

Poetry Series

Madhav Sarkunde
- poems -

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Madhav Sarkunde(11/12/1963)

I am a bilingual poet. I write in Marathi and English. I am also social activist and work for poor tribal and rural people in Mahabharata.. I work for the promotion of education of the Dalit and deprived.

A Butterfly And Me

A caterpillar of rays
slithers on a sleeping
lake's belly, newborn ripples
gently strike on the cheeks
of its bank, just then a boy comes
there racing, strips himself
and dives in the water;
not for pearls or so
but to save a butterfly
from drowning.

Then the winged thing
flits away and scatters
Lord Buddha's message
in the world, while I sit in
an AC room and hair split
scriptures to get my name
enlisted in pedants'inventory.
@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

A New Universe

I think to create
A universe
Quite different
From the one
We live.
In it will be
No room for
Vices like
Hatred
Greed
Doubt and
Deception

The fulcrum
Of it will be
Love born of
Pure feelings
None will vie
Madly for bucks
Nor will matter
Rule mind.
Only heart
Will matter

Discriminations
Thrived on
Caste
Color
Creed and
Gender
Will be banned
For good

Happiness
Will be religion
Free to all
Temple
Church
Mosque

Or the like
Won't be
Allowed
To estrange
Us

Knowledge
That is a craze
Of our world;
Will be held at bay
The voice
Sprung from
Truth embed
In our cells
Will lead
Our life
All means
Of joy will
Belong to none
But all.

Like
The Electric bill
Everyone will get
A monthly notice
That he/she will die
Someday
Purpose of this act is
To remind him/her
Of futility of
Wool-gathering

Yet there are many
Things to adore
My creation with
If only you help me.

Without you my venture
Will be half hatched
I believe and believe;
That dovetailing of
Our souls will birth

A new universe!

Madhav Sarkunde

A Poem.

As I see
Tom
Dick
Harry
Scale
A ladder
Of glory
Through
Plagiarism
My words
Are stifled
My belief
In poem
Staggers
I look into
The vacant
Sky for long
For freeing
Myself
Of the rapist
Memory
Then suddenly
My eyes meet
Pure white
Herons flying
In formations
Against
The backdrop
Of dying light
O my Gosh!
A miracle
Befalls me
My hearts
Cracks open
Like cotton bolls
And a poem
Tumbles out;
A poem
Having

Its own
Roots!

Madhav Sarkunde

A Rose Of Clods

To pull my shaky legs,
she presented me
clods in a golden box
on my sixtieth birthday
I put the clods in a pot
and planted a rose in it

Next year on her birthday
I presented her a fresh rose
from the same rose plant

Wow! What a sweet rose!
Ducky! Where you found it?
She asked me in all surprise.
It's the miracle of your clods
was my reply in all sincerity.

Oh! I just made fun of you
but I just took it serious!
and anything wrong in it?
Nothing wrong! said she.

Today I learnt it for a fact:
If love is serious, it can turn
even a clod into a lovely rose

Madhav Sarkunde

A Soul On Fire

I am not afraid of the storming wind
I fully trust the honesty of my sail
I do not bother what comes my way
I will push on against the blaring knell.

I do not care for the death to come
I hate the sterile living all the more
I will brave every wave like a warrior
I do not worry about the safe shore!

I don't like the rich life rolling in dull rest
I want to wander like Gypsies and fill a barn
I'll hope a new hope in each newborn instant
I don't like to settle and mend the forlorn.

I cannot wait for things to come to my aid
I harness and race them to my own charts
I know days are inadequate and nights less
I must bring in crops before my sun departs.
@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

An Either-Or Choice.

A fine cage
lies in my heart
and a bird in it.

I want to free
that poor thing
but it says it's safe
behind the bars.

And also it loves
to stay put forever.

Now I am helpless
I have to live now
either as a prison
or soar up in the sky
carrying the cage.

Madhav Sarkunde

Be True To Yourself

The frisking fawns
and flying birds are
pleasant to watch -
I often heard
this litany of yours,
but please tell me -
When will you think about
the chains on your feet?

From the point
we are standing,
the lively mountain
is not far away
if we wish to feast our eyes
on the matchless scenery
we must move on boldly
or go back resignedly to the place
where our ancestors rotted.

Calamities are numerous
so are you going to stop living?
Calamities do their jobs, let us do ours
the ones who fear calamities
and stop short, lose opportunities
gifted by life.

I cannot tell you
what I have given you
but I tell you avowedly
that I didn't give you any pains
and that's the only evidence
that I am all happy!

Madhav Sarkunde

Beggars

Don't ask the beggar at your door
meaning of his hungry begging bowl,
or the earnest supplications in his eyes.

If you feel something thaw within,
dropp a coin or two of compassion
in his cupped hands.

If you don't,
then stand in the witness box of his piteous looks
and confess outright your opulent beggarliness.

This act of yours may sound casual to you
but for him, it may be an epic lesson.

Your admission of niggardliness will reassure him
that he and you are characters of the same drama
and in destiny's eyes, both are absolute beggars -
one is driven by rich greed, the other by poor hunger.

Madhav Sarkunde

Books

Books are an essence
of our mental life which we grew
through the cultivation of time
So look after them like own children
or else our progeny will miss life
of enlightenment.

Books do not believe in chauvinism
they travel across the boundaries of nations, race,
genders and languages to befriend you and me
Don't confine them in parochial cells of individualism

Books are an eternal estate of humankind
they enrich the poverty of our rusted mind
they fill us ceaselessly with new fervors
Please, preserve books for the children
in the world.

Books flout the trodden trail
and take the road forbidden by mores
at times, they raise the banner of rebel
against the ablest monarch. Books symbolize
intrepidity, which we have lost in toadyism.

Books are our dispassionate friends
which never speak untrue like human beings
they earn us honors, awards and prizes
and add to our credit selflessly.

Books are our true liberators
which snap trammels of our ignorance
they raise our spirits up to fight against
all discriminators.

Books are a soothing solace
to our sensations seared in seclusion
they heal wounds inflicted on
by our dear ones.

Books are the only doorway
which lead us into ourselves
and reveal the unrevealed
in our mortal frames.

Books are most efficacious medicines
They cure incomparable ailments
and keep us healthy in unhealthy climes.
when you stir out of home,
carry at least a book with you.

Madhav Sarkunde

Can You Expect

Not that being poor
you could not achieve
your goal, if so
Ambedkar, Lincoln and Obama
could not scale the height of success.

My child!
Poverty is not the hurdle
along the way of achievement
instead, lack of our will to win
is the mother of our misfortune.

Success or failure
is nothing but an outcome
of our labor or laziness.

And my child!
Can you expect sweet grapes
from the climber of bitter gourd?

Madhav Sarkunde

Challenge

O rabid storm!
Destroy my shanty
as badly as you can.
I will raise it over
for my trust in life
is still intact.

O mediator of menace!
Scatter my dear things
as far away as you can.
I will get them all back
for my diligent hands
are still ready to toil.

O villainous vandal!
Snatch my unalloyed joy
as much as you can.
I will earn it again,
for grit in my blood
is still alive.

Madhav Sarkunde

Childish Questions

A little child asked
its father, 'Daddy,
why the goddess of justice
ties strip on her eyes? '
Father said, "Son,
she closes her eyes
to do impartial justice.'

The child asked again
'Daddy, if one can be impartial
by closing one's eyes,
then, why all the blinds
are not appointed as judges? '

Madhav Sarkunde

Colors

Come on! forget
days went by and
look a pied dawn
dances its way
to your door.

Shed off hues
you inherited
through caste
creed
faith
sect
region
tenet
and all
Douse yourself with
colors of brotherhood
and play holi of love
this is a golden moment
to beautify the ugly face
of your yearlong hatred
this is the only chance
to bridge giddy gorges
of your strained relations

Don't sit in home puffed
Look that flame of forest,
stripping itself of old rags
it wore attires of saffron florets

Cheer up, My friend!
and enjoy this rare occasion
drunken with infinite delight
you will suffer an irreparable loss
if you remain in you secured cell
Why do you wrap yourselves in pallid mood?
While the whole of universe is colorful mood.
@@@

Come In My Dream

Though not possible for you
To come in the flesh to me,
Come in my dream anyway.

If you want to save yourself
From prying eyes of the world
My dream is the only safe
rendezvous for our meeting.

I have adorned my dream for you
You just come and sit beside me,
Read out your poems calmly to me

Sit with your eyes locked in mine
I have to read meaning of the world
In your liquid eyes, suffused with
Essence of esoteric feelings of Eros

O my dear, Come in my dream, soon
I am waiting for you from many births.

Madhav Sarkunde

Come On

Come on, let's plant
Our tender feelings
In the soil of time
And hope for flowers
Of ecstasy to bloom
Around the barrenness.

Come on, let's spread
Peace grown on the lids
Of our loved moments
And wait for legalization
Of forbidden fruits to ripen
For our rainy days

Come on, let's sing
With impulses of larks
And fill the rain-loaded
Clouds to help them
Pour unsparingly for
Our thirsty earth...

Come on, let's be
A milestone for them,
Whom the fate misled
Into the hazy garden
Of material Ghost.

Madhav Sarkunde

Cowards Are Curses

If against your will
you are chained
or put in the jail
you are not slave
but you are slave
if you keep mum
and let evils grow
like weeds afield.

If you hesitate
to flay the fake
fearing risk or
to keep yourself
safe of calumny
you are enemy
of Nature's Plan.

If you daren't right
wrongs around you,
you are coward and
you know well that
cowards are worse
curses of human life!

Madhav Sarkunde

Curiosity

My Father
and my father's father
spent their lives
at the foot of this hill.

They never climbed
up the hill and tried
to reconnoiter....
the world beyond

One day out of curiosity
I clambered up the hill
and looked around.

Really, I was dumbfounded!
From on high
how vast the world
meets our eyes
and so also life!

Madhav Sarkunde

Death Comes Unnoticed

No one can predict exactly
How death takes on someone
It can come in any form it likes
And ends up life all of a sudden

Yesterday, it came up abruptly
In the guise of hysteric squalls
Swifter than the lightning wings
Was its gait armed with hails

In the twinkling of an eye
It killed hundreds of sweet birds
I witnessed its macabre dance
And cackle of feathered friends

Really! Death can catch up
With anyone of us unawares
Today parrots were on its hit list
Who is tomorrow? How to share? -

Madhav Sarkunde

Decide

Decide

You are a step
for your journey
decide if you want
to start or stay put

you are the sky
for your bright sun
decide if you want
to rise or stay mute

your are a future
for you & your people
decide if you want
to build it or stay ramshackle

Your are a freedom
spread it far and wide
decide if wish to do it
or put on manacle.

- Prof Madhav Sarkunde

Madhav Sarkunde

Defiant Question Of Paradha's Boy

Grandpa had no roof over his head
or a yard to relax for a moment.
only thorny paths for feet
and adamant hunger glued
to his sunken belly like a plum tick,
were his only properties?
All the same, the police registered
his name in station diary as a Millionaire

My pa too took grandpa's route
and they named him Fakir- mendicant

As thread trails the needle
I followed pa's footsteps
and was trapped one day
for an uncommitted pilfering
then they christened me History

Grandpa: Millionaire
Pa: Fakir
Me: History

O my country men!
my brothers and sisters
let me know
where should I carry this life
Crammed with dazing paradoxes?

What to do with it?
Please, tell me, please
what should I do now?
may I take the road leading?
to the Red Salam
Or stand in a crowd square
and piss on your sublime culture!

(This poem is based on a True story from Yavatmal.)

Note: 1) Paradhi is a hunter tribe in India who faces terrible police atrocities.2)

'Red Salam is metaphor for Maoist philosophy

Madhav Sarkunde

Defination

Universities:

Universities are boxes of crayons
that discolours the learners.

Teachers:

Teacher are trained thieves
who feign to teach and
make a killing.

Students:

Student are offsprings
of the rapist values
that lost their bearings.

Madhav Sarkunde

Domestic Truth

My neighbor has bought a Freezer
and playful atmosphere in my home is frozen
every face is taut like the tent of Circus
from her to them all readied to fiercely assault
my deficit budget like the opposition party.

I am a pilot running planes every day
but cannot run my home neatly
I live with this bitter truth in my heart
and feed gaping mouths given to gluttony.

Just yesterday, she insisted on a cooler
and my limbs went cool and numb
now-a-days the seasonal winds
of my neighbors' prosperity
blow through my home and
wipe out mirth from my face.

I try to ever convince her
that her questions within
four walls are not my questions
what be called a question,
is a ticklish question!

If our eyes that cry for our own griefs
do not shed few tears on others' pains,
they are not eyes but looking sockets.
If our sleep is not broken by day's calls
we are just corpses stuck into inert mind

Like the glass you broke yesterday
we are going to be broken tomorrow
before that let us do a bit to slake someone's thirst
let alone awake others, we must awake ourselves first.

Madhav Sarkunde

Each Tick

As long
As things
Are good
Stop not
We Should
To make
Darning
Because
Each tick
To us is
An ultimate
Warning

Madhav Sarkunde

Election-2014

Every candidate
Tries to push down
My throat would-be
Policies of his party

Their feeding is
So thick and fast
I didn't get time
To digest them

I am sick of the mess
I can throw up anytime
And sadly if I did that
That would benefit
Only dogs.

Madhav Sarkunde

Every Day Is Begging Day

On the auspicious day
of Rama Navami they gave out
kichari to passersby in a cup of leaves
they proudly called it Dandharma.

Each square of city
boasted the same scene
all the faces over there are
itched in my head quite good
they made faces at me yearlong
And how generosity befall them today?
I do not know.

When I hobbled past them,
one darted forth to give me kichari
I said, I don't want the stuff
I want an answer to a question from you
Why I am a beggar even after sixty five years of freedom?

Madhav Sarkunde

Every Sob Belongs To me

Irate millenniums in deep cave of mind
collapse constantly on the head of patience and
labor pains are smuggled right in time of delivery.

Cantonments of shadows fall down in curses,
in the mid of harvest, crops die away abruptly
and birds flutter in their burning nests hopelessly
at each step bursts up a question and
denudes me now within, now without.

Please tell me!

On which butterfly's tomb
should I scatter my tears?

On what misery may I write a dirge?

Whom should I shove away?

Whom should I hold close?

Here, every sob belongs to me.

Madhav Sarkunde

Fleeting Moments

1

Who knows what will
Be fall you tomorrow?
So let us seed a plant
Of sesame today

2

Look and behold
At that weaver bird
How nicely it knits
The nest. Tell me,
Can we learn from it
Something?

3

When the nature
Celebrates seasons
Of Fruits and flowers
I no longer stay here
I can't shun temptation
Of roaming with bees.

4

Take away and keep
These religious texts
With you
Those roaring waves
And toiling labors seem
To tell me something,
I must go there first.

5

Hey! Are you a lens man?
Please take a snap of tears
In my mother's kind eyes
That will be an only means
To tell me meaning of mercy
After her departure.

Friends!

Friends!

Come on! Let's bedeck this new dawn
With pristine ripples in our bosoms
And embrace a rock determination eager
To lead us into the life even nobler and loftier
Than what it was yesterday!

Let's bow down to today's sun
With deep respect, which opened
A huge door to our dreams aspirant
Let's wish lovingly "Happy New Year"
To all trees, climbers, birds and animals
For they too have their share in making
Our life a sweet melody this far,

Let's put up anew our collapsed neighborhoods
With the mighty hands of this sprouting Age
Let's plant compassionate trees on either side
Of our hearts to offer shades for the tired posterities

Let's thank to the skies overhead
And the sun, moon and stars therein
Let's ventilate our deep gratitude
Towards noisy rivers, brooks and rills
And howling storming winds around
For they have extended reassurance
To our morose hearts many times.

Let's be indebted to the days gone by
And as also those ferocious sooty nights
Which allowed us to sleep in all calmness
Dissolving past glitches, errors and hatred
Let's resolve to live in love, harmony and help

Friends!

While saying good bye to the going year
And welcoming hastily to the coming year
Let's take a solemn oath to live simply
As human being (? !)

Madhav Sarkunde

Genius Ink Blot

Other day, I forgot to cap my pen Jotter
as I was carried away by a lovely matter.

Drop by drop, the ink sneakily oozed down
and made my pocket all black and brown.

When I discovered it, my countenance fell
just I was on cloud nine and now I'm in hell.

I realize now that a pen is mightier than brain
as it disquieted me completely even by a stain.

Thanks! my pen, today, you have taught me lot
no doubt, more genius than me is a tiny ink.

@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

Goatherd And Monk

All tired and jaded
and thirsty lot
down the hillock
a goatherd shot
to a tortuous rill,
from cup of hands
he drank Adam's Ale

Tracing his trails
all the bleaters
reached to him,
filling the bladders
they stood in rim
as a sole tender
he checked heads
and awed to miss
a kid that was red

He raced up back
to the grassy land
where gladly grazed
his beasts' band

He swept looks
all over the region
and not the kid but
void met his vision
he called out aloud
to the poor little thing
and heard down in vales
his own words ring
Consumed with guilt
he slowly lingered back
his conscience gave
him many a whack.
when on the retreat
a monk crossed his way,
the goatherd asked him
if he eyed his kid anyway.

The holy man smiled
and said 'absolutely!
there on the slope facing
a fox, it stood mutely.'
why you saved not
my poor helpless animal
O Apostle of mercy,
said the boy in grumble

The killer or the killed
are equal in my sight
I profess this principle
that sounds ever right
posing himself Mahatma
the monk said in high pride
O boy! don't suspect me
I am philosopher and guide

Oh no! Not siding the kid
obliquely, you sided the fox
I think you and your philosophy
is nothing but a garbage box?
@@@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

Grow Out Of Habit To Trust Wrong..

My fellow citizens grumble on:
Ours is failed democracy!
and call for presidential system
Nay, they call it an ideal rule
Wonderful! really wonderful!

After the dark Age of hundred thousand years,
India saw a dawn of equality, liberty and justice
Common man found his voice that was gagged for eons
theory of 'one man -one value' is rooted in Indian Soil first time
all this came to us through only the gate of democracy.

My brother!
Even so, you disapprove of this noble truth
Do you wish to revive the rule of terror in the long past?
Would you mind telling me what democracy stand for?
and who failed it?
Do you think democracy is curry that goes bad overnight?
Is it an engine of a plane that suddenly conks out?
Or is it a factory that falls sick after a time?

I think,
Democracy is not substance-
Solid or liquid
Or a person-
Male or female.
It isn't a lion, a peacock, a mountain, a sea and so on.
It is a common rule by common consent for common good.
Also your good will for your neighbor and vice versa.
Democracy is a fruit of sustained efforts of our forefathers
It is not general election and an auction of votes for notes.

Brother, it is us who failed democracy.
Our old habit of servitude still rules us
We always need someone other to govern us

Bofors, commonwealth games, Telgi, Satyam, IPL, Hawala,
And 2G Spectrum are not avatars of democracy as you think
or don't appreciate it from money-mad politicians around you.

You can realize how much counts democracy in our life,
if and only if you grow out of your habit to trust wrong things.
@@@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

Had My Word Wings

Had my words wings
they would have quit your town
where people measure their success
by others' failure

Had my words their own tongue
they would have parted with your parlance
that misled the speechless gullible souls
by mistaken meanings.

Had my words not tied my Compassion
they would have torn down veils of vile vicars
who perverted faith in human hearts.

Madhav Sarkunde

Height

My father
And father
Of my father
All Spent
Their life
At the bottom
Of a tall hill
They never tried
to be atop it
Once curiously
I climbed up
On the hill
And was stunned
To watch things
Around there
And also truth
Dawned on me that
It is only from
On the height that
One can capture
The full view
Of anything;
Even of life.

Madhav Sarkunde

I Am A Reason

I Am a Reason

I ain't a lake
I am a river
I don't take
I am a giver.

I ain't a bard
I am a verse
I ain't a ward
I am a nurse.

I ain't a road
I am a ride
I ain't a goad
I am a guide.

I ain't night
I am a day
I ain't a mute
I am a say.

I ain't a blinker
I am a vision
I ain't a guesser
I am a reason.

@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

I Am A Mirror

Yes! I am a mirror
And true to myself
I am never succumbed
To bribe or toadyism
But now-a-days it has been difficult
To keep myself safe and secure
All want to break me by saying
That I show them how they are
Yes! I will show their true faces
Though they broke me into pieces
Nobody can hide anything from me.
My relation with the world is like
Husband and wife; who have to get
Naked to consummate the marriage.

Madhav Sarkunde

I Am Your Hibiscus

I am your Hibiscus

Today's moon is sweet
So are your memories
I am long and languid text
You are easy summaries.

Sorrows are beautiful
So is your glowing mien
You are my fail-safe words
I am your foolproof pen

Trees are in bloom
So is your bosom
I am your hibiscus
You are my blossom

The sky is clear today
So are your blue eyes
I am your canvas eager
You are my dazzling dyes

Nature is bountiful
So is your nature
You give me your all
In Karna's* gesture!
@@@

Note 1) Karna* is a character from the Epic, Mahabharata. He is well known for his generous Nature.

Madhav Sarkunde

I Can't Forget You

I cannot forget you
But I don't know why
Missing you all the while,
My heart does cry

I cannot snap you
From my life twigs
I will go drinking you
With endless swigs

You are my soul
I am your frame
Though different
We are the same.

Madhav Sarkunde

I Don'T Write A Poem

I don't write a poem
but sprinkle my heart
on white papers.

I don't write a poem
but kiss flaming words
on the lips of volcano.

I don't write a poem
but croon a lullaby
for drizzling lids.

I don't write a poem
the poem writes me
and sets me free
from the life engulfed
by mirages.

@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

I Fled The Scene

They were putting up
A huge wooden pillar
Square and stocky

A band of labors
Erected it amid
Loud cheers and
Piercing fear

I don't know
Why they did it
Someone said:
They were building
A grand edifice

Others said:
It was a structure
For the installation
Of Durga Devi

What it may be!
When they heavily hit
Nails into the post
My heart sank short!

I fled the scene
Lest they'd nail
Jesus in my heart.

Madhav Sarkunde

I Love Beauty But

You are right that I love beauty
but I love beauty of pains more
Don't think I like only blossoms
I also kiss eyelids of trees bare.

I fill in my vein blazing suns and set
off on joureny to the land of hunger
I think life is a ticket free of charge
I must harness it for deeds worthier.

I have no time to waste on your crap
I must gather in crops before chilling winter
I won't stay for your merry-making orgies
to my poor birds, I must beat the hunter.

I do not write for your fake appreciation
I write to repay debts I owed to my sorrow
Don't play down figurines of my poor world
I assure they will lead the universe tomorrow

Madhav Sarkunde

I Never Sleep

Forty years flew away
And I did not sleep a bit
I can't afford to sleep.

And now-a-days
Incidents of burglaries
Are on high in my colony
Really, I terribly fear thieves.

But again there is nothing
In my home for them to steal
Only books are lying all over
And I remember to have heard
That the thieves hate books

Yet I am scared to death
What if some thief stole away
My dreams from within my heart?
I am all undone then!

Let the thieves take everything
I don't bother at all. But I will not
Let them touch my prized dreams
It is only my dreams that keep me up
Watching doors and windows all night

My neighbors are under illusion
That I fall in a deep slumber. No way!
Never did I sleep little over forty years
I just lay on the bed holding my dreams
Close to my chaste.

Madhav Sarkunde

I Was Husk

A cloud
comes over
my home
and peeps
in through
the window

I got that
it told me
that real me
lay within.

And really
as I peeked
into myself
I found me
quite unlike
from the one
outside.

True so far,
I was husk
and now
I am a seed.

Madhav Sarkunde

I Will Drink Up My Share Of Sorrows

I am not ashamed
In befooling myself
In your eyes.....
You go on hating me
I love your hate.

You behave like
You have to stay forever
In this caravanserai
I know I have to check out at the sunset
Because my budget will be over then

I may pass unnoticed
Along this crowded street
My songs born out of my heart's pangs
Will not be heard ever
But I do trust my tears
Lying around here in the dust
They will sprout with fresh invitation
To the souls burning with creation

I know nothing goes to waste here
I am sure my slightness will flower one day
Maybe I won't be there then to see its blossoms
And mind I am not in a haste to be adored

I have to drink out my share of sorrows
I never frown on the gifts of my life
I live life like a mighty river
That rushes uphill and down dale
And yet sings songs of eternal bliss

Madhav Sarkunde

I Won'T Follow You.

1

Here, take this scripture
And hold it for me for some time
Those laborers bathed in sweat
Seem to be telling something to me
I must go there first.

2

Hey! You are photographers?
Please, take a snap of tears
In my mother's eyes –
After her departure
They will tell me the meaning Of compassion.

3

No! I am not happy at all
With the teaching of your school
For with the growth of knowledge
Ignorance is still not going away
And learners are blinkered
Like horses.

4

Tell me the truth!
Did you not spend
Half of your life hating me?
I won't follow your steps
Because I have to reach
My abode before night falls.

Madhav Sarkunde

I, A Mall

Caste
Color
Creed
Gender
Language
Region
Religion
Temple
Mosque
Church
all these
so densely
Crowded
Within me
That I turned
virtually into a mall:
Only hue
And cry
From end
To end.
Alas!
I can't hark even
What my heart says! !

Madhav Sarkunde

I'D Prefer To Live With Dogs

Once one of students
Asked me how I would live
After my retirement
I said her straightway
I'd go in a far-off jungle
With sixteen dogs and spend
My remaining life with them
Merrily
Why with dogs?
She laughed curiously
I tried to convince her-
Is it not my right to live
With animals after
I have fed up with humans
Living for sixty years?
Then she teased me
In good humor
Sir, let me know, will dogs
Be ready to accompany you?
You bet" my words thundered
Because dogs are dogs
Not human beings
Precisely, they are
Neither fanatic
Nor Chauvinistic

Madhav Sarkunde

If I Were Her Dog

Poverty clipped my wings
and left me alone wriggling in pains

I fluttered lot
I muttered lot
I nothing got

I wandered over hills and down dales
holding fast on assurances of heaven
sometimes I caught on thorns and
others; thorns caught on me.

Every day a new sun came to my door
carrying the poor old questions and set
further behind the hills leaving back
the same worries for the day to follow

Yeah! it was yesterday
I walked down a rich street
shouting aloud 'Firewood! Take firewood '
my ribs creaked under the burden of woods
over my head. I swept quick and fast looks
around to probe the buyer of my faggot
just then, a sight met my eyes.

Ah! there on steps of a Bungalow, was a girl
far fair and bursting with voluptuousness
she lavishly plied her dog with sweets.
my mouth watered and I wished I were the dog!
I might have eaten the sweets my fill
I must have chances to ride in her car
In her company, I might have enjoyed

everything, even the unspeakable? !

If I were her dog...

Madhav Sarkunde

If Really You Are Free!

If really you are free
Clouds of hatred won't crowd
In your mind
Rather would you shower
In life's intensity on the pate
Of farms beset by despair
If really you are free!

If really you are free
Selfish signs in your eyes
Will fall down abruptly
The rising generations
Will walk in the direction
Of your stares
If really you are free!

If really you are free
All the slammers will thaw
In your warm breaths
All languages under the sun
Will proscribe the term slave
If really you are free!

If really you are free
Caste, religion and bounds
Of nations will surrender to you
Not humans only but rivers and
Mountains will sing your praises
If really you are free!

If really you are free
On your thoughts won't thrive
Fungi of unreasonable impulses
And the ledger of your life
Will be in balance quite like
Beats of a healthy heart
If really you are free!

If really you are free

You need no other prayer
Your living itself will be
A prayer for the world
If really you are free!

If really you are free
None will keep you
From speaking truth
And then your words will be
The voice of scriptures
If really you are free!

If really you are free
Your hands won't rise to trash
Someone but raise him up above
Broken households will go ahead
Resting their hands on the shoulder
Of your words
If really you are free!

If really you are free
You can resurrect lost battlefields
And you can be shields and swords
In the disarmed hands
If really you are free!

If really you are free
There will remain no fear
In your mind for someone
To be your enemy or opponent
You will stand as an idol of courage
And history will offer you a seat of honor
In the annals of humanity

Madhav Sarkunde

Knowing

Many keep asking me
Why I choose to write
About my own Self
How can I answer
Their queries?

I think in knowing
The self lies knowing
The world around
It is a real route
To get to the heart
Of the mystery - life.

Prof Madhav Sarkunde

Madhav Sarkunde

Let 'Em Bark!

Let them bark
I would fain sing
I steel myself
To bear the sting

My lord loves me
So I nowt want
His olny are words
Other are just cant

He leads me
Into the light
So no fear I've
Of any blight

I don't crave
For anything
In his praise
Let me sing!

Madhav Sarkunde

Let Us

Let us dissolve ourselves
in to each other or else
the rain will take
credit of it.

Let us spread ourselves
in to each other or else
the wind will take
credit of it.

Let us bloom ourselves
in to each other or else
Spring will take
credit of it.

Let us carve ourselves
in to each other or else
the chisel will take
credit of it.

Let us forget ourselves
in to each other or else
the memory will take
credit of it.

Let us live ourselves
in to each other or else
our age will take
credit of it.

Let us free ourselves
in to each other or else
an onlooker will take
credit of it.

Let us compose ourselves
in to each other or else
a poetaster will take
credit of it.

Let us perfect ourselves
in to each other or else
the world will take
credit of it.

Let us realise ourselves
in to each other or else
the catalyst will take
credit of it.

OOO

Madhav Sarkunde

Let Us Realize Ourselves

Let us dissolve ourselves
in to each other or else
the rain will take
credit of it.

Let us spread ourselves
in to each other or else
the wind will take
credit of it.

Let us bloom ourselves
in to each other or else
Spring will take
credit of it.

Let us carve ourselves
in to each other or else
the chisel will take
credit of it.

Let us forget ourselves
in to each other or else
the memory will take
credit of it.

Let us live ourselves
in to each other or else
our age will take
credit of it.

Let us free ourselves
in to each other or else
an onlooker will take
credit of it.

Let us compose ourselves
in to each other or else
a poetaster will take
credit of it.

Let us perfect ourselves
in to each other or else
the world will take
credit of it.

Let us realise ourselves
in to each other or else
the catalyst will take
credit of it.

Madhav Sarkunde

Life Grows Beautiful

I have not wealth
to give you but...
I can give you
wealth of ideas
that will ensure
happiness instead.

I have not assurances
to give you but...
I can give reassurances
that will lead you out of
the want more syndrome.

I have not a palace
to give you but...
I can give a hut of heart
that will shelter you from
the hailstorms of power thirst.

I have not rich gifts
to give you but...
I can give my pure love
that will save from
the inferno of jealousy

I have not great principles
to give you but..
I can give a few valuable tips
that will tell you an invaluable thought-
that life grows beautiful in letting others grow.

Madhav Sarkunde

Life Is Struggle

All days are not same
And so aren't nights
One can raise oneself
If honestly he fights.

Hurdles are sure to come
Dejection will haunt you
Success will bless you less
More will failure taunt you.

Friends will share in joy
And shun when in pain
You will be valued, not
By the loss but by gain.

Don't hang your face
Down in goomy despair
Life awards only them
Who stand up and dare

Madhav Sarkunde

Love

Still he loves me
And ensures the same
In all lives to come
But I want to tell him
Love is not a thing
To share at our whim
It is a king of feelings
So it stands above all
It is that only
That draws a line
Between your being one-
Living and dead

Madhav Sarkunde

Love Is Also....

I can't hate their hate
for I am groomed only to love
but their hate grows apace
like thorny thistles, even thicker

Now twin options stares me
I don't know how to decide on
but then a voice thundered within
think wise, otherwise, surmise will die

Allow yourself to be crushed
under the huge chariot wheels
of juggernaut of hatred
or retaliate to save yourself
for planting culture of love
in blooming buds.

Without doubt, I will take
the latter course of action
as I believe, though destructive awhile,
It will leave back a new meaning of love:
'To love is also to fight evils! '

Madhav Sarkunde

Memories Of The Old Village

Memories of the old village
Resemble those of the dear departed
Returning from on the border of them
All seem much barren and bore

Often a thought haunts
What if man had not mind?
How would he have lived?
Would he be upset as of today?
Had he been moved on seeing
The world heaving with sorrows?

If nothing like this happened
There would have been no difference
Betwixt man and the railway engine
The engine never feels grief-stricken
When it crushes and kills the innocent
Maybe death too won't have been
As much agonizing.

Intellect frames our life is true
But mind maintains it, is still truer
He who keeps balance of mind
(No matter how he nurses talent)
Can walk unfaltering among tremors
Of unearthly earth quake.

And to him memories of the old village
Also remains fresh as ever.

Madhav Sarkunde

My City

I am born and grew up
in this city, my coveted place

I think this city of mine is most safe and secured-
barring four incidents of bomb blasts
seven communal riots
a dozen occasions of incendiarism
about one hundred rape cases
and scores of murders or half murders
and pick pocketing, burglaries, cheating and eves teasing
are too normal things to give them serious thoughts.

Truly, my city is good, quiet and safe
I love my city, my dreamland
I studied here, passed my engineering course from Karve College
just three stops from my colony. I found my sweetheart here.
she and I had schooling together.

We had been married for ten years now with a son,
both earn a lot, me as a company engineer
and she works for a private firm.
Money, money and lot of money
we could bring in anything we cherished.
our life prospered with the city's prosperity
and we enjoyed all: love, life and liberty

But my marriage is almost on the rock for one and a half years
as my wife joined the club that vindicates extramarital relations
I don't like my better-half be taken by another man
No! my values don't permit such promiscuity, filthy acts!

My wife tried to convince me and said, 'we are big people in big city
and such things are general in this modern time, darling! '

My bile got boiled over and
I admonished her to go no more to the fraternity
And what a tragedy! he threw me out of her life
she sought legal separation, all of a sudden

Now I am all alone in this quiet and safe city...

Really, my city is most safe and secured?

As in here, everything is stable except human life!

Madhav Sarkunde

My Colitis

The fact is like a pain in the arse
I can't confide it in anybody!

I have been martyr to colitis for years
Sometimes I hate to be living like this
But I can't kill myself like a recreant
I want! Really I want to cure of this ill.

I have seen many doctors and quacks too
And chewed leaves of trees and creepers
More than a nanny goat might have done!
But rumbles in my breadbasket is still on

One fine morning my doctor divulged me
'My indigestion is caused by short of saliva'
And Himalayan truth dawned on me!
Really in my mouth there left no saliva

I drooled very much before editors
For getting my poems published, now
My tongue also has got like a cigar stub
Because I have left no politician's boot
Without being licked clean!

Now I have had insomnia
Sorry! Excuse me! No insomnia
To be precise, it is my poem books
That let not me sleep. They enter my sleep
And ask me what I have won by loosing
Self-respect; which is invaluable than any value! !

Madhav Sarkunde

My Father

This is my father
He broke stones lifelong
For educating me
In summer vacations
I too went to the quarry
And prayed a stone god
Beside our thatched hut
For good grades
One day I asked my father
Why he didn't worship
Any stone god

To my surprise, he retorted
Which god? Of that stone?
No! I don't do that at all
You know I broke stones
Enough to make a mountain
Bu in no stone I found a god

And from the moment
I quit the idolatry for keeps

Madhav Sarkunde

My Fellow Citizens...

My fellow citizens grumble on:
Ours is failed democracy!
and call for Presidential System
Nay, they call it an ideal rule
Sad! really very sad! !

After the dark Age of hundred thousand years,
India saw a dawn of equality, liberty and justice
Common man found his voice that was gagged for eons
theory of 'one man -one value' is rooted in Indian Soil first time
all this came to us through only the gate of democracy.

My brother!
Even so, you disapprove of this noble truth
Do you wish to revive the rule of terror in the long past?
Would you mind telling me what democracy stands for?
and who failed it?
Do you think democracy is curry that goes bad overnight?
Is it an engine of a plane that suddenly conks out?
Or is it a factory that falls sick after a time?

I think,
Democracy is not a substance-
Solid or liquid
Or a person-
Male or female.
It isn't a lion, a peacock, a mountain, a sea and so on.
It is a common rule by common consent for common good.
Also your good will for your neighbour and vice versa.
Democracy is a fruit of sustained efforts of our forefathers
It is not general election and an auction of votes for notes.

Brother, it is us who failed democracy.
Our old habit of servitude still rules us
We always need someone other to govern us
Bofors, Commonwealth Games, Telgi, Satyam, IPL, Hawala,
And 2G Spectrum are not avatars of democracy as you think
or don't appreciate it from money-mad politicians around you.

You can realize how much counts democracy in our life,
if and only if you grow out of your habit of wrong thinking

Note: Some voices in India hold that India democracy, though largest, is failure to run country successfully. So they suggest that Controlled Presidential System be tried on experimental basis.

Madhav Sarkunde

My Life's Circle

My childhood in the remote village
in that deep forest, calls me even today
songs of unsoiled rivers still ring in my ears
O! Behold those dames of 'Bhil' with my eyes
how they dance in circle on that plateau!

I can clearly see heavily foliated trees there
dazed winds in valleys bring poems to me
the kind sky over the hilltop still shines in eyes
'Velpu' of my forefathers daily talks to me
life of jungle lingers in my body even now
in each cell of my blood rooted glory of
primitive culture like an old banyan tree's root.

I can't do as Langston did in his trip to Africa
I can't hurl out memories treasured in my mind
my soul thrives on refined food in this city, is true!
But have you ever turned over pages of my heart?
Have you ever read edicts in my burning blood?
If really, you love my poems, then do a thing for me.
When my bellows are spent, I request you to carry
my mortal frame in the yard of my darling jungle
my life's circle will complete there and there only!

Note:

- 1) Bhil, one of primitive tribes in Rajasthan
- 2) Velpu: A figure of dead is stitched on a piece of cloth and worshipped by a tribe in Madhya Pradesh, India.

Madhav Sarkunde

My Poetry Still...

Pull off earth
From under my feet
Push away the sky
From over my head
Mislead the wind
That soothes my wounds
Apply all the mechanisms
To ruin me, my home and field
I would say nothing
And nothing would befall me
Because my poetry still
Steps in with me.

Madhav Sarkunde

My Words

I tend to words
in my heart more tenderly
than my bank balance
because I know there are many ways
to collect money and be rich
but no way is there to remove
the poverty of thoughtlessness
Without words in my heart.

I think words are
holier than any holy place
under the sun
so I worship them devoutly
because they never demand me
rupees or dollars for blessings.

I love words more
than my own dear life
because I know my life is
going to betray me one day
but my words would sing me
even after I am no more here!

Madhav Sarkunde

Never Before...

Never before looked
so beautiful this world as today
I think it is you who made it so!

Never before tasted
so sweet memories as today
I think it is your words, which made them so!

Never before felt
so blissful reading as today
I think it is your poems that made it so!

Never before felt
so blessed this life as today
I think it your love that made it so!

Never before was
so pleasing sorrows as today
I think it is your touch that made them so

Never before was I
so sanguine as toddy
I think it is your vow that made me so!

Never before got
so lifted my soul as today
I think it is your purity that made it so!

Madhav Sarkunde

O City!

O City
I don't approve
Of this face of yours!
Seeing your a such
Horrible mien I regret
My stay in here.

All the people
Who claim to be
Civil and civilized
In normal times,
Why do they go on
The rampage in
The name of religion?

Various birds and beast
Live in the same jungle
Bu they don't raise
Such clouds of holy dust.

Scriptures assert
All beings are created
By the Almighty
Then why do the birds and beasts
Not take out a rally of any god
Or celebrate his birth anniversary?
Why don't they raise
A temple
A mosque
A pagoda
A Gurudwar
For their creator?

Is it that they all have
Turned atheists?
Or secular like
Our Constitution?

O city

I don't like
Your facade riddled
With orgies of religious
Extremities
The rat race of religion
And subsequently raised
Dust-storms of wantonness
Strangulates me.

Really I feel stifled
In the smog of blue
Green and saffron hues
Where would these rallies terminate?
At salvation or cremation?
O my dear city!
Do you have answers to these questions?

Madhav Sarkunde

O Hurricane!

O Hurricane!

Rob me, if you want,
of everything I have
but do not take away
dreams in my heart

Raze my home to the ground
uproot plants in my garden
blow away the silos of grains
throw in the mid of deep sea
my all troves that hold gold

Ruin my fields full of crops
leave me in utter fiery desert
do whatever you please to do
but do not touch my dreams

Hurricane!

My dreams are my soldiers
they can surely recover me
what is snatched from me
they are my lifeblood too
that keep my ticker going.

Madhav Sarkunde

O My Songs

O my songs!
Don't look away
Seeing me burn
In the fire of life
I am not afraid of
Turning into ashes,
But I want to be born
Afresh in a melody
Before my ticker
Stops for good

I know you know
What cries within me
So fill me with tunes
And let my lips flood
With stupendous music
Let me be a concert
For whose life is all
A dry and dead river
Let me flow freely
With Sweet gurgle
And make my shores
Green with bliss

Hey my songs!
No! I do not want
To push on this cart
Of the inherited rags
I wish to weave
A sheet of comfort
To cover mute sores
Of the labors working
Afar in the fields.

My dear Songs!
Bless me with a stance
That will give birth
To a lyric bearing
My stamp on it

Eternally.

Madhav Sarkunde

O Obama!

O Obama!

I don't know

Why I am so happy

By your win -

But I know for sure

This victory of yours

Is a proof of your goodness,

Your dedication and devotion

Towards human causes

Obama!

I don't know

Why I feel my blood

Dance in my body with joy

By your comeback

But I do know your re-entry

In the white house is a promise

To fulfill the painting you left off

My dear Obama!

I don't know -

Why I feel so drawn to you

From this far shore of humanity

But I know perfectly that tears

You shed on sorrows of slavery

Have to do with my bondage, too

O black Obama

I don't know why

I feel my dream flowered

But my heart tells me

That in your triumph lies

Hopes of those deprived of hope.

Madhav Sarkunde

Pains Of Parting

Where are you?
In the rising sun
In the flying birds
In the frisking calves
In the shining dews?

Where can I find you?
In the rustling leaves
In the rippling grass
In the bouncing waves
In the cascading falls?

Where can I locate you?
In the smiling roses
In the hated thorns
In the murmuring rills
In the mountainous hills?

Where can I get you?
In the wandering winds?
In the stretching deserts?
In the hurrying clouds?
In the drizzling rains?

Where can I meet you?
In the trickling tears
In the chilling fears
In the blooming dreams
In the piercing screams?

O My love!
Where are you?
I am after you
for ages and ages
I want to give this
heart of mine to you
so that you can know
what are the pains of parting?
@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

Plant Me

Want more than I gave?
Plant me in your life's field
I'll come up as a lush green shoot.
Water it
feed it
with your untainted love
protect it against wild animals of greed
if you can,
put up a fence of your watchful moments.

One day, I'll grow into a mature tree
and bear fruits for your hungry dreams
Really, my darling, you want something more?
Bury me in the fertile land of your delicate feelings
be not afraid an iota,
a seed you cared for fondly
might rot and die in the moist soil.

My love!
A seed has to sacrifice
and die to be born anew
death is not an end of life
but a holiday for planning
to plant life in a fresher way
so want more from me!

Plant me in whatever land you have
don't wait for the rains
shower me with your tears
I'll sprout up as a beautiful plant
with the glint of thousand suns in my eyes
and laughter of eternal life on my lips.

Please plant me, if you wish for more...
@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

Post-War Baghdad

Watching white convoy rush behind
bloodthirsty missiles on TV screen
my old mother grumbles in griefs:
why, why they spill human blood
her wrenched heart floats on her face

I but sit back and think about
Doves in Baghdad and smirk
black clouds of war over Iraq
symbolize our barbarities galore

I don't care for the hike of Petrol
but worry sick of human blood
being cheapened in such a way
I make a calculation of Lives
uprooted and nests of Doves
reduced to ashes in Baghdad.

Now I see in every child's eyes
mountains of smouldering fire
Every soul wrapped in fire
mothers even greater fire
Help! Help! Leash that fire
or it will turn our world
into a horrible Khandav Van!

Children of Mr. Bush are
on victory spree out there
They don't know really?
The vanquished are more
dangerous than the war itself.
Victory is a time being ceasefire
and defeat, outbreak of an endless war.

(Note: Khandav Van is an imagery from Mahabharata.)

Madhav Sarkunde

Resting Is Rusting

I don't know
Where this road leads
But I do know
If we take it
We will surely reach
A place unknown
Which will unfold
an unseen dream
That will fill us
With a new life

Take any road
That comes your way
For walking is to survive
And resting is rusting

Madhav Sarkunde

Riddle

People send me invitation
for delivering speeches,
honor me by garlands and
awards of few thousands,
respond my words clapping
thunderously, right on cue

They love me as a friend
but do not follow my words
they come empty-headed
and prefer to go back so
then I cannot but regret again
and my loss is my only gain

I think something wrong
is there that stands betwixt
me and my dear people
Either I am unable to get
my message across to them
Or they must be hidebound!
@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

Similar And Dissimilar

A chick cracked open
its hard shell and came out

A chick waited for
its shell to open and died in it

What was similar and
dissimilar betwixt the two?

Similar:

Both were chicks.

Dissimilar:

one strove to come out
and saw life

The other remained dull
and saw death.

Madhav Sarkunde

Slavery

When slavery Percolates
Deep in pores of our body
It becomes curriculum
Of our life making our living
An endless funeral

Then it saunters in our blood
Like the river Brahmaputra
We move through corridors
Of Impotent powers and feel
As if we won the heaven
With alms of a post of minister
And few Ashram schools to our kith
This beggarly feeling pushes us
Into the abyss of nothingness

One who accepts slavery as destiny
Is more lethal than HIV, Coz he rots
Every possibility of rationalization
He spreads epidemic thralldom
Far and wide

Anyway, what is slavery?
Is it an object?
If burned or buried,
It can be removed away
No way! Not so!
Slavery is a condition of your mind
Framed purposefully by a few
Or an ugly child of our ignorance

I guess there are two ways
To do away with it
The slave must either destroy himself
Or the source of slavery

Madhav Sarkunde

Some Sorrows

Some sorrows
are like vitiligo
which never go
some sorrows
are like blisters
of burn which
cure very slow.

some sorrows
are like a wick
which burn for us
some sorrows
are like a flour mill
which churn for us

some sorrows
for us trickle
down the Cross
some sorrows
make for us
a beautiful ras

some sorrows
we can't forget
some sorrows
for us open up
a pleasure gate

Ref: here the term ras is picked up from Hindu mythology which means dance in circular manner.

Madhav Sarkunde

Song Birds Of My Dream

The song birds
Of my dreams
Sit on the sill
Where I sleep
And sing achingly
I get adrift
In the world
I crave for
When I am
All awake.
Would that
The songs take
Over my life!
Just then ...
My wife calls
Out to me
For a walk
Frightening
The birds away
I open my eyes
To see the world
filled with elegy

Madhav Sarkunde

Madhav Sarkunde

Storm

Who can tell a thing to this cyclone Phailin?
It is a master of its own and can moves anywhere
It can forge ahead at any rate of acceleration
It can act on its impulses when and where it likes
And storm into our neighborhood at any hour
It will get plumes of life badly disheveled
It will angrily fling away shores of our dreams
It will withhold our grace and progress awhile
But the cruelly raging storm doesn't know
That the human grit to live against odds
Is far stronger than thousands of storms!

Madhav Sarkunde

Thankyou, Boy

A boy threw
a stone and
broke my
windowpane
my wife got
ever so upset
but I was more
than happy.

I thanked
the poor boy,
for he gave me
at least an outlet
to peep out of
my introverted
world.

Madhav Sarkunde

The World Is Straight

When I say
I don't love you
it doesn't mean
that I hate you.

You take out
of your mind
your crooked
antonyms.

And then see
how the world looks
synonymously straight!
@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

This Birth Is Homework

People say I am an oddball
or an unfit note in melodies
they say I am sitting in the tree
of which roots are in the skies;
I talk to heaps of ashes.

To them, I am a square peg
in a round hole, even so I love
them all and they pile me with
allegations of such oddities.

People are good, very good,
they are honest and sincere...
they do what their fathers did
I ask my father for evidences.

I do not know myself full yet
I am rooting about my shores
from time immemorial now...
and find a new me each time.

People also accuse me of drinking
Yes, I am an inveterate drunkard
I drink straight champagne of life,
the life choked with young ecstasy
my inner stupor makes me stagger,
to save myself from falling I drink.

I know why they call me a freak
they want to fashion me like them
they want to make me a scarecrow
No! I will not follow people a step
I will follow my own voice, I know
this birth of mine is homework -
for a still higher one waiting for me.

Let people say what they want to
I will not budge an inch from
the promise to fill this reed with songs.

Madhav Sarkunde

This Is My Pilgimage

□

If I came in your city,
Would you welcome me?
My heart is prodding me
to see you for a long time.

I do not know how you are
I mean rich or poor like me
I do not know how you are
I mean fair or dusky like me
I do not know how you will welcome me
I mean with smile or sic your dog on me.

Come what may, I will come to you in few days
I just want to see your face aglow with innocence
I just want to see your eyes dribble with kindness.

You are roosting for my soul
You are boosting for my goal
I want to confess my all sins before you
I want to get rid myself of my evil past
This is my long-awaited pilgrimage to you

Will you allow a sinner like me in your life?

Madhav Sarkunde

Time Is Running Fast

1

Here take this scripture
And hold it for me some time
Those laborers bathed in sweats
Seem to be telling something to me
I must go there first.

2

Hey, you are photographers?
Please, take a snap of tears
In my mother's eyes -
After her departure
They will tell me meaning
Of compassion.

3

No! I am not happy
With the teaching in your school
For with the growth of knowledge
Ignorance is not going away
And learners are blinkered
Like horses.

4

Tell me true!
Did you not spend
Half of your life hating me?
Yet I won't follow your steps
Because I have to reach
My destination before night.

Madhav Sarkunde

Today Is The Best Day

Yesterday is no more
tomorrow is uncertain
Friend, show your acting
before falls the curtain!

Today is the reliable day:
plinth for your tomorrows
if you rise to the occasion
you will not meet sorrows

Days wasted in slumber
can hardly be revoked
but to make up losses
efforts might be stoked

If you don't hark earnest calls
of the rising sun in the east,
your day will remain fallow
your mill will get no grist!

We are born with holy promises
we must toil on to fulfill them
Sure! The trophy will be ours
we ought to play the game

Today is the only best day
Haste! Sow your all field,
for your senile tomorrow
you will have ample yield
@@@2

Madhav Sarkunde

Traitors

We try to find out
miscreants of bomb blast
in Pakistan and the leaders
who have blasted our constitution
are at large.
@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

We Are Just Castes

Who are you?

I am Ph.D,
a professor in College.

Shut up! Idiot!
Tell me your name;
your identity

I am an Indian
a citizen of Bharatvarsha.

Bastard!
Don't give me that!
Tell me,
who are you?

Hindu or Musalman?
@@

Madhav Sarkunde

We Are Quits

Ravenous and parched lips,
he entered Patel's Wada* and
in thin voice begged, 'Mai
would you grace this mortal
with some leftovers? '
Patel flew in rage:
O lazybones!
Don't feel ashamed?
Take this axe and break
those woods for us first

The old man picked the axe
and broke cartload of woods
drained to the bone,
he settled down and
begged, Mai, water.
Patel again thundered:
O Duffer!
Be gone with you!
and thrashed him
black and blue,
as salt into wound
Patel threw at him
crumbs of Bhakarīs**

Patel, grateful to you
I broke your wood
you broke my back
we are now quits
So said the Karma yogi
and turned to go away
into even crueler world.
@@@

Note: This is a poem based on a great Karma Yogi Saint Gadage Baba's real life story in Amaravati district, Maharashtra.1) * Wada -Haveli 2) Bhakarīs- Chapatis of Jwor (Bread of Millet)

Madhav Sarkunde

We Are Refugees

We are refugees here,
came or brought from
different parts of the world
Sure! Our likes and dislikes
do not see eye to eye
So also our lineage
languages
grooming
faiths and trades.

Yet we must chum up
for the problem is of short time
we have to leave this camp soon
to make room for the newcomers
we have a good chance
to share our hearts here
this is a rare occasion
we must celebrate it.

Who knows?
if we see one another
after our departure
so we should thank
the dear disaster that
brought us together
and gave us
a singular identity.

We are all just refugees!

Madhav Sarkunde

We Give What We Have

Once a lazy drone
asked a wild flower
how it doles out
nectar to all...
foes or friends.

It tried to chide
the meek flower
in degrading tone
and bragged about
the feats of his own-

Regardless, who grabs,
a fallen wretch or a king
I spare not anyone but
give a venomous sting

Then calmly replied
the generous flower:
Friend! You are right!

Really, we can give the world
only that, what we have had!

Madhav Sarkunde

We Give What We Have...

Once a lazy drone
asked a wild flower
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Madhav Sarkunde

We Live Like A Newspaper

How we live
like a newspaper
fresh from eight to ten
in morning and crumpled
and stale in evening.

We have no set station
or a fixed track to trail
we feel now strong
and now awfully frail

Aside eternal restlessness
nothing we can claim to be
ours even in our own home
yet we go on living; singing
This universe is my home*

We are sovereigns in office
but wretched slaves in home
we reach nowhere although
we run, career and roam

When asleep, we tally Sensex
and with web-mams we do sex
we chew on rags of politics
religion and social issues
we share scholarly essays
in magazines on rat tissues

Yetra naryastu pujante
we chant all the while
but love next door dame
gifting her sumptuous smile

Our bachelor eyes hover
around women's boobs
in precinct of temple too,
our non-vegetarian minds
chomp bones of honour
of beautiful spinsters, yet
our prestige grows up
like dear allowances.

We are pitch dark within
and snow white without
we live like a newspaper
there is no doubt! !
@@@@@

Note: 1) Yetra naryastu Pujante, Ramante tatra devatah - is verse from Hindu scripture which means where woman is worshipped (honoured) , there God is in enjoyment 2) * This is a line from Saint Dnyaneshwara's poetry.

Madhav Sarkunde

What Is Corruption?

What Is Corruption?

What is corruption?

Is it a dieback killing our life tree,
root and branch bit by bit
Or a virus of kleptomania in our veins
infecting the honesty of our spirit?

What is corruption anyway?
Is it necessary evil we cannot live without?
Or is it our animal nature that peeps out?
Is corruption a short cut to amass pelf?
Or is it our perverted and soiled self?

Who invented it?
Who fostered it?
We all want it to go
Why doesn't it yet go?
Where lie its roots?
Who waters them?

Corruption is an unruly greed ruling our mind
it's a quiet old creed robbing folks of all kind
corruption has deeply rooted in our fallible nature
and freely grazes and grows on our base venture
Lokpal will never rub it out, is a truth nonpareil
it can be lynched only by our pristine moral

Corruption is another name of our fallen life
it's an adultery done by us despite having wife
@@@

What Is Reality?

□

Nowadays parents complain
that their children are spoiled
but children did not think so.
What is reality then?
Are children Freewheelers
Or parents want to make them
victims of their own ambitions?

Nowadays schoolteachers complain
that students do not study hard
What is reality after all?
Is teachers' complaint baseless
or students knew that knowledge
has become a purchasable commodity?

Madhav Sarkunde

What You Made Of Me?

What you made of me?
you lifted me from the pit of slander
and put on your heart's throne!
you cleansed wounds of my soul
by caressing touch of your soul
you filled in me celestial jargon
and made my mute life eloquent

What you made of me?
I was a fallow field unsowed for ages
you sowed in it paradises of thy love
you kissed each bud of my existence
with the lips of your immortal poetry
you held up collapsing cliffs of my mind
with solid prop of your matchless wisdom.

What you made of me?
I was a concert of an empty hall
you filled it with your sweet melodies
I was a road rejected by all and sundry
you made me a thoroughfare of bliss
I had been burning in wildfire of neglect
you pulled me under your kind shadow

Verily, you made me far more
in a single life than I deserved
to be made in million.

@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

When I Am Insulted....

When I am insulted
or offended publically
I lapse into poetic mood.

Is there any relation
between pain and poetry?
of course, there is!
or it will not have come
to dwell in our wounded soul.

When in delight,
we float like a wooden log
on the top of roaming waves.
In pains, we drown deep down
to the bottom where we find pearls.

Pains perfect puerile person in us
they cleanse and clear earth in us
wherein sprout up thoughts of pure
contemplation in leisurely hours.

Yes! We try to live in pleasure
while being chased by displeasure
we hate to be visited by moments
of mourning which drill us in living

We flinch to accept the dark truth
that pains are worth of our mirth
and hike value of our lungs' labor

Pains are like the coating on the back of mirror
without which we cannot see our real countenance.

Madhav Sarkunde

When Poetry....

When Poetry is with me
I am the ablest soul on earth
like Hercules or Suryasut Karna
when poetry is not with me
I am just remains of burnt papers.

When poetry blesses me
with its favor of earmark.
I need no other blessing then
recesses of my being overfills
with joy ineffable!

My sky begins to sing songs
of interminable daybreak
I become a gala of pure feelings
suffused with efflorescence of life.

When poetry leaves me alone
dead and decaying leaves of negations
spread over in my talent's garden
I become a singed wall
which was once bedecked
by fine letters of arcane moments.

When poetry denies me
I am no less than the woman
who's had hysterectomy.
Nothingness exudes through
every pore of my existence
and cosmic hollowness fills me.

When poetry stands by me
life gets even lovelier and
by far worthy of living
truth dawns upon me
and curiosity snowballs
for unfolding still a greater truth.

When poetry is with me...

@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

When...

When the downpour of tears
washed away harvest of hopes
I culled hues of rainbows and
decked farms sogged in sorrows.

When a vast flock of wilted life
perched on the horizon of hunger,
I looted selfish landlord's stock
and fed the beaks of sparrows.

When flying herons created sculptures
on black clouds in the desolate sky,
I gathered feathers of ancient dreams
to weave headdress for your tomorrows.

When thirsty and exhausted cattle
came to a dark, deep pool for water,
I cried out from my heart's depth
for a missing a calf in dry furrows.
@@@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

Where Were You?

Where were you?
When I spread out petals
of your memories in
the yard of my body.

Where were you?
When I sang feelings
of broken ships for
comforting shores.

Where were you?
When I slept in
the lap of giant fire
to awaken dreams
of lame caravans

Where were you?
When I led your stories
to their homes safely
through the jungle
of robbers

Where were you?
When I took out
march of deprived
questions against
the diehard darkness

Where were you?
When I unstitched ancient
habits of acquiescence
and noted vote of reason.

Where were you?
@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

While Living For Poetry

While living for poetry
the gullible grief grew wise
and the lonely sun of words
found a plea to sing and rise.

While living for poetry
all trivial differences died down
and rainbows in inner skies adored
paths of dreams with kind crown.

While living for poetry
rocky truth came in bloom
rays of contentment burned
completely obstinate gloom.

While living for poetry
the view of vision grew vast
there remained no discrimination
between who is first & who is last.

Madhav Sarkunde

Who Made Her So Abhorrent?

As a lover-

we have a huge crush on her
we would fain lose everything for her sake
we even dare say God incarnation to her
we forget all and all in her remembrance
she is a world of love and pleasure for us.

As a wife-

we love her very much
we feed each of her desire
we call her Griha Laxami
we think we are imperfect sans her
she makes us a complete being.

As a mother-

we worship her as a guardian angel
we care for her with utmost care
we call her Janani and holier than heaven
she is the sheet anchor of our worldly life.

She is woman:

First sigh of creation
Origin of species
vibrant River of life
without her cosmos is void.

All the same,

when it comes to her birth
we cruelly nip her in the bud
we celebrates son's arrival with fanfare
but leave no stone unturned to hate hers

It is a great enigma

we want her as a lover, wife and mother
but we close our doors to her birth as a girl
What logic works behind all this?
Who made her so abhorrent?
I condemn him, though he is Creator.

Who Sings?

Who sings?

That melancholic note
in the far away forest
Why my heart aches?
Why my mind upsets?
by that melody soaked
in the soulful music.

No! I must not stay
here in dull and stale
climes of plenty.
Here my creation is
nipped by easy delight
my vision is blinded
by the artificial neon.

Who sings?

That song of evening
in the sleeping forest
some notes of it
are familiar to me
they tell my story
I must go there
right now, No!
I cannot stay here
in this house burning
with desire for dime.

Who sings?

in virgin voice
Ah! I know it well
I had touched it once
with my soul's lips
that is not a song
that is silence in
the forest's heart
that is an eruption
of pent up feelings
of my dear forest
I must go there

I must go there
straight away!

Madhav Sarkunde

Whores

The sun takes off
its robe and hangs it
on a peg, they wear
natty make-ups then
and bedecks beds
whatsoever, forgetting
yesterday's hassles
they try to please
today's Shah Jahans.

With crawling dusk
morality of civil men
creeps in their lanes
untying holy threads,
so-called stainless souls
dissolve in nude silhouettes.
like a stud bull that licks
a young cow's twat
they suck in libido
from self-styled
Godmen's looks
thus they are torn apart
slating thirst in alien groins.

One said, 'their fate is
what they painted'. I said,
'No! it is a child of our
tinsel morality.'
Like a well-bred woman
they have a nose
eyes
hands
feet
a crying mind
and an alcove
in their hearts
brimming with
Womanhood.
@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

Why

Why are you not tired
of carrying the load
of the empty sky?

Neither sun nor moon
nor star is seen
in your sky
no less than decaying corpse,
it seems to me.

Who told you
to take this barren business?
the hallow burden
on your head devours
singing seasons in your heart.
it makes you a door of doom
and the field of your life
gets infested by blight worst

You are a portal of life,
why do you love to be
a porter of death yet?

Why don't you retire
your habit to be a hearse?
@@@

Madhav Sarkunde

You Discolored My Soul

I remember still
When you met me first
With Colors of youth
On your mind.

Still do I remember
When you said, in love
Only colors count
The rest is just tangle.

One day suddenly
You let go of my hand
And set on an eternal journey

Now around me all play
Colors in colorful moods
But I escape their looks
To hide my discolored soul

Madhav Sarkunde

Your Voice...

Oh, your voice is nectar
I love to hear that most
You are my nightingale...
To all with proud, I boast

Go on singing for eons
And fill the valley afar
But forget not my waiting
With my hut's door ajar

No more can I be alone here
As nature is on a loving spree
With your soothing songs
Make my hurting heart free

Madhav Sarkunde