

Classic Poetry Series

Manmohan Acharya
- poems -

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Manmohan Acharya(20 October 1967 -)

Manomohan Acharya is a poet and lyricist from India. He is also a researcher and published author. His contribution appears significant by inspiring the classical dance, Odissi, for the first time to enter into Bollywood with his lucid Sanskrit lyrics.

He was born in the village Lathanga in Jagatsinghpur district in Orissa, India in 1967. He was born in a Sanskrit family of Lathanga, Orissa of parents Pandit Mayadhar Acharya and Parvati Devi.

Manomohan Acharya has contributed a lot to modern Sanskrit literature both as Poet and Play-wright.

Awards

Sanskrit Eloquency Award, Vikram University, Ujjain, M.P.,1990

Vanikavi Award from Vanivinodi Parishad, Utkal University,1991

Doctor of Philosophy from Sri Jagannath Sanskrit University, 2003

Gita-Saarasa Award from Christ College, Cuttack administration,05.02.2005

Delhi Sanskrit Academy Award for instant poem writing, 2007

Ananda Bharadvaja Sammanah, 2007

Lokakavyanidhi Award,from All India Lokabhasa Prachara Samiti,Puri, 2008

Bharata-Bharati-Samman from National Sanskrit Sahitya Academy, 2009

Abhinava Jayadeva Samman, 2009,Bhaktakavi Sri Jayadeva Samaroha samiti

Sanskrit Sangeet Nataka Academy Award, 2010

Fellowship of Vachaspati from SARASWATI Research Institute

Chinta Chetana National Baisakhi Award, 2012

Hunger

Mother Earth is losing her glory,
frightened by hunger.
O! Romantic Bumblebee,
Can you not provide
a miraculous dazzling garland
for her freedom from hunger?

Mother Earth is now challenged
by disease and sorrow;
She is suffering from the pain of poverty.
Here, the span of life diminishes
like the bet in a gamble.

The slippers of the mortal Earth,
Now touched the chest of the Moon.
Oh, It is shameful that
the misery of hunger is still continuing
as it was in the past.

The whole world has turned to a small market;
The distance is shortened,
But the thrilling lady demon,
Hunger, is increasing like Hidimba.

The hungry dark nights of the famines
are still in history.
Uncounted numbers of bones,
bloody garlands of skulls
made the Earth cold.

The people were suffering from hunger,
Partaking of uneatable food
and malnutrition.
The Earth was like a desert.

Earth has kept
the wheel of Time as eyewitness.
The Earth turned desert due to insane drought.
That terrible scene is still remembered.

Earth visualized
the destruction of houses
and death of innumerable people.

Now, the statecraft is frozen.
Somewhere, it has collapsed.
On the other hand,
Earth is beaten by the strokes of hunger.

The fate makers of the world
Try to make their countries, combative.
They spend heavily
towards preparing nuclear bombs
and war missiles,
but are unable to realize
their hidden enemy like hunger.

The temperature is increasing day by day.
The Earth
becomes soggy yet still exists.
The surprising fact is that
in this high temperature,
the mentality of man is becoming
ice-cold and unkind day by day.

O! Partner Bumblebee,
realize the pain.
Please think deeply on it.
Remember that
the pen which steals both hunger and attention,
is really a pen, nectar-flowing.

O! Hero Bumblebee,
you please go to the surface of truth
and sing the song of reality.
The song,
which expresses the pain
and misery of humans,
is inscribed immortal in History.

O! Partner Bumblebee,
you quicken,

eradicate the pain of hunger
by singing the song of fraternity.

Manmohan Acharya

Lotus Bed And Bumblebee

O! Lover,
Enjoyment...
on the soft body of a lotus is always risky
and inconsistent
as its route is always
encircled by thorns.

O! Dancer,
the soft lotus bed,
on which you are dancing, is like a trap.
You are playing
with the horns of danger.

You are moving through
the navel of creepers,
Encircled by poisonous snakes;
The lotus bed is inconsistent,
The leaves are a dish of fragility.

The root of the lotus plant is dirty
and fallacious.
In between the dirt and lotus,
there is a bog of deep water.
thus, you are putting one foot
after the other
and flying around.

The moment,
the sun will hide
within the tail-feather of darkness;
you may be locked
within the prison of lotus petals.

O! Husband,
You are very late.
Please come out of
the belly of the lotus
as soon as possible.

The lotus,

on which you are sitting,
may be attacked by a cruel elephant.
Imagine yourself
to be in the stomach pot of an elephant.
O my dear bumblebee,
leave the lotus
and fly into the embrace of the large open sky.

Manmohan Acharya

Mother Earth

Mother Earth is very soft
like a blue water lotus.
This Vasumati, source of all wealth,
is like a garden,
surrounded by greenery.
Now, people cut her trees
and root out her hair like plants.
The body of Mother Earth is being tortured.

The transparent flow of the rivers are awarded
with the dresses of dust coatings.
Rivers now are bound
to drink the wine of dust,
vomited by the kaliya snake like pollution.
The life,
like river Yamuna flows
with infinite sorrows
and repays the drops of poison to others.

The smile of cool
and tranquil wind is stolen.
Sulphur, acid and dangerous gases fill air.
The sweet breeze,
flowing on the perfumed flower gardens
and blowing through the mountains is dispelled.

The Mother Earth is being wet
by polluted water
as if she is imprisoned
within the belly of serpent Hamadryad.

Mother Earth is crying
as her green forests are coated by dust layers.
Her own children are uprooting her trees
and plants by axes
like Parasuram had cut the head of his own mother
with an axe.
The prolific green Earth,
who yields the crops,

limitless is now discoloured
and losing fertility.

Mother Earth,
well-known as Gandhavati,
source of fragrance is wearing
the garland of odouring dead,
The wave in the sky
was always in concert of sweet tunes.
Today, it is fastened
by the smokes of the sacrificial- rituals,
performed by the machines.
Now, the beautiful sky,
described by famous poet,
Magha is dust-coated.

The sacred balcony of the sky is locked
by the polluting smoke
and turned to a laboratory for testing the nuclear missiles.
The sky which wore the necklace of twinkling stars
and bore the streams of transparence is becoming dirty.

The humble Mother Earth is perforated
by the arrows of acute desire of man
and wounded.
The soft skin,
covering the womb of the Earth is being
heated by polluted air.
The plants of life are becoming dehydrated
by the ultra violet rays of angry sun.

Mother Nature,
ever satisfying all desires is being shattered
by the number of holes,
dug by the tusks of the cruel boar of so called
industrialization.....!
O! Partner Bumblebee,
please sing the song of environs.

Manmohan Acharya

O My Lovely Death!

Welcome, welcome, o my lovely Death,
I am not frightened, till my last breath. (1)
Dies a tree, dies a bee, do they care you?
You are not out of earth, new not are you. (2)

I do feel ache and pleasure before you come,
No pain, no gain, when I am at your home. (3)
Gandhi died, died Osama (?) , one day I shall.
Life is not a lotus bed; death is not a hell. (4)

Lovely wife of a life, long live o! Great,
Let happen every thing, but no death of death.(5)

Manmohan Acharya

Poetry

O! Dear Bumblebee,
The poetry is the Earth, charming;
The river, flowing from lofty mountains;
Nature, a young woman and a heavenly plant
With blossoming flowers,
Slinking in the garden of the mind.

She is a matter like the Earth;
She is realized
as the highest level of consciousness.
The rays of life enlighten poetry
From different angles as
the Earth is lighted by sunlight.
She is the heavenly Earth,
Brilliant and wonderful playing on the space of thoughts
And giving a benevolent smile of new inspiration.

She is like a river, flowing spontaneously.
The lives are similar to the streams
flowing with sweet water in a river.
The river of poetry contains
the myths like small fishes jiggling
and the open banks like wide perceptions.
The waves of rhythmic language,
tunes of sweet feelings and singing birds like the depths of meaning
make the river of poetry ever flowing.

She is a young woman of beautiful Nature.
She is bent down
by the heaviness of her breasts of conscience and brilliance.
She always glances pleasantly
by her beautiful physical structure.
The woman of poetry twinkles the smiles of natural magnificence
and dances in the mind with dazzling costumes.

O! Lovely Bumblebee,
She is a heavenly plant with blossoming flowers,
Slinking in the garden of the mind.
The root of the plant of poetry is linked

with the highest realization.

The plant of poetry,

filled by the juice of sweetness

and swaying with her leaves,

eternal moves around the intellectual world.

The heavenly plant of poetry,

smiling with blossoming flowers of aspirations is ever busy

in the art of creativity.

Manmohan Acharya

The Ultimate Source Of Light

Give me compassion,
Almighty, enlighten me, O! Indefinite.
You alone conquer;
You are the ultimate Source of light.

Spray the flowers of liberation,
Thirsty and dark, I am a poor night;
O! Almighty, Shower the drops of radiance
You are the ultimate Source of light.

Dances an endless illusion,
A woman of desire endures in my heart,
I wait, O! Almighty cut the net of passion,
You are the ultimate Source of light.

Manmohan Acharya

Woman

O! Poet Bumblebee,
please don't repeat such poetry
which are hummed
by the dancing rhythm of the sweet sounds
coming out of the bangles
and leg ornaments having small bells,
of the prostitutes.
The lady laborers are living cursed lives.
They are working very hard in impassable mines
and dangerous forests,
bathing with their tears and sweat.
Their hands
and feet have become very thin
and bodies have become weak.

O! Poet Bumblebee,
please don't repeat such poetry which narrates
the sexual pleasure
describing the bored beauty of a young girl
compared with the temple of Lord cupid.
The wife of the tribal person is very simple
and living a miserable life.
Every day her drunkard husband beats her.
Due to poverty
she wants to kill the baby growing in her womb.
If anyhow she gives birth,
then also she sells the new born.

O! Poet Bumblebee,
please don't repeat such poetry,
which compares the beauty of the belly button of a lady,
exposed due to the looseness of the garment
with a softbud of a lotus flower.
Now a days, a rustic girl, Radha cries.
She is harassed to get a shelter.
Her dress is tor.
She is frightened by the burning hunger.
The smile of her face is eclipsed by
the ridiculous denial for a little food.

O! Poet Bumblebee,
please don't repeat such poetry
which describes the ornamented face of a lady
dazzling through fish like eyes
and glorified by long black hairs.
Here, the foetus of girl child,
while swimming fearlessly in mother's womb is killed
by her own father.
Sita, an innocent girl is made like a commodity
in the horrible dowry market.

O! Poet Bumblebee,
please don't repeat such poetry
which is wet by the sweet juice of the pair of
vessel-like breasts.
The village girl Krishnaa is captured
by the cunningness of villains like Dushasan.
She is being forced to satisfy the sexual thirsty
and thrown to the highways.

O! Poet Bumblebee,
please don't repeat such poetry
which is pictured by the red spots of kissing
on the lips of beautiful women.
Kunti, an old woman is now knocking
door to door to search for a job.
She is beaten by her own sons.
Kunti is living like a dead body.
Her pair of breasts,
hanging down are kissing her own belly button.

O! Poet Bumblebee,
you please extinguish the heat of the fire,
burning in the hearts of poor women.
This poet does not oppose you rather
he is humbly requesting all
to please eradicate these piteous problems in the modern age.

O! Poet bumblebee,
you please keep it in mind that
the both sweet and useful poetry is ever remembered.

Manmohan Acharya