolia
Altogether roots rooted now in India.]

You don't need passport
To come to Arunachal Pradesh
Where it is
Near you
Good joke...You are joking
I said [unheard]joker
Comedy of confusion
Garbage
Grabs
flies
Crows
Crowds
Moving in two directions
Forward and backward
Flow contraflow
Events like
Contraceptive contest
Everything like tools, instruments
Train arrived he jumped in

A strange story goes on
Like a glorious procession of a sovereign human
To their co-existential essences

In the waiting room
Time paused
Creating another time
I close my eyes
I was in my school days

In white and blue
Uniformed
In loud pledges every one
'I am an Indian
India is my country
Every Indian is
My brother and sister
I love my India...'

Echoing through the hills and mountains of patkai
And peaceful valley
Lay silent at country's border

Another trains arrives

lovita j r morang

Autum Air

dreams

...every particle from every planet of love

sparks that millions of feelings

As autumn brings crispness to the air,

desiring a rendezvous

by the blazing fire of life.

Side by you

Pure joy

happens to us

allow freely ourselves to recognize

how good things really are

rendezvous with a life so beautiful...

so beautiful far from many a form of bitterness

But it's not just the coldness of nothingness

that has ignited your thirst for the heat.

Two some transits ignite the flames of romance of living a beautiful life

where am i and where are you...

that as the autumn air can find the fragrance

like the night air ignited by the maddening fragrance of Jasmine

i can say you love Jasmine that calls you in maddening midnights

nights so alive...

lovita j r morang

Brutality Is No Beauty

brutality is not beauty
my dear alfaf n afzal
afgan will cry nomore
afganis will bleed never nomore

you are a beautiful afgan of and for all afganis
each afgani so beautiful, eachone of us so beautiful
[I can imagine, not presuming]
I can feel this beauty right this moment for you because of you
Because I am not thinking of any kind of brutality NOW
Only things of beauty I KNOW
without afganistan, pakistan, hindustan, russian, american, japan
there will be no STHAN for anything anyone- remember this beautiful earth

there is root underneath beneath these layers of this earths
from where beauty of your homeland shall sprout
like the tree branching out leaves, flowers, fruits
Never in MIND the negativities and positivities
That altogether reflects the rays of pure light

We shall see these lights through any and all these DARKNESS
Only we need to see with new EYES, these new DAYS
Barriers and border breeds brutality

For beauty is like that beautiful DOVE...

Contact love or you shall conflict love
If every possibilities has collapsed into CONFLICT
Try now if you can Out of these conflicts if you can create
and through these creations if you can compose IC
Never be cofused[read leotolstoy's what men live by-you shall see living God in
you and me...]

[from heaven above.

And the pure voice inside you will say:

men

live not by care for themselves but by love.]
There is no tomorrow for you have to START now
For the things to BEGIN now
Like from a single negative you can develope pictures of innumerable POSITIVES

There is true love beneath and underneath every TRUE FEELINGS
Life teaches us to LOVE
The truth is
noone can leave and live without eachother
These true love shall sprout
Like the water that forms out in to waterfall to streams to rivers to sea and to oceans

[Everything -EVAPORATION]

Quenching the thirst
of a civilization
of a thirsty man.
We shall cry we shall smile

It's upto US if we want to see these flowers blooming in our garden
It's upto US if we want to see these garden and land barren

It is US who allows BRUTALITY-[allow brutality brutality will burst]
It is US who allows BEAUTY-[allow beauty beauty will burst]

Like we allowing Bombs and granates to burst
What is the gain in the bargain
PAIN PAIN PAIN and PAIN

Too high on technology
[I wanted once in the past perfect tense was the time to scribble another theme-
I cried o my computer
My good friend said cannot you use paper and a atleast now
I realised and inside me said YES I almost forget myself
I too was too high on technology-in the process of man inside machine and
machine inside man]
More and more MACHINE[GUN] MAN leads to MORAL BLINDNESS

[I often gift the watchman's son [named raja means king] a notebook and
When I call him raja [I see all kings and kindoms of the ry in wars, battles and
bloodshed]
But our raja is a child of seven[for me is the symbol of innocence growing in
deprivation]
For raja I see sheer joy [out]ofawareness
For this little boy understands the scrects beneath the notebook and the pencil
enlivening a simple joy
I go to roofless [unglorified]schools where children wants to see lights

[but I see them growing under the SUNLIGHT under these roofless schools.]
[equally I Fear for their
future[of beauty and brutality]
Bridging their joy to lost joy

Hope there shall be JOY in everyway whatever nomatter how small way
Start with a GIFT[in the form of S.MILE in the form of love]
[the stiffened faces of armymen guarding the city scares me,
alarms me of dangers dangling]

[I am thinking of beauty and my mind is filled with glory]
[But I am not thinking of going to LAS VEGAS to find my American Dream]

in my own HOME I am thinking of beauty over the overtones of brutality
and I too am waiting for...

Re birth of SON...in this SOIL
To hear not in FEAR-mother humming lullabies
To hear not in FEAR-children singing songs
A birthplace of human speech In the cradle of human civilization
Where WE can hear not in FEAR human music in mind-

Re surrection of newer SUN

I say for everything there is a reason, a situation
Reason of YOU being
Reason of MY being HERE

another new earth with a name call PEACE

Only if we can discover ZERO

[Not a suspicious scientific discovery of a subjected world, Never dwell in
translated pride, place where nd from the system]

Brutality is not beauty
I may not have witnessed with you the BRUTALITY of your country
But I can FEEL the BRUTAL PAIN-the PAIN of HUMANITY.

I google search your name it says
Altaf and afzal means KINDLINESS celebrated
So KIND of you dear altaf

for MANKIND we need this KINDNESS

[this is what I[and WE should] continue to think of beauty, there where lay
GLORY]

[Beauty that only exists in between celebrated HEARTS and HUMANITY]

lovita j r morang

Bury The Hatchet

BURY THE HATCHET

And in such subliminal layers of wind you disappear.
To become a Messiah in the myth of Massai Warrior's spear.
Drenched dewy desert, shelters the forest fertile
How do you cheer while crossing the Nile

In triumph Tapu war dancer's sword narrates stories of love that the war belong
Guardians of Abotani-the first man made the sword sing song

Bring some colours from the sky of your country;
The flowering tree in the courtyard of autumn arrives in glee.

Fallen feathers from birds sing along the wings of the wilt woe,
The night has closed it's doors.
Windows are open, wafting along the raft of primrose path,
Under the skin of tinsel skylight
You gulp pain and live right in Sabbath
what vivify the whimpering will is the fervent waiting.

How happy can you be as a child in crisis, greeting the gratis.
What capacity of love can tame, driftwood frazzled in the net of dream-catcher's
flame
what rouse unexplained that trades, in magic tapestry of time serenades

Mountain Gods guards the villages built by mothers
When leaves fall filling the roof, pours rainfall too
Perched lips, smiles never sunken
Faultless fruits of trees sweeten the homes that were broken

Bury the hatchet, autumn on the way
Perished pest buried beneath the mounds of leaves
Fragrance of earth shall protect the frontier man's heath, in hopeful heave.
Bury the hatchet in the hives of heyday, autumn on the way
Bury the hatchet....

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lovita j r morang

Bye Nushiba Bye

song of the
the HANGDAO-The mighty SWORD!

Sword-swaying and swinging,
Sword of SWARGADEO-

Words from the swords- bleed, Waiting for his Beloved...
Cry from the Royal City,
CHARAIDEO!

Echoed through the wind to the...
Walls of KANGLA FORT,

Stories of separation,
KURANGUNAYANI-The MEITEI Queen,
Swargadeo LAKHMI SINGHA-The AHOM King...

Dancing Deer is she-the SANGHAI!
Danced quietly she onto the floating LOKTAK LAKE,

Floating away and away...like the cloud,
Oceans, seas, to foreign Land cross;

Double-crossed!

trapped and Wrapped onto the west-wind,

Strings broken...
Veena-Danced to the deafening tunes of Veena.

Endangered is the rare species-!
Save her soul! Save her soul!
creid her lover...

Game of Guns-the son of the soil playing with...
and she writes on

a protest in the wind...
Kangla Fort is shaken...

1959 - D-day of the tragic beginning

Nude Cry of the women, to how far can the World hear-
and bear in their hearts!

Glitering! reigning! Hundreds years of crowning glory!

Back Again-She is writing-stories, her fingers -bleeding...
Stories of unwritten destiny

Digging out to define the spirits

and urge of unification-till when...
Walls of KANGLA FORT,
Painted with blood of love of his beloved;

Love for homeland.
SWARGADEO-lie peacefully...Alive, Here in MAIDEM

The Swinging and shining HANGDAO-
The Sword, the spirit of enlivened Love,

Tune of Veena, from each string sings...
Bye my beloved, my nushiba bye....

lovita j r morang

Children Of Numaligarh

on the eve of children's festival, numaligarh 23rd oct.2009

the child in you

today, I can see only children

the child in you

and

the child in me

playing freely

music of innocence scattered in the landscape of life

Here

On this beautiful earth

shattered earth awaken by

rhymes and lullabies

children of numaligarh

children of this beautiful world

you let me feel free from these shackles of textured living

you let me feel free from these faces of fractured feelings

you let me feel attained- humanness little by little-like you learn to walk
little by little

in the celebrated innocence of these little children

the birds butterflies and fireflies glowing and flying freely

today

I have learnt a little to walk more, tomorrow I shall be running again
as if again and again and again

every particles are exploding into newness of this newborness
rediscovering my lost self

I saw myself smiling

I saw myself walking in the garden greener

In the smile of these beautiful children

Who can write freedom in the wind

And Stories of no hunger no war

Who sing twinkle, twinkle little star

No hunger, no war

Who can dream and put that endless skies in color

Colors of endless joyfulness

Past and present flowing

Continuously into vastness

Forces of future

Let me pronounce
All of you as the Best
All of you as the winner
For today
Tomorrow and forever
thence
why cannot we be today
for that million moments
be like these children
and the child in you and me
smiling, laughing and smiling and smiling

lovita j r morang

Colors Of The Many Skies.

colors of the many skies.

the melting cloud
white clouds
black clouds
I am still looking
Into that
Cloud like fog
Where the mountains vanished
Clouds where the sky vanished
The vastness of the skies
Where everything vanished
Where you vanished
And stars shine somewhere
In some other night skies

My thrust cremated
Volcanic angst
Invisible you
exhausted day gulps
Down sun
stars becomes one sun in the morning
sun becomes thousands of stars in the night

and day comes back

The whole universe
making, playing and dancing love
in it's own ecstasy.

Supersonic Brahmos missile
Burst out to touch the sky
And a part of earth merged into, again that endless sky
Breaking through the point of intimacy.
Brahma the creator blessed
Just dived into in it's another own wholeness
Into the many colourful acts
Dissolve into space
Embracing the whole sky

You cannot be betrayed
Betrayal not yet
Lied not yet
If you are shattered
With that all painful
Broken pieces of heart
Dissolve into me

Take a birth through me
Through my female fertility power
And let all the planets move on
Into this womb.
You cannot be a timid
with that lion heart
when you have finally released to merge with
ALL THERE IS.

A beautiful heart that you have
A beautiful heart that I have
Still reign high
Humanity we are still
Hands tight hold
Do not fall
Colors all in the sky still
And you...too

lovita j r morang

Come Home

Today I reign high,
In the kingdom-
Of somebody's broken cradle;
Of somebody's dead corpse.

these all you might have presumed

Dawn till dusk,
Wait for your homecoming;

Thousands of dream,
For you woven;

Thousands of days,
For you awaken.

Wrinkled hands folden;
Thousands of times Prayed,

To which Land you go?
Untouched relation,
sown

Heavy and hardened,
Weights of pain;
Walls heightened.
Darkened-
Here in home,
Waiting...

Burnt sagging hands,
Melting candle;
frozen

Come home.

lovita j r morang

Crossing The Line

If
then
If I cross the line
Will I be lost in the narrow lanes
Will I be the glorified bandit
Shooting birds in a nameless forest
Blood drips from each leaves
And I plant a new heart
Or else watch a hawk making lazy circles in the Dome
Reading out
Nameplates, on broken doors
uprising on vertical stairs
uprooted uproars
tears through my minds
tears not now but flows blood
and grant this time
to tame beyond
will I
I looked you
Through the smoky
Polluted pictures of tomorrow
I tried to cleansed the dusty memories
The dusty floors
A mere pretension of flying on the Sky-like roof of my home
We hide in the illusionary strength in these walls
Their minds rot
Our too dies here
My numbened tongue does not stir
My lips might mumble
And take you
To an unfamiliar country law
Till I
If I cross the line
Will we be mourning the mock
Or
Mark the death of not yet a truth
Will there be voices yelling
Do not cross the line
What if I...

lovita j r morang

Cry Of The River

in utter immortal throb
like a wingless bird you are flown
as if in deep penance
for human pain

horizon is not the end that is your larger world

golden may be the paddy field
but that shall not quench the yearnings of poverty...
starved human relations

my children their feet on wooden broken bridge
to and fro
to and fro
too long but walk on

the winglessness leaps up
they try to fly

little lights from little homes by the deep forest
little lights from fireflies

village folk sing songs
you along call the tune

you are like the river kolong
silently flowing by the village kebang

your tender finger knows how to hold
flute in your lips,
love cannot be sold

sing on...songs are purer than what human say
live on...life in itself has power than what may

you sit on the broken bridge and watch the river flowing
it flows flows and keeps on flowing silently
it does not say anything

let us not say anything for what pain is
let life flow silently
for life knows how to live on

ripples are going to become big waves
rivers deep sea

you heard the river cry
and asked every wayfarer 'can you hear the cry of the river'
you heard me crying
then you heard the human cry

dread not the fire
Feel the Invisible force
Never slay the love in you

play on the flute my child
and reach for me

a new sun
we shall gift this world

lovita j r morang

Delet The Line

delet the line
Hindustan
Pakistan
Delete the line

Even there is
a war in my mind
A jihad
A mahabharat
A fatwa
A hatred
A protest
A betrayal to our own bastardities
A betrayal to our own blunders
A war in my mind
For not being able to stop
this war in my mind.
For not being able to erase the line on human's map.

Thinking of the human pain now
Think of human love
the line robbed
Standing on a false line
You falsify
Human fraternity...
You crucify
Human hunger

human civilization is
Breathing and bathing in blood
Bloody battle day and night
You can brunt alive a child, a mother, an innocent men
And soar in ecstasy in your .

Was it a simple line of will
Will of Lord Mountbatten's goodwill
Or a simple human will of misunderstandings
That emboldens human ill
That empowers human to kill

a worship Or a warship
To glorify Cyril Radcliffe blunder
What a dead man from retreating imperialists deed...
A tiny line
A senseless line drawn over
And you lord over and over.
Over and over
Say it for once
all over

Had it been a line
Drawn by some unknown painter's
untitled painting
Hands of Indian's and pakistan's
would not have become missiles...
would not have become Mistress of Monsterity
would not have become Masters of Misery
would not have become bombs and guns
would not have become the game of murder and suicide
Beat the lines in between now...
For still unbeatable in between is human love...

A good news spreads in the air
Amidst human chaos I hear
I read in newspaper
In HEAD LINES...
'Bopanna Qureshi bring pride to the world
to Pakistan and Hindustan'
I thought
In their championship
Who Knew what is more pious
now in this religious friendship
Who knew what is more beauteous
Now for this holy fraternity.
No bounds on and of boundaries...
Winning to start
Started winning
Human heart

fight like this
A Fair play
Let all kinds of fights

be of these kinds of fight
like a fine art
even a fractured fingers can chart
If such fight can cheer human soul
If such fight can clear human cries
If such fight can create love

Be on
Quiet march
now
Quit
Quick march
now
Shake Hands
Hug eachother
Love eachother

With that myopic-like sight
Even in beauty-
eyes fight
With that catarrh-like disease
Nobody can envision peace
Same time in the
HEAD LINES
Eid-UI-fitr Ganesh Chathurthi-
Were pronounced better

Still breeds minds in fear
Because of the lines in head
Still bleeds human in tear
Because of the lines in head
With bombs and missile ridden minds
Hey mighty master
still you walk the power...
with authoritarian arrogance
still you talk the power
in tyranny of thoughts
in despot deeds
what next in headlines...
waiting for breaking news...
or news in live...

what a mere poet can author...
write with
headstrong
mouth shut
hurt heart
a sheer poetry
and
watch human acts
blinded by power to rule...
watch human decay
and break my fast
a poetic license
I have all as my treasure
to empower with a simplest thought
through Poetries writing your role
In the diversities of existence
How solely you can rule
And enslave me with your beauty
And encaged me with your deeds of divinity
Slavery than shall be a sweetest human surrender...
Bravery than shall be a sweetest human blunder
Writing till my fingers are numbened
for
Your greater survival
Your greater peace
Your greater understandings
Your...
Pyrrhic victory

Writing in the end a post-script
Faithfully, affectionately, yours
Waiting for...
'human love' reply soon

lovita j r morang

Endless Sky

endless sky

...here i breath o heavenly love
such miraculous cannot be the roads

roads that open up to envision those dreams
such a presence of something unspoken
i walked as i walked -i wished as I wished
that let endless be the walk

let me not wake up
let me not open my eyes
and see you
leaving...

farer to some unknown farer
west wind westward...empty endless eastern sky
you are the endless sky
nothing now
i look up only to these vastness of these endless sky
nothing now but i felt very close
so nearest you madeth me believed
and i believed
still i believe

for a moment like a timid
i felt the whole sky merged into my eyes
welled up rain of tears...
wetting the endless sky...

happiness rolls into balloon of white clouds
a thought pass by
saying
'yes beautiful earth so much loved by the endless skies'
blinded by beauties

thence i again looked up the mountain so high
Buddha in his blue head smiling near the nilachal hills
the prayer flags breathing swirling dancing

thence i drove on

i know in each turn of the roads
you shall be there
dancing still in the maddening beats of the drums
to each horizon of life
i declare to walk on
by the sunshine
silently side by u...and i...

lovita j r morang

Fencing Fights For Fruits

fencing fights for fruits

a posthumous play
venom in the voice-

like two world wars
men fought

two women fights
over the fruits
that outgrown the fencing
branching outside the borders
fruits that falls at neighbours field

deafening fights

I said
Both of you are right

They were confused

Four eyes furious
Looked at me
Four hands fisted
I looked at it...

I thought
How murderous can be some words
That mouth can utter
And hands that murders

I said
It the tree's fault
Laden with fruit that falls
Unknown of the boundaries
Teaching you to share

You were right
That's why you fought

You knew the boundary

It's the tree's fault

It grew

without knowing the rules

without knowing the boundaries

You should have told the tree

not to cross the border

eaten all the fruits

if you can

throw the seeds at me

for I need the seeds

to grow everywhere on earth

I can give you

Another seed

Plant it

There shall be more fruits

I said try this-

silence

mouth-shut

only sensibilities

of semiotic learnings

if you cannot teach,

learn

if you cannot learn

try to learn...

lovita j r morang

Five Thousand In Bob Marley's Pocket

five thousand in Bob Marley's pocket

I was driving fast for there was a human festival next day
Till I hope your flight might be by now amidst the clouds
And you are lost smelling the scent of the clouds

Like the divider in the middle of the road
Each side people in different speeds

Worldliness divided into two equal spaces

Inhaling and exhaling

Closing your eyes to feel
Opening your eyes again to see and feel

Your sudden call from the airport
like the connection of speeds and distances
merged into another space and time

I slowed down the speed, and everything that was moving

I had to control the speed of the car with one hand
With another hand the cell phone.

Speed, space, distance, time all out and in timelessness
Speed like the spirit [feeling]filling the distanced love

The music in the car - continues bob marley singing is this love is this love

LOVE [Bulb]

Yes I saw that your brand new five one thousands
I took it out from Bob Marley's pocket
put it in mine-to be returned with[is my] INTEREST

Bob Marley smiled at me from the picture
And follows the song I wanna love you
Next line I over heard love and treat you

Same roof, single bed ...all words in the songs fading, falling and failing

Like a moving montage
Juxtaposition of all the thousands and millions of illusionary
Real and surreal images

Bob Marley in love

YES I know I know now the line continues

Pulling the break in between
Like the breaks in the heart beats
I couldnot turn my car
Because you will be late to shelther humanity
Because I will be late for the human festivity

I put on the music followed the magic
Everyting was moving
The music, The car, the speed, the time I presumed even you are moving

We will be together as the music was moving on to next line
[I had to turn everything off for the moment...]

lovita j r morang

For The Wounded Womb

There he is like the ocean
Holding an empty shell
Empty shell filled with
God's food
That every lovable things on earth would live
a day more to taste.
It's not the food you eat has love
It's not love you have is adored
Palate of life
We mix it with pain and pleasure.
Tears, sweat, blood...
all ooze out from the vein of Hard work...
How can things unseen and invisible
Can be so true
Can be so rooted
here I see this beautiful earth
everything merged through these invisible forces
like a blind man see the colours of life
and weave his own colour...
red through green, green through blue
burns the angst for not being able to see...
but creates these are the colours he creates...
and lay before us the senses to feel...
Blooming into every man's beauty
Farer man sing evening songs
We wait for another morning...

I licked through the plate of food
Gulping down my thirst and hunger
Just like a hungry begging human on street
I lived for the food that comes from some distant land
And an unknown lover make it
And an unknown lover taste it
A fistful of food...
Opens her empty hands
She lives
She learns to live
She learns to eat
The passion of eating through

What I yearn to see one day
Your hands feeding a hungry mother
In the corner of a silenced street.
Cuddling the child of love
Heals a mother's wounded womb...
Here he is like the ocean...
Holding the empty shell
Empty shell filled with
God's food...

lovita j r morang

Fragrance Of Jackfruit

...as i passed through the mountain roads
i stopped by the fragrance of the jackfruit...

the empty sheds standstill; waiting for the salesgirls
only the fragrance of the jackfruit was lingering in the air...

...i walked by the empty roads
emptiness filled with yesterdays...i walked on and on

thence-the next day
i climbed up the 108 steps
blue-headed buddha sitting tall so high...
i saw the prayer flags that you left winds piercing through the threads

-red, blue, green, white colours of aliveness and your beingness filled in this
emptiness
only the memories merged with the wind.....

as i climbed down; chants from the lama's lips ooze out from the closed doors of
the monastery
and the soothing sounds of the temple bell rings through
awakening my yesterdays with you...

...emptiness filled with whiff of west wind...and the fragrance of jackfruit

lovita j r morang

Hand Some Heals Some Kills

hand-some heals some kills

golden mirror from seoul korea
beauty of seoul korea is here in India through the winds
through your mind through my mind
in kimono so kind
shinto to her ancestral artistry

a numbened geisha plays on her harp
enlivening us

I looked through the golden mirror
The golden life of others' lives

My numbened face
guillotined
glows beneath
Scars and scares from some hands that has hatred
Sabbath from hand in some that heals

Like the fractured fantasy of frustrated [this] generation
Benign being of a womanness
Forlorn
For namesake
I shall love on

Human relations fornicates
And creates noisy quarrels
Humanistic holocaust
Hara-kiri
Halal
Diabolic deeds

Fools

Hand some that heals
Hand some that kills

Hand shaking for friendship handicapped

Out of hand

We need now is handful of peace

I hallucinates over halcyon times
Filtering out the filths

Fragments of me flowers elsewhere
Rhapsodized soul resurrects
For these sabbatical days

Screen displaying moving images

[a potter cut out a beautiful earthen pot from the mud,
and then he

smiles]
a posthumous play

[venom in the voice-like two world wars men fought
two women fights I said try this- silence]

mouth-shut
only sensibilities of semiotic learnings

wounds of the wars are healing

Savoir faire

I am ready for my sacred writings...in this sculpted seclusion

lovita j r morang

Here I Enter Through Dot

here I enter into

this overflowing water
inside you
and
I enter
Through the unlocked door
That you always leave open
to give to receive
Like thoughts enter
Piercing through heart
And heart opens up
to receive to give

I am open
As the eight holes of my flute
Opened up...

I entered through
Piercing this walls
Walls that protect your inexhaustible spirit
From uncivilizing forces
You rest
Your exhaust lion-body in the
Shade of the wall

Shade and the light

Light from the morning sun
I felt the sun revolving...
around the earth
I assured myself
Standstill the earth
the sun moved on
I can see it
Complete half circle
Half the whole sky
You finished building
a castle of new day

and from the fortress

from where the seat of energy
churns out
the venom and the nectar
with your primordial feminine energy of creation
and masculine universal presence of salvation
and you breastfed me the nectar

In this manifestation of
eternal power of universal presence
like
half-man
half - woman
all
ed

can you be this power,
through the overflowing ocean
And
the vast universe
that Sank deep
inside me
can you be this presence
the Kundalini-
the Shakti-
the seat of energy
this shunya,
this Nirakaar
this force-the dancing male form
all pervasive of celestial ocean
all into
deep inside my female form

then we will know
you are not different from me
and
I am not different from you
When you say
I am open
Enter me

all plain rise...in a bowl of soap...
fly flying in your stomach
I am pregnant
full with laugh
Entered you
Through the dot
Full circled...
dot

lovita j r morang

How Can I Love You

How can I love you!
When the ugly shadow of yours,
Beseize the sense of divinity;

When the whole universe is
Gliding over to a new day.

How can I love you?
When you make me dance,

In the darkness of broken rhythms;
Thwarted existence of-My untravelled life.

How can I love you!
When the journey has just began...

But you standstill tall ...
Barricaded Like the barren burning desert;

And your love entices like the mirage,
Mighty might be you mastering-so you love me
Then how can love so bitter
Monstrosity Immortalized.
With a heart filled with dirt

lovita j r morang

I Know You

I know you are here
Here to write life
And read

Relationship that bear no bar
What is falling apart
Hurting hating killing

Rape of humanity

You shall hold on it all from wane
The goodness that is still breathing

So many like me slayed
So many like me trying to be free

And you with your mouth shut
Shall walk on-fight on
to saw those new days with these new lights

I know you are here

lovita j r morang

In Between

for tomorrow
I am not yet ready
standing in between
the dark and the dawn

today yet to be born
it's now
I am preparing for now

Come and join me f
or a cup of hot coffee

Till you reach me

The sun will show light

Now I am waiting

For the sun
And you

Birds at my courtyard chirping
For they are always happy

And we...

Be in time

for the morning
for the light start from here...

lovita j r morang

In The Garden Of Taralangso

...for the love of karbis...

...on the eve of karbi youth festival 16th February 2009

Nekachinghon osomar! Nekachinghon Karbi Anglong

I said-beloved children-beloved Karbi Anglong

blessed in the colours of red blue green blooming like the mirs-the flowers

in the garden of Taralangso

you shine in your pride, wearing your pini, pekok, poho and chihongthore

like the ever flowing river Kopili

in the bosom of your glorified existence

proudly protected by the mighty singhasan

you are the heroin Kareng Rongpharpi Rongbe-

you are the hero-Thong Nokbe

o nekachinghon osomar! Nekachinghon karbi Anglong

o my beloved children of Karbi Anglong

bathe in the breeze of thang thang - the February breeze

I feel like new born today

But tomorrow I shall be leaving

Leaving to come back

At the call of wojaru, at the call of wosobipu

Hail king of birds!

I will come back flying like the Siberian bird

from any far off land

and sing with you beautiful Bongoi

at the beats of the Cheng

I shall come back to dance with you

Ritnongching, jili kekan, nimsokerung

O nekachinghon osomar, nekachinghon karbi Anglong
O beloved children of Karbi Anglong

I shall come back to say mesen karbi Anglong
I shall come back to say kardom Karbi Anglong
I shall come back to say kurwangthu Karbi Anglong

Dedicated to the lovable people of Karbi Anglong

lovita j r morang

In The Single Room

in the single room

dreams of yesteryears
yesterdays drips...

all in each particles of each teardrops
flowing through the face of many a morphed faces
tears tearing through it's veins
through that 100 trillion cells
cry in the single room

where the single bed waits
endless days and endless nights
that and there you ease your angst

standing in the corner that single frozen denude woman
like the bride in exile still singing
have you ever seen her wailing too

still in the stillness

when you roar like the lion
have you seen her awaken

when you beat the drums with eyes closed
have you seen her dance in the beats

like the window masked inside
by the creeping money-plants

like the birds making and unmaking love on tree top outside
like the buffaloes crossing the river from this bank to other bank

sealed moments unmasked
everything crept all over me...refracting and diffracting
reflecting like the pure light
with an universal unlimited speed of light crossing 300000km per second

sometimes you-like the light

sometimes me-like the energy

light through energy
energy through light
like the time that never waits

everything traveling faster...

like the two-stage process
to develop the black and white photograph
with endless colors of images
inside the dark-room
you cry in your single room

empty tables sealed with words
weaving words for the world
with your mouth shut you are healing these many wounds
marching heading
changing and challenge to realities

you cry in the single room
and
eyes swathed with teardrops that sieved through eyelashes
failing to hold like you fail to hold thirst

like the bee that knows honey drips deep inside the flower
an impact of fertility of three colour of red-green-blue
and green in between with 10,000,000 colours inside

that creates green... that creates pure green...
and from the pure image
that teardrops like honey drips out
on to the single leaf of the creeping money-plants

and you said□
dewdrops...

lovita j r morang

Indict

You came galloping
Before the sun rise
Breaking the dawn
Down I fall
When you made me to run
Gallowbird fly beyond in his mind
That's not a mere fun
They have galvanized his generosity in the heat chamber-tonight's dinner!
While I too gaze on the gauntlet gushing out of their gambling houses
You came still, still, still
Gallopig, hopping, hoping...

lovita j r morang

Inside Eachother

inside eachother

...in this silence in this darkness
lights just caressed the darkened hues
growing silences just a sound of comings...

falls raindrops of hopes
into the cave of dreams
...and water flowing calm inside
all eyes of power falling on
eyes that long to see more dreams

within without
without within

within me arose a being
and within me proclaims an end
bitterness might fade
drunk with aliveness

like the stones in the river unmoved
ready to run like the river

the force within me rain
forces of the river run in the veins
a river runs within me
without a name
death dead

again
run mad
rapturously towards the sea of happiness
and I found your golden hairs float on
and you dance into ocean of yourself

lovita j r morang

Into Continous Creative

into continous creative

A

beautifully

covered

daffodills of lifetime that

enlightened

frame work of worldly fatasies

god make love in

heaven

I also am in a

Journey just

kind of in

love

magically that

nought to

open like a

prayer in

questions

resurrects

surrounded by

timely

uproarous

vastness like

waking

xmass of

yondering

zest

lovita j r morang

Into Homelessness

into homelessness

today suddenly I woke up from deadness
I was dead peacefully
All a beautiful death

My home -your home could only be this beautiful earth-
So I presumed I also reign high on this beautiful earth like you

When you leave to live
from one country to another country
You say
one home to another home

I thence also drew a border in my mind
When people say you are homeless and
I am into homelessness...into bigger home called the BIG EARTH.
And my heart turning in that pulse into another heart so BIG

I shrunk out from into these unlimitedness
From the world of my deadness to my aliveness

Again I shall be playing a game of
deadness and aliveness
Aliveness and deadness

So I am alive today
What do I want to know
Surrounded by the sounds of Silence and solitude-
These walls are all I feel protected-these walls

A way my life designed and desired
The world can pierce through these silences-these walls
And reach me- so far the world in the form of Television
I also depend on the Television to know everything
Shot by shot
Scene by scene
Frame by frame

Channels upon channels
Breaking news is my breakfast now

Still the game of yours and mine
Mine and yours was live in the air
fresh exodus of Reang refugees from Mizoram
repatriation of 35,000 Bru people living in six refugee camps in Kanchanpur.
More than 300 huts were set ablaze along Tripura-Mizoram border.
Three refugee camps at Dhamdoey, Zoudiah and Tuipuibari

News aboard News home -all lost in New

UN refugee camps-Oru village Israel, Palestine Jews, Liberia, Sierra Leone,
Nigeria
Thousands in Tibet wounded this and that
Burundians refugee camps-Tanzanian refugee camps

In the process

14.9 million refugees in the world including you and me...
many more will be because atleast already 22 million been internally displaced
within their home including me and you

women suffers including me as a woman
in the constructed process-in and out home -
cold war civil war world war
Liberian civil war-2,15,000 refugees in the process 40% of women were raped
torture and traumas-rape, murder, molestation...

humanity in PROSTITUTION

silent protest of sufferings and struggles alive in .D
humanity silenced all dead
Refugees
Hundreds of refugees in Cheopliang

I met a friend from America
Never feeling homeless, who carry the GLOBE in his backpack

I met a little boy from Cheopliang .
Asking his mother
Where on earth is my home

Mother replies-
the mother earth and your heart

i loved this part of the world
For they found this beautiful earth
For they found love-
smiling silently for they have crossed the border
no question no answer

I picked the eraser
and erased all from my mind the thickening border

Another they called me refugee
I was happy I am homeless
I was happy I am a refugee
I also found love in this lost

I was standing like a patriot in a nameless country
Holding the globe in my hand

NEWS of bloodshed reddened the screen of the Television
Load shedding
Suddenly the Tele. vision lay numb
The whole world shrunk into zero

lovita j r morang

Into Sole Oneness

oneness

...I crept into the enormity of oneness

into sole oneness...

From the narrow lanes of garden we walked...to the lost lanes

Innermost to outermost

Outermost to innermost

Moments paused

Ceased to exist is only the beingness

The act must go on

...still basking in the eternal flame of fire

the icy cold droplets of water and wind- that drips dropp by dropp from within
eachother-

peeping out through the pores of the rocks of the standstill cave

Yes! ! !

Of Oneness...

Oneness celebrated

Love itself is in love

With the metallic music of the singing cricket ringing through our ears

singing their own songs from beneath the rustling leaves

that creeps out of the deep dancing forest...

...and through the roots we were woken to walk more

...to and fro...to and fro

Yes! ! !

Music throughout...all over

Silence into silence...

oneness into oneness

...And we sang along - in silence amidst...

lovita j r morang

It's Not A Death

facade

Dared you said,
Yes to death!

Brave enough,
Died you once and forever.

Look back-

I'm alive,
Still alive;

Dying thousands of death.

Each day die I,
Each day slaughtered;

Moments I cry...
Moments I smile...

Am I strong enough to die,
These thousands of death?
it's not yet a death...
when yesterdays are still alive...

lovita j r morang

Kanchivaram Silk Saree

here under these blaze of brilliant sunshine
I lived life without you blissfully

Strangers were friendly and helpful
Rather than my own
So I find this universal meaningfully beautiful

All the way for miss india
Lost in airport
taxiwalas trying to dupe me-a lonely girl never helpless
a born warrior
I smile over their blunder

those long lost kashmiri family in self exile,
a space in the taxi with the family-we spoke of love and happiness-peace
I could sense their life was bleeding
somewhere I guess noida sector 54 or 56,
I can visualise their beautiful home-I still love you all

trying to gather grains of time gone

in trains, on bus, tracking

spiritual quest to shirdi, shani skuleswar,
birth place of the son of wind-hanuman
with girish, sachin, ashish television went down they prayed for all the television
stars...
they were godly

thanks my dearest friend
I look like the bird peacock
in peacock blue kanchivaram wedding silk saree
dancing in the dark green deep forest

watching the film in goa film festival
kanchivaram every human film

global festival of human music

mantra from my guru

played the broken flute
Wrapped in the wind blowing blissfully

Body draped in white kanchivaram silk saree
I felt like a white dove
then as an angel wrapped in white clouds of peace

I am closing my eyes
For I donnot want that lingering black cloud
For still the devil's triangle exist
I don't want to bleed anymore
I donot want to see anything black
Waiting black to fade out

lovita j r morang

Karpumpuli And Kathakali

Karpumpuli and Kathakali

When you play the karpumpuli
Through the eight holes
whole stars flow inside the flute

Did you know karpumpuli
Do you know karpumpuli now
Enlivening the stars to become ready
And the all the stars becomes the eight holes of the flute

That becomes the baby inside a mother's womb
Ready to become a man
That becomes human inside a man's body
Ready to become you
In complete form
Eternal beyond
In cosmic harmony
God in animal form
God in unnamed form
All Gods dance inside you
You are so connected to divine that
Divinity surrenders
You become divine

Do you know Karpumpuli
When you become Karpumli
And you rule the galaxy of stars
You become the stars
You become Karpumpuli

And from my broken torso
Evolve out many a hands of Durga
Evolve out heads of Brahma

The four lions back to back
Ready on pillar so high
Asoka's Chakra
Wheel of time

Fertility and maternity

Similarity ends

I become the Kathakali dancer

I hear the call of karpumpuli

In my multi-coloured Face secreted to be near you

I become a Kathakali dancers

And

And dance in the tune of Karpumpuli

Starts all over my body

lovita j r morang

Know No Love

why you need to hold that beautiful bouquet of flowers
see the flowers have dried up.
But dryness has it's own beauty

Like the dry desert that designs dunes
Like desires directs life
Like directions to reach destinations

You look beautiful than the bouquet now
Waiting is wasting
With the bouquet in hand you waited for some one
like a fool
You waited so long and longed to be with
Who never belong
Who worth no love
And
They are who,
who know no love.

lovita j r morang

Leaves Of Lajwanti

leaves of Lajwanti

Untouched union
Earth and sky
What if you...
nothing will grow
if you
I will stretch my hands as far as I can
Through my heart
To touch these infinities
I will cross
Through these hundreds hills
Through these hundred hurdles
Through and through
To be through hundreds of days
I shall one day
Be near you
Lajwanti creeps over my body
Rooted hard in my heart
Saying do not touch me now
Saying touch me not now
See me unfurl
See me unveil
Make me believe
Make me live
Folding
Unfolding
Leaves of lajwanti
Says
Do not touch me now...
Touch me not now
My soul starves for a new life
My soul stirs for a new leaf
cried
Leaves of lajwanti...

lovita j r morang

Lichen

Now that all chimerical shadow looms large
You imagine I exist
I am with some strangers
From some golden country

You left to chase wild goose
While I became the lichen
Reindeer's dear

Into your charlatanish charity
I become chameleon
Charred in your chateau

Clasped in catastrophic
You climb up my hill
And dismount my hive
Honey how beautiful can be-your mind...
While in vissitude vibes

lovita j r morang

Like You

Don't expect me to be you
I am like the wind
Don't expect me to live like you
I am the sky
Don't expect me to think like you
I am the seasons
Don't expect me to walk like you
I am the roads
Don't expect me to talk like you
I am the sounds in the silence
And silence in the sounds
Don't expect me to be near you
I am the horizon

But I did not
You are the wind-the sky-the seasons-the roads-
the sound-the silence-the horizon..
So full of yourself
And
I am like you
So full of myself

lovita j r morang

Love In German Bakery

love in German Bakery

I loved my love

In the empty benches
And□
Empty chairs
Empty tables
Benches, table, chairs
Filled with human love

Pure love
Grows here
In the cup of ice tea
In the cup of mint tea

Smiles sprouts and spreads from here
From this little green shed of humanity
To the universe so small

Big is the human bond here...

My love grew out
from this little green shed of German Bakery
To this world universe of human hearts
Hearts and Hearts...

Heart...! ?
Heartless

How Godly you look in human face...
Godless country you belong
human dare not do demonic act
[It's all in the mind that is different]
your thoughts and actions
fails to fortify
and you become what you have prepared for
that...
Unidentifiable monsters

No one recognised you
And...
Over your syphilitic win...
Shredding
Tearing
You triumph over
Your blasphemous belief
An unequal battle...
If you cannot be me
Come and
Butcher my being too
If any thing left more to do

You celebrate
Quenching your thirst
You rejoice
with your empty cup filled
with human blood

from this blood
From this ashened love
Shall grow new grass
New trees branching out
Again pure love-rooted
Between the greening wood and snow

It is never a death
of love
Death
of a poetry
Between burning wood and melting snow...

My anger my angst
Erupts from my human and animal spirit
That stands

Between human helplessness
Between human cries

sleeping souls shall sleep
just leaving the last smile

to last on this beautiful earth

like new born sleeping child
between wood and the snow
unknown and unknowing of the last pain
last smile
and
last pain

eyes closed but smiling
human smiles...

smiles shall again fill the empty cups of human love
Stronger shall be human hearts
Life at large
Relations larger
Who fortify human spirit
Who fortify human smile
Love shall grow again
Right here
Right in German Bakery

[altered economics equation, artistic equation]

130.

I am pregnant
With a cry
of a new human hope
become
becoming
coming
of all this things together
you too are there
but
I don't know
What far
How far

here

a human inside me
like every creation longed for motherhood

I am pregnant again
Ripe fruits falling apart
I am pregnant still
With my dead corpse
Lying next to me
I am pregnant again
With a life of my own
A mother
For my own

Giving birth...

To such a beautiful life
Called
myself
When you were away

lovita j r morang

Love In The War Zone

Is that the woman you loved once is forgotten
Is that the valley once you fantasize is forged
You built a castle in the air
In the valley where you tasted hunger
She crossed the hundred hills
To feed you her home cooked
Smoked wild Boar meat
For the moment you loved her
Helped her crossing all the hills and river
Two flags of two countries
Warns of war
Is that the woman who hold the flag
And your shoulder laden with gun
No knowing who are enemies
Now away in the distant valley
sun flower rise
day and light - fly kites
fire fly furls
to- nights and lights
diamond studded skies
she is playing with stars on earth
On a Dust bitten war zones

lovita j r morang

Love Is In Love

...nothing can bloom so full
nothing can be so birthfull

if love itself is in love...

my longing desires travel
to a longest miles to say
how beautiful you might be looking
as your love is in love...

I just peep out from the cocoon of paradise
To say I shall also always send love

to add on to your beingness in love...

Through these unnamed and untamed winds
Winds that blows to all directions-east west north south
And for a while rest-right to the place of your birth
you shall breath these winds...

love in the winds...

lovita j r morang

Love Unspoken

Love, unspoken
let it be
I shall not be thine
let it be

Name to your vein vetoed
let it be
I shall not go,
that's not the end of the story

you want me to write
The pen is bleeding now

What could be done
had been spelled
you are great!

you understood everything
Now I shall not run
Onto the ordinary ordeals

Nor shall I return
to the empty existence Paint the pages

my beloved Let the verses unveil
its most unborn sacredness
Do you know into the kingdom of sky
you rule the vastness

you trod to the truth of living
earth here I live
is now sculpted with a meaning
sprouts in its birth-revelation

an urge to its belongness
darkness-from thence
heightened divinity dressed
rose along I
lost...in sheer madness

lovita j r morang

Mamma Is Not For Sale

mamma is not for sale
mamma is a little girl

a girl
like just born
her smile still smiling
her lips
not yet kissed
by demonic dealings
not yet touched
by human suffering

stranded living
and she stands amidst buyers
a child lone without mother
or a motherless child
nights are now brighter
in the world of sinner's laughter

mamma is not for sale
mamma is a little girl

still so naïve about this hell
she knows everything is for sale
she didn't know
she too is here for sale
she still don't know
in the misleded roads of
crowded human trafficking
the signs of yellow, green
and
red lights

for the mouth of greed
she becomes the appetiser
in the world of sinning human
she becomes a sinner

mamma is a little girl

mamma is not for sale...

lovita j r morang

Midnight Smile

midnight smile

would you rise again
for a moment frozen

in slumber- surrender
deep the cry heard I
imprisoning me
into the alluring pace of breath

dared not I
to break free
time- taut to the pore
I wiped it out
To let it breathe
Let it breathe

Everything near thou is breathing
lilac on the standstill table

Leaves, stems in sync in the air
colors of silence-danced

An unfinished dance-

Into the space of uncomposed drama

Enliven the death of the days...
Wanning through the cleavage of the dawn

Thou wake me up to write on the wall
The tales without an end

Unsung the endless tales

Singing In the midnight moments of
Silenced smile...

lovita j r morang

Mising People's Festival Call Ali-Ai-Ligang

. mising people's festival call Ali-ai-ligang

mising link
of people

sandy river beach
the chang-ghar
call okums stands on
on this floating piece of earth

festivals
signifying
fears no furthur

invoking donyi-polo
the sun and the moon....
...the chants collides with the rhyme
[donyi-polo donyi-polo
asman se kuchto bolo
kisne yeh sansar banaya
kisne hame jag mey basaya
jungle
nadi
pahad
banaya
hati
bhalu
sher
banaya...]
o, abotani
pray we for fertility
o, kine-nane
we pray for prosperity

old lady
lamenting
kaban-
children on sands
sands on children

sands of time

they have to wait
to find missing link
for the island
majuli is in sink

world is small
like this big river island majuli

mobile phone rings
number numb
grahem bell is well,

[I call my friend in America

grahem,
grahembell invented the phone
never called up his family
because they were dumb]
how are you
where are you

voices
half linking
half sinking

preparing for
Mardi gras festival

where
new orleans on february 16

here
we are celebrating
Ali-ai-ligang festival on february 14 in majuli
Missing people are looking good

In louder voice
What is missing

Ok
Cannot hear you
Write more on e-mail

Link missed

Oye-nitom and karpumpuli
The missing people sings on

lovita j r morang

Mistress Of Misery

You make me cry,
you make me laugh,
you burn me with your hatred,
ruin in me in your anger.
Then shield me with pure light,
then you
again come back running
then you
again run away...
you bury me in the womb of wonders...
you make me mistress of your misery
then again
you make me
the queen of you quintessentialities
then again
the princess of your powered polemic.

lovita j r morang

Mountain Music

mountain doesnt move but it makes you and me move

like the ahom kings sukhapa who crossed through patkai mountains
a 1228 saga moves on to todays of 2009
and the mount avarest still unmoved rooted
made tensing norway and hillary to move and put flag
human history recored that mountain can make us move

do feel my dear friend the mountain music

down this mount
pebbles and debris

hundred homeless million sleep on street [I don't KNOW why beacause I don't
politics]

they might be shabby might be in peace

when people are so busy playing politics

[The parrot slept for hours on my svelte chair she didnot fall-
standstill rooted like a some exotic green plant

there was no bed no branch no home nothing to think about
so much at peace in sleep]

103

ONE people

As if ONLY ONE is smiling

they think they have to pay bill [to smile]

lovita j r morang

My Relation With You Is...

Deep cannot be the ocean, if I dared lament
True as the benediction of birth;
Child...
humane-a virgin borne...

Bitter-sweet could the truth.
why let be the mighty heart to be loosened,
if you are the sky so endless

Amongst the beast;
be like the bravest born.

Like the God everywhere unseen
Ily...we shall be anywhere.

Did you see the tears bleeding
When I was bathing in the bloody battle to win over
To be nearest to where you belong

God hasn't made,
So cannot ever break;
The relation-

Your relation with me
And my relation with you
Is not the end
there shall be no endness...
end never exist

everything is in between the end and the existence
end has openness
and I like a big banyan tree opening upto the sky
and each moments branching out towards you

Write stories of untold beginnings and ends,
Walk in the footprint of sacred name;
Thence and -
we meet,

A day-
A sacred day;
We shall cry cry and cry
tears of joy,

These tears are precious

for these tears shall impregnate
the empty wombs of human relations

lovita j r morang

No Wall

yes
it's always

drumming! ! !
raining! ! !
candle in the dark cave
love in the light
everything
celebrated...

so much so enough for life...

slept early without thinking of any walls
windows were never closed
fragrance of your being not being kept flowing
freshness of these new mornings...
till I open my eyes and see no walls
I filled the empty bottles...
Then I emptied the cups...

lovita j r morang

Nothing Dies

Thousands of years I've lived
with the wind; with the river
Flowing through these thousands of pretension
humiliations-
a battle fought in hell
a game played well
dead again alive
alive again dead

I'm bolder now; now I am newer
like the eternal sign of
A ceaseless journey
A journey joyous

As the newborn old river
Each day I'm born
Each day I'm mourn

Countless miles; countless smiles
Ripples of hopes now more widened
The lips glow in each smiles
A life and nothing of it dies

Nothing dies

lovita j r morang

Nothing Tempts

Nothings tempts me now...
nothing except and
these tempting beauty of life.
tempted may God too
To live in as beautiful human form
And we do not yet know how to live

Beyond the line there is a church
Behind the church there is a temple
Behind the temple there is a mosque
And behind the mosque
there is a continuous road
Leads to my home
And I do not live in that home
I run out to see
This movement of human love
God many a God, my God
thread through the roads
that leads to my home
prayers and peace spreads from all the sacred places
and flows in to my home too
flows into my heart too
makes me
relive me
and I too tread the same trail with
My being as Muslim
my being as hindu,
my being as Christian
any religion you name
I too worship God
and the Good holy books
on my table lay
in peace with love.
I take care of them
inside my home.
Inside my heart
It's up to you my beloved
what you see in me-
the universe in my nothingness

or my nothingness in the universe...
for I have the begining now...
it's upto you my beloved
if you can see infinities
or stop me to love you...

lovita j r morang

-on The Eve Of Baikho Utsav Of Rabhas-

-on the eve of baikho utsav of Rabhas-

...with the fall of the rain
the sky kissed gently the earth

the day unfurls its scaredness
the day is breathing the morning wind
wind still blowing and breathing
seoman rabha seoman

hail rabhas

today is celebrated
dodan raja enliven

rejoiced in the joyous existence
here is the baikho utsav...
namfarsong namfarsong

a sacred calling move on unto
highest mission
a great dream of humanity
to celebrate to ceremonised

lovita j r morang

Out Of Cocoon

out of cocoon

no
donot touch now
let the wings unfurl

wings into wind
wind into wings

let the wings spread
wings shall grow in the wind only

multi-coloured wings like human dreams
let it fly
let it fly into the flowers
if there is any flowers left in human garden
then only it will be a butterfly

all thing are thing of beauty
my wings too
in the cocoon
grown
I too shall come out from this cocoon
And live through
These things of beauty
Even if human garden barren
And human hearts numb.

lovita j r morang

Painless

Wounds that bleeds nomore,
Painless the flesh;

Succumbed the spirit,
Awaiting to be awakened.

Soul moves hardly,
Like-
a dry leaf waiting,
For the fall of the dew.

And I saw the dew drops
Falling smiling
On the leaf of the life
Through the window of hopes...

lovita j r morang

Pillars Of Brookside Bunglow

Termites of times couldnot tarnish the thralldom
Nor could compose threnody...
O, Pillars of Brookside Bunglow

Thousands of leaves fell, became earth
Thousands of leaves flowered, became wind
Tall trees of Pines, Eucalyptus and Debdaru's
That grew out of Tagore's footprint
Rooted deep in the abode of clouds
Still touch the sky with Tallest Tagore's thrall.
Every night made the stars shine brighter
lighting the Brookside Bungalow - since 1919

thirty days...and again
O great man we love
walked on windswept ridge
walked on green gorge
and fell in love with so unknown that glorifies unknownness
thirteen notes of love, hail shillong
'1928 - shesar Kavita' wrapped in clouds
Still the same stars shine through these clouds on Brookside Bunglow
Still the last poems thrive to last
On the pillars of Brookside Bunglow

lovita j r morang

Pretend

pretend

Sleep is sweetest.
Sleeping is easier.
Pretend my beloved
Pretentions is an another hard work of art.
Let pretentious and plastic be your smile
Than you never and not smile.
Or forgot to smile
Let pretentious be your love
Than you breed bitterness and hatred as your art.
I would rather kiss
all that Human Refugees, Labours, slaves,
Whose humble hands has built
all that fortress and castles
All that houses and homes
All that roads
Than
All that Human begger
sleep on the streets of civilization
Need be take my flesh
and make your mid-day meal
Need be take my blood
and white-wash your wall
You shall be guillotined in the game
You cannot guillotine human name
You cannot gullotine human guts

lovita j r morang

Rape Of An Innocence

Peacefully asleep
tired of the journey,

long way did she walk...

A loving hand extending,
to touch over the dead spirit.

An unknown intention...
Honestly she woke up to respond,
for a moment, face hidden;
merely a faith in between.

was everything a part of game?

An act without shame!
A relation without name.
standing apart, seeking in herself
-the lost self-

hears the applaud of the bell's - the evil,
The evils in her, laughing over
The triumph of joy.

Preening before the mirror
saw herself fading by...

A scratch unto the face of heart,
bloods of impurities bleed,
put the sacred shroud on to herself
like the virgin Bride

with a soul of a widow...

lovita j r morang

Rhododendron!

Rhododendron! Rhododendron!
How fatal
how venomous can you be,
Into nectarine numbness
But I shall drink you
I shall become you
I too shall grow on highest heaven
Which mountain top;
which valley you bloom,
Through frozen mountains
I reached Nagajiji to reach you,
Through windy winding roads albi trees and poplars
I reached zimithang, to reach you
who shall be drunk in your fragrance.
And they shall become you
Smiles of Sakpret village
Will the monpas celebrate and offer you Folkzung-(maize beer)
In the maze of marwa(millet) field,
Invite the great warrior in Zidikaran-(traditional shirt) ,
Lawang Phuntsu-(sherdukpen raja) ,
He shall tell you
how Ahom Princess Rupa was
Abu thongdok, shall write
how in the war on Buddha-
his innocence finds
the musing mising-(the spirit):
he dare ask his motherland-
do not they too have motherland
in their country...
Through his pain;
He too shall laugh
like the laughing Buddha
Rhododendron blooms wild here
I saw virgin Rhododendron
Being burnt alive;
And quietly flows river Kameng...

lovita j r morang

Rivers

Rivers – [2006]

To where

Gone

All the golden fishes□

Call from that the couch shell echoes through

To what emptiness

The ripples of your beingness touch

The golden stones are washed...

and

The gold -washer waiting

Banks of the rivers not yet sunk

Wait until Walk until

You see the Magical path to yourself

I shall make you

a Golden castle on the sand.

I shall die to reborn to be with you

by the riverside

I am waiting

unfurled the commandments of enchantments

flagged off the speeding wheel

of karmic and Parikarmic pain

I shall not dictate you to live...

But

you are dying...

My Weakening shoulders...

Where shall I carry you

Empty hands beg on the forbidden streets of humanity.

Hopes in these land

Shall be born again

Soils of my land still shining

Nothing shall die

Nothing can slaughter you

Brevity born
I shall cry out...Bravo!
You are my brave child...
I shall salute you...
Every lip shall smile now

You shall be the warrior,
The winner, Warring over what...
Marred! What we call sovereign
Sovereign soul of yours shall not die

Your name-Martyred on Milestones...
Shall sing...Shall sigh...
I shall talk to the fishes

Flying fishes, golden fishes
Silver fishes...of river siang
Gold fishes of river Dihing, river Dihang, river kopili

Like the Smiles of the ripples of the kopili river
You shall flow to farrer land and meet new friends

They shall teach you to smile

you shall smile
Then smile...and then smile...

Sings like the river, smile like the river
Thence I shall like the river
Sing and smile... sing and smile
That flows by the side of your haven

like the Siberian birds crossing over
germany, Russia Malaysia,
to our home in majuli
majuli island is sinking...

need souls to save it
we shall save it

Thence there write by sand grains
How to smile
Don't you reddened the river with bloods now
brethren hold on
guns and granates I need too
a foe within us
we need to kill them first
Don't ask me where
Now I want you to breath
And
See still beautiful is the river flowing
And still beautiful the birds flying

Kill the demon in you
We can walk together
By The golden gate made

Thence like those Gold- washer
The Mising people-the Gold washer in the pages 1826 of the river
On the golden sands by the river side

Thence and there you shall
Die not in pain...

lovita j r morang

Roads Of Life

Today
You taught me to dream
Of a new tomorrows

...a gift

But You left so soon
While I was weaving dreams
you taught me to live
and then you left
you left so soon
you taught me to laugh
then you left
then you left so soon
you taught me to walk
I learnt now to walk the longest

Long roads of life-
You taught me to sing on Many a roads...
Beneath the roads...are the roads of life
many a weakened soul walked
And many of them embolden to wake
Even I woke up and saw you walking
And then I walked
How many more miles to walk

Reading and understanding the stories- the books of life...
Pages upon pages...what the writer desired to write
last leaf of my book awaits...
I turned the pages...words that sprouts out alive...

My lingering memories like the seasons
and my standstill finger Touch of your thoughts stirs my soul
I Wake up to another me on this another day
I dared opened the sealed window
Awakened by the fragrance of earth-
Is the songs of roads the songs of the sabbathed life
Keeps one alive

O beautiful earth...

why must we not understand what the roads

Roads that lead to your country...

Roads that leads to your home...

I turned left then I turned right...

I went down then I went up...

Here up on for the love of this universe.

Songs of life, man shall sing on

lovita j r morang

Rusted Gold

RUSTED GOLD-[1998]

Lost myself,
Loving and caring;

A stranger-
In the vacuum of my imagination,

Touched over his shadow,
That befall onto me.

Shroud woven-A Gift,
From the thread of Gold;

For Love-unloved.

Must be rusted-The Gold.
Ungrateful-

Wished and prayed...
Unheard.

Shines invisibly,
A star...
Amidst the crowded stars;

I could gaze him in the daylight of my life,

Worshipping the footprints
Of a betrayed Love.

In shame, bathed in the sweat;
Of celebrated summer carnival...

lovita j r morang

Sacred Children's Story

...Far in the east end is the land of tawang
call abode of God of humaneness,
first rays of the life of the sun-breaths here that
kiss the existence of the Pagodas that stand tall,
the mantras, the monks;

In the lap of majestic mountains, happy are the-starving child
than the dying orphans of the glittering streets.

Hamlets on the hills
bathed by the breeze of the bravery.....

Brave children plays into the silvery streams,
There he sails a dream boat,

unknown to the glitzy world;
weird world of wonders.

Clad in maroon and saffron sacred robe,
The Shangken, the shievir
Like the sky bathed in the holiness
Of the crimson red western horizon

Never their peace be robbed-
Let the tiny feet wanders through the waning ways,
let it wanes through the pure thorny path of reality.

Buddhang Sharranam Gatsami:
Dhammang Sharranam Gatsami:

Voices of the holy child vibrates,
Echoes through the hills
through the white clouds

Touches the heart of the skies,
blessed are thou, o holy child...

Here
in the womb of abundance

bounded in fake smile the slaughtered innocence...
Daily prayer, is begging
a reason so hopeless
for living...

lovita j r morang

Secrets Of My Love

why love and blindfold your mind
you suffer and see yourself
for I have suffered and seen myself
for my few good friends have suffered and seen themselves

for we have different eyes
for if I see green you see red

but everything is simple, black and white

we need to talk of a vision
for I want you
to be a warrior not mere struggler

then only you can LOVE
this is the secret of love

why love and blindfold your mind
for you need to see this vision
let the eyes have all the beautiful dream
for only mind can envision

vision is in the mind
pure-mind can see pure things
see through your mind and tell me what did you see

kissing and being with you is not love
If I cannot make you
If you cannot make me see these wonders

if you want to smell the flower
I may tell you how it smells
But I cannot smell for you

Do not miss the fragrance...
If you have sense
you can smell fragrance in everything

otherside of greater love is

I have great things to tell you
I will tell you

But do not forget to have VISION

You create these great things from every little things
And tell me
Teach me the magic too

See! the whole world will be YOURS
Forgive me my love if my love is no love
For I know love this way to love you

This is love...

Otherwise you shall rot and rust
Like the piece of iron on dust

Though the truth is
Oneday we all shall be this dust

But when we are living we have to love

This is the secret of love
If you are ready to believe

For noone has started yet
Because the wars are still on...

Try to fly and bring back a soul that is so free from shackles
Of human complexities...for I love you...

You shall see the endlessness
Or this will be the end

lovita j r morang

Seventh Sense

seventh sense

surrounded by these creative elements
of force action
a life begins with a balanced birth
let us call the sense of seventh heaven

sa- inside deep inside the sea like soul creates rhythm call it

re- in rhythm that furthur in the cosmic circulation forms God call it

Ga-so Godly is the divine vibration that mother gives birth to movements call it

Ma- mother in the form of molten matter breath for a period call it

Pa- in these period divinity dance let's call it

Dha- Divinity furthur transits into another Newness these Newness call it

Ni-into and in these Newness a rebirth resurrects continues to a complete cycle
to higher another soul call it

Sa-every things in every situation so precious is connected to a soulic survival.

All so complete like an open endness with another beginning
And death with another LIFE
We all are here...
We all can be here if we have these senses

lovita j r morang

She Sells Tea

'she sells tea'

suddenly a strong smell of tea
lurks my dormant memories...
thoughts from dead bed rise

I thought still still and still

Many a hundred times
a serene journey
And my halt in a hut

where a khasi kong sells tea.
The drizzle outside her hut
And the warmth inside her hut
My whole existence was poised
Between hotness and coldness
serenity in isolation...
from the burning fire
she pours the tea
smoke, fog...warming misty memories

the red tea in the glass
Dazzling like blood
This glass of tea-a life giver
For the little baby and the lovely lady
Fifteen to twenty glass if sold
For this life, she say, becomes a gold
heartless her drunk man had been...
she is happy now in this serene silence
since then she forgot and had never seen

the man she loved once..

lamenting her angst she would say

'breathing now like this is anothe chance...'
Her voices still pierce through the mountains
And echos in the mountains in my mind...

emboldening many a hearts in my heart to kill the gall

emboldening many a mountains to rise and fall...

lovita j r morang

Smiling Silence Called Deepti Naval

smiling silence call deepti naval

nothing is rooten
nothing is black
because you are not
if there is one
who breeds hatred
there are billion
who loves you

an umblical cord is cut
a beautiful universe
is born
a beautiful child
is born

mother and the new born child
smiles
the first smile
connected and running through all these veins
are smiles
in the form of blood
what we want
the blood or the smile...

smiles so soulful
there might be a reason
to call it rooted[connected]
[on this hilltop home I live
a parrot from Tripura live too
queen of the palace near mahal
trees and another birds in the courtyard
flying free

bathe in the warmwinter sunlight
biscuit in her claws
sips coffee from my cup
no difference
between the parrot and human

human may be dangerous
they are in danger

pierching through these foggy coldness
distant human humm carol
Not from church
but from resort call greenwood
Beneath this nilachal hill
SO FREE
SHE WOULDNOT FLY AWAY
so rooted to human feelings
a simply joy
such rootedness is your beingness

smiles sprout
into directions
and deepness-as
smiles spreads in silence
through these silences

through those darkened disaster
shine out
like the lonester

smiling rays carry the light
to whoever knows you

I have seen you
smiling
Billions may be
not smiling
Billionaire may not be
smiling
Leornado da vinci's monalisa smile
-half lost
half to be found

plastic let it be the smile
let the world smile

only superior soul
has these powers

smiles connected to hearts
hearts connected to smiles

if not the lips
heart smiles -
burst of an angst
burning smiles
beneath every smile -
but you smiled

who cares who
for who are we
for who you are

[everybody is running to prove s of who]

Gulzar composed deepthi naval's smile
heartwarming
Globe will say
smile is HEALING
need now
these pure rays
of these smiling lights
Thence globe shall WARN
not of global warming
Any pain
will not lead
anyone to vain

Silence translated into
total sounds of smiles
Empty room
filled with these sounds
and silence smiles

when deepthi smile
call it smiling silence
sea sings
near the shore

mountain music
near the silent valley

humble human hum...

tear everything rotten apart
appears joy
cry now
flows
tears
of joy

lovita j r morang

Stone Of Your Country

stone of your country
lion-
with heart of zion
You came and I sensed you land beneath your feet
You left a bit of soil here

Though NEW-but little I knew your country-
you are in the spirit of osip mandelstam
Anna Andreevna Akhmatova's

Who starved for humanism in their own penitential tone
symbols of love embosed
you laugh in auterities
symbols of a great war of love
of great voices of love for love to be loved
in the schools of humanity

saving the grace which everyone lost it on their why to find nothing

you triumph in the music for these ill men
reMINDing them to sing and dance
Tearing their hatreds` into shreds

A beautiful gift to
Free their MIND
And to be KIND
Sometimes later they will FIND
Next time you come to my country get me some
STONES from your country. I mean the Kamen
For this earth need more of YOU and ME

lovita j r morang

Stone-Wall

sunset boulevards
happy return of a barrow boy
ready mother for his bar mitzvah
bargain not my hard service
in our life
mist up mountains melts
happy valley burns
farmer's fingers runs through empty barns
life in dry-stone wall, dry-eyed
dry rots moments now
dry clean dried fruit. dried milk borrowed from dryland

lovita j r morang

Stripped

Battle is on...
Eyes drowned in despair,
the earth looks like a Starving mother and child;
Stripped soul

Naked
Everybody's dying
Dead- even is GOD.

Alive still -
A belief...
A holy dip,
In the river of blood.
Guns laden...

Somebody's for revenge,
Somebody's for love,

play on shame game.
Dead is the Belief -
Alive still-
A relation
Masked man

.....
Bleeding brethren!
Dead is the relation,
Alive still -
Sovereign unattained!

Earth- the earth...
Are we going to make it
a burial ground...

lovita j r morang

Surviving

SURVIVING

how you let the death smile!
How you let the living,
walk a little more mile!
Why did you let me live

Such divine can't be-
The beauty of existence
In the midst of living
Surviving

Meaning that evaporates
Waves that pass by
Rain longingly drops

What else!
What else?

Name me the vulgarities
Tear me apart
Teach me the austerities
Pangs of Falsehood Rule by
Wheels of truth, Roll by
Quit it now Quit living

Leave it all
How far you can fly!
Darken moments shall fade by
End has another meaning
Another life would be renewed
don't laugh, now...

it's no a time weighing your heartless possession
how happy you could be!
Tell me...

lovita j r morang

The First Gift

half of my body wet as the waves of Juhu beach caress my feet
half of the world cracked into another two halves
another half into another and...rest for you

my eyes merged with each particles of the sun
sun that was setting bigger and bigger and bigger

beneath and beyond the ocean-big like you-

you said you will come back to me as the ocean...
millions of suns burst out

I could see the big world floating
Another side unfolds the mornings

Where I as a child still sleeping
The rays of the same sun seeping through the window
Seeping further through the pores of my skin
The rays running through the veins

Both the rays and the light
Seeping through my eyes

Like the images of all elements of this beautiful world play inside my mind
Like the ripple and the waves merged in each other
as the ripples of river dihing and siang caress my tired thoughts

Beats of the hammer woke me up
I looked down from the wooden window
My fingers cleave to the iron rod

with each beat of the hammer
I saw two faces
Face of my father creating
Another face appearing
Creating and appearing

sculpting out a face

Face from that piece of wood
Slowly after sometime of the day the face ready to smile...

i opened my eyes as the distant beats of drums woke me
and through the waves something hit my feet

A shell lay before me

Empty shell

I picked up and blew the shell

And...

Music appeared

Music means you-as you say music all over-surrounded

Music of aliveness

Then you appeared

Like the sculpture my father's first gift for me

Gandhiji smiling out of it-

today i longed for that smile

i trace the trails to Nongkhom-my birthland for the first gift
an ancient truth that magnifies lives

My father gifted me the truth

And I am living truthfully-

And...

Truly- you too were here

Like the heaven on earth...

moulding the halves - of the world

into one

lovita j r morang

The Kathakali Dancer Is The Wild Woman

the man is the wild woman
and the wild woman is
the dancer.

Painted her face green
She become the green faced Kathakali dancer...

She comes out to face the world
She is now the heroic male in Rama Ravana.
And she danced through
these silences of the brutalities.

Her angst burst out
She is in the form of another male now
through that dark and light clouds
she dance through
the Lightning in the crimson sky

her face brunt in saffron-
She becomes the saffron faced Kathakali dancer

She becomes the Shiva
the agni in her burns

her face in red
She becomes the red faced Kathakali dancer

And the devil in her worked too
In the war for peace
in the spirit of demonic Durga
Drunk in the blood of impurities
She becomes Shiva gulping down the vish
Danced still amidst devils
Dance in taalam of the drums
Till another sun appears
Tearing through these darkness

A hamsasya [a godly thing] evolve out
She runs towards the green room

Reddened in menstruating blood
She sighs
Again run
in the beats of mridangum
run in male form and dance
with that strength to gulp down pain
She is burnt like sita
in the agni of another war
The yellow fire becomes her Saree
Sheltering her from human gluttony

She becomes the yellow faced Kathakali dancer in woman

She still dance on the fire
The man is the wild woman
And the wild woman is the Kathakali dancer
Till the mother in her embrace
the man and woman

A beautiful woman is born
And gives birth to a pious earth
And
A motherly man protects the earth
Surrounded by Human saints
Destruction, Devils and Death through these darkness
Melts into this ocean of one another...

lovita j r morang

The Round Table

. the round table

the round table painted in black
black why black
I thought
And the red rose standing still without rotting
For that is the plastic flower
One of them will talk of bollywood stars
and about good and bad film latest movies
one of them is a filmmaker
for him every film is good
say bad that shall enrage him
for people say the film he make are all bad

the older tells about the horrors of history
children asking where are all- Napoleans and Hitlers

for his favorite film being the pianist
he wants the children to see pianist not tom and jerry

mother complaining about price rise
budget butchered

family and friends circles

what is new in the market

mother saying no no avoid markets
God will not help you

bombs terrorism
better be home

thieve burged in last night

get a better lock

corruption of bureaucrats and politician

newspaper lay picture of people ripped apart
in a corner a blind child receives awards

man and animal conflict
immigration - refugee problem
shortage of food
surging flood

hot cup of tea served
wrist of the mother burnt

hurry for office

where to leave the kids

clean up the table

lovita j r morang

The Truth Is

...the truth is that...

Do I or in me,
A selfish beast born?

butchering the bond-
Beauty of unitedness-the closeness...

Touch of your tender finger,
Did never in me the divinity awaken?

Looked back to hold over you.
Hidden!

Far and far,
Farther than the stars;
Searched you,
I in each star.

Shattered before the eyes,
Mercilessly-

Castles of woven dreams,
Storms of unseen devil;
Dwelling daringly ever,
Happily...

Away blown;
Like the wind.
And I-
Closing my eyes,

Moved ahead...
Just to live; Just waiting.
God hasn't seen you doing,
Sin-
Sinner nor am I.

Truth-Not yet borne,

Why you had to be the first to be borne-

To drink the nectar of;
Unmotherly birth?

lovita j r morang

There Is Love In You

there is love in you

Love was never old
Love was never new

Love is always there
There is love
Love was never lost

Only we were lost
we never looked at ourself

Human are busy
Human are growing
Because of love

Hearts were never weak
Never timid
Love was there
And
Love is right here

Otherwise
You wouldn't have these senses
Otherwise
I would not have known you never
Everything would have been
Like goya's painting
Devouring demon

But we are beautiful human

If you have pain
Laugh out loud
In the rain

I still see love
In everyone
In everything

Otherwise

You would have never smiled
Back at mankind.

lovita j r morang

Time And The Fruit

sweetest ever than any fruit is the
fruits of time
the time and the fruits

time all ripen
time you gifted me
the time and the fruits

time to move
then
move in time-anytime
all so fruitful...

wheels of time roll by
for the time, being you urged me to pause
and I
everything was melting
like the water from icicles
like the steam from streams
like the mist from mountains
and
memories from mind

every moments seeping into another moment
waiting-waits melting and flowing

waiting like the gentle flowing river Brahmaputra
waiting - again and again for the season
waiting to melt
underneath
beneath breathe

when the season will breathe out
the fragrance of jackfruits shall awaken me

and i shall run thence to that direction
with a laugh so full so maddening...

i am happy i am mad
i am mad because of you
you are so beautiful-to remember
everything by all inside
cosmic
like the coco-the nut-and the water

yesterday a friend made some laddus out of coconut
and each day i have been chewing betel nut with coconut

my thirst for purity made me move
i sucked dry the coconut and the water
pious i felt-what a feeling

like the fog that all fell frozen
when you whispered to the wind
everything magically appeared from disappear
time and the fruit
to show the fruit-for the juice was inside you said

and...
slowly ...
like the lights from the cleavage of Sohra Nohkalikai Waterfalls

fell on to the bosom of the earth

reflection of pure light-
there and then
the pure light fell on me...

lovita j r morang

Trapped

Fading reality,
Vulgarize living;
Trapped in emptiness,

Unknown of a promising destiny.
Dwelling supreme,

Amidst impurities;
A tough dealing-

The road to reality is misleading

Lies beneath lies;
Shameful face never as ugly as its true color

What else to be hidden!
Mourning the sacred death of living...

Trying to live-
The truth within me is bleeding,

Smiling...

Here I'm ruling-
Dwelling supreme,
Trapped in false living.

lovita j r morang

Two Hearts And A Song

two hearts and a song

morning so beautified

mourning

hum the harmony for humanity

like this truly like this
writing in the wind, calling the wind

a man like you are for men

you said two hearts a song
and created and composed
many a songs...many a hearts

it's purely for all that hearts
that can beat for you

peace through love
and
love through peace

if love is two hearts and a song

I may be torn
I may be lovelorn

Amidst we
I...
Global festival of human songs

Try singing these and smile
Hum even if the songs has broken rhythm

The Ragas of life

Why carry a broken heart

I may be playing the broken flute

It's not only the two hearts and a song

But for many a hearts that hums

I believe

I shall sing on these lovesongs for lovely people.

Songs not yet shaken

For love knows it's own unlimitedness

open-endedness

lovita j r morang

Ugliness

life lived on it's ugliness
ugly is our devilish diktats
duteous dwelling-is it the birthright
noble I am born, with faith...reborn

Cost of freedom cannot be your blood
Nor can I shed it to glorify my existence...

Into any blissful land lord can be enslaven
Enlightening can be a mere far-cry
Dies the peace...
Cries the peace...
Under the dying sun
The bleeding fingers write

Can you buy me a peace

What lurks you to say
I love you - nomore

Everyday brightens up with another night
And every night I wait...

Mornings of life mourning
Singing farewell song
cowardly again shall be the birth
Dastardly acts dogmatised
Life lived on it's ugliness
Noble I am born
With faith...reborn

lovita j r morang

Unlimiting

Unlimiting

ethos of nationalism
fraught with
greed, chauvinism
warfare
welfare
foul and fair play
o land of Bhagawadgita
veda
o land of bible
more or less right
moral fight
social illusion
truly lost
you were true
you are always true
but do you know the truth
trust ownself
or not trust others
a man in prison
in a prison free society
of civilized barbarity
I too speak
A language of victory
Language of defeat
A great war
A great evil
A great deed
Nuclear barbarism
a carnage
in the mass murder
along with you
I was killed too
life, flesh and blood
love, longing, compassion
becomes an invisible particles
from inescapable suspicion
hatred wins

shrunk back to primitive instincts
who were born god
who is born good...

lovita j r morang

When Sleep Is Peaceful

you left your window open
you wanted the moon to light up the darkness
when nothing was there to light you up

you were in between
moonlight and the midnight

when the world is sleeping
your eyes wanted to see the other sides of pain
you laughed made fun of the joke
God must be joking
and you smiled when you saw the moon smiling by

it's time for you to sleep now
people saw all the paintings
people saw all the colours
that you created the whole night in the darkness

darkness and nights

everything is beautiful now

I read the lines you wrote
'I am doing nothing, not even sleeping
But I am not useless,
Uselessness is early death...
In solitude'.

you felt lonely and sleepy too
and sleep with the moon just by your side
everything smiled back at you
and I kissed you through these pure lights

it's all a pious relationship of
all beautiful causes
and
all beautiful effects
in right time inside the space
in right space inside the time

peaceful is the sleep
when you feel through your all senses
that everything you are surrounded by
loves you

lovita j r morang

Wild Woman Is The Kathakali Dancer

the man is the wild woman
and the wild woman is
the dancer.

Chutty-Painted her face in pacha-
Green...
She become the green faced Kathakali dancer...

She comes out to face the world
She is now the heroic male in Rama Ravana.
In the beats of
madalam
chenda, idakka,
And she danced through
these silences of the brutalities.
Her angst burst out
She is in the form of another male now
through that dark and light clouds
she dance through
the Lightning in the crimson sky
in the light of Kalivilakku
her face brighten
her face brunt in saffron-
saffron...
She becomes the saffron faced Kathakali dancer
In her female strength she becomes male...
She becomes the Shiva
the agni in her burns
her face in red
colour of vermillion flows out..
red...
She becomes the red faced Kathakali dancer
And the devil in her worked too
In the war for peace
in the spirit of demonic Durga
Drunk in the blood of impurities
The colour of vermillion petrify
She becomes Shiva gulping down the vish
Danced still amidst devils

Dance in taalam of the drums
Till another sun appears
Tearing through these darkness
black
In Kari, Black faced-God of Death
A hamsasya
A godly everythings evolve out of her
She runs towards the green room
Reddened in menstruating blood
She sighs
Again run
in the beats of mridangum
run in male form and dance
with that strength to gulp down pain
She is burnt like sita
in the agni of another war
The yellow fire becomes her Saree
Sheltering her from human gluttony
yellow
She becomes the yellow faced Kathakali dancer in woman
still dance on the fire
The dancing man is the dancing wild woman
And the wild woman is the Kathakali dancer
Till the motherness in her embrace
the maness and womaness
She becomes all and everything
Sathwika
the hero
Kathi
the villain
Minukku
A complete female
A beautiful woman is born
And gives birth to a pious earth
And
A motherly man protects the earth...
Surrounded by Human saints

The dancing man is the dancing wild woman
And the wild woman is the Kathakali dancer

And in the process of putrefaction...

And in the process of petrification...
Destruction, Devils and Death through these darkness
Melts into this ocean of one another..
Then
she becomes the universe of love and only love...
And the dancing man was the dancing wild woman
And the wild woman the Kathakali dancer

lovita j r morang

You Are The Potter

potter

I muddied my body
I stink of mud
And I fall
into the potter's hard hand
And I become
the feel in his mind
Ever beautiful mind
That thinks of nothing now
A beautiful feeling
He digs me out
into another a many layers
And I evolve
And I grow
He curves me out
into another world of new life
His hard hands soften
I become his muse
I make him smile
We are ready to go now
We sailed on boat
Flowing along the river
A breathe of endlessness
I flowed into another...
Today I hold a flower
of a evergreen plant
All human longings
in the flower
Just creeping allover the window
Sunshine falling on me
And I see
That a lonely human
takes care of me and smiles
and a lonely dog
watch by and looks happy
I hear the story
of a broken life
that human narrates

I too fell...
breaking down
I saw myself into pieces,
another pieces and pieces
The lonely human gathers my pieces
And throw me back to the mud
Today
again
I am the beautiful earth.
And
you are the potter...

lovita j r morang