

Poetry Series

**Naga Vamshidhar
Ratakonda**



- poems -
PoemMaker.com

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Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda(15/09/1976)

Naga Vamshidhar is an acclaimed and Award winning Original Poet, Essayist and Short Story Writer from India and his works in English, Telugu, Sanskrit and Hindi can be found from time to time on his Face Book page.

<https://m.facebook.com/public/Naga-Vamshidhar-Ratakonda>

This book 'Indian Monsoon and Select Poems', is a comprehensive collection of English Poems.

Appreciations Below.

Date & Time: 8/14/2018 11: 02: 00 PM

Poem: 53040256 - Women Of Despair!

Member: Bhasker Chittanoori

Comment: You have a great talent. Good one.

Date & Time: 5/28/2018 2: 04: 00 PM

Poem: 52150869 - The Ghirardelli Chocolat

Member: Vinay agarwal

Comment: Very creative Vamshi. I did not know you write. Vinay

Date & Time: 5/28/2018 12: 10: 00 PM

Poem: 52150869 - The Ghirardelli Chocolat

Member: Dr.tony Brahmin

Comment: Unable to resist the temptation,

Had 4 more flavours of them,

Caramel, Mint, Chocolat & Double Cocoa! fine rendering of chocolate experiences.. thank u my dear poet for this fine poem. tony

Date & Time: 4/21/2018 7: 01: 00 AM

Poem: 51847821 - The Deccan Summer

Member: N. Prabhakara Sastri

Comment: Wow Vamsidhar fantastic expression of Summer experience.

Date & Time: 4/21/2018 6: 51: 00 AM

Poem: 51076033 - Car Poetry - 'tribute To Wagon R'!

Member: Jez Brul

Comment: Your wagon R is definitely just like a member of the family to you...Lovely poem! 10+++++

Date & Time: 4/21/2018 1: 34: 00 AM

Poem: 51847821 - The Deccan Summer

Member: Bernard F. Asuncion

Comment: Dear Naga, such a fine poem? ? ? ? ? ?

Date & Time: 3/3/2018 2: 56: 00 AM

Poem: 51102552 - 'Silence And The Silent'

Member: Dr.tony Brahmin

Comment: For 'THEE' is the,

'Silence' of SOULS,

Those Conscious,

And Unconscious,

In Deep 'Silence' of,

Undeterred Meditation! a fine religious philosophy..... the Almighty and

Thou..... thank you dear poet. tony

Date & Time: 3/3/2018 12: 51: 00 AM

Poem: 51443389 - Unanimous

Member: Bernard F. Asuncion

Comment: Naga, such a powerful poem....10++++

Date & Time: 2/16/2018 6: 34: 00 AM

Poem: 51316222 - Equinox

Member: Gajanan Mishra

Comment: life time subset, touching eternity

Date & Time: 2/10/2018 1: 22: 00 AM

Poem: 51256491 - Every Techie, A Poet!

Member: Dr.tony Brahmin

Comment: Poems translated to programs,

Output validated for a Heart's melt;

'Heart-aware' software soup,

For eternal problems of 'SOUL!' ohhhhhhhh Techi, , , discover the poet in you.

very very nice..... sometimes we poets land in another world of career and we struggle with the poetic sense inside.

exactly that is what you are writing..... liked it very much and it is original.....

thank you dear poet. tony

Date & Time: 2/4/2018 2: 25: 00 AM

Poem: 51200532 - We Need A Gap

Member: Bernard F. Asuncion

Comment: Naga, such a good write...10++++

Date & Time: 2/2/2018 1: 13: 00 PM

Poem: 51182316 - 'The Retirement'

Member: Lavanya Rao Nemali

Comment: Very nicely expressed.

Date & Time: 2/1/2018 9: 56: 00 PM

Poem: 51175761 - The Bahuda - A River Story

Member: Lavanya Rao N.Kolipakam

Comment: Very nice poem. What a beautiful description of Bahuda.

Date & Time: 1/28/2018 8: 50: 00 PM

Poem: 51140893 - Doctor Poet

Member: Gajanan Mishra

Comment: words worth of poetry, good one

Date & Time: 1/27/2018 1: 03: 00 AM

Poem: 51126863 - The Captive States!

Member: Cynthia Buhain-baello

Comment: A touching poem on conflict and disunity among a people and a nation. a house divided cannot stand.

Date & Time: 1/26/2018 1: 32: 00 PM

Poem: 51076010 - Family Farming Poetry!

Member: Lavanya

Comment: Nice expression and heart touching.

Date & Time: 1/26/2018 3: 10: 00 AM

Poem: 51117065 - Indian Republic Day

Member: Rajnish Manga

Comment: Hats off to you, Naga, for so brilliantly putting across the spirit of our National symbols as well as the values our great Republic

stands for. This is indeed a matter of pride for all of us.

Date & Time: 1/25/2018 11: 01: 00 PM

Poem: 51109728 - A Poet's Dilemma!

Member: Chinedu Dike

Comment: The essence and intricacies of poetic creations are aptly captured in the piece. Beautiful piece of poetry elegantly brought forth with

insight. Thanks for sharing Naga.

Date & Time: 1/25/2018 10: 56: 00 PM

Poem: 51112258 - The Middle East Saga!

Member: Chinedu Dike

Comment: A witty reflection on the state of unrests in The Middle East, well articulated and nicely penned with conviction. An insightful rendition set aside for serious contemplation. Thanks for sharing Naga.

Date & Time: 1/25/2018 12: 56: 00 AM

Poem: 51109728 - A Poet's Dilemma!

Member: Bernard F. Asuncion

Comment: Naga, such a brilliant write? ? ? ? ? ?

Date & Time: 1/24/2018 1: 49: 00 AM

Poem: 51102552 - 'Silence And The Silent'

Member: Jez Brul

Comment: Such a lovely representation of silence...10 +++++

Date & Time: 1/24/2018 1: 32: 00 AM

Poem: 51075987 - The Cloud Cast A Spell!

Member: Mary Skarpathiotaki

Comment: Excellent

10++++
++++

Date & Time: 1/24/2018 12: 01: 00 AM

Poem: 51102552 - 'Silence And The Silent'

Member: Robert Murray Smith

Comment: A fascinating write of silent night.10

Date & Time: 1/21/2018 6: 50: 00 AM

Poem: 51078954 - A Slave Of None!

Member: Gajanan Mishra

Comment: slave of none, beautiful write

Date & Time: 1/20/2018 11: 25: 00 PM

Poem: 51075987 - The Cloud Cast A Spell!

Member: Robert Murray Smith

Comment: Excellent nature poem.

Date & Time: 1/20/2018 11: 25: 00 PM

Poem: 51075826 - The Indian Harvest Fest

Member: Robert Murray Smith

Comment: An interesting poem well done. Thanks.10

Date & Time: 1/20/2018 11: 07: 00 PM

Poem: 51075895 - Tribute To Bob Dylan - 'dylan Is For Ever'!

Member: Robert Murray Smith

Comment: Wonderful tribute to the Nobel Laureate.10

Circumstances!

In pursuit of Happiness,
I have come all the way,
But found in the doldrums,
Of Politics & Properties,
Tug of Family Wars Caught;

In second chance from Far,
It could all be thrashed,
In Position of a Company,
Than Soaking in the dirt,
This Stand Alone Way;

They no longer Yonder,
In Cases Civil Wise,
But Neck deep into,
Criminal affairs Vice,
My job so simple now;

Their Self Demolition,
A Certainty of the Future,
Why waste my Energies,
In a Rage of Pain & Haste?
I Ponder & Wonder in Smiles;

They Dug their Own Grave,
While I can Hug in Grace,
Eating My Earned Chow,
Over a Nice Little Powwow,
Many Souls Rest In Peace!

??????????????????

*----Naga Vamshidhar! *

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Infinity Becomes Zero!

First National Space Day (INDIA) - 23rdAug'24

Mythological Tales,
Of Age Old History,
A Blueprint Reference;

Indigenous Innovations,
In Cosmic Spheres,
An Astronomical Novelty;

Bullock Carts & Tractor,
Carriages to Launch Pads,
A Transport Revelation;

Space, Stars, Planets,
Distant Heavenly Bodies,
Not a Limit in Hindsight;

Restless & Relentless,
Indian Scientific Community,
Savours Only Success;

Unknown & Unimagined,
Worlds then Conquered,
Infinity becomes Zero;

Visions & Missions Ahead,
First National Space Day,
A Proud moment of Applaud!

???? ????????

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

August Sojourn!

The Dawn's Fresh Breeze,
A Pleasant Surprise Feel;

For a Warm Console of Heart,
Is the Sun's Hide & Seek;

The Clouds Meet of the Eve,
A Blissful Sunset Ablution;

The Midnight's Rain Drizzle,
A Sweet Dream's Fuzzle;

Four Seasons Galore,
Mixed Feelings Aboard,
Thy August Climate Sojourn,
Augustine Agony Prone!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda



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Rest In Peace!

Aboard the flight of Almighty,
His Highness has Relieved,
The Passenger of his Sins,
As the Traveller himself,
Left all the Bondings and,
Pardoned all the Sins,
Committed towards him,
In this life and in the Past;

Only Peace, Prosperity & Joy,
Left to be Cherished,
No Bad Memories,
No Vengeances,
Whatsoever of the Departed,
For the Soul to Rest In Peace!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda



PoemHunter.com

If You Fall In Love...!

If you fall in Love,
Got to be Blindly Kind,
Or Kindly act Blind;

If you fall in Love,
Lies become True,
Such Truth becomes Life;

If you fall in Love,
Day & Night are the same,
Life & Death are the Same;

If you fall in Love,
Love becomes Lively,
And Life becomes Lovely;

If you fall in Love,
Ever Don't come out of it,
The World could turn Opposite;

If you fail in Love,
You can't bear the Truth,
As Life gets shattered;

A Love Entry is Sweet,
But an Exit proves Fatal;
Live it while it Lasts,
Or Fall not in Love Ever!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Cloud Era

Kissing the Earthly Waters, they Suckup the Saliva Vapours;

Messing with the Mountains, they Slim Down with Drizzles and Showers;

Crossing the Sun's path, they disappear with a Downpour of a Rain Storm;

Those Floating Puffy Cottons, the Messengers of Nature and Carriers of
Atmospheric Code;

Their Transient Life with no Shape & Colour, but Soul with a Sole purpose of
Heavy Weather Duty;

Those Shields that absorb the Lightning Electric Shocks and Loud Thunder
Sounds;

That Garland Clusters, that Maketh the Rainbow Sky and Climate Change;

Those Cloud patterns, that we look up to for a View of Wow;

And their Shifts the Farmer follows Swiftly, to Sow the Seeds of Chow;

Are the Monsoon Cycles of Seasons, that Wade and Wane Away;

??????????????????

-----Naga Vamshidhar.

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Killing Still!

Killing Someone is,
A Punishable Offence;
Killing Yourself is,
A Failure of Cowardice;
Killing The Time is,
A Warless Defence;

Killing Someone,
In Jail You Cry;
Killing Yourself,
In Family they Cry;
Killing The Time,
At Politics You Cry;

Killing Someone,
Fellow Culprits You Have,
Consoling You All Time;
Killing Yourself,
Only Sins You Have,
Soul Tortured All Time;
Killing The Time,
Only Walls You Have,
Staring at You All Time!

Kill Someone or,
Kill The Time or
Kill The Self?

Why Kill At All,
When You can Be Still!
Like a Rock in the,
Sanctum Sanctorium,
Undeterred & Unmoved!
When they don't Allow,
You to Work & Worry!
For them to Fight & Kill,
Themselves when You,
Just Stay Still and Watch!

----- Naga Vamshidhar!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

World And The Poet

Discover a Good Poet,
In the World However;
Discover the World,
In that Poet's Poems;

New World's unleash,
In those Expressions;
Lessons Ought to be,
Learnt from Experiences;

Like Stars they Dazzle,
In the Clear Night Sky;
Filled with Moon Light,
Shovers are thier Poesis;

Literatures that Match,
The Sun & Moon's Might;
Rhymes that Embark you,
On a Dream Tour of Worlds;

Tiny Buds that Sprung,
Coloury Flowers that Blossom,
In the Beautiful Gardens,
Of those Poetic Senses;

Strange Worlds Unveil and,
Usher in Melodrama,
Of Climax & Suspense,
To a Readers Digest;
That Lasts for Lives and,
Dies Not with Times,
Vanishes Not with Tides,
Lost Not in the Last War!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Suspense!

To Where I Go From Here,
I Know Not Now;

At Where I Reach When,
I Know Not Never;

Do What I For What,
Never I Knew Ever;

Knot Never Tied,
Naught I Become Not;

Right Step Every Move,
Mighty Hope Every Step;

Began I with Good,
Joined I with Better,
Travelled I with Best,
Finished I with Blessed!

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-----Naga Vamshidhar

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

After The Winter Solace!

It's Vivid & Clear,
Sky is so Blue,
Like an Ocean Full,
In the Afternoon Sun,
After the Winter Solace;

It's Full & Blossom,
Leaves are so Green,
Like a Heavenly Garden,
In the Chilly Breeze,
After the Winter Solace;

It's Dust & Dusk,
Peaks are so Orange,
Like a Forest Flame,
In the Eve's Passing,
After the Winter Solace;

It's Mist & Haze,
Full Moon so Bright,
Like a Maiden Beauty,
In the Night's Gown,
After the Winter Solace;

it's Dawn & Cold,
Earth so Covered,
Like a Snow Flower,
In the Morning Dew,
After the Winter Solace;

----- Ratakonda Naga Vamshidhar.

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

One Hope

As if it's Entry is,
Barred in the West;
It Travelled so Free,
In Our Dear East;

As if it might get Lost,
And Buried in Thick Ice;
It Chose to Rise & Set,
Behind the Hilly Mountains;

As if the Clock can be,
Ignored in Times Passing;
It's Course of Light & Shadows,
Meant the Time Itself;

As if it is Respected,
With Heartful Prayers,
In the Mornings & Evenings,
It Blessed to Appear Daily;

From North to East,
From West to South,
It Set's the Tune & Tone,
For the Day's Early NEWS;

With it's Orbits Woven like,
A Birds Nest of Threads,
It's a Guide Beacon for,
Best of the Rest in Fulcrum;

Sheen No Lost with its,
Sheer Shine of Might,
Ignited it's Moons in,
Otherwise Wary Nights;

Sun, the One Hope,
For this Lively Planet,
To Survive & Thrive,
Like No Other in Universe;

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Cute Cat Goldie!

Showed up at our Gate,
One Fine Day;
Peeped into Doors &
Windows the Same Day;

Tried it's Meows,
With No Luck;
Tried it's MaMa tactics,
With All Good Luck;

Got a Pet Home,
In a Week's time;
And Relished on a,
Fish Snack for Taste,
Along Side Milk Breaks;

Guarded the House,
Even at an Hour Zero;
Hunted the Rats and
Posed as a Hero;

Roamed in the Roads,
Like a Romeo;
And Created nice Little,
Cameos;

The Cute Cat Goldie,
Though it's a Wild Cat;
It's still our Family Cat,
Finding Love & Care;

---NAGA VAMSHIDHAR RATAKONDA

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Midnight Date!

That Tall & Slender One,
That Lonely, Lovely One,
She's a WonderThunder Woman,
For One Single Blunder!

That Shy & Smily One,
That Head Bent Slight,
Those Shoulders Folded,
Her Face Well Moulded;

That Sharp Eyed One,
That Eyebrows Lashed,
Those Eyelids Toggled,
That Eyesight Pleasure;

That Tender Lips,
And Spongy Cheeks;
That Narrow Chin &
Heck of a Round Neck;

That Braced Laces Tight,
To Lift the Twin Weight,
And Hold them Straight,
Caught her in Point Blank;

That Naval Justice,
To an Ocean's Depth,
For a Diver's Quest,
Is a Treasure Worth;

That Might of Thighs,
That Knees of Twists,
That Peacock Legs,
For a Swan Song Dance;

That Tip, Top, Toe Hops,
That Night of Highs & Lows,
That Might of Moans,
Left Behind All Woes;

Those Dreams Shattered,
And Flattered Away,
When that Sunlight Creeped,
And Morning Peeped;

Such a Sweet Heat,
In the Winter Beat!
Such a Hell of Dream,
That Awoke Me Late,
After that Midnight Date!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

An Ode To The Winter!

Reindeers in the Snow,
Sledge Dogs pulling Fast,
Santa Red in his Eskimos,
Lights Decors on the Conifer,
Stars Hung on the Homes,
Merry Merry Christmas;

Songs of Solemn Hymns,
Silent Prayers for Hope,
Campfires melt the Chill,
Dine & Drink Soulful,
Swing & Dance Joyful,
Merry Merry Christmas;

Cheer & Hug Dear Ones,
Give & Share with Everyone,
Love & Care Anyone,
Heart so Pure & Happy,
Almighty Grace the Night,
Merry Merry Christmas;

Seasons Greetings Wishes,
Meetings & Gathers Frequents,
Wearing Pearls & Jewels,
Faring with Gifts & Kisses,
An Ode to the Winter,
Merry Merry Christmas!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Dance The Ball!

(Qatar Fifa Fever)

Dribble the Ball well,
And Pass it on a Roll;
Don't tremble to fall with,
Bruise or Hamstring pull;

Kick the Ball and,
Not the Legs to fetch,
A Card and sit back,
To Watch from Bench;

World is at your Feet,
Tie up your Lace,
Play with Grace,
And Make it Dance;

Header the Ball,
If you are Head Strong;
Give it a Flight,
With a solid Free Kick;

Shoot the Ball straight,
From a Long Range;
Circle the Ball into Nets,
With a Bicycle Kick;

World is at your Feet,
Tie up your Lace,
Play with Grace,
And Make it Dance;

Clutter in the Zone,
Little Hope for a Goal;
Miss not a Corner chance,
Show your Volley Stance;

Run down Left or Right,
Linger not Oh Winger,

Give the Ball its Wings,
Beat the Goalie see it through;

World is at your Feet,
Tie up your Lace,
Play with Grace,
And Make it Dance;

Open up your Chest,
And Control it,
With No Touch of,
Your Foul Hands;

Defend like a Fence,
As a Wall Standing Tall;
Gaurd the Bars with,
Gloves and Dives;

Feet Full with All Might,
Feats Unlimited,
Make the Ball Dance,
To your Team's plan;

World is at your Feet,
Tie up your Lace,
Play with Grace,
And Make it Dance;

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Fuzzy Wheather Buzz!

In Such a Drizzle,
With Lighting Dazzles,
The Whistles of the Wind,
Can still be Listened,
And that's no Puzzle;

'Cos the Cloud Drizzles,
And Wind Whistles are,
Engaged in a Constant,
Hassle-free Tussle under,
The Dazzle of Thunders;

Mouth has soured up,
For a Salt Water Gargle;
Muscles are getting,
Tightened up like a,
Rusted Iron Chisel;

Nasal Drops ought to
Hussle up the Red Nose;
The Cream has to Hustle,
And Soothe up Skin pores;

Mouthwatering Sizzlers,
Are Ready for a Serve,
Like Hot Burning Missiles;
Let's Slip & Sleep under,
Thick Blanket Covers,
Rain Averse Winter Wise;

It's a Fuzzy Weather Buzz,
Oh My Dear Love Feather;

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Truth In Negates!

No GOD form or formless,
Uniform & Unpleasant;
No thoughtful Religion,
A Sterotype & Monologue;
No Language Derivative,
A Grammer less Deteriorate;

No River Water,
Unholy for Ablution;
No Subject purposeless,
To deny Knowledge Bliss;
No Saint's Shrine,
Un-Sacred for a Prayer;

No Soil Infertile,
To un-yield a Crop;
No Land Un-Inhabitable,
To devoid a Civilization;
No Life Unworthy,
To be treated Inferior!

Truth of dual Negates,
A Bitter Harsh Truth!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Boon That I Seek!

The far off Mountain Ranges,
That invited Me to Climb;
The Vast Forest Spreads,
That forced Me to Wander;
The Revered Rivers Perennial,
That Pulled Me off with Currents;

The Rainwater Ponds,
That I Played & Bathed In;
The Flora & Fauna Fun,
That Mused & Amused Me;
The Fresh Air Breeze,
That Chilled My Chick & Chin;
The Panoramic Landscapes,
That Mesmerized & Surprised Me;

In Times & Tides to Come,
Will they All be Gone?
Those Endorsements of,
De-Forestation Encroachments;
Those Excavations of Sand Belts,
That Erodes away the Fertile;
Like Nightmares of Ghost Dreams,
They Keep Me Awake!

Before those Deep Oceans,
Get Heated up & Eat up;
Before those Volcanic Hills,
Vomit & Emit all the Lava;
Before Mercy Mother Nature,
Goes on a Revenge Spree,
And Swallow us with Gallops;
Wish Our Humanity Wake up!

Wish those Deadly Dreams,
Vanish Away for Ever & Ever,
With Mother Nature's Boon;
That Me as Life On Earth,
Always Seek with Fervor!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Sun Will Rise!

Let the Breaths Within,
Gain the Momentum,
Generate that Sparkle,
Ignite the Energy Cells,
And Kindle the Inner Light;

Let that Spiritual Light,
Traverse to the Juncture,
And Shine in the Forehead,
To display Truth so Bright,
Whether Blind or Unblind!

May the Clouds Hover,
The Rains Descend,
The Mist & Snow Shower;
Though the Ellipses Distort,
And Eclipses Shadow;

The Sun will still Rise,
The Rays will Spread,
Particles will be Charged,
Energy will be Restored,
And the Cycle is Eternal!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Violent Love!

O' Baby Dear,
Dont' Love Me,
Soooo Much;
Don't Love Me,
Tooood Much!

I Can't Bear this,
Violent Love;
I Just Seek Your,
Silent Move!

Too Much Death,
And Suffering,
Not Worth it,
Happened So far!

Let there be,
Little Space;
Let there be,
Little Scope;
Let there be,
Little Hope;
For Some Peace,
In Our Love Game;

We Need the World,
To Grow Old Together,
And Love to Prevail,
Between Us Forever;

Violent Love,
Oh No! Let's,
Not Have it!
Silent Love,
Oh Yeah! We,
Will Have it All!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda



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A Brief Mourning!

Dried Olive Leaves,
Floated in Thin Air;
Dust Arouse From,
Sands of Earth;
Drizzles Dazzled,
In Clear Day Sky;
That Early Morning's,
Brief Little Mourning!

Soaked In Hidden,
Tear's Downpour;
They Marched,
In Silence Slowly;
With a Deep Sigh,
In Heavy Heart;
With No Sign of,
Slightest Repent!

Hoping the Reign,
Of Mutual Peace;
No Regrets Atall,
Whatsoever May Be;
For Time had to,
Pass Surely Quick;
And the Passed Away,
Tides Put to Rest!

Hovering Thoughts,
Of Left Ceased to Flow;
Soul Once Liberated,
Smiles Then Returned;
They Marched Away,
In Cheers Swiftly;
That Early Morning's,
Brief Little Mourning!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Encircled!

In Couples,
They Flew Once;
In Dozens they're,
A Crew Hence;
OutNumbered,
Blew Away Thence!

Twice the Frequency,
Of Seconds Clock,
Their Wings Fluttered,
In a Minute's Lapse;

Once the Frequency,
Of Minutes Clock,
Wings Stretched,
They were on a Flight,
For Minutes Couple!

In Flavours of Grey,
And Milk White,
Their Bird Bodies,
Appeased & Amused;

The Rare White Doves,
In the Middle were,
True Treasure Troves,
Of the Swift Shift Flock!

In Patterns of Rings,
They Danced Down,
Encircling the Green,
Grain Grass Fields,
Again and Again;

What Weather Signs,
The Peace Genre,
Pigeons Convey,
This Monsoon Season?
The Sun & Air Knows!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Sheer Optimism!

Fresh Breeze Like,
Are the Waves of,
Positive Thoughts,
That Arise in Mind!

Vivid and Clear,
Like the Blue Sky;
Are Serene Thoughts,
In Pure Sure Mind!

Like Lush Green,
Spread Lawns are,
Action Plans Laid,
For Future Stance!

Life like a Maze,
Risks that Amaze,
Trusts Every Phase,
Bursts At a Pace!

Heck of Hard Work,
Luck of Smart Work,
Chances By Grace,
Fortunes By Truce!

Wounds of Time,
Heal with Calm;
Peace and Harmony,
Melts Away Agony!

No Nepotism,
All Time Through;
Sheer Optimism,
Falling Through!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Trip To Horseley Hills!

At the heels of the Tiny
Hills is our lovely Hive;
Ahead atop the High
Hills we Hiked to Thrive!

Floura & Fauna Greeted us,
With Lush Green Shallows,
And With Sweet Tweet Voices,
In the Deciduous Forest Paths;

Chill Hills & Whistle Winds,
Widen Views & Fresh Breeze,
Made it a Very Colourful,
And a Clear Cool Day!

Spots of Scenic Beauty,
Fawns of Spotted Deer,
Peaks of Green Peace,
Peacocks in the Alpines;

In vivid colours of,
Blue & Lavander,
The Jacarandas,
Shovered in Random;

In Pigments & Mixtures,
Of Red, Orange & Yellow,
Flames of the Forests,
Ignited the Shadows;

In Shrubbery Wild,
Yellow Rain Lillies,
Bordered & Guided,
Us to the Mansarovar;

Hare & Tortoise At No Race,
Fish & Crocos at Slow Pace,
Quacky Ducks Not Out,
Monkey Gibber Chatter Out!

Sights & Sounds Pleasant,
Sky & Sun Omnipresent,
Fulfilled our Day Trip,
Soulful our Hearts Felt!

Folklore Elephant Goddess,
Guarding the Nature of,
Our Hill-Station Forever,
Second Ooty it's called;

Horseley Hills we Cherish,
Your Memories a Lot;
And Shall Keep up the,
Promise to Frequent a Lot!

---Ratakonda Naga Vamshidhar

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Remains Of Dhillika!

The Glimpses of it I couldn't find,
As The Hastinapur was washed
Away in Floods Centuries Back;

The Reminiscences of it too,
I couldn't carry as Memoirs;
For they could be discovered only in,
Scriptures of Mahabaratha and not,
Through the ruins of Indraprastha!

From then on called Dhillikaaryapuri,
From its Founding Days by a Yadava King;
Until the pronunciation changed to,
Dhilli after Middle East Invasions,
And to Delhi with European Influence!

The History's Mystery Unfolds,
In Either Proofs of Excavations,
Or In Truths of Tall Claims -
If Minars & Makbaras were,
Built over the Ancient Temples!

The Moghul Pieces are thrown,
Throughout All the Places,
Of Two Fold Delhi - The Old Delhi &
The Modern Day New Delhi;

The Old Delhi of Chandni Chowk,
Purana Quila, Jamma Masjid,
Qutab Minar, Humayun's Tumb,
Gurudwara Bangla Sahib & RedFort,
Are the Spots that Day Tourist,
Populace on a Song Throng;

While the New Delhi Reckons
The Uniform Globalized,
Cosmopolitan Style Malls of,
Blue & White Collar Eve Cultures;

If Not the Gap of Ages,
The Delhi Metro Rail bridges,
The Physical Distance Gap,
Between the Two at a Jet Speed!

Yamuna with it's Attributions to,
Yama & Lord Krishna was Black then;
And Black Now too for its,
Industrial Pollution Attributions;

But for Some Greenery & Fresh Breeze,
That can be felt on the Banks of it-
Okhla Bird Sanctuary, Akshardam,
Brindavan, Mathura & Agra,
Yamuna still Flows & Glows!

The Mandir Marg Boasts of,
Ramakrishna Mission, Birla Temple,
Budha Mandir, Shiv Kali Mandir &
Balaji Mandir all in it's vicinity;
While the True Locals Frequent,
Bairo Mandir, Kalkaji Mandir &
Old Kailashji Mandir at Chandni Chowk!

Not to be Missed are the,
Lotus Temple, ISKCON Temple &
Kalkaji Mandir on a Single Day visit!

With Twisted Joins of the Two Tualsi's -
Krishna & Lakshmi, The Consized Brindavan
Still stands proof of the Romantic,
Rasa Leela Tales of Vamshi Chori Radha Rani;

Soothesaying the Eighth Avatar,
The Abode of Vanished Yoga Maya,
From the Seventh Womb of Devaki,
Is Next to the Srikrishna Janmasthan!

With it's Huge Hindu Walls Teared down,
For a view of The Taj Mahal,
Agra Fort Stands still with Glorious,
Prisons of Shajahan, Jahanara & Roshanara;

No Wonder Agra's Footwear is Famous,
For Akbar got his Shot of Footwear hit,
For Seducing an Ordant Hindu Lady,
In the Streets of Meena Bazar!

The Delicious Sweet Flavours of,
Agra Peta is Worth it's Taste of,
Sugary Crystal Ashgourd Price;
Like that of a Mysore Peta -
A Scholarly Sweat of Turban,
For a Majestic Audience's Praise!

Needless to Say, I didn't carry back
Neither the Pollution Nor the
Politics Or the Population Woes
Of Old & New Delhi, for they too
Are Persistent Across the Country;

The Three P's - Politics, Population &
Pollution had Neither Begun With,
Nor Ends with Delhi; It carries them All,
As a Fast Induction Medium than Resisting,
With The Flow of Time into the Future!

No Conclusions I Draw,
Only Observations I carry of the,
Impressive Remains of Dhillika,
As Reminder Impressions in my,
Mind, Heart & Soul;
And in Snapshots of Photographs,
Whilst was on a Surprise Journey Mission,
Of Attitude, Solitude & Fortitude;

And in these my own Writings,
I Narrated it through Witty,
Critical & Funny Anecdotes!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Lonely Palm!

To My Home on the North,
It Stood Alone Aghast,
In the Fields for its,
Little Charm & Sarcasm!

For Years and Years,
It Stood as it Was and,
Never Grew Beyond,
A Feet of Eight or Nine!

Trough a Window Peep,
In Sands and Rains,
I Yonder and Ponder,
Matching it's Loneliness,
Unable to Sooth it,
And Console it Though!

No Fruits it Bears,
No Heights it Grew,
No Dates it Yield,
No Wine it Brew,
Hence it's Sad Fate!

Full of Sharp Leaves,
Waving in the Winds,
Resounding like Thunders,
As a Wind Indicator,
Was it's only very Use!

Fraternity Deserted it was,
Snakes it was Visited by,
Squirrels often Greeted By,
Rats at times Hide in Barks,
Dumb it was in Seasons!

In Vintage Times and,
Prestige Matters of Green,
It was a Decorandum,
Not Needing a Referendum!

To Tractor Plough,
It was an obstacle;
For a Farmer Sow,
It was a Hindrance;
For a Pluck & Tow,
It was a Candidate!

The Farmer Frustrated,
And Unforgiving Cut it's,
Long Bamboo Shoot like,
Leaved Branches Forever!

Uplifted from its Roots,
For its a mere sight with,
No Duties and Rights,
As a Firewood Fuel to,
Settle it's Duel with Nature!

As a Loner and Loser,
It Just Nodded & Swung,
Even in its own last Rites,
And there will be No,
Weather Forecast Thence!

---Ratakonda Naga Vamshidhar

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Polytricks

Trial & Error,
Pick a Party;
Ticket for a Term,
Buy it in Auction;
Tug of War Game,
Compete an Election;
Truth or Ruth,
Pull of a Win;
Tit or Tat,
Fetch the Numbers!

Tell all Tales,
Fool the People;
Fiddle & Fake,
All the Numbers;
Tit for Tat Words,
Twist Your Tongue;
Tackle and Tare,
Parties and People;
Tip & Topple,
Power & Positions!

Tricks up the Sleeve,
Steal the Wealth;
Time and Tide,
Flowers in Ears;
Clashes & Cases,
Yet No Shame;
Term after Term,
The Story Same;
Thieves & Thugs in,
PolyTricks Ploys!

-Ratakonda Naga Vamshidhar--

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Go Vegan!

Harmony with Fellows,
Synchrony with Nature;
Mastery Over Senses,
Through Food Control;

A Practice of Age Old,
Vegan the New Slogan;
A Diet for All Seasons &
Staple of All Generations;

Low Greenhouse Gas
Emissions & Spread;
No Pollution Cause &
Contagious Spread;

From Ancient India to,
Mideaval Mediterranean;
To the Current Day West,
Veganism a Passion;

No Animal Slaughter,
For Food & Survival;
For Energy & Nutrition,
Sacrifice & Celebration;

Oh Human Go Vegan,
Oh Vegan Be a Sage,
Oh Sage Be a Friend of,
Lone Earth & Universe!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Illusionist!

Too many tricks,
Up his Sleeve;
Pulls them out,
In a Whisker to,
The Aves & Claps,
Of Audience Live;

Creates Anything,
Fom Nowhere;
Vanishes Everything,
In Thin Air Vaccum;

Drowning in Water,
Burning in Fire,
Floating in Air,
Chop Off the Head;

Five Elements,
A Finite SubSet,
Of his Mystical,
Amusing Powers;

Zimmicks of the
Magicians are a,
Class Act Apart;
For Mass Appeal!

Infamous Illusionists,
Like Harry Houdini &
P.C.Sarkar Travelled,
Thru Time & Space!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Animation In Motion!

Nature & Creatures of,
Real World Virtualized;
And Visualized as,
Characters & Cartoons!

Set to Live Action,
In Motion Pictures;
As Movies & TV Series,
With Multi-Media Effects;

Loved & Liked by,
Kids to Elderly;
Creating Box-office Hits,
Winning Awards,
Reaping Rewards!

Mickey Mouse to,
Donald Duck and,
Merry Tom & Jerry;
Charlie Chaplin to,
Thunderous He-Man,
Sci-fi Robotic Series;

Animation Personified,
And Accepted Globally,
With Fan Following &
Fabulous Conviction!

Augmented Reality &
Virtual Reality taking,
The World of Animation,
To A Superior Level,
Wonders get Unleashed!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Accession & Succession!

Accession Happened,
Succession & Inclusion,
Never Ever Happened &
Still an Issue at Risk!

With Intrusions & Wars,
Peace efforts Foiled,
Human Rights Buried,
Heaven turned to Hell!

Tourism & Terrorism,
Treasure & Trouble,
Tastes & Threats,
Treaties & Tension!

Jewel Dove Kashmir,
A Luring Lovely and,
An Alluring Beauty,
An Earthly Heaven;

PoemHunter.com

Amidst Glory & Strife,
Remains a Headline,
With Border Dead Lines,
Filled with Bloody Times;

With Wily Intentions of,
Crooked Neighbours,
Catching Global Attention,
Negotiations at a Stand Still!

The Past, Present &
Future of Kashmir,
Defies & Defines the,
Hopes & Prospects of,
World's Largest Democracy!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Art & Artist!

Nature and it's,
Manifestations,
An Inspiration;

Human Emotions,
And Responses,
As Respiration;

Forms of Expression,
An Impactful,
Communication!

Nostalgic Smell,
Of Fresh Paints;
Musical Breeze of,
Voices & Instruments;
Vibrations of,
Performing Acts;
Sorrounds Around &
Circles Profound!

An Artists Life,
Meant for Art;
And Art Meant for,
Imparting Peace,
Enriching Lives;

Thou Art Flows,
Touching Souls;
Thus Mesmerizing,
Then Summarizing,
Very Purpose of Life!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

United Nations!

Lonely Planet Earth,
In the Known Infinite,
Observable Universe,
Of Big Cosmic Web;

Humanity Divided,
Into Many Nations,
With Many Equations,
Geographic Limits &
Self Imposed Hurdles!

For Peace & Unity,
For Health & Nutrition,
For Education & Labour,
For Culture & Art;

For Food & Agriculture,
For Space & Technology,
For Needs & Basics Of,
All Humanity Diverse!

To Prevent Wars,
To Eradicate Poverty,
To Cure & Provide,
To Unite & Prosper;

One Organization,
The United Nations;
With Members as,
All World Nations;

Stood as Beacon,
And a Torch Bearer;
Solving Problems,
Laying a Platform;

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Make A Difference!

Be Good Do Good,
For Yourself & Family,
For Friends & Foes,
For Society & Nation,
For World & Universe,
Make A Difference!

Live Within Limits,
Give Out Surplus,
Share Excess Always,
Conserve Resources;
Heal the World &
Make it Livable Forever,
Make a Difference!

Love & Be-Loved,
Behave & Believe,
Grace & Embrace,
Raise Up & Up-Lift,
Make a Difference!

PoemHunter.com

Be Empathetic,
Be Sympathetic,
Be Authentic,
Be Aesthetic,
Make a Difference;

Same Things Old,
Done Differently,
Being Very Bold,
Causes Big Change,
Breaks the Sufferance,
Makes a Difference!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Smart Is Cool!

Sharp & Keen,
Sheen & Shine,
Bright & Brilliant,
Swift & Striking;

Hears & Learns,
Thinks & Acts,
Plans & Executes,
Works & Worships;

I.Q & High True,
Polished & Effective,
Cheerful & Greeting,
Respects & Mingles;

Gentle & Soft,
Genuine & Flexible,
Firm & Tough,
Straight & Strict;

Height & Weight,
Health & Wealth,
Home & Office,
Playful & Joyful;

Attire & Sattire,
Clean & Neat,
Timely & Punctual,
Holy & Spiritual;

Smart is Cool,
Smart is Sweet,
Smart is Great,
Smart is Best!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

PoemHunter.com

Values Values!

Evaluate your Morals,
Enhance your Ethics;
Value your Values,
Not your Valuations;

Valuations are Subject to,
Social & Market Risks;
Values Never Fade,
But Mitigates all Risks;

Values Guide the Time,
Tides bend for Values;
Fate changes with Values,
Values Fetch Fortunes;

Values Matter the Most,
And Cost you the Least;
Values Lift your Levels,
Values Lead to Heavens;

Values make you Perfect,
Values give you Respect,
Values wins you Prospects,
Values reap you Benefits;

Value-less is Worth Less,
Valuable if any are Values,
Encircled by Values,
Man is Equal to GOD;

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Value & Evaluate!

Like Sun & Moon,
On Timely Shifts;
Train on Track &
Flight on its Plan;

Life Cycle Ought,
To Sail Smooth;
Planning & Execution,
A Must & Should!

Value your Time,
Value your Smile,
Value your Style,
Value your Life;

Evaluate Your Goals,
Ensure a Moral Path,
Embark the Journey,
Enjoy Your Success!

Pulls & Pushes,
Whims & Fancies,
Myths & Lies,
Risks & Woes;

Address Deviations,
Devise a Recourse,
Derive the Benefits,
Revive Your Lifestyle;

Budget & Health,
Under Firm Control;
Steer Your Life,
A Meaningful Way &
Reap Happy Benefits!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Dignity!

Ultra Rich & Poor,
High Class & Mass,
Owner & Labourer,
Givers & Takers;

Provider & Reciever,
Intelligence & Hardwork,
Renounced & Reigning,
Advisor & Implementor!

All Equals before,
Eyes of GOD & Govt;
Honesty & Hardwork,
Commitment Matters;

Dependency Chain,
Made to Get Together;
And Rely on Each Other,
With None Left Out!

Self Realisation
Self Reliance,
Self Sustenance,
Self Achievement;

Self Sufficiency,
Self Respect,
Self Pride,
Self Dignity;

Global Dignity Day,
Marked to Raise,
One's Head & Walk,
With Self-Confidence!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

No Poverty!

Poverty & Destitution,
A Relative Living,
Standard of Life Term,
Changes with Time!

Food & Shelter,
Health & Wealth,
Oppty & Justice,
Position & Power,
A Few Indicators!

Self Discipline,
Consciousness,
Routine & Hygiene,
Education & Employment,
Financial Literacy -
Upliftment Measures!

Human Rights,
Humanitarian Aid,
Government Schemes,
Agrarian Support -
Eradication Steps!

No Poverty Afterall,
In World Whatsoever;
Time to Revert the,
Past & Draft a Future!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Hungry Planet!

Good Food meant for,
Good Thoughts,
Good Deeds & Actions,
Good Personal Health;

Three Square Meals
A Day Every Single Day;
Still an Unmet Dream,
For the Hungry World;

Malnutrition in,
Infant Children &
Pregnant Women;
A Hindrance for,
Global Healthcare;

Varying the Platter,
Local, Global &
Continental Diverse,
From Time to Time;

Eat Seasonal Wise,
Eat Timely Swift,
Eat in Portions Strict,
Eat Quality Balanced;

Surplus for Donations,
Wastage a Pollution;
Feed the Poor & Needy,
Save the World for Good;

Species Preying on,
Each other for Survival,
In Food Supply Chain,
It's a Hungry Planet!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Global Student!

Learning at its Core,
Knowledge as the Goal,
Student at its Centrifuge,
Education Prevails!

Prime Student Days,
The Most Precious,
Of Fun & Foundation,
Carves a Future Citizen!

Opportunities Plethora,
To Choose and Study,
At Home, School &
Overseas Globally,
Physically or Virtually;

A Student blessed with,
Options Impossible of,
Whenever, Wherever &
However Convenient;

Full-time or Part-time,
Anytime Odd or Even,
Limited or Unlimited,
In Depth or at Breadth!

A Student Attaining a,
Professional Degree,
In Specialization of Like,
Just a Matter of Time;

Success for Student,
Then a Matter of,
Retention & Revelation!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Standards!

That Which Should,
Only be Maintained,
Adhered to Always,
And cannot Anytime,
Be Compromised;

Those that drive the,
Subjects & Lessons,
We Study with Passion,
To Attain Knowledge &
Practice with Patience;

Those Policies Framed,
Those Benchmarks Set,
That Quality Maintained,
Is All and Whole are what,
We take a Stance in Life;

From Wisdom & Practice,
They Emerge & Establish,
For Common GOOD of,
Everyone & Everything,
Involved in any Sphere!

Standards may just be,
A Name for all that;
But they are the Best,
Principles & Morals,
That We Preach & Reach!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Train Your Brain!

Planet Earth Like,
Three Quarters full,
Water filled Structure;

Thoughts Arise,
From the Strongest,
Muscle in Body!

Their Positivity,
To be Maintained,
Activating Neurons;

Brings you back Ahead,
With firm Control over,
Back of a clear Head!

Lost in Thoughts,
Absent Minded,
It will be Brain Death;

Divert it with,
Diverse Ideas &
Indulge Intelligently!

Pull the Ears Down,
Bend the Knees Down,
Both Acts in Tandem;

Release the Waist &
Repeat the Exercise,
For a Super Brain Yoga!

Re-Claim & Train Your,
Idle Laid off Brain,
To get Ideas Paid off!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Threat Of Arthritis!

That Firm Bones,
Those Flexi Muscles &
Their Soft Tissues;

The Muscular,
The Skeletal &
Immune Systems;

With Age & Mis-Diet,
With Pressure & Tension,
Twist & Aches often!

Stress Conditions of,
Chronic Arthritis &
Rheumatic Pains Begin;

Arthritis Types,
Not a Contagious,
Disease or Syndrome;
But a Life Style &
Ergonomics Disorder!

Palm Therapy,
Occu-Pressure,
Physiotherapy &
Body Relaxation;

Planned Preventive &
Quick Corrective,
Remedial Solutions,
Of Daily Fit Health;

An Understanding &
Helping Hand to,
Arthritis Sufferers;
A Must & Should as,
Quarter of World Populace,
Affected & Impacted!

World Arthritis Day,
A Reminder to Observe,
Reasons and Escape,
Arthritis Threats!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Angel Child!

Elder or Younger,
A Girl Child Early or Late;
GODs Dear Gift &
A Holy Society Bliss!

That Dressing in,
Frocks & Ribbons,
Of a Pretty Angel;

That Smiles & Screams,
Fill Your Dear Home,
With Happenings Full;

That Cheer & Charm,
A Happy Shover,
For Family Health;

That Vibrant Vigour
Vanish Your Worries,
Carry You Miles in Life;

Equal Education,
Equal Focus,
Equal Rights,
Equal Opportunity,
Equality of Gender;

Embrace them Full,
Encourage them Sure,
Enrich with Love Ernst!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Eight Fortune Sensors!

Deep Down Under,
Intelligence is Hidden,
In an Introvert,
Filled with Neurons;

The Earliest Species,
From Genesis Days,
Still Alive this Generation,
No Proof Further Req'd;

An Ancient Sorcerer's,
Trustworthy Aid;
A Modern Marine,
Survival Success Story;

Eight Tentacles have,
Eight Fortune Sensors,
Predicting Match Winners,
In Football World Cup;

Crawling Aquatic Squid,
Grabbing Prey Skills,
Sparkling Colours Vivid,
A Rare Type to Find;

Not to be Missed if,
Found in Museums,
Aquariums & Telecasts;
For there is None,
So Mesmerizing than,
Watching one of the,
Eight Oldest Survivors!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Decent Work Place!

One Percent Economy,
Wealth in their Hands,
Power in their Hands,
System in their Hands;

Oxfam Global Detects,
ILO Regional Reports,
ITUC Always Protests,
Work Force Voice-over!

Just Jobs we Need,
Of Equal Opportunity,
Mentoring & Coaching,
Healthy Balanced Life;

Fair Appraisals,
Fair Compensation,
Fair Benefits,
Fair Work Culture!

Say a 'Big No' to,
Malified Intentions,
Polarized Clusters,
Wily Farce Layoffs;

Time for a Change,
Sow Humanity Seeds,
Heed to Reality Feed,
End Corporate Greed;

Decent Work Place,
A Shared Dream of,
Global Employees in,
A Knowledge Economy!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A World Teacher!

No One Single Belief,
So Many Relegions;
No One Profession,
So Many Ways of Life;

No One Social System,
So Many Classifications;
No One Political View,
So Many Ideologies;

No One Education Path,
So Many Disciplines;
No One CommonTruth,
So Many Circumstances;

No One World Teacher,
So Many Preachers;
But None So Equal,
Than a Teacher in Practice,
Any Time Any Stream!

Call them a Guide, Tutor,
Teacher, Lector, Lecturer,
Professor Whatsoever;
So Many of them Adept,
With A Mission to impart,
Knowledge & Bestow Light;

In the Presence of a,
Reverred Worthy Teacher,
Physical Or Virtual;
Guidance is Eternal &
Learning is Permanent!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Human Habitat!

A Safe, Secure &
Protective Shelter;
A Family Need,
For Every Human;

A Survival Habitat,
To Live his Own Way;
And Lead his Life,
Happily & Merrily!

From Stone Age Caves,
In Wandering Days;
To Branch & Hay Tents,
In Herd Migration Days;

From Brick & Mortar Huts,
In Early Settlement Days;
To Concrete Homes,
In Permanent Residence Days!

From Wooden Homes,
In Risky Locations;
To 3D Prototyped Bulk,
Innovation Quarters;

From Hotels & Motels,
In Transient Days;
To Rental Accommodations,
In Relocation Days;

Habitation a Social Need,
And an Essential Dream;
For Every Civilized,
Human Resident Citizen!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Techie Lives!

Learning Path,
Continuity Ways;

Training Course,
Certificate Criteria;

Geeky Innovative,
Techie Careers!

Cheeky Smile,
Fat Paychecks;

Plane Travel,
Sky High Days;

Bean Counting,
Boom Times!

Westren English,
Fair Flair Accent;

PoemHunter.com

Style & Fashion,
Model Glamour;

Drink & Dine,
Party Nurture;

Tour & Vacation,
Travel Splendor!

Risk & Reward,
Market Culture;

Round the Clock,
Swift Shift Hours;

Pain Staking,
Pressure Building,
Stress Leading,

Life Twisting,
Balm Rub Rests;

Fast Track Fuss,
Of Globe Shrunk,
Generation Next,
Trendy Techie Lives!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Omnivore Vegan!

Kill them Butchered,
Watch them Bleed;
As Raw or Cooked,
Taste those Dead!

Increased Digestive Cycle,
High Blood Pressure,
Rise in Cholesterol Levels,
Heart Risks Aggravate!

Inorganic Waste,
More Fossil Fuel,
Unfriendly Nature,
Environment Enmity!

Choice of Fresh Fruits,
Garden Green Leaves,
Field Vegetables Many,
Energy Grain Pulses;

An Omnivore Vegan,
With Low Fat Diet,
High Fibre Strength,
Anti-Oxidant Breath;

With Healthy Weight,
Lowstress LifeStyle,
Increased Lifespan,
The Saviour of Earth!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Forever Heart!

Allow it to Pump,
Gallons of Red Blood;
Congest it not With,
Puffs of Carbon Dioxide;
Sedate it Not With,
Mugs of Alcoholic Spirits &
Drowsy Narcotic Drugs;

Intoxication & Indigestion,
Breathlessness & Anxiety;
Fatigue Stress & Sleep Snores,
Soars Up Stroke Symptoms!

It's Not a Traffic Light,
To Stop, Restart & Proceed;
It's Your Heart that,
Ought to Beat Steadfast;
From Days of Womb,
Untill Very Last Breath!

Eat Seasonally Wise,
Eat Timely Limited,
Eat Quality Quick,
Excercise Regularly Fit!

Have Love For Heart,
For Health is an Art;
Live Long With Big Heart,
Loving & Liking Everyone!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Knowledgeable Information!

Knowledge,
Flows with Time;
It Neither takes Birth,
Nor has Death;

Time in itself is a,
Subject & Subset of,
Knowledge Wealth!

We Derive Information,
From Knowledge;
Depths & Breadths Of Expertise,
We Aptly Gain Putting,
It to Life's Practical Use;

Entire Computing Power,
Is Devoted & Dedicated,
To Extract Information,
Out of Knowledge Acquired!

The Dissemination &
Reach of Information,
Ensures it's Expansion;

The Mere Suppression of it,
It Appears to Contract;
Nonetheless it Exists Always!

As Humans We Have,
Right to Gain Knowledge,
In its Original Form or,
Access it as Information,
In Processed Form!

Universal Knowledge Access,
Made Possible By,
Information Super-Highway,
But Information is at a Cost!

We only Accomodate it,
And Duplicate it in,
Several Langauges,
Formats, Signs & Symbols,
Manually or With Tools!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Travel Thirst!

Culture & Heritage,
Nature & Landscape,
Weather & Wonders,
Pleasures & Splendour;

Languages, that I
Learn & Practice;
Ways of Life that I,
Embrace & Accomodate;

Customs & Costumes,
Of their Unique Own,
That Mesmerize Me &
I Observe So Keen;

Food & Drink I'm Wary,
But Odours & Flavours,
Tinge of Tastes that,
Tease Me & Elude Me;

Travel Thirst a Strange,
Human Hunger Quest of,
Age Old Tradition Zest,
No Conquest Ambition Tryst;

My Escape Reasons,
From the Usual Routine;
Makes a Tourist Almanac,
And an Explorers Guide!

I Travel to Unravel the,
Hidden Mysteries and,
Their Reflections on Me,
Travels Lengths of Time;

Changing My Life Forever,
Broadening Perspectives,
The Wanderer Navigator,
Awakes in Me Every Sunrise!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Fairy & Scary Hr!

A Window of Chance,
For an Aspiring Career;
A Firm Lending Hand,
With an Offer in Plan;

A Hand Over Shoulder,
In Times of Career Crisis;
A Stick of Stirtc Action in,
Moments Compromising;

A Pat on the Back in,
Endeavours Encouraging;
A Basket of Rewards &
A Cascade of Growth!

Valuing & Evaluating,
Human Resources Aptly;
Navigating the Tight Rope,
Of Supply & Demand Curve;

The Humble HR Professional,
A Combined Fairy & Scary,
From a League of B-Schools,
Or Management Colleges;

Influences the Bottom Line,
With Skilled Hiring Strategy,
And Blended Learning Oppty,
Tuning Timely HR Levers!

Making Everyday Life,
Of Stressed Work Force,
Better & Healthier,
Smiling & Cheering Always;

Today is Truly Your Day,
To Say 'Thank You HR'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Rivers Of The World!

The Birth of it from,
The Heavenly Skies;
The Existence of it,
The Maketh of Earth!

The Certain Flow of it,
Is the Proof of Life;
At the Gentle Turn of it,
A Civilization Flourish;

The Lush Gushing of it,
The Lean Thinning of it,
The Empty Drying of it;
Symbolic of Changing,
Times & Seasons Natural!

Contamination Of it,
Deterioration of Values,
An Act of Corruption,
And Self Destruction,
Jeopardizing Future;

Rivers of the World,
Roar to Say Together,
'Reverred We Are All,
Regret Not Oh Man,
Reflect Your Attitude,
Reward Youself a Life,
Repent Not in Strife! '

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Dream Hunter!

Freedom to Imagine,
And Experience the Thrill,
Of Possible & Impossible;
At Absolutely No Cost,
Therefore I Always Dream!

Lost In Dreams Completely,
Unaware of My Presence;
Immersed in a New World,
Unseen & Unmet Before,
Augmented Reality &
Virtual Reality Seeds Sown!

Half Awake Half Asleep,
Half Happy Half Disturbed,
Half Truth Half Lies,
Half Reality Half Myth;

After Dream Effects,
You Can Aim to Reap;
Good Dreams - Great Goals,
Bad Dreams - Risks to Overcome!

Dreamless A Dull Day,
Dreamful A Lovely Day,
Appearing Creative Fresh,
With Hopes & Ideas;
So Better Invite Dreams,
Be a Dream Hunter,
Than Simply Sleep the Time!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Car Free Day!

Quick Action Hurrying,
Speed Motion Fast Days;
Replacing Horse Chariot,
Of Good Old Golden Days;

One Man's Aristocrat Pride,
A Family's Travel Need;
Compact to Economy,
And Luxury to Burguiose;

Classic Vintage Colours,
Polished With Fine Finish;
Domestic or Imported,
Brands & Models Galore;

Transport Like Nothing Else,
Her Majesty Car Rolls,
On the Public Roads,
Everything Moved Aside;

Pumping in Fuel Tank Full,
Letting Out Gas Force Kill,
So Loud of a Honk Shout,
Horrible Traffic Terrific Jam;

Those in Constant Motion,
Shut Them All For a Day;
Rely on Public Transport,
Save Resources! Save Planet!

A Day of Silent Clearance,
All Cars Off All the Roads,
No Gas Under Any Hood,
Green Peace at its Helm!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Peace! Peace! Peace!

That of Peace,
Wise I Speak;
Peace Terms So,
Exhaustive a List!

As it is Split,
Parts of Peace,
Like Parts of Speech;
Lots of Grammer Learnt,
Less Put to Use!

I See No White Dove,
Afloat in Freedom Wings;
So Often than Believed,
Enclosed in Caged Bars;
Relieved Occassionally,
For a Brief Probation!

Peace of Mind,
Without Thoughts;
Peace of Body,
Without Wounds;
Peace of Soul,
Without a Fallacy?

Internal Human Peace,
Sans International Peace &
Proportional Vice-Versa;
A Myth of Day Dreams,
A Desert Sand Mirage!

Peace! Peace! Peace!
The Utter & Usher of it,
In History Amidst Wars,
Vanished in Crisis Cries!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Day Of Many Days!

Old Friends We Think,
Are Red Panda Scarce;
In Truth they are like Bamboos,
Located & Spread Wide,
Along the Forest CoastLine!

Keeping Up Friendship,
Involves a Few Gymnastics;
A Water Level & Quality,
Maintenance Task Sort!

Respect them at Heart,
As a Resource Rare, But
Cleanup the Friendly Coast,
Safe Now & Then for a must,
Mutual Respect Sake!

Mouth Wide-Open Together,
Having A Cheese Burger,
Teeth-clean Smile Throwing;
Gift them an Apple a Day,
Wishing A Good Health,
To See a Chuckle on their Face!

Day of Very Many Fun Days,
Will be Theirs & Yours Too!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Three Elements Of 'o'!

One Element of 'O' (Oxygen) ,
Not Sufficient Afterall;
Three of Them Needed,
Only in Stratosphere,
Anywhere a Catastrophe!

Requirement Well Met,
For A Survival Setup;
Man's Alchemy Work,
Of Chemicals & Vehicles,
Ozone Needs a Revival;

Smokers Puffing Habit,
Drunkard's Booz Bottles,
Prostitution Condom Scrap,
Exotic Meat Residues,
Toxic Factory Wastes,
Polluted Traffic Hassles;

Punching Holes in Ozone,
Ultraviolet Rays Sneak Thru;
Punching Holes in Lifestyle,
Electronic Gadgets Radiate;
Making Human Mind Fickle,
Body So Vulnerable Sick!

Man Your Very Future is,
Shammed, Damned & Banned!

Montreal Protocol Accord,
Will it be Cared for Real?
Ozone be Cured Out of Fear?
Or Man So Environment Cruel!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

At Sweet Forty Five!

At Sweet Forty Five,
Half the Life Past,
Hoping for Better,
Of Still Left to Live;
Not So Very Hard to,
Predict & Prioritize;

Strings of Native Roots,
Strongly Attached;
Kids Growing Up Fast,
Family Comes First;
In Changing Times,
Tense, Worse & Good;

Born a Man Masculine,
Heading Ahead Cautious,
Earning Plan be Genuine,
Winning Ways be Certain,
In Spinning Life Turbulent;

Social Work gives Peace,
Yoga Maintains Health,
Hard & Smart Work Yields,
Wealth Showers at Wish!

Old Age Knocks Down,
Now & Then with Seasons;
Slow & Steady Keeps,
Things Smooth in Place,
If Not Winning Every Race!

GOD has HIS Plans &
Stars Have a Stance;
Only People are in Trans,
They are Your only Chace,
Oh Stranger of this Earth!

Nail Down not the Hopes,
Sail With Time & Tide;

Destiny Shall be Yours,
Hope History Shall Be Too!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Penning Down Positivity!

Penning Down the Thoughts,
Becoming a Daily Habit,
Flipping of Neuron State,
In My Brain to The Opposite,
I Feel Positively Charged!

Letting Go of the Shady Past,
Surging Ahead Carrying On,
The Good Lessons to Future,
Activates The Brain Cells,
Makes One Feel So Better;

Negative Thinking Of,
Beating The Rotten Egg,
Breeding the Dying Bush,
Stresses the Energies Out,
Forcing into Depression!

Fluctuating with Wavering Mind,
Hesitate Not Fading Away;
Meditate & Radiate Better,
With Positive Vibrations Felt,
Inducing Optimism in Every Walk;

Every Missed Lost Opportunity,
Paves a Way For Several,
Chances Suiting You Precisely,
Grab them & Create an Impact,
Truncate Not Your Dreams!

Think Positive & Ink Positive,
Breed & Foster Positivity,
Invoking the Neural Network;
For Positivity is the only Option,
Left to Better Your Future!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Rainbow!

Looking into the Oblivion,
Far Away in the Horizon,
So High Up in the Sky,
Clouds Paving A Clear Way;

Down Pour of a Rain or Not,
Crystal Droplets Scintillating,
In a Colourful Half Circle,
It Bowed Down For a While!

In VIBGYOR Colours of
Red, Orange, Yellow, Green,
Blue, Indigo & Violet,
It was reflection & refraction!

For a Show Down in the Sky,
For a Slow Down of Thoughts,
For a Visual Treat of Eyes,
The Shining Rainbow Glares;

A Bliss of Delight in Heart,
It's Nature's Way of Surprising,
Those that Adore It and,
Those that Can't Ignore It!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

9/11 - Nine Eleven!

Fanatic Psycho Lunatic,
Terrorist Militant Groups,
Sketched it So Damn Well;
Sneaked into the High Skies,
Hijacked the Civil Aviation;

Crashed into SkyCrapers,
Killing Innocent Civilians;
What Message to Convey,
Their GOD Better Knows!

The Mourning of the World,
In Melting Heart Tears,
That Very Mishap Morning,
Shook Poles & Hemispheres;

But the Effect of those,
Misdeeds Didn't Affect,
The Countries Sheltering,
Homicide Criminal Animals!

Skies May Have Been Saved,
Preventing Further Cries;
But Peaceful Lands Turned,
Into Battled Grounds Many;

On What Grounds Their,
GOD shall forgive them;
For the Heck of Relegion?
Or For the Bloody Sake of,
Human Rights Oppression?

A Propaganda that Plunges,
The Globalized World From,
Great Prosperity to Poverty,
Imposing a Huge Penalty!

The Dire Nine Eleven Saga,
Replays in our Memories,

Minds & Hearts So Heavily,
Without a Solution Reply!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Teddy Buddy!

Bear it is Though,
Barely it Weighs;
Brave it is Though,
Barely it Fights;

Roosevelt Didn't,
Hunt You So Mercy;
Carried his Nick Name,
So Lucky 'Teddy'!

Every Kiddy's,
Dear Pretty Buddy;
Ever Child's Cute,
Doll of Choice;

Shiny Combed Fur,
Velvet Knot Tie;
Ears Wide Open,
Nose So Squeezed,
Soft Belly Tummy!

Day Time Play Friend,
Night Time Warmth Mate;
All Time Sweet Hug,
Teddy the Frenzy Trendy;

In Colours with Bulbs,
Small to Big Size;
Choice is Clearly Yours,
To Grab & Carry Home,
For a Birthday Gift or,
Showcase Display!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Sudoku!

Every Leisurely Man's,
Meaningful Time Killer;
A Sequence Thriller of,
Number Filling Tussle;

A Simple Grid on Paper,
Of Nine Steps High &
Nine Wide Totalling,
Eighty One Tiny Latin,
Cells Layered & Squared;

Nine Sub Squares,
Still Hidden there;
Three in Each Row,
Three in Each Column!

Got to Fill All the Cells,
With Numbers Counting,
One to Nine Randomly;
Without a Repetition,
Either Top & Down or,
Within Each Sub Square!

Rules So Very Simple,
Play So Much Tricky;
Glued to the Game Sticky,
Forgetting time Quickly,
Sharpens the Mind Swiftly!

Born in Switzerland,
Made its Name in Japan;
Every Magazine Covers,
Favourite Sudoku Game!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Physiotherapist!

Aaah Oooh Ouch,
Ufff Ummm Haaa,
Restricted Movements,
Breathing Heavily;

Unable to Bend,
Unable to Lift,
Unable to Sleep,
Unable to Work;

Moaning in Pain,
Aches of Neck, Back,
Shoulder Joints &
Stiffness of Muscles;

Pull of the String,
Hairline Fracture,
Begining of a Strain,
Spreading of Stress;

Soothing Balms,
Tablet Dosages,
Tranquilizer Needles,
Did their Part Afterall!

For a Quick Recovery,
After an Orthopedic Surgery;
To Feel Much Relaxed &
Relieved from Arthritis;

Rubbing Quite Slowly,
Massaging Smoothly,
Folding Very Gently,
Stretching Steadily;

Physiotherapist, the
Body Mechanic in Action;
Sets Tender Parts in,
Translatory & Rotatory Motion;

Physiotherapy, the
Only Needy Remedy;
Regular Workout Exercises,
A Must & Should for,
Flexibility & Stamina!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Procrastination Fight!

Lean Back O'Lazy Dear,
Sit Back & Relax Peer;
Hoping For Better Luck,
Defer it Always & Wait,
Putting it Off Frequently;

Cutting a Sorry Figure,
Searching For Reasons;
Hurrying in Last Moment,
Catching up Quite Late,
Stressed with Pressures;

Risks Greet & Glare,
At Your Face So Close;
Poisonous it Becomes,
For Time the Catalyst,
Can be Very Toxic Too!

Procrastination,
A Pessimistic Attitude;
And a Sad Bad Habit,
Of Time Killing Losers,
Half Awake Dozers!

Early Quick Start is a,
Sight of Half Battle Won;
Delayed Beggining is,
A Clear Chance at Risk,
Paves a Midway Dropout;

It's an Interlinked Chain,
An Inter-Dependent World;
Delay Effect Wave Ripples,
Impacts & Breaks the,
Full Circle like a Fission!

Fight Procrastination,
With an Awakening Self;
With a Positive Approach,

Respect InValuable Time,
And Make Things Happen,
Turning Tables Around!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Charity & Humanity!

To Stand By Those,
Whom You Know Well,
And Have Affinity,
Is an Obvious Duty;

To Help All Others,
Whom You Not Know,
Is Charity and a Rarity,
Of Humanity's Austerity;

Possession in Excess,
Than Necessary Always,
A Legitimate Portion for,
Giving the Needy A Help;

Cheerup the Destitute,
Alms to the Neglected,
Better Shelter to Gather,
For the Underprivileged!

Donating & Consoling,
Sharing & Caring Love,
Educating & Feeding Ways,
Lessens Orphanage Pains,
Eradicates Poverty Roots;

Under Development to,
Development & Prosperity;
Charity is a Preference,
Giving Back a Difference;

Charity a Way of Human Life,
A Part of Noble Profession,
A Sort of Holy Obsession,
Done With True Affection!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Paralympian's Glory!

Every Single Feasible,
Functioning Body Part,
A New Energy Epicentre,
Re-Vitalized & Rejuvenated;

Disability Not an Obstacle,
Sport A New Ambition,
A Will Power of Strong Mind,
A Huge Strength in Heart;

A Renewed Winning Hope,
Unleashing Years of Practice,
Culminating into Achievement,
Dreams Then Coming True!

Potential Physical Energy,
At Rest Translating into,
Mechanical Energy Thrust;
Kinetic Energy then Doing,
The Finishing Rest at Best;

They The Blind, Deaf,
Lymping, Hopping &
Crawling in Wheel Chairs;
With Medal Crowning Aim,
And Podium Finish Goal;

Weather Pressure &
Circumstantial Stress;
Not a Hindrance for those,
Differently Abled Probables!

Paralympians Surpassed
All Expectations & Excelled;
At The Very Highest Level,
Setting New Benchmarks;

Brought Us Back Home,
Honour, Cheer & Laurels;

Proudly With Great Pride &
Undeterred Commitment;

It's Every Paralympian's,
True Moment of Glory!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Home & School To Work & Society!

In Thick Blood Circles of,
Family & Close Relations;
We Measure Up & Own Up,
We Behave & Respect,
We Love & Sacrifice;
We Greet & Treat Sweet,
Though We Tease Each!

In Society & Work Place,
We Polarize & Hate,
We Suspect & Neglect,
We Restrict & Reject,
We Disown & Escape,
We Trespass & Pollute,
We Misuse & Misconduct,
We Compromise & Corrupt!

Global Society an,
Extension of Own Family;
Shared Work Places &
Societal Common Assets;
A Citizen's Responsibility,
A Tax Payers Share,
An Investors Diligent Stake,
An Employee's Equal Oppty!

Home & School Manners,
Meant to be Until Death;
Ethics, Morals & Values,
Not a Lame Excuse for,
Grown-ups & Higher-ups!

Lead By Character,
Lead By Habits,
Lead By Attitude,
Lead By Everything Good,
Lead By Example;

It's a Global Village Family &

Not Global Pillage Shabbily!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Humble Coconut!

So Lean Standing Tall,
In the Home Yards &
In Every Farm Land;
It's a Tree of Life &
Tree of Thousand Uses!

A Nut, Fruit & Seed,
Three in One in a Nut Shell;
Coconut a Religious,
Science & Health Trait;

A Human Head in its,
Physical Resemblance;
A Religious Offering with,
Humble Self Submission;

It's Branches & Leaves,
For Nomad Shelters &
Auspicious Occasions;

It's Barks & Fibres as,
Threads, Garments &
Countryside Bio-Fire Fuel;

It's Lubricating Oil,
A Hair Strengthener,
An Antiseptic Moisturizer,
A Mosquito Repellent,
A Mouth Ulcer Gargle,
A Low Calorie Cooking Oil;

It's Cut & Churned,
Inner Fruit & Milk,
For Sweets, Savouries,
Curries & Tasty Snacks;

It's Tender Natural Water,
An Immunity Booster,
A Thirst Burning Coolant,

A Stomach Bug Killer;

Groundnut under Mud,
Coconut above in Sky;
The Natural Raw Foods,
Unaffected By Chemicals,
And Pesticide Residues;
With Hell of a Protection
Layered Prevention Shell!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Global Talent Acquisition!

Honey, the Kids are Shrunk
Only in Lilliput & Fiction;
But the Globe is Shrunk,
Virtually in All Spheres with,
Exponential Knowledge!

Talent is Sourced from,
Every Nook & Corner of,
The Knowledge World,
To Match & Fulfill Positions,
Fueling Global Economy;

'Easy Apply' Requisitions,
Floated in Social Media &
Online Job Network Boards;
Tons of Profiles Screened,
At Magnanimous Speeds;

Automated Keyword Based,
Textual Search Processes,
On a Continuous Batch Run,
Shortlisting Resumes for Perusal,
By Human Resource Personnel;

Only Few Final Rounds of,
Interviews Left to Churn Out,
The Appointment Letter;
An Offer of Career Stream,
To Embark Flight of Dreams!

A Win Win Situation for,
Aspirants & HR Personnel in,
Time, Cost & Quality Terms;
Triple Constraints Overcome,
In Global HR Hiring Arena!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

An Overdose!

No Dose Atall,
A Heavenly Path;
Over Dose Afterall,
A Fast Lane to Hell;
In Limits It's a Stiff,
Tug of War Pull Shift,
To Hell and Heaven!

Think Twice Before,
You Reach Out for it,
And Get Hung High,
An Anxiety Youngster,
A Dipressed Middle Ager,
A Lonely Elderly Soul;

Lives of Many Lost,
InVain Uncontrolled;
Hopes of Near & Dear,
Loved Ones Dashed!

A Recourse of Counseling,
A Rigour of Practice,
A Relief of Addiction,
A Release of Habit Bad,
A Relax of Happy Life,
A Reason for Celebration;

Without Stigma Let's,
Come Together All,
Pour-in Tributes for All,
Those Dosed and No More,
On this Awareness Day!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

'Of Gun & Stone' - Afghanistan!

A Central HighLand's
South Westren Plateau &
A Location Out Of Reach
For Eagles, 'Upari Syeni';

A Region of Legendary,
Horse-Men Warriors Legion,
'Ashwa Gana Sthana';

The Glorious Kingdom,
Of 'Gandhara' from the,
Mahabharatha Days,
Mis-Spelt as Kandahar!

The Peace Preaching,
Bohemian Buddha's,
Brought Down by,
Taliban Tribal Crooks!

'Kubala', The Ideal &
Precious Land then;
Now Kabul, the Fallen
Ransacked Capital!

Ruled in the Past By,
Hindu Kushana Dynasty;
Lucky Still 'Hindu Kush'
Mountain Ranges!

Sanskrit Hindu Dharma to,
Islamic Terrorist Karma;
Conquests in the Middle by,
Greeks, Arabs, Turks,
Persians & Russians -
'A Grave Yard of Empires'!

A Ghost Nation Now of the,
Hostile Militant Al Qaeda,
Islamic State & Taliban -

World's Terrorism Capital!

Land Locked for Intruders,
With Mountains of Stones;
Scarcity of Water Bodies,
Abundant Mineral Wealth!

Horse & Camel Footstep
Sounds Less Heard & Felt,
In the Grand Silk Route;
Tankers & Gun Sounds,
More Profoundly Dealt,
In the Dusty Sand Land!

It's History of Past,
Buried in Dust & Sand;
Bullets from Guns,
Pounding the Walls;
Tomb Stones Left for,
Religion & Deaths Sake!

A Diminishing Hope,
With Tribes of War Lords,
Bribing & Conspiring for,
Mines, Drugs & Arm Deals,
Controlling Desert Land!

A Sad Never Ending,
Afghanistan's Saga,
'Of Gun & Stone' Story!

Hope History doesn't,
Repeat itself Elsewhere,
In Times to Come By!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Bow-Bow Vow!

In Matters of Trust,
Moments of Distress;
Man's Best Friend for a,
Compassionate Company;

Canine Carnivorous,
Domestic Dairy Fed;
Breed of Pet Dogs,
Raised With a Taste;

Proudly Owned with a,
Prestige Collar Tag;
For a Rich Household's,
Hobby Legacy Fancy;
For a Poor Street Man's,
Very Family Necessity!

Neck Chained Round,
Well Trained Around;
Nurtured with Budget,
Home Care Kennelled;

Jolly & Playful Animal,
Daringly Watchful Devil;
With a Bow-Bow Vow,
Gaurds the Premise Safe;

Pretty Funny Road Show,
It's a Doggies Day Out;
With Make-Up & Shake Up,
On an International Dog Day;

Those Street Stray Dogs,
Roaming Wild in Rage;
Vaccinate Them All,
Escape the Rabbies Bite!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

She & Me!

From Where
She Comes,
I Not Know;

To Where,
She Goes,
I Never Knew;

Crossing Paths,
Saw Her First,
On the Way!

Not Atall a Wild,
Goose Chase;
Like a Breeze Blew,
Off the Flower;
Like a Bee Followed,
The Flowery Scent;

I Followed Her &
She Followed Me;
Playing Hide & Seek,
With No Long Waits;

But Plenty of Time,
Spent In Dreams &
Thoughts of Her;
To See & To be Seen,
On the Same Usual,
Way Crossing Paths;

No Reason to Meet,
Hitherto Whatsoever;
No Reason for Treason,
On Matters of Love Cheat!

Wedding Bells then,
Rang for Both; Not,
Though Between Us;



PoemHunter.com

But the Pursuit Quest,
Of Seeing Each Other,
On the Way Continued;
As Marriage is for Once,
And Charm is Forever!

Till That One Very,
Last Time When,
Her Body Lay Flat;
And Was Carried,
Along in Procession;

On the Very Same Way,
We Crossed Paths &
Seen Each Other,
Many Merry Times,
Now a Memory of Past!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Internaut!

Like an Infinite Space,
For Ever Expanding,
And Moving Physically;

World Wide Web Society,
Virtually Expanding & Yet,
Physically Compacting!

Like an Astronaut &
Cosmonaut for Space,
Adventure Explorations;

An Internaut Navigator,
For Rapid Web World of,
Technology & Innovation!

A Dump of Human Minds,
All Collectively Collated,
And Ingested at Jet Speed;

Abundant Knowledge Wealth,
Rich in Information Health,
High Risk of Spoilt Stealth!

Internaut, The Universal
Netizen without A Passport,
Or Citizenship Requirement;

Browsing & Cruising Away,
Through the Mark-up Pages,
Led by Hyper Link Path Ways!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Photographer!

So Pleasant to My Eyes,
First They Appeared;
Such a Candid Impact,
They Imprinted on Me;

So Moved & Touched,
When I had a Glance;
Awaited Every Chance,
To Observe & Immerse;

Chose I Not to Let Go,
And Forget With My Eyes;
Thrived to Carry Back,
Those Thrilled Experiences;

My Hands reached Out,
In Search of a Camera Sort;
For a Worthy Quick Shot,
In a Flash for a Click Shoot;

Transpired Them Into,
Collages of Camouflage &
Digital Picturesque Art,
Of Colourful Galleries;

Original Left Behind Aghast,
Imagery Processed and,
Shared So Stead Fast,
Memories Don't Fade Alas!

Details Nailed Down to,
The Walls in Decor Styles;
Photoframes Rested in,
GlassDoor Show Cases;

Occassion Gift Cards &
Magazine Cover Designs;
The Photographer had his,
Best Effects Felt All Over!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

When Bad Poetry Turned Good!

Wrote I Slowly First in,
Long Sentences Albeit,
With Good Words Full,
Of Meaningful Touch;

I Then Chopped off,
Lengthy Poetic Tree,
Into Slices of Blocks,
Used them Diligently;

Wisely & Emotionally,
As a Protection Shelter,
For Life's Unprecedented,
Weather Blows Served!

Immensely Raining &
Rhyming the Words,
Made them Dance,
As Musical Showers,
As Ferocious Thunders,
As Moods Fluctuated;

Sentimental Touches,
Were Gently Heart Felt;
Encouraging Speeches,
Were Made With Courage;

Prosody, Meters & Feet,
Syllables, Verses & Stress;
I didn't Learn them Ever,
As Tutored Lessons;

But Found Their Way,
When Bad Poetry turned,
So Sweet Good With,
Days, Nights & Seasons,
Of Practiced Writing!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Serendipity Days!

It was Serendipitous,
I became Known Aware,
That I'm At the Least,
Middle Class Rich when,
I turned Forty Five Age,
Remaining Debt Free,
For Three Full Years!

Clandestine Moments,
A Lot Happened By Then,
Which I Didn't Realize,
And I Ought to Reckon;

The Choices I Made,
And Chances I Took;
Many Didn't Lead Me,
To Happy Frontiers;

But Serendipity Moments,
Swayed Me Away to,
Wonderful Shores with,
Amazing Opportunities;

A First Global Career,
Break Working With,
Cognizant Relocating to,
Chennai & Then Overseas;

A Free Ticket Tour of,
Singapore while on,
Transit Back to India,
From USA Assignment;

A Drift of Career Shift,
To Accenture Followed,
By A Quick Promotion,
With Stable Income;

A Sustained Happy,

Marriage Relationship;
After a Cumbersome,
Mate Finding Exercise;
With Anniversary Falling,
On Every Serendipity Day!

Becoming of a Poet,
On-Stage Drama Artist,
Literary Accomplishments,
For an Artistic Lifestyle;

Is An Early Retirement,
On the Future Cards?
With Much to be Owed,
By those Long Overdue!

Life, An Open Door Full
Of Happy Accidents &
Sudden Surprises Many;
Serendipity is the Name!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Roller Coaster!

For a Whole View of,
The City in Eye Sight;
Glittering Night Lights,
Sparks of Sunny Days;

Seat Belts Hooked Up,
Scream Aloud in Cheers,
Heading up for a Thrill,
With Excitement & Fear;

Hurried Quick in Huddle,
Geared up Subtle & Suttle,
Slows Down in the Middle,
High Freefall with a Cuddle;

Bottom to Top and Back,
Up & Down with a Bang;
Rotating Giant Wheel,
Making a Full Circle Drill!

Embark on a Car Train,
Hold the Handle Tight,
Rough Patch of a Start,
Swift Shake on the Rails;

Rushing into Dark Space,
Diving Deep with a Splash,
Sneak into Forest Caves,
With A Nail Biting Finish!

It's a Roller Coaster Ride,
Of Real Fun and Joy Deal;
In Outdoor Exhibitions &
Crazy Amusement Parks!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Cold Blooded Lizzy!

Avoid them at First Sight,
Hate them at Near Sight,
Allergy Haste at Next Sight,
Escape at their Every Sight;

Rubber Skin & Sticky Paws,
Tongue Swag & Tail Wag,
Neck Up & Flat Crawling,
Cold Blooded Reptile Lizzys;

Omnivorous Herbivorous,
Insectivorous Carnivorous,
Un-Harming Neutral Few,
Hostile Venomous Some;

Amphibian Froggies,
Chamaleons & Geckos,
Iguana & Komado Dragons,
Thousands of Types of Them;

Hanging Around Allover,
Like Hell as Predators in,
Neighbourhood Shrubs,
Forests, Zoos & Wild Parks;

Kingdom of Reptile Sects,
Co-Exist With Human's,
Plants, Animals & Several
Species Life & Lifeless!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Word Art!

Simple Straight Lines,
Of Handwritten Words,
Conveys the Message,
Just Concluding the Task;

In Colours, Fonts, Styles,
Designs & Animations,
Thou Art Bestows Upon,
The Character Letters,
Touching the Hearts of,
Class & Mass in Grandeur;

Passion Thus Portrayed,
Fashion Hence Unveiled,
Professionalism Elevated,
Calligraphy Flourishes!

Advertisements in,
Sales & Marketing,
Greeting Card Wishes;
Media & Publishing,
Movies & Street Art;

Personal, Family &
Official Celebrations,
Display Flash Cards &
Board Hoardings;

Word Art of Calligraphy,
Has its Say & Impact,
Felt in the Many Spheres,
Of Creative Free World!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Happiness Happens!

Not an Anticipated Income,
Not an Expected Outcome,
Not a Fine-tuned Process,
Not at all a Defined Purpose;

Deeply Buried Inside,
Hidden in Life's Every,
Moment & Situation,
Happiness Happens;

Wholesome Happiness,
An Omnipresent Bliss,
To Be Discovered & Felt,
At Heart with Satisfaction;

Expression of it Blossoms,
In Words, Smiles, Silence,
Sounds, Tears, Prayers,
Oneness & Togetherness;

Happiness, The Only Path
To Celebration cannot be,
Qualified & Quantified,
But can only be Experienced;

Happiness of the Mind,
Body, Soul & Environment,
Is a Symbol of Peace &
Tranquility in GOD's Creation!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Little Boy & Fat Man!

It Was Hell of a Havoc,
Little Boy & Fat Man,
Together did Avenging,
The Harboured Loss of,
A Pearl Necklace Beauty;

When A Man Forgetting,
Bitter Harsh Truth Reality,
Famous as Harry Truman,
Hurried Up and Ordered,
The Twin Deadly Drops;

The Uranium Little Boy,
Punched Hiroshima First;
The Plutonium Fat Man,
Pounded Nagasaki Next;

Civilians Dead & Injured,
In Hundreds of Thousands;
Radio Active Effects Felt,
For Several Generations!

Big Lessons Aptly Learnt,
But Experimental Tests,
Never Ever did Sieze,
A Weapons Race Exist;

Futile Mass Destruction,
Atomic, Biological, Chemical,
Disarmament Efforts;
NPT, CTBT, FMCT & ATT,
Treaties All in Jeopardy!

World Peace Politics &
Arms Games Beneath;
Hostile Nostalgic Past,
Future Hopes In Soup!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Traffic Lights!

Semaphore Wings,
Flapping Up & Down;
Hour Glass Symbol,
Turning Top to Bottom;
Manual Gas Bulbs,
Burning with a Blast;
Remote Control Signals,
With Automated Timers!

Busy London Roads to,
Moderate Ohio State &
Controlling the World,
Hung Up High On a Pole!

Two Colours Initial,
Red & Yellow Flash;
Three Colours Now,
Green, Yellow & Red;

Full Stop Halt at Red,
Not Crossing the Line;
Hurry Up at Yellow &
Proceed with Caution;
Free to Move at Green,
The Road is Clear Dear!

Their Best Use Felt from,
Railway Crossings to,
Roadway Intersections;
Traffic Lights made a,
Long Long Way in History!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Sweet Red Melon!

Juicy Water Spring in,
A Green Striped Oval;
Sweet Red King of the,
Balloon Melon Family;

Grows Near Lakes &
Ponds Naturally Hidden;
Grown in Farm Fields Of,
Adequate Water Supply;

Tap it Twice and Buy it,
Hearing An Empty Sound;
Store in The Water Afloat,
Cooling it for a While;

Cutting Into Pieces Afresh,
Bite It As a Slice Cut Pie or
Pick the Pieces With a Fork,
Chewing With a Squeeze;

Easy Digestive Quick Swallow,
Charm to Skin & Shine to Hair,
Keeping The Body Hydrated,
With Fibre Vitamin Minerals;

Seeds Fried & Roasted,
For a Healthy Grain Snack;
Outer Peel A Live Stock Feed,
Green Organic Re-usable;

Fruit For The Summer,
Flute For Your Lips,
Feast For Your Stomach,
A Truth Of The Melon!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Juvenile Child Art!

First Basic Ways Of,
Childhood Expression;
With First Simple Tools,
Of Pencils & Books;

Initial Capture Attempts,
Of The Beautiful Worlds;
In Empty Drawing Books,
With Colourful Dreams;

Struck Between Reality &
Thoughts of Surrealism;
Down Pour of Imaginative,
Ideas In Scratch Books;

Periphery Pencil Shades
Crazy Strokes of Brushes;
Melting Wax of Crayons,
Views of Mixed Colours;

Shapes May Be Awkward,
Sizes May Be Lilliputian;
Their Hands Getting Dirty,
Task May Be Unfinished;

Look Through Their Eyes,
Peep Into Their Minds;
Read The Story in Pictures,
Enjoy Their Charm In Smiles;

Juvenile Child Art Form,
A Funfilled Hobby Part;
A Dear Rainbow Shot for,
An Early Steady Head Start!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

World Wide Web(Www) !

A Tiny Technolgy Nest,
Of Shared Knowledge;
In The Cosmic Web of,
Observable Universe;

World Wide Web (WWW) ,
A Human Quest to,
Suck & Tap All Known,
And UnKnown into,
Cloud Storage Clusters!

A Device with Internet,
Needed At the Most;
The World of Information,
At Your Finger Tips,
For a Few Dimes & Nickels;

Useful to Useless,
Sensible to Nonsense;
Reliable to Gossips,
No Limits to Kill The Time;

Drowned In The Web,
Work From Home,
Work From Office,
Work On the Move,
Entertainment On the Go;

If Not in the Bed Asleep,
Babe's Got To Be in the Web,
Blogging Day & Night,
Blowing All the Brains Out!

Satellites Around the Earth,
With Sensors In Things,
Extending World Wide Web,
Into Deep Outer Space,
Making It A Universal Hub!

Detecting Vibrations &
Capturing Mind Waves;
Securing in Digits & QBits,
Carrying Info At Mind Speed;

The Restless Rocking,
WWW On A Cloud Nine!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Ranger Warriors!

Engaged in Sting Operations,
Of Strange Jungles;
Protecting Water Bodies,
Mountain & Forest Ranges,
Of the Bio-Spheres;

Speeding in the Ghats,
With a Jeep & Gun;
Averting Dangers,
Confronting the Looters;

Defending Thin Green Line,
Of Wild Geographic Life;
Gaurding the Precious &
Scarce Resource Wealth;

Rangers On a Far Off,
Civilian Duty Defending,
Nature's Green Rights &
Wild's Survival Plight;

As Warriors in Territories,
Of Sanctuaries, Parks &
Zoological Gardens, They
Are Ecology Champions;

Kipling Story Like,
Corbett Heroics Type,
Aboriginal Life Style,
Echoing the Forest Song;

Lone Ranger Wanderer,
Hunting the Offenders,
Preserving Floura Fauna,
Conserving National Assets!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Re-Kindling Friendship!

So Near In Proximity,
Yet So Far In Unanimity,
Befriending With Enmity;

In Need of Ships to Sail,
Through Far Off Distances,
Of Personal Differences;

Freedom & Liberty to Say,
Do Things Spontaneous,
With Zero Formalities;

No Bondage of Blood &
Womb Shared In Birth,
Friendships are Titanic Legacies!

A New Friendship Blossoms,
Afresh In Every Life Phase,
Opening Up New Worlds;

Family Value Worries,
College Discipline Fears,
In No Sight of Friendly Spheres;

Sharing, Learning, Helping,
Groupings, Outings, Playing,
Partying And Celebrating;

If Sportiveness has its Limits,
Friendship Is the Least Liable,
Of All Life's Relationships;

Social Apps & Virtual Meets,
Deepening International Friendships,
Alumni Groups Rekindle!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Terror Of The Forest!

Royal Highness Sheen,
Of It Never Ever Lost,
Before the King of Forest;

With Coloured Stripes,
And Valour of Strides,
It is the Earth's Fastest;

With Smooth Shiny Skin,
If Not Mane of Prestige,
It is still the Terror of Forest;

It's Skin Was for Penance,
Head Hung in Warrior Homes,
Jaws & Claws for Weaponary;

Itself the Wild Wide Threat,
Couldn't Escape the Greed,
Of Poaching & Trafficking;

Tigers, Panthers, Leopards,
Of The Majestic Cat Class,
In a Pity Poor Cage Clause;

World of Wild Life No Wild,
Without a Tiger & Tigress,
Dating Together on a Hunt;

Zoos & Reserve Forests,
Tricky Little Safety Steps,
No Smuggling Stoppage;

No Where to Run Wild,
No Thick Wild to Hide Safe,
Jungles in Shambles;

Few Thousand Just Left,
Facing Extinction Crisis,
Their Survival In Our Hands!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Greener Tierce!

Blue Planet from Outside,
Thought to be so Green,
From Inside and Truly Not;

Earth Shared With Frontiers,
Of Hatred & Conditions of,
Capitalised Compromise!

Humans of Wise Mind,
Unlike Plants, Animals,
Mountains and Rivers;

Ought to have Sought,
Synchrony & Harmony,
With Nature's Composition;

Unconditional Love,
For Life's Breath & Hunger,
Served Only By Nature!

Livelihood then in Forests,
To LifeStyle Devoid of it,
Difference So Deeply Felt;

Home Gardening Self,
Community Parks Social,
Agro Forestry Organic,
Bio-Diverse Afforestation!

Conservation & Preservation,
Efforts Back in Focus;
Hype Not for Short Gains,
Hope for a Sustenance Heap;

A Greener Tierce Dream,
True to be in Truce with,
Three Quarters Blue Waters,
And It's Sky Reflections!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The People's Missile President!

An Indomitable Spirit that,
With Transcendence of,
Spiritual Experiences Ignited,
The Mind in to Wings of Fire;

From First Nuclear Tests,
Launch of Missiles, Rockets,
And Satellites to Invention Of,
Coronary Stent & Tablet Computer;

The Missile Man of India &
The People's President,
Is The Highest Civilian
Honorary, The Bharat Ratna;

Defense Scientist First Citizen,
Kalam was a Man Of Strong
Conviction, Intuition, Invention,
Innovations & Sacrifices Many;

The Humble, Traditional &
Aspirational Middle Class,
Pioneer is a Best Set Example,
For World Populace of All Walks;

Uninspired By Money Shillings,
With Passion for Teaching,
Left this World in Shillong Whilst,
Inspiring the Nation's Young!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Tofu Traits!

Staple Food Rich in,
Protiens & Vitamins;
Hearty Organic Substitute,
To Meat, Pork & Fish;

Squeezy Soft & Bland,
White Custard Like,
Easily Digestible,
Smashed Soya Beans;

Milky Panneer Like,
Meal Maker Type,
Tofu with No Fats,
A Non-Veg Equivalent;

No Sugar No Starch,
No Cancer Ulcers,
No Heart Risk Effects,
Tofu a Processed Veg;

Crispy Stirr Fried Dry,
Dipped in Saucages,
Cubes Sunk in Soups,
Mingles in Green Salads;

Dangles in Fried Rices,
Pilafs, Noodles & Biryanis;
Tofu, A Delicious Pick,
For any Veg Palette Platter;

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Refreshing Moments!

Served as an Interim,
Snack Between Meals;
Mostly During ForeNoon,
And Evening Tea Time;

Tiny Bits of Snack Packs,
Tasty Bite of Nourishments,
Home Cooked or Shopped,
Suited for Breaks & Picnics;

Quite a Stomach Filling,
Stuff for the Time Being;
Refreshments Taken in,
Very Limited Quantities;

Consumed In Quick Time,
Suppress the Real Hunger,
Sufficiently Keeping Active,
Untill the Next Big Meal;

Their Unlimited Choice,
Vary as per Occassions,
Seasons, Regions and,
Health Conscious Options;

Pastries & Confectioneries,
Sandwiches, Cutlets & Pies;
With Tea, Coffee & Juices,
Being Universal Preferences!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Vanilla Vanity!

Anything Truly Original,
Clear, Sublime & Versatile,
Ought to be Plain Vanilla;

And if it has to be a,
Digester Dessert after a,
Mid Summer Thirst or a,
Sumptuous Hearty Meal;

Vanilla Ice Cream Greet
And Treats, as the Most
Deserving Succinct Best!

In Anise & Smoky Flavours,
It's Charming Colour and,
Nose Touching Smell are an,
Instant Eye Catching Delight;

Frozen Ice and Salt Spread,
Vanilla, Sugar & Cream Mixed;
It Appears in Day Dreams,
With a Glowing Attraction;

Making You Run to the Parlour,
And Cherish the Unique Taste,
Bringing Cheer & Smile in Face,
Vanilla Vanity Never Fades!

Standing Out as a Winner,
Vanilla the Beauty Queen Rules,
The Chiller Killer Dessert World,
Of Ice Creams & Milk Shakes;

With an Ovation from the
Elite Group of Chocolate,
Mango, Strawberry, Pista &
Butter Scotch Flavours,
Vanilla Vanity Never Fades!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Story Of Pi(?) !

An Irrational Constant,
For Circles of All Sizes;
Ratio of Circumference,
Of a Circle to Its Diameter;

Simply Put Pi (?) as,
22 Divided by 7 and,
Several Other Ways;
It's Approximation Day,
Celebrated on 22nd July;

Discovered In India,
Popularized by Europeans,
Assigned a Greek Symbol,
Found its way to Computers;

Computation Race for,
Accurate Approximation,
Then Began in Competition;
31 Trillion Digits Calculated,
The Race Still On For More;

Not Just for Circles,
Pi Important For Cycles,
Waves, Tides, Ebb & Flow,
Electromagnetic Currents;

Pi Necessary to Calculate,
Shape Of the Rivers,
Disc Size of the Sun,
Spiral Length of DNA,
Pupil Dimension of Eye,
Cosmological Precisions;

Is Pi (?) the Math Thee,
And GOD Constant?
Competing with G the,
Universal Gravitation Constant;
Equation $E = MC^2$ and,

Higgs Boson Particle!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Junk Foodie!

A Delicious Invitation,
Of Salts, Sugars, Spices,
Oils, Roasts, Deep Fries,
For Health Deterioration;

Instant Fast Cooked,
With Quick Service,
Packed in Polythenes,
Eaten in Use & Throws;

Pizza, Pasta, Onion Rings,
Burgers, Hotdogs, Momos,
Fried Rice & Noodle Choices,
Manchurians Chinese Style;

Junk In From Road Side,
Junk Out As Blood Piles,
Junk Stagnates in Stomach,
Junk Body Left to Suffer;

More Junk In-take,
More In Toxication,
More Head Aches,
More Insomnia Nights;

So Nice to Have On,
Rare Occassions for a,
Change to Feed & Satisfy,
Taste Bud Mouth Waters;

Junk It Not Often the,
Hungry Empty Stomach;
Gentle Push of Nutrition,
A Health Defence Stealth;

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Re-Union!

Look Not into My Eyes,
So Deep;
Stare Not at Me,
So Naive;
Your EyeBrow Lift,
Of Questions;
Have Answers in My,
Shy Down Looks;

Sick and Tired of,
Those Inquisitions;
I Neither Seek Alibis,
Nor Excuses;

I Simply Chose to,
Forever Ignore;
And Intend Not to,
Cut a Sorry Figure;

If Not My Dignity,
At Stake;
Self Respect Was,
And Truly Is!

Straining Relations,
Could Only Break;
The Only Link Of,
Bondage Chain;

Let the Efforts Of,
Re-Union Not Go,
InVain this Time!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Spacial Moon!

Clutters in Mind,
Clustered;
Creating Space For,
Clear Thinking;
Clarity of Outer Space,
Carving Inner Peace;

Sky Limits Pushed,
To Space Extents;
Night Dreams Extended,
To Day Work Realities;

Simulations Test Initial,
Objects Launch First,
Animals Sent Next &
Human Ventures Finally,
Space Objectives Met;

Orbiting The Earth,
Explorations in Space,
Landings On Moon,
Rovers On Planets,
Accomplished Then & Now;

Step By Step Small Step,
To Giant Leap Forward;
Micro Space Expeditions,
To Macro Planet Voyages;

Space Travel Tourism,
A Frequent Marvel Norm;
Exo-Planet Human Colony,
A Next Storm in Waiting!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Palace!

Elevated to the Level
Of Gods;
Reflecting Heavens On
The Earth;
Banquet Halls of Signature
Collectibles;
Huge Chandeliers Hung High
On the Roofs;

Mirror Reflections of Class
Through Glass, Porcelain,
Mosaic, Marbles & Tiles;
Beaming Walls & Pillars of
Architectural Grandeurs &
Designs of Styles;

Gardens & Lawns of Flora
Plethora;
Winged One's taking their
Flight in Turns;
Dancing Water Fountains
With Colours of Lights!

Renovated Palaces,
The Residential Royalty
Houses of the Past,
Are History's Memoirs;

Their Purpose put to,
Good Use as Museums,
Theatres, Hotels, Public Offices,
Religious & Heritage Sites;

Palaces are on the Air,
Wheels, Reels, Shows,
Every Year's Palace Day;
With Richness Of the
Lost Glory Restored &
Decorated for the Events,

Of the Day's Night Sparkles!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Warm Hug!

When they Feel Aloof,
And Seek Some Attention;
When they have Simply,
No Words to Express;
When they Need a Shoulder,
To Cry in Silent Tears;

Expressing Your Affection,
And Emotional Attachment;
To Your Kids with a Hug,
Needs No Telling & Yelling;

A Hug and a Kiss is What,
Your Kids Really Need;
To Lighten their Heart,
And Feel Much Relieved!

A Comfort in Real Pain,
A Greeting in Meeting,
A Parting in Separation,
A Soothing in Compassion,
A Salvation in Forgiving;

A Close Hug Fills A,
Deep Hole in Kids Heart;
With Loads of Love and,
Heals it With Warmth;

Moments of a Brief Hug,
Manifests into Kids Life,
Monuments of True Love,
Memories of Happy Times!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Pandemic Olympian!

Claiming the Mount Olympus,
Young Gods Competed and,
Won Over Older Gods in a,
Battle of Gifted Magical Powers,
Demonstrating their Feats;

In the Land of Raising Sun,
Let the Spirits of Olympians,
Arise Again and Let the Best,
Of the Best Competent Win;
To Become the Torch Bearers,
Of Next Generation Olympics!

Past Couple of Years of,
Pandemic Agony Still,
Looming Over the World;
The Hope to Sustain and,
Continue With Courage,
Lits the Olympics Flame;

Twenty Twenty and One,
Together Joining Forces;
Victory In Olympics thereby,
Edging Past the Pandemic;
Let the Deadly Virus taste,
It's Worst Defeat Ever in the,
Brave Hearts of Olympians;

Go Olympian, Go Tokyo!
Go Play Virus Fear Free,
Go Home Testing Negative,
Go Kick the Back of Corona!

A Gold Medal for Olympian,
A Silver Medal for Olympian,
A Bronze Medal for Olympian,
A Duck of Deaths for Corona!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Nelson Mandela Day!

The Voiceferous Arguments,
For a Civil Liberties Cause;
Converted a Trouble Maker,
Rolihlahla into the Native Land's,
Blazing Sun Nelson Mandela;

Prison Sentenced Undercover,
Revolutionary Turned into,
A Patient Non-Voilent,
National Freedom Fighter;

His Inspirations from Gandhi,
And Martin Luther King Jr,
Taught him Winning Ways of,
Negotiations and Peace;

His Inclusive Democratic,
Peace Formula of Freedom,
Humanity & Justice still an,
Apt Guidance Equation to,
Prevailing South Africa &
World Imbalance Conditions;

Leader of Dire Situations,
Pleader of People Apathy,
Climbing Down the Ladder,
Laid Down his Life to Lows,
Ending the Apartheid Era,
Lauded by World Leaders;

Everyday may not be a,
Nelson Mandela Day;
Every Scenario may not,
Be that of an Apartheid;
But Spirit of the Likes,
Lifts the Strengths of All,
To Fight for their Rights!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Truth & Justice!

No Day Alive in The,
World Media Unless a,
Human Rights Violation,
Genocide & Aggression;

Failures of Power Politics,
Extreme Human Greed Tactics,
Racial Superiority Claims,
Slaughter Ways Sought After;

Bad Thoughts Bad Desires,
Bad Influences Bad Ways,
Bad Ambitions Bad Spends,
Bad Characters Unveiled;

Blind Eye to the Better,
Opportunities of the World;
Bitter Biased Views on the,
Broader Diverse Best Paths;

Local & Regional Justice,
A Pawn in the Dirty Hands,
Of Racists, Facists &
Propaganda Lobbyists!

Loyal Legal Statutes,
Need a Higher Ear,
For Truth & Justice A,
Too Cheap Word for Liars;

International Criminal Court,
A Choice and a Chance,
For those People Devoid of,
Bare Minimum Assurance,
In a Globalized Tribal World!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Youth Skills!

Inspiration Drawn from,
Parent, Teacher or Infamous;
Application Done for Fun,
With Friends In Competition;
Experience Attained in,
Professional Environments;

Education - A Combination
Of Knowledge, Experience,
Wisdom, Teaching & Sacrifice;

National Hope Kept Alive,
With Economic Activity Flow,
And Entrepreneurial Glow of,
Educated Youth Contributions,
To Family, Society & Industry;

Technical Curriculum,
Of Academic Courses;
Communication Soft Skills,
Presentation Talents;
Industry Domain Specific,
Functional Adept Depths;
Practical Vocational,
Job Oriented Trainings;
Quick Learning Ability &,
Relearning Capabilities;

Keeps the Profile Youthful,
Attracts the Employers &
Ensures a Long-term Career,
Tuning to Market Forces!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Rocking Stones!

Known History Began,
With Stone Age Period;
Sparks of Fire Began,
With Rubbing Stone Pairs;

Early Man's House is,
A Remote Stone Cave;
Civilization's First Throne &
Weapon are Stone Made;

Rocks & Stones are Priceless,
Mineral Wealth Resources;
The Idols of Holy Gods,
We Worship are Stone Made;

Sculptures that Melt Hearts,
Are Carved from Stone;
An Undeterred Heart is,
Considered to be of Stone;

Construction Materials of,
Cement & Concrete are of Stone;
Murals & Mountain Witnesses,
Of History are Stone Types;

Hills & Rocks on Land,
Pebbles & Stones in Water;
Asteroid Meteoroids in Space,
Rock Types Every Where;

Stability & Perseverance are,
Rock's Solid State Attributes;
Rock Less Creation is a,
Shape & Form less inexistence;

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Simply Ample!

To Have Clarity is to,
Keep Matters Simple;
To Solve a Problem,
Is To Make it Simple;

To have Ample and,
To be Happy is About,
Being Simply Simple,
And Live Very Simple;

Complicated Lives are,
Confused & Complex;
With Crisis & Conflicts,
And Self Contradiction;

Attention Pretentions,
Hyped up Hipocricies;
Media Focus Madness,
Are Fake Impersona's,
Of Self Compromise;

Simplicity is a True &
Natural Form of One's,
Expression of Self and,
Presentation to the World;

Simple Thoughts & Ways,
Sum-up to Wholesome;
Simple People's Glory is,
A Temple's History Story;

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Worldometer!

To Take Birth & Live is,
To Compete With Time,
To Overcome Threats &
To Prove Your Worth;

To Attain Eternal Fame,
Knowing that You Still,
Have To Die & Leave this,
Planet Earth SomeTime!

Races Always Were In a,
Multithreaded Race Condition,
To Reproduce & Multiply,
To Dominate their Societies!

Worldometer Approaching,
The Eight Billion Mark Fast,
At 80 Million Births Per Year,
Despite Low Fertility Rates;

Resource Quantity Depletion,
Resource Quality Degradation,
Of Air, Water, Land & Food,
Poses Life Survival Concerns!

Democracies of Votes,
Pumping Unprecedented Births,
By Some Foolish Quarters;
And Tangential Rational
Thoughts Of Wise Others;

Still Growing Population,
A Huge Future Challenge,
Of Green Earth With No,
Planet In Sure Sight Ready,
For Habitation So Far Near;

One Child A Rising Star,
Second A Show Stopper,

More A Poverty Cropper;
Family Planning & Population
Control Need of the Hour!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Free Energy!

Unable to get Targeted,
Unable to get Metered;
Free Energy Attempts,
To Generate Electricity,
From Earth's Magnetic Field,
Lost Scattered In Space!

Alternating Current From,
Rotating Magnetic Field;
Induction Motor Invention,
Wi-fi System Introduction;

Energy from Fossil Fuels,
Oil, Gas & Thermal Coal;
Causes Air Water Pollution,
Land Fertility Degradation &
Global Warming Condition!

Global Energy Independence,
Through Wind, Solar, Hydel,
Geo Thermal & Safe Nuclear;
Renewable Energy Forms,
Viable Environment Trends;

All Research Roots of Drop Out,
Austrian Serbian American,
Bachelor Nikola Tesla;
Who Thought Clearly Instead,
Off to the Depths Insane!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Recipes Of Kebab!

For a Carnivore and a,
Herbivore there is a,
Kebab Bite to Chew;
Celebrate Screaming,
Waah, Waah, Awesome!

Cut & Seperate the Source,
Pound & Mince it Fine,
Mixing Flour & Spices,
Time Marinate the Dough;

With the Usual Bone,
Or Inserting a Stick;
Grill them, Oven Heat,
Roast Cook on Flames,
Stirr and Deep Fry Dry;

Chicken, Meat, Lamb,
Fish, Beef or Veggie,
Procedure Very Same;
Kebab Season Fever,
Formula Flavour Varies!

Kalmi, Reshmi, Sheekh,
Sholay, Shammi, Boti,
Chelow, Doner, Galouti;
Kebabs of Turkish Origins,
Spread Across the World;

HaraBara, Hariyali, Rajma,
Cholay, Pistachio Kebabs,
With Boiled Pulses, Veggies,
And Green Leaves for a,
Vegan Conscious Tongue;

Vegan or Non-Vegetarian,
Kebab daa 'Laa Jawaab',
Better be there on Every,
Foodie's Culinary Platter!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Math 2.0!

Flowcharts & Algorithms,
Miniaturization Concepts,
Microprocessor Speeds;
Bridging the Gap between,
Traditional Mathematics &
Contemporary Technologies;

Super Quantum Computers,
Aim to Run at Revolutionary,
Clock Speed of Planet Earth,
Magic happens with Math2.0;

Mathematical Principles,
Objectives Being the Same;
Methods of Application,
Varying Time to Time;
Technological Innovations,
Aiding Calibration Capability;

Complex Calculations,
Analysis, Forecasts,
Predictions & Decisions;
All Possible in No Time,
With Data Mining, Analytics,
Machine Learning & A.I!

Coming Together of,
Maths & Technology;
Every Field of Knowledge,
Now has May2.0 Behind it!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Chocolate & Macaroni Truth!

When Truth Prevails Over
Lies and Pardons are Sought;
God of Wisdom Bestows,
As Chocolate the Aztec Way;

And its time to get along,
Cheeks Wide Open Smiling,
Showing the Shiny Teeth,
With a Hand on Heart Swear;

Cheese Dipped Curly,
Golden Yellow Tiny Pipes,
Of Macaronni to Break,
The Mourning Silence;

Choice of Dark Brown,
Flavours of Hot Chocolate,
Donuts, Bars & Cakes,
To Confess & Conclude;

Who doesn't like them?
Children to Old Aged all,
Eyes Wide Open Bright,
Mouth Watering Taste Buds,
Popping Up & Peeping Out;

Wonderful Start of the Day,
Hurry Up Worry Free;
Bite High with a Sigh Sign,
Of Relief and Forgiving!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Sound Kiss!

Showering Love & Affections,
To Near & Dear Ones,
And Future Prospects,
With a Consent Kiss;

A Modern Human Norm,
Kiss is Nature's Old Form,
Of Expression by Fluctuation,
Practised in All Life Forms;

Beginning of Youth with,
Air kisses from Distance;
Followed by Close-up Lips,
Straight & Curly Foot Kisses;

Cheek & Nose Kissing,
Of Elderly & Professional,
With a Peck of Mooch,
On a Pick of Occasion;

Watching of it in Reels,
Dreaming of it in Sleep,
Aiming for it in Real,
With Hits & Misses Close;

Sound Kiss is a Romantic,
Friendly Twist in Silence;
And a Perfect Chilling Finish,
Of the Memorable Scene;

????????????????????????????????????

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Workaholic!

Early Bird to Work,
Late Owl from Office,
Working Brunch Meets,
At Desk Snack & Beverage;

Piledup Backlog Overload,
With Global Pressures;
Eagle Eye Concentration,
Clock-Speed Swift Agility;

Burning Midnight Oil,
Smoking in Car Park,
Friday Party Boozing,
Building up the Tummy;

Eye Irritation Weep First,
Posture Ache Greet Next,
Stressed Immunity Levels,
Frequent Hospital Visits;

Nothing Holy Sacrifice,
About Being Committed,
Turning into a Workaholic,
Like a Crazy WorkHorse;

Weekend Family Breaks,
Occational Vacation Travels;
Healthy Life Style must,
For a Well-balanced Life!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

4thjuly - American Independence Day!

In Uncle Sam's Turkey Country,
Amidst Fireworks Singing,
'The Star Sprangled Banner',
Tribute to 'Son's Of Liberty';

Marking the Transition Of,
World from Imperial Masters,
To that of Paycheck Masters,
Liberty Bell Rings Every 4thJuly!

Liberation of 13 Colonies,
Comprising 50 States from,
British Colonial Lineage Rule;

TriColors of 'Red' indicates,
Indigenous Red Indian and,
Migrant Hardiness & Valour;

'White' Indicating the,
Anglo Saxon European,
Cultural Purity of Purpose &,
Christly Forgiving Innocence;

The 'Blue' Representing,
Vigilance of Natural Beauty,
Perseverance of Waters,
Justice from Heavenly Skies;

Climate of Six Time Zones,
Diversity of Continental Cultures,
Unique Policies of Each States,
Accent Variations of One English,
Citizens from All Known World,
Freedom for Individual Ways,
All Culminated into One is,
Today's American Independence,
With Global Business Dependence!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

No Plastic!

Innovative 3D Printed,
Mass Manufactured,
In Fantastic Colours,
In Fabulous Shapes;

Furniture & Utensils,
Automobiles & Toys,
Storage & Carriage;
All Incomplete without,
Pragmatic Plastics;

Synthetic Polymers,
Heated to Liquify;
Colour Dyed & Moulded,
To Solidify & Signify;

Plastics are a Gift in,
Usage Necessity Sense;
But a Toxic Pollutant with,
Long Degradation Cycle;

While No Excuse as Thin,
Use & Throw Plastic Bags;
But Approved as Thick,
Long Term Internal Articles;

Saving the Environment &
Atmospheres of Air, Water,
Land, Skies, Space & Fires;
Let's Say No to Plastic,
The Drastic Planet Pollutant!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Journalist Of Sports!

Narrating the Class Acts,
Through Words & Pictures;
Lamenting Out of Form Flops,
With Remarks & Criticism;

Covering From Preparation,
To Onfield Performances;
In Full Circle Angled Directions,
Without Missing a Time Slice;

Glorifying the Classified,
Personal Achievements;
To the Level & Extent of,
Team & National Contributions;

In Air, Water & On Ground,
In Seasons & Weathers all;
Indoor & Outdoor Arenas,
No Matter When & Where;

Adding Tag Lines & Story Lines,
To the Game & Sporting Lives;
Sports Made Adorable with,
News, Commentaries & Telecasts;

The World of Modern Sport,
Has its Kind Focus & Attention;
From Sports Journalists with,
Statistics & Records Bent of Mind;

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Doctor's Day Out!

The Body's Proctor,
Factors-in the Symptoms;
Acts on Health Detractors,
With a Therapy Pact;

Ending the Anticipation,
Prescription Starts with,
Rest of Restrictions &
Best of Precautions;

Lucky You if Subsidies,
Three Day Dosage GoneBy;
Fear & Panic Run Around,
The White Coat Steth Man;

LAB Machines on Play,
Blood Test, X-Ray, Scans,
Pill Strips & Reports Full,
With a Deep Pocket Hole;

Doctor's Handwriting Worth,
And GODs Grace Felt;
Illness Discomfort Heals,
With Wellness Health Plans;

These Modern Times,
Of Polluted Life Styles;
Every Day is a Doctor's Day,
Of Disease Prey & Health Pray;

Thank You Dear Doctor,
Shall Bank On You;
With Bank Account Fuel,
Avoiding a Health Duel!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Social Media!

A Soft Touch Click and
The New Virtual World,
Wakes upto the Dreams,
Connecting Global Ends;

Technology Platforms Fueling,
Compact Devices With,
Apps, Websites & ChatBots,
Message Deluge Gates Open up;

Physical World Shrinks,
Into Digital Media Society;
Silos of Language Cultures,
Maintaining their Status Quo;

Unlimited Information,
In Limited Time Window,
At High Bandwidth Speeds,
At Low Network Costs;

Friends Re-Union Groups,
Business & Social Services,
Glocalized Monetization,
Endless Goals & Endless Means;

Round the Clock Focus,
Across Age Groups All;
Social Media Not a Jargon,
But a Daily Prayer Slogan!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Man & Mud!

Civilizations Started,
Moulding the Mud;
Civilizations Ended,
Burying in the Mud!

Mud Cakes Burnt and,
Houses Made of Bricks;
Mud Plays Must for,
Every Child's Fun & Joy;

Mud for Farming Food,
Mud Pots for Flowering;
Mud Bath Neck Depth,
For Shiny Skin Health!

Toys, Utensils, Huts,
Castles & Idols Made;
Refining & Processing,
Clays & Colours of Mud;

Mud as his Best Friend,
From Birth to Death;
Man with a Fist of Mud,
Squeezes his Anger Out;
Men of Honour & Valour,
Swears & Promises on Mud;

Man with a Load of Mud,
With Creative Thoughts,
Spends A Life Time Worth,
Earning the Artistic Best;

But for Water & Elements,
Earth & Earthly Exo-Planets,
Are Full of Mud on Which,
Life can Propel & Prosper!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Microbiome!

Unspotted & Invisible,
To the Naked Eye;
Microscopic Biological,
Universally Spread;

As Bacteria, Fungi,
Virus & Archae,
MicroOrganisms Control,
The Existence Life Cycle;

Fermenting the Food,
Preventing the Waste;
Breaking Down Methane,
Slowing Down Climate Change;
Recycling Green Waste,
For a Sustainable and,
Circular Economy Cause;

Food, Health & Disease,
Environment & Climate;
Biome Catalysts With,
Diverse, Actions & Reactions;

In Limited Quantities,
They are Probiotics;
Unlimited Multiplications,
A Need for Anti-Biotics;

Their Understanding,
Never So Important,
Than these Days of,
Epidemics & Pandemics!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Icing On The Cake!

Average Temperature,
Of the Earth Down to Earth;
It's the Coolest Day of,
The Year to Celebrate the,
World's Refrigeration Day!

Circulating Ammonia,
Chlorofluorocarbons,
The Traditional Way;
R-Series Refrigerants,
For Ozone Thickness &
Global Warming Safety;

Circulating the Air On;
Cooling the Things Off,
Taking the Heat Off,
Preventing Decaying Off,
Sucking the Pain Off;
Extending the Freshness,
And Shelf Life Of Stuff;

Cold Chain Solutions,
To Store & Transport;
Cooling Conduits Caring,
The Data Server Farms;

It's all Icing on the Cake,
Shivers Down the Spine,
With Refrigeration and,
Air Conditioning Costs!

Refrigeration Too for,
Precipitation & Preservation,
Ventilation & Rejuvenation!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

True Colours!

White is White,
Then and Now;
Colours All Were,
In Shades & Fades,
Of Black & Grey;

Inspired from Nature's,
Pigment Palette;
Transpiring Into a,
Vision Treasure,
Viewing Pleasure,
Ratings Measure;

Additions & Subtractions,
Of RGB Patterns;
Like Graded Strokes of,
Brushes Mixing the Variants;

Old Monochromatic,
Turned into Full Color,
Unveiling True Colors,
Revealing The World of,
Diverse Color Spectrum;

With PAL, NTSC,
SECAM Standards &
Display Adapters,
Graphics Cards;
Colour Televisions,
Arrived & Survived;

Black & White TVs,
Hence Vanished &
Colour Televisions,
Thus Flourished!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Fairies Forever

!

Fairly Dressed in,
Fantasy Colours;
Lengthy Hair,
Floating in the Air;
Floral Decors &
Flowery Scents;

Flying Sky High &
Shining Bright in the,
Heavenly World of,
Stars, Moon & Clouds;

Feathered Wings,
Like Ariel Birds;
Fins of Legs like,
Sea Mermaids;
Magic Wand Sparkles,
To Create Miracles;

Nymphs & Pixies,
Angels & Fairies;
Mythical Mystical,
Imaginative Characters,
To a Dreams Quest;

All Cooked up Best,
In the Comic Books,
Of a Curious Child;
And in the Fairy Tales,
Of a Happy Child!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

My Fair Fairy!

Fairly Dressed in,
Fantasy Colours;
Lengthy Hair,
Floating in the Air;
Floral Decors &
Flowery Scents;

Flying Sky High &
Shining Bright in the,
Heavenly World of,
Stars, Moon & Clouds;

Feathered Wings,
Like Ariel Birds;
Fins of Legs like,
Sea Mermaids;
Magic Wand Sparkles,
To Create Miracles;

Nymphs & Pixies,
Angels & Fairies;
Mythical Mystical,
Imaginative Characters,
To a Dreams Quest;

All Cooked up Best,
In the Comic Books,
Of a Curious Child;
And in the Fairy Tales,
Of a Happy Child!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Fairy Angel!

Fairly Dressed in,
Fantasy Colours;
Lengthy Hair,
Floating in the Air;
Floral Decors &
Flowery Scents;

Flying Sky High &
Shining Bright in the,
Heavenly World of,
Stars, Moon & Clouds;

Feathered Wings,
Like Ariel Birds;
Fins of Legs like,
Sea Mermaids;
Magic Wand Sparkles,
To Create Miracles;

Nymphs & Pixies,
Angels & Fairies;
Mythical Mystical,
Imaginative Characters,
To a Dreams Quest;

All Cooked up Best,
In the Comic Books,
Of a Curious Child;
And in the Fairy Tales,
Of a Happy Child!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Fairy's Story!

Fairly Dressed in,
Fantasy Colours;
Lengthy Hair,
Floating in the Air;
Floral Decors &
Flowery Scents;

Flying Sky High &
Shining Bright in the,
Heavenly World of,
Stars, Moon & Clouds;

Feathered Wings,
Like Ariel Birds;
Fins of Legs like,
Sea Mermaids;
Magic Wand Sparkles,
To Create Miracles;

Nymphs & Pixies,
Angels & Fairies;
Mythical Mystical,
Imaginative Characters,
To a Dreams Quest;

All Cooked up Best,
In the Comic Books,
Of a Curious Child;
And in the Fairy Tales,
Of a Happy Child!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda



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A Fairy's Tale!

Fairly Dressed in,
Fantasy Colours;
Lengthy Hair,
Floating in the Air;
Floral Decors &
Flowery Scents;

Flying Sky High &
Shining Bright in the,
Heavenly World of,
Stars, Moon & Clouds;

Feathered Wings,
Like Ariel Birds;
Fins of Legs like,
Sea Mermaids;
Magic Wand Sparkles,
To Create Miracles;

Nymphs & Pixies,
Angels & Fairies;
Mythical Mystical,
Imaginative Characters,
To a Dreams Quest;

All Cooked up Best,
In the Comic Books,
Of a Curious Child;
And in the Fairy Tales,
Of a Happy Child!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Widow's Window!

Dear Partner in Life,
Departed From Life;
Peeping through the,
Windows in Day Hours;
Weeping on the Pillows,
In Wee Hour Nights;
Passing Time a Witness,
Of Widow's Woes!

Legal Issues Of,
Inheritance Rights;
Forcing Them to Use,
Tissues More Often!

Loneliness that Forces,
Them to Become Ill;
Making them Rely on,
Regular Painful Pills!

Family Members,
Soften Your Stance;
Sooth Them Often,
Without Suing Them!

Grand Children Go,
Play With Them &
Cheer Them Up,
With Fondness & Fun;

Near & Dear Ones,
Pay Your Visits &
Ring them Up for a,
Courtesy Customary Wish!

Several Windows Of,
Bright Future Opens Up;
With Every Morning Sun,
For Your Peace & Health;



PoemHunter.com

Widows of Young &
Old Age Wake Up,
With Courage & Hope;
Live Along Long With,
Moral & Spiritual Strength!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Rainforest!

Fever of the Clouds,
Never Ending;
Rain in the Forest,
Never Stopping;
Dampness in the Soil,
Never Drying;
Breeze of the Winds,
Never so Silent;

Thick Tall Trees,
Vine, Teak, Fern;
Palms, Orchids,
Shrubs, Bushes,
Creepers & Climbers;
Flourishing Along the,
Gush River Banks;

Basins of Fertility,
Fresh Water Vitality,
Vegetative Vibrancy,
Grasslands Greenery;

Atmospheres Of,
Abundant Oxygen;
Stabilizers Of,
Climate Change;
Neutralizers Of,
Global Warming;

Rainforest Belts,
Tropical & Temperate;
Shrine Shelters of,
Indigenous Native Lives!

Amazon & Congo,
Guinea & Valdivian,
Daintree & Kinabalu;
Rainforests are the,
Health & Wealth of,

The Earthly World!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Saunter, The Sickle Cell!

Round & Flexible,
Oxygen Carrier,
Healthy Wealthy,
Red Blood Cells;

Heckles with Genetic &
Nutritional Disorders;
Deforms into Stiff,
Sick Sickle Shaped!

Swelling & Episodes,
Of Joint Pains Felt;
Affecting Liver, Kidney,
Lungs, Heart & Spleen!

Hurries & Worries,
Acting Very Busy;
With All the Time,
Left In the Universe;

Go Easy Attitude,
No Rush & Hush;
Slow Down a Bit,
Connect with Nature,
Walk Easy Relaxed!

Sauntering Solutions,
At Your Behest Best,
Prevent Sickle Celling,
Turn Red Cells Round;
Bone Marrow Transplant,
A Last Resort Option!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Picnic!

Pick the Knick of Friends,
Pick the Knick of Things,
Pack the Nets & Tents,
Thrive a Long Drive Ride!

Sneak into Thick Woods,
Climb the Curvy Peaks,
Find the Spots for a,
View of Insightful Shots;

Side By Sides of a,
Stream of Waters;
Fix the Tents & Nets,
Rest on the Mats;

Throw the Balls,
Fly the Discs Around,
Fish in the Waters,
Cook Your Dishes;

Drink & Dine to Hell,
Sing the Songs Well,
Dance Together for Your,
Favourite Music Beats!

Fresh Air Breezes,
Sunlight Shades,
Swim in the Waters,
Flora & Fauna Fests;

Outdoor Picnic Ventures,
Knick of the Frenzy Breaks,
For all Holiday Freaks,
And JollyDay Memories!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Remit To Migrate!

Human Resource &
Skill Set Demands;
Currency Exchange,
Value Benefit Allures;

In Search of Professions,
In Hope of Prosperity;
Leaving the Loved Ones,
Lands Far Away Behind;

Migrating to Adopted Lands,
Overcoming the Hurdles,
Enduring Stable Incomes,
The Hard & Smart Way;

Remittance a Noble Option,
An Act of Gratitude,
A Fact of Global Tide;
To Payback the Families,
In Native Homes Lands;

Though a Small Part,
Digital & Financial Inclusion,
Of Lower Transfer Costs,
Increased Remittance;

Remittance - A Quick Recovery,
Robust Resilient Option,
For Safe, Orderly, Regular
Migration Global Trend!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Elderly Dearly!

Times May Change,
Trends May Change,
But Cultures &
Traditions Wouldn't;

Experience Comes &
Maturity Follows with,
Attaining of an Age,
And Growing Old Quiet;

Seeing the Highs & Lows,
In Lengthy Plenty Life,
They Lead A Lonely Lovely,
Low Life of Retirement;

Wise Thoughts Hidden,
Under White Hairs &
Peaceful Paths Under,
Bald Empty Heads;

Elderly Steady Heads,
Are Moral Guides with,
Accomplishments &
Beacons of Survival Skills!

Abuse Not the Elderly,
Respect Them Dearly;
Avoid Them Not Harshly,
Attend Them Affectionately;
Ignore Not Negligently,
Hear to them Diligently;

Hate Them Not in Haste,
For Their Inabilities;
Praise Them Well,
For Your Today's Capabilities!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Weaving Spider!

Design in Mind,
Fabric in Hand;
Spool of Thread &
Sharp Needle Fixed;

With a Measuring Tape,
Seated in Position,
Rotate the Hand Wheels,
Peddle the Leg Shaft,
Sew it with Machine;

Cutting the Pieces,
Altering the Part Sizes,
Hemming the Patches,
Quicken the Process!

Buttons & Buckles,
Hooks & Zips Ready;
Knit & Stitch the Rest,
For a Fine Finish!

Hobby of a Creative Kind,
Cutting Edge(s) of a Job;
A She's Home Machine,
A Tailor's Working Passion;
Creating Popular Garments,
Traditional or Styled in Fashion;

With a Sewing Machine,
Human, a Weaving Spider!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Child Flavour!

Let Them Learn,
For Fun & Knowledge;
Force Them Not,
To Work & Earn for,
A Daily Living!

Far too many Years,
Left Ahead to be Spent;
Harbouring & Shouldering,
Laboured Hard Work!

Book Weight Pressures,
Job Function Crushes,
Competition Harsh Pestors,
Heavy Duty Punishments,
Horrible Tremble Harassments,
Childhood Scars of Curses!

Childhood Meant to be,
Spent Playing in Woods,
Chewing Choice of Foods,
Bringing Cheer to the,
Neighbourhood Good!

Age Fourteen Rule,
A Golden Boon for,
All Children to Bloom,
And Scream with Joy!

Let's Not Pretend,
Let's Act Swift,
With a Paradigm Shift;
Ending Labour Ferver,
Let's Bring Out Child Flavour,
And Add Fresh Colours,
To the Society Flower!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Age No Bar!

Black Hair, Blonde Hair,
Grey Hair, Golden Hair,
White Hair & Bald Heads;

Hire them All Left & Right,
Fill them All Bottom to Top,
Align them All Men & Women,
Reap from them All Ripe!

Research Scholar,
Trainee Rookie,
Probation Confirmed,
Experienced Lateral,
Seasoned Veteran,
Expert Consultant,
Retired Advisory;

Age Groups Blended,
Skill Levels Brewed,
Fill the Resource Gaps,
With Scarce Talents,
Age No Bar Wage No Bar!

Bachelor Adult,
Married with Family,
Divorced Single,
Unmarried Reserved,
Back in Good Health,
Sage & Saint, Priest & Pious;

No Age too Early,
No Age too Late,
No Break So Permanent,
No Type Incompatible,
No Job Risk Averse,
No Life Crisis Adverse;

To Accomplish a Task,
Fitness & Commitment,

Learning Curve & Leaning Serve,
That Matters the Most!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Feared Death!

Death is Not the,
Fear of Unknown;

It is the Fear of,
Known Sins that,
Keeps One Haunting!

It is the Fear of,
Known Truth that,
One Defied Favouring,
False-Hood in Life!

It is the Fear of Failure,
To have not Lived up,
To One's Responsibilities!

It is the Fear of,
Known Myths that,
Gets Busted and One
Cannot Cope-up with!

A Feared Death -
It Appears When You,
Most Wan't to Get,
Freed from Them All!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Ilcad!

Chuk Chuk & Koo Koo,
All Things Come to a,
Stand Still Halt with,
A Stop Sign of Red;

Gates Close Either Side,
Of the Level Crossing,
With the Approach of,
Whistling Train Fast!

Bee-Line Queue Line of,
Motor Vehicles Honking;
Eager to Shift the Gears,
And Surpass the Traffic;

Hurry Not & Worry Not,
Stress Not & Frustrate Not,
Whilst on a Long Drive;
Rush Not Over the,
Rail Tracks Manned,
Or Un-Manned;
Life More Precious,
Than Time Hurdles!

Railway Post not a,
Party Host of Fun;
Jump & Jolly Not,
Play & Fool Not to,
Give it a Deathly Shot!

Speed Thrills,
Distraction Kills;
With an Attention Will,
Safety Prevails!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Donald Duck!

Pencil Colour Pictures of It,
I drew in fond memory for,
Fun & Competition with,
Friends in Class Breaks;

The Cute Quack Quack,
White Snowy Duckie,
With a Duckling Parade;

How Shall I Forget it's,
Yellow - Orange Bill,
Sticky Lean Beauty Legs,
Clappy Pawy Feet,
Blue Sailor Shirt &,
Captain Cook Cap;

Cartoon Shows of it,
Housefull T.V. Glued;
Kids for a Time Slot Contest,
With Mickey the Mouse;

Hide & Seek in the,
Waters, Bushes & Swamps;
Flirting the Feathers &
Shaking it's Belly,
A Watchers Delight;

Sneaking into Neighborhood,
Causing Nice Little Cameo,
Stints with Hens & Other Pets;
Donald Duck a Forgotten,
Awe Stuck Childhood Luck!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Archives!

Memory Dump of a,
Life Time for Later,
Recollection I Archive;

Favourite Music Tracks,
Friends & Family Pictures,
Natural Snapshots,
Coin & Stamp Collection,
Personal & Official Data;

Scan & Store in Files,
Records, Volumes, Racks,
Shelves, Tapes, Disks,
Drives & Vaults for Retrieval!

Gather them All,
Physical, Hard & Soft;
Categorize, Organize,
Arrange & Maintain;
Archival So Simple,
Like a Heritage Temple!

Exhibit them like a,
Hobby in a Lobby;
Provide them for,
Judiciary Legal &
Authenticity Proper;
Archival a Survival Strategy,
Of Rewind & Replay!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Synergy!

The Energy In You,
Comes from the,
Environment Around &
The Synergy with,
Nature You Have!

Through Air, Food,
Health & Resource Wealth;
Environment Involves,
And Elevates You!

Squeeze & Suck the
Every Good Around;
Throw Back the Nasty,
Scrap & Waste of Trash;
Future Life will Smash,
With No Scope for a Bash!

Plastic a Drastic,
Spoil Turmoil;
Acoustic Blast a,
Resonance Collapse;
Incandescent & LCD,
An Optical Delusion!

LED leads the Way,
Jute Bag a Cute Way,
Litter Free a Neat Way,
Decibel Diet a Calm Way;

Ways & Means Many,
Minds & Methods Many;
Re-Imagine a Better Earth,
Re-Create the Environment,
Restore the Energy Levels!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Bi-Cycling The Life Cycle!

Tring Tring Sounds,
Flashy Focus Lights,
Front Basket to Shop,
Multipurpose Back Seat;

Conveyance Master of,
Short Distances Quick;
Ecology Champion of,
Green Peace Safety;

Pedalling the up Roads,
Crusing in the Downs,
Skidding in the Muds,
Speeding in the Woods,
Sliding in the Curves,
Carrying it in Streaks;

Whistling & Singing,
Shouting & Screaming;
Joyful Ride of Adventures,
With Friends, Kith&Kin!

Papa Dad's ATLAS Cycle,
To Learn as a Child;
BSA SLR Stints during,
School Days of Class Mates;
College Days Heroics,
With HERO RANGER;
Marriage Days Romance,
With HERCULES MTB THRILLER;
And Little Kiddoos,
HERO SPRINT at its Brisk;

Bi-Cycling Every Phase,
Of Family Life Cycle;
Moving Forward with,
Time & Tide;
Turning Two Wheels of,
Joy & Sorrow!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Run O'man!

Run for a Cause,
Run for Fitness,
Run in the Woods,
Run in the Plains,
Treck in the Terrains,
Walk if you Can't Run!

Run Run O'Man,
Slow Run or Fast Run;
Athletic Run or,
Joggers Run;
Treadmill Run or,
Run in Games;

Run O'Man,
Sweat O'Man,
De-Stress O'Man,
Defeat the Disease &
Win Your Life O'Man!

Galaxies, Universae,
Planets are all on a,
Constant Non-Stop Run;
To Keep Life on Earth,
Best Fit & Of Best Benefit!

So You too,
Stop Not O'Man;
Feeling Slim & Beautiful,
Elegant & Confident,
Run O'Man Win O'Man,
Reign O'Man Rain O'Man,
Rock n Roll O'Man!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Return Gift!

Meaning a Family,
GOD Gifted out,
New Life to Parents &
Parents Didn't Rent,
The Child out for Greed!

Instead A Scheduled Timely,
Rent was paid to GOD,
In the form of Caring,
Feeding, Nurturing,
Gaurding, Providing &
Shovering Love!

The Time when Finally
Came, Parents Sacrificed
And Gave Back the Grown-up,
To GODs World for a Purpose;
In their Old Age when,
They Needed the Support,
Of the Matured the Most!

Return Gift to GOD,
Manifold Multiplied;
To the Original Infancy,
Gift of GOD to Parents!

That's the Parent Story of,
Every Natural Biological,
Fostered, Adopted Parent;
Like the Gift Meant to be,
A Surprise Package!
The Return Gift a Harvest,
Package Earnestly Harnessed!

Hence & Thence Appreciate,
All Parents Throughout the World,
And Not Depreciate the Value,
Of their Heavenly Deeds!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Milk The Milk!

Strengtheny Bones,
For Body Health;
Glass of Milk for,
Calcium Bones!

Infancy to Old Age,
Wake-up to Bed-Time,
Milk the Only Bulk,
Consumed after Water!

Mothers Milk,
Cow Milk,
Buffalo Milk,
Goat Milk,
Sheep Milk;
Dairy Drink for,
Daily Health!

In Fruit Shakes &
Sweet Shapes;
In Biscuits &
Chocolates;
In Pastries &
Puddings;
In Savouries &
Confectioneries;

For Calories &
Protiens;
For Sleep &
Full Rest;
For Psyche &
Physique;
For Cure &
Prevention;

Fetch the Milk,
Boil the Milk,
Powder the Milk,

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Milk the Milk,
Smell the Milk,
Drink the Milk,
Nourish the Milk!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Killer Puff!

It's a Style for,
Young Punks to,
Smoke and Pose;

It's a Mood Change,
For Frustrated to Fag,
Without a Stop Gap;

It's a Busty Myth of,
Boost for Pressured,
To De-stress & Relax;

It's a Royalty Legacy,
For Rich to Burn it,
And Pipe it Fresh!

In Corners of Streets,
In Parties of Suits,
In Speeches Officiandum,
In Addresses Corregandum,
In Bachelor Parties Academic,
In Bar Counsels Legal,
In Chain Smokers Lethal;

Tobacco Culture with a,
Nicotine Sixer Kick,
Spread it's Cancer Wings,
Spoiling the Healthy Lungs!

Cheap Tobacco Leaves,
Taxed So High and,
Priced So Very Dear,
Packed in King Size,
For a Powerful Puff,
To SlowKill the Muff,
With a Breathless Cough!

Wills, Marlboro, Berkeley,
Scissors, Gold Flake,

Goat Mark, Tiger Head;
Cigarette, Beedi, Chutta;
Many Forms & So Many,
Brands for a Silent Kill!

And there you have,
Finally Nicotine Free;
For those who can't,
Giveup the Habit to,
Continue it like a Hobby!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

This Indian May...!

This May Was,
Never Like May!

Whole of May,
Was like there was,
A Hole in May!
Little Showers Many,
Stole the Heat of May;
The Hazy Clouds,
Stole the Limelight,
Of Stars and Moon!

This May Was,
Never Like May!

This Summer,
Is the Most Boring,
Summer of My Life!

An Year in Succession,
Lost to the Bloody,
Bleady Pandameic;

Two Lost Years,
Not too Worrysome;
Too many Lives Lost,
With Livelihoods Laid off,
A Factor Thoughtsome!

No Outings, Picnics
& Adventures with,
Travel Plans Seized;
And Isolation Alone,
Lasted and Prized;

This May Was,
Never Like May!

May this Summer Past,

Pandemic Panic Gone,
I shall hold the Reigns;
And Win the Rains,
And Seasonal Winter!

I Pray the Next,
Indian May Shall,
Be May of My Way;
And May not be a,
Mayhem of Dismay!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Swamy Uncle!

A Respectable Man of,
Simplicity & Austerity;
Sheltered, Fed & Patronised,
People of All Walks;

An Academecian Par Excellence,
Merit, Hardwork, Smart Work,
Guidance & Leading By Example,
Has been His Noble Traits!

A Man of Dharma & Karma,
(Wisdom & Action) ,
He Was a Saint Hermitage;
Doors of Mind, Heart & Home,
Open for Learning, Comforting,
And to Accommodate!

His Home was 'Jaya Mangala',
Implying Auspicious Victory,
To the Visitor Entourage;

The Word 'Anantha' is,
Symbolic of his Infinite,
Great Qualities; And he is,
Truly a 'Swamy' (Lord) of,
Sacrosancy and Patience;

The then Local Gaurdian &
Mentor Family,
Of My Frequent Visits;
Now 27Years Knowing them,
Is a Proud Moment of,
Pride & Accomplishment!

Nonetheless his Passing Away,
News though Unfortunate;
Is a Moment of Silent Mourning,
In Remembrance of his Memories,
And Reflection of his Influences,

On My Improvised Self!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Everest!

Sweet Spot for,
An Arial View;
Nature Spot for,
A Picture Shot;

Pick of the Peak,
With Spikes & Strides;
Thick of the Range,
With a Hope for a Hike!

Shooting to Skies,
Sharp with Curves,
Of Steep & Deep,
Holding the Nerves;

Snowy Beauty Hill,
Standing Still with a
Chilling Will, Teasing
The Adventurers!

Ropes round the Waist,
Rods for a Firm Grip,
Oculus for the Fog,
Oculars to Magnify,
Tough Cliff Hangers,
Adore You the Most!

You at Rest,
Thoughts of You,
Never at Rest;
Tryst with You,
A Task of Toast;
Posing a Huge Test,
You are the Best,
O' Mount Everest!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Amnesty For All!

No Way Shall a,
Conscious Human,
Exploit Fellow Beings;

Only a Fragmented
Conscience Resorts,
To In-Humane Actions,
Of Bigotry, Hatred &
Alienated Eliminations!

Civilizations Flourished,
With Civil Liberty Thoughts;
Civilizations Perished,
With Civil Right Conflicts!

In this Tiny Global Nest,
Humble Humanity's Quest,
Continues Since Ages for-
Dignity, Equality, Fairness,
Freedom, Truth, Justice,
Health, Education &
Prosperity Opportunities!

Wrong Doings of Few,
Mistakes of Past,
Not Reasons for Grudge &
Racial Discriminations;

Honesty With All,
Inclusion of All,
Amnesty for All,
Survival of All, Are
Statutes that Stand Tall;

At its Vehement Best,
Amnesty International,
Has been A Revelation;
With Rescue & Recovery,
Realization, Reinforcement &

Re-Instatement Efforts!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Kissing Death!

Death Keeps Knocking
At My Door;
Not Realising the Fact,
That My Doors are,
Always Open for it;

Will it Sneak in Soundless,
Will it Strike me Suffering,
Should I Let it in Laughing,
Should I Fall to it Fighting!

So Shall It Be when,
The Time Finally Comes;
I Shall Depart Smiling,
Kissing the Wily Death,
With a Gasp of Last Breath;

Birth Can be Known,
Several Months Before;
But Coward Death,
Plays Hide & Seek;
Making its Presence Felt,
In a Pleasant Game of Life!

Finally it comes,
The Fading Dusky Duty,
Making a Last Call;
To Launch my Soul,
Into the Womb of,
A Maiden Morning Beauty!

And I Shall Not Wait for it,
Shall Let it Happen it's Way,
And Have it's Final Say,
For I Love to Live Every Life!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Product Story!

I 'Service' Customers,
Through Reliable Products,
Of Precise Choice!

It's Only Talk,
If a 'Service' or 'Solution'
Doesn't Involve A 'Product'!

In Shape with Size,
Of Weight Glamour Packed;
After a Quality Make &
Polished Finish;
A Product Tangible,
Sells like Hot Dogs!

Requisite Features &
Functionality Loaded;
Non Functional Requirements,
Met for Performance,
In a Seamless Workflow;
An Intangible Look & Feel,
Software Product gets,
Downloaded In a Blink!

Perceive a Problem,
Predict a Product,
Propose a Solution,
Prescribe a Process,
Prepare a Project,
Produce a Product,
Provide the Service,
Prevent the Problem!

Mend the Product,
Mind the Product;
Fix the Incident &
Problem Flaws thru,
Change Management!

A Product Story,
Like a Toy Story;
Is a Customer
Success Story (CSS) ;
And a Product
Life Cycle (PLC) Glory!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Lost Kid!

They just didn't,
Lose their Way!

They Lost their,
Years of Dreams;
Lost their Love & Care,
Missing a Family &
Cover of a Shelter!

Unmindful Some,
In Frustration Some;
Lack of Rapport Few,
Discarded a Few;
Either got Slipped Away,
Or Were they Abducted?

Life of a Million,
Cheers & Chuckles;
Lost Every Year, As
Reported Worldwide!

Society Shrunk,
Too Small in this,
Connected World of,
Internet & Satellites!

But those Lost Kids,
Can't be Traced;
Technology, Authority &
Power Vested Elsewhere;

Not in Child Protection,
Not in Child Rights;
Future Citizen Prospects,
Lost in Futile Efforts!

In Shambles & Rumbles,
In Troubles & Worries;
Fertile Age of Fables,

Fractured & Vanished!

Their Hungers & Cries,
Years of Wings & Wonders;
Lost in the Winds of,
Busy Crazy Selfish World!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Hope, For The Split!

Unified Understanding
Required; For their
Personality is Split!

Emotional Bond Needed,
To Bridge Chemical,
Variations in their Mind;

Human Company,
To be Ascertained Always;
To Eliminate their,
Fluctuations & Hallucinations;

Myths to be DeMystified,
Truth to be Made Aware,
To Divulge their Delusions;

Empathy with Sympathy,
Required to Prevent,
Their marked Apathy;

Psychological Support,
A Must to Avert the,
Psychosis Effects in them;

Fears to be Allayed,
Agony to be Erased;
To Instill Confidence,
And Hope in Them;

Schizophrenia,
A Mental Disorder;
Can be Kept in Order,
With Treatment & Betterment!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Eco Space!

Far from City Hassles,
Away from Urban Clutter,
I Live Not Alone &
My Home Not Alone;
In Farmland Vicinity,
With Sunrise & Sunset Clarity,
Cloud & Wind A Plenty;

Population Scanty,
Pollution Free,
Pollination Full,
Species Several Inhabited,
Frequent Visitors Vary;

With Frequent Sights Of -
Butterflies, Squirrels,
Parrots, Woodpeckers,
Cranes, Eagles, Crows,
Cows, Buffalo, Oxen,
Goats, Sheep, Dogs,
Monkeys, Frogs, Snakes,
Lizards and their Kith & Kin,
Their Prey and They the Prey!

Hurries & Worries,
Gets Lost in the Flurry &
Slurry of Hillock Winds,
That Sway & Sweep the Weep;

Sans Sanitary Prospects,
Biological Diversity,
In Buyoyant Abundance,
Ecological Sustenance,
Served to Possible Extent;

Truly, We are
A Part of the Solution;
For Mother Nature's,
Existence Problems!

How Far shall this,
Solitude Survive!
How Long shall this,
Fortitude of Origins Prevail!
How Many of these,
Species don't become,
Extinct & Endangered!

So Long As Humans are
Conscious of Bio-Diversity;
Vast Eco Space Left,
For Varied Species All!
There Comes a Reply,
From Nature Prompt!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Ripe Age!

I wanna have a,
Feast of Something;
I'm fed up locked,
In my Room Alone,
Feeling Crazy Like this;

My Legs that keep
Walking, Can't be
Chained for Long;

My Mind that Keeps
Travelling, Can't be
Locked up so Long;

My Heart that keeps
Feeling, Can't be Shut
This Long AtAll!

'Cos I'm of Ripe in Age,
I Wanna feel the World,
And I Wanna Kiss My Girl;

Money Doesn't Rain
Like Hell,
My Honey is all I got,
And I'm going after my Girl,
So Long as it takes,
I shall travel that far!

There May be a,
Twist in the Tale;
But I'm not gonna,
Fail in the Chase;
'Cos it's the pain,
In Life I'm going thru!

I wanna have a,
Feast of Something;
I'm fed up locked,

In my Room Alone,
Feeling Crazy Like this;

I Wanna feel the World,
I Wanna Kiss My Girl,
And I'm going after her,
'Cos I'm of Ripe in Age!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Family Doctor!

Wholistic Health,
Forever a Factor;
Family Doctor, A
Need of the Hour;
To Answer the call,
At Any Hour!

Beyond Matters
Of Health, A Friend in
Many Quarters,
Personal & Private;

Attachment of,
Long-term History;
Appointment Hassle,
Not an Issue AtAll!

Bee-Line Lengths,
Happily Surpassed;
Awaiting Hours,
Bypassed in Seconds;
Treatments Done,
At Special Discounts,
With Quick Attention!

Sweet Casual Talk,
An Early Head Start;
Casualty Ward, Not on
Prescription Platter!

Engage In Occassions,
Emergencies Cared;
Relationship in Vogue,
Diseases don't Provoke!

Find for All in Family,
Fond of All in Family,
Bond with All in Family,
Family Doctor Smiley,

Favourite of All Happily!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Collossals!

Recovering from the,
Ruins & The Remains;
Polishing the Fragile,
Perished Dusty Past;
Timeline Carbondating,
For Future Preservation;
Protecting the Rare &
Precious Master Pieces,
Historic & Geographic;

Museums, The
Embodiments & Reflections,
Of Cultural & Creative
Culminations;

Filled with Galleries,
Of Ancient, Modern &
Futuristic Idols, Arts,
Pictures, Crafts, Costumes,
Articles, Literatures,
Discoveries & Innovations,
Of Every Field;

Museums are Locations,
Where Present & Future,
Meets the Past for a Pause;
And Time Stands Still,
For a Pose to a Poet's Delight!

The World's First,
Oxford Ashmolean;
The Largest Institution,
DC's Smithsonian;
The Most Popular,
French Louvre;
The Personal Collection,
Of Salar Jung &
The National Ones Many;

Museums are,
A Reckoning Force;
That Forces us to,
Re-Imagine, Re-Discover &
Realize the Future;
To find a place for,
Ours too in those,
Colossal Museum,
Floors, Walls & Roofs!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Inner Light!

The Bright and Truth,
Of the Inner Self,
The Inner Light;
That Self Illuminates,
Remains forever Lit;

The Inner Light,
The Original First Light,
Of the GOD thyself;

Turning thy Torch,
On the Dark Pudding,
Budding Earth; GOD said,
'Let there be Light';
And there was Light!

The Inner Light,
That Kindles,
Sun of the Day, Moon &
Stars of the Night;

The Inner Light,
Innovates, Invents &
Feeds the Artificial,
Outer Lights;

Energy of Inner Light
In the Elements,
Squeezed & Blazed,
Power thus Generated;
Setting Electrons,
Photons & Optrons;
The Inner Particles,
In Direction & In Motion;
Turning Night into,
A Virtual Fancy Day!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Family First!

Familiarity Foremost,
From Birth to Death;
Generation to Generation,
Genecodes Shared;
Affections in Effect,
Inheritance in Play,
Family Comes First!

From Nuclear Families,
To Atomic & Sub-Atomic;
The Family Sphere of,
Elementary Individuals,
Immediate & Extended;
Only Expanded & Diversified,
Never Divided, as it Appears!

New Communication &
Collaboration Technologies,
Fixing the distance Gaps;
Roots of Family Cultures,
Spread & Flourished in,
Continents Worldwide;

Highly Localized &
Nationalized Then;
Vastly Globalized &
Internationalized Now;
Spacially Dispersed &
Universal in Future Perhaps!

Family Culture,
Prevails & Prospers;
Navigating Cleverly &
Adapting Innovatively,
In Changing Times!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Eid Mubarak!

At the Dusk Hour,
Of the Last Day,
In the Fasting,
Hizri Lunar Month,
Of Holy Ramadan;

At the Sight of,
The Nascent,
Crescent Moon,
During Twilight,
Of the Sacred Eve;

With Takbirs,
Of the Zamaath,
Changing Takdirs;
With Mubaraks,
That Showers the,
Moonlight Bliss;
With Humble Hugs,
Exchanging Warmth,
Of the Inner Feelings;

Fasting thus Ended,
With a Feast of,
Sweet Vermicelli,
Dry Fruit Kheer!

Spotted in Pyjamas,
And Kurtas All White;
Celebrations Arouse,
In Mosques & In Streets!

Eid-UI-Fitr, A Two Day
Religious Affair;
Lit the World,
White & Bright in Lights;

Eid Mubarak, For the
Peace of The World!

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Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Nurse!

Swift In Shifts,
Day and Night,
Shift after Shift,
Shifts Attention,
Patient to Patient,
With Patience;
Smiling & Wishing,
Wellness for those,
Suffering from Illness;

Pills & Powders,
Injections & Ointments,
Bandage Change,
Bondage Felt;
Prescription Followed,
Diet Schedules Met;
In time for Round Visits!

A Helping Hand,
In Surgeries;
A Caring Hand,
In Therapies;
A Curing Hand,
In Recoveries;

With Fragrance of,
Fresh Flowers;
With a Voice of,
Sweet Nightingales;
Florence Nightingales,
A Plenty of them,
On Toes in Hospitals;
Bridge between,
Doctors & Patients;

From First Aid,
To Mid-Wife,
Until Last Breath; Nurses,
The Only Human Aid,

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That Cares & Cures,
The Worsened Health!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Sage!

Caged Alone In Rage,
Don't Wage a War,
And Become Savage,
To Ravage it All in,
Outrage setting the Fire;
Become a Sage O'Man!
Become a Sage O'Man!

Energies Drained,
In Thoughts Negative;
Attitude of an Altitude,
Attains it's Platitude;
Become a Sage O'Man!
Become a Sage O'Man!

Coming of Your Age,
Let it not Fade,
Upset & Pressured;
Shred the Dark Pessimism,
Shed the Light of Optimism;
Become a Sage O'Man!
Become a Sage O'Man!

Turn a Page of,
The History Past;
It's all Ego,
That Caused the Evil;
Let Go Your Ego,
Show Your Alter-Ego,
Become a Sage O'Man!
Become a Sage O'Man!

The Skies, Oceans &
The World's are for All;
Live and Let Live,
'Cos You are the Sage,
O' Universal Man!

Let Eye meet the Eye,

Let Heart see the Heart,
Let Breath feel the Breath;
In Your Words and,
In Your Actions,
Amuse & Amaze the World;
'Cos You are the Sage O'Man!
You are the Sage O'Man!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Mother!

A Machine She is,
While at Work;

Restless She is,
As a Task Master;

Empathetic She is,
While at Caring;

Independent She is,
In Decision Making;

Instinctive She is,
While at Judgement;

Emotional She is,
In Situations Grave,
Happy and Sad;

An Old Woman,
Bold Enough with,
Modern Thoughts;

A Woman of,
Action and Reaction;
She is the Fission &
Fusion of Our,
Nuclear Family;

Humble Mostly,
Mumbles at Times;
Everything in Shambles,
As an Exception;

Forbearance of Earth,
Calmness of the Sea,
Sparks of Fire,
Burst of a Volcano,
All Packed in One;



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A Memorable Mother,
By All Means for a,
Noble Cause; With
Sacrifices Overshadowed,
By Her Survival Stints!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Symbols Of Red!

Aum Shanti Om,
A New Beginning,
With Peace & Love,
For Everyone;

*Swasti(ka) *,
Sacrosanct &
Reverred Wishes;

Shree,
A Fortune,
Auspicious &
Prosperity Precursor;

A Cross,
For Hospitality &
Voluntary Service;

A Crescent,
For Diversity &
Serenity;

A Crystal,
Of Reward for,
Humanity & Unity;

A Lion with Sun,
For Independence &
Universality;

A Shield of Protection,
For Safety, Dignity &
Individuality;

The Symbols &
Movements of Red;
Life Lines of Blood for,
Lives of GOD's Creation!

PoemHunter.com

-----Ratakonda Naga Vamshidhar

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Promised Word!

The Word Didn't,
Pass Through;
The Code Didn't,
Break Through;
Attempts Failed,
Entry Rejected;
Damn it IDAM!

Ought a TopSecret,
Naught if Disclosed;
Strongly Encrypted,
Algorithm Hashed;
Numbers, Symbols,
Characters Scrambled!

Matter of Sense,
Change its Frequency,
Remember it's Sequence,
Else a Consequence;

System to be Locked,
Path not to be Traced,
Key not to be Cracked,
Alas! Not to be Hacked!

Download not Spam,
Fall not for a Scam;
Open not a Phishing Mail,
Fail not for a Trap;
Clean it up the Temp;
Quarantine all the Junk!

Scan once a While,
Vaccinate the Drives,
Stay Happy Viral Free,
Have Peace Rival Free!

The Password, a
Promised Buzz Word;

To Safe Gaurd,
The Data World!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Blue & Red Ribbon!

The Siren Sounds,
Rings of the Bells,
Flash of Lights,
Triggers Attention,
Aversion Prompt;

Emergency On Call,
Red Vans by Road,
Helicopters by Air,
Alerts the Community,
Casual & Neglect;

A Team of Helmets,
And Boots In Uniform;
In a Rush to Blush,
With Flames and,
Extinguish the Fires;

Aerial Ladders for,
Various Heights;
Water Gun Jet Pressure,
Lits off the Sparks,
Cools off the Heat;

Uncontrolled, Only
Ashes Remain;
Controlled, the Lashes
Of Water that Prevail!

On Duty All the Time,
Fighting Fires of Bushes,
Homes, Multiplexes,
Short Circuits, Gas Leaks;

Situations Many,
Commitment the Same;
Game of Flames,
In Narrow Lanes;
Fire Fighters,

The Life Savers!

A Ribbon of Blue & Red,
For Water & Fire Wars,
In Memory of Fire Fighters,
Sound Off a While,
In a Silent Mourning!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Fourth Estate!

NEWS of North,
East, West, South &
All Directions for All,
Just In Time!

Truth, as the
BackBone;
Transperancy, as
A Motto;
Reality, as a
Passion;
Awareness, as the
Reason;
Journalism Prevails!

Sacrificing Relationships,
For Revelations Sake;
Facing Harassments,
For Uncovering Anamolies;
Risking Own Life,
For a Change in Livelihoods;

Journalists, The only
Defenders of,
Institutions & Constitutions!

Media, the Voice
Of the People;
The Lone Chance,
For the Choiceless!

Free Press,
That Encompasses &
Surpasses anything Suppressed, Oppressed,
And Tresspassed;

The Fourth Estate &
Fourth Pillar of Democracy;
Not for Gambles,

Not for Gossips,
Not for Corruption,
Not a Lobby House,
For Politicos & Corporates;
But for the 'Use of,
Information as a Public Good'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Labour Life!

I Not Know of,
What to Write of,
Labour Day;
For there is a lot,
To Tell & Yell!

Born of a Womb,
Seen the World,
After Nine Months
Inside Struggle;
Finally Light After,
A Hard Fought Labour!

A Survival Plight,
A Life's Struggle,
Thus had Begun,
Sane or Sinned,
Wane or In Vain!

Brush for Boots,
Bricks for Build,
Sickle for Farm,
Migrate for Work,
No Bag of Books,
Childhood of Bugs!

Torn Shoes,
Tears of Sweat,
Food after Late,
Fate of Hate,
Liberty to Cry,
Freedom to Scream,
Adulthood of Dogs!

Short of Wealth,
Skeleton Health,
Falter of a Shelter,
Flock for Woes,
Dreams that Fade,

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Poverty that Invades,
Middle Age of Pigs!

Not Un-Common,
Of A Common Man;
A Daily Labourer,
Of Third Class!

On Any-time Roll-off,
Sheepish Payroll's,
Pinkfish Pay Slip,
Deemed Damn Lucky!

Comedy Like,
A Chaplin Movie;
Ready for a,
Death Door Knock;
Tragedy Like,
A Revolution in History!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Grace The Space!

A Pale Blue Dot,
It Floats In the,
Ample Space Map;
Like a Puzzle,
In the Maze!

A Bubble UnBurst,
A Top UnStop,
It Encircles itself,
Circles the Red Blaze,
In Chase of Time!

Light & Dark,
It Blinks Binary;
In Truth it's,
Real Fuzzy!

Yonder, the Star Glitters;
Descent, the Moon Bliss;
Cometh, the Timely Comets;
Showers of the Meteors;
More Space for Miracles,
In Space's Wary Calendar!

With Bountiful Life,
It Alone has the,
Beautiful Sight of View,
Of all Space Wonders;
That Universe's None,
Possess that Kind of,
Eternal Fraternity,
Of the Infinity Profound!

In a Fascinating Search,
In a Fortune Hunt,
In the Deep Space Quench,
We Venture, We Explore;

Soon will there

Be a Day of Life;
When Life in,
Outer Space,
A Daily Affair!

Till then let's Embrace,
Every Step Ahead,
In Vast Space,
With Full Grace!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Of Truth & Honesty!

Saying - Truth Prevails,
Happiness Sustains!

Proverb - Altruism is the,
Greatest Passion,
Of a Life Time!

Oath - Truth is What,
We Believe In;
Honesty is What,
We Agree Upon!

Honesty - Is The,
Best Policy &
A Noble Attitude!

Trust - Can be Built,
Only through,
Truth & Honesty!

Theosophical Society-
There is no Religion,
Law or GOD,
Higher than Truth!

Gandhi's Life -
The Story of My,
Experiments with Truth!

Scientist - It is Only the Truth,
That gets Unveiled,
Through Progress of Science!

Economist - Truth is much Relevant,
And has More Scope,
In Economics than,
It's Output, the Money!

Naturalist - Truth is like,

Pure Water,
Fresh Air & Natural Sunlight!

Spirituality - Truth is the,
Very Heart of Every Soul!

Moral - We Can Only,
Be Truthful & Honest,
And Nothing Else!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Just Dance!

Twist Your Body,
From Top to Toe,
Every Inch of it;
And Just Feel,
The Pinch of it;
Just Dance,
The Way you Want;

Dance Alone,
Tuning the Music;
Join Along and,
Dance in Tandem,
With All in Rythm;
Just Dance!

Dressed Traditional,
Or Styled Modern,
Costumed in Comfort;
Step F'wd in Adherence,
Or Break the Sequence,
For a Pause or Pose;
Like a Master Class,
Or Crazy Punk,
Just Dance!

Party Fever,
Planned Event,
A Tiny Bar,
A Floor Theque,
A Stage is Set;
Celebration or,
For some Fun,
Context not a Constraint,
Just Dance!

Waltz or Ball,
Ballet or Rock-'n'-roll,
Hip-Hop or Disco,
Just Dance and,

Float High in Air!

No Dance Form,
A Limitation,
To Show your Ecstasy;
Or Vent your,
Frustration in a Way!

If You can't Dance,
Just Clap to the Beat
And Feel the Heat!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Osha!

Jobs We Join,
Efforts We Put In,
Work We Do,
Flexibility We Show,
Sacrifices We Make;

Not for Penny Money,
Not for Honey Trap,
Not to be Enslaved,
Not to be Ill-treated!

With a Personality,
With an Education,
With a Learning,
With an Intuition;

To Support Self,
To Raise a Family,
To Contribute to Society,
To Build a Nation!

Thus Keeping Busy,
For taking a Noble,
Humble Human Birth,
Of Sense & Purpose!

Stress and Pressure,
Of Goals & Targets,
Burden them on All,
ScapeGoat not Few!

Lay-off Not Atall,
Stall & Call it Off;
In Favour of All,
Play it Cool, not Fool!

Recognition and,
Not Rejection;
Inclusion and,

Not Polarization;
Encouragement,
And Not Filtration;

Ill-Health be Cared,
Disease be Cured,
Deceased be Compensed,
Affection for Affected!

All are Equal,
Before GOD's Eyes;
Then Who are You?
To Discriminate!

OSHA -
Occupational Health,
Safety for All;
A Workplace Need,
A Basic Human Right!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

No Remorse!

Dit and Dah or
Dot and Dash;
This and That,
Day and Night,
Type it All Time;
There it Goes,
Message Encoded!

Code in Morse,
Over a Telegraph;
More Secure Passage,
It had, the Message!

Changing Times,
Innovations Swept;
Electrical Pulses to
Electromagnetic Waves;
Analog to Digital,
And to Quantum!

Morse of Radio and
Military Communication,
Not so Worse,
Not a Curse;
But Outdated with,
Satellite Force,
For a Digital Purse!

Remorse Not,
Over Morse Extinct;
A Tribute Salute,
For it Once Ruled,
World Communication!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Story Of 'a Story'!

A Moral or A Message
Immortal to be Passed,
From Events Past,
Instances Present and,
Thoughts of Future;
'A Story' is, thus Born!

Heard or Observed,
Self-told or Retold,
Narrated or Recited,
Portrayed or Written,
For the Record;

On Leaflets,
On Wooden Pieces,
On Bronze Strips,
On Stone Walls,
On Incriptions,
On Paper Slips,
In Classic Digital Bits,
In Quantum QBits!

Characters Human,
And Non-Human,
Situations, Reactions,
Responses, Consequences,
Deeds Good & Bad;
In a Language of the Day,
With Expressions!

Begining Somewhere,
With an End or,
A Saga of No End;
'A Story' Real or Fictious,
Is Brewed in a Book;
Ready to be Read or,
For a Collector's,
Showcase Item!

A Prequel or Sequel,
May then Follow,
To Elude the Reader!

Rever it an Epic,
Shrivel it a Novel,
Precise it an Article,
It's still 'A Story',
Big or Short for Time!

If Neither a Moral,
Nor a Message;
Role Models for sure,
Imprints on Mind!

And This,
A Poetic Story,
Of 'A Story' Age Old!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Open Free Culture!

Morals are Murals,
Of Endeavours,
In a Life's Journey!

Attributions to be Made,
Gratitude to be Shown,
For Contributions,
Borrowed & Incorporated,
To Reap the Benefits!

As Believers & Practicioners,
Of Free Open Culture;
Copy Left & Permissive Free,
Creative Commons,
Social Cause should,
Our Efforts Go Into!

The Legal Political,
Capitalistic Business,
Lobbied Protectionism,
Game of Patents,
Copyrights, Trademarks;
Not of True Character,
Not of Real Merit,
Never a Zone of Comfort!

Neither Violation,
Nor Infringement,
Or Hacking meant,
To be a Dear Hobby,
With Conscious Intent!
In Spirit the IP Rights,
Be Respected!

Ignore Not to Salute,
Original Researchers,
Discoverers & Innovators;
For their Sacrifices,
And Creative Ideas,

To have made it to,
The Competitive Market!
If not their true Names,
That Fetched Fame!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Inner Limit!

Debunked & Vexed with,
Vast Anonymities Of,
Cosmophysical,
Outer Limit Space!

Perplexed with,
Biological Self,
Dived Deep into,
Magnonimities of,
The Inner Limits!

If Physical Cosmology's,
Bean & String Theory,
Theory of Everything,
Pushes the Outer Limits;

Biological Genome,
With DNA Molecules,
Chromosomes,
Helix Patterns,
Digs the Depth of,
The Inner Limit!

The Outer Limit,
A Geographical Survival,
Prospect of the Future!

The Inner Limit,
A Heritage Journey,
From Past to Present!

As Gravity, Relativity,
Particle Physics,
Electro Magnetism,
Space Dynamics,
Guards the Outer Limit!

The DNA Molecule,
Chromosomes, Genes,

Dark Matter, Proteins,
Amino Acids, Base pairs
Holds the Inner Limit!

Genes like Stars,
Form and Die,
In Continuum!

Protiens & Aminos
Of the Genes;
Waves & Rays of
Cosmic Objects;
Physical State of Me,
Their Mutual Interactions!

Biological Dark Matter,
Cosmophysical Grey,
Genesis Factors of Both;
The Invisible Astral Body
With Spiritual Elements of,
Cognizance, Conscience &
Soul - The Transformer!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Fire Movement!

Spending Reckless,
Unplanned Goal Less,
I went Berserk,
I Got Broke;
Financially First,
And Health Next!

As a Bachelor,
I May Risk it All;
As a Family Man,
I can only Save it!

Planted a Money Tree,
Protected It Safe!
Planning it's Roots,
Income it's Stem,
Savings it's Branches,
Retirement Fund
It's Leaves;
Fruits & Flowers
It's Expenditures!

Priorities Listed,
Penny-wise Wise;
Paving the Way for,
Periodic Incomes;
Planned Expenditures,
Parked Bank Savings;
Poverty Lifted Swift,
Proving a Point!

Realized I Joined,
The FIRE Movement -
Financial Independence,
Retire Early;
Three Golden Rules,
To Relieve Tensions;

50-30-20 Needs,

Wants & Savings

Budget Rule;

25 Times SVR

(Saving Rule) ;

4 Percent SWR

(Safe Withdrawal Rule) !

Sailing my Life,

Sorrow Less;

Simple & Superb,

Singing & Swinging,

Safe & Secure!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Plumber's Palm!

Complains the Lady,
Of the House in Panic,
As if an Emergency!

'Troubled Tap,
Geyser Grounded,
Toilet-set Tension,
Exhaust Fan Halts,
Running Water Leaks,
Blocked Pipes! '

In Rapid Heart Beats,
I Run after You,
The Saviour of the,
Situation Grave,
Oh Plumber!
Any Day Any Time!

Without a Holiday,
Without an Alibi,
Appointment Keptup,
You Turnup Prompt;

With Nuts & Bolts,
Screws & Drivers,
Bushes & Washers,
Spanners & Wrenches,
All in your ToolKit!

A Touch of your Palm,
Without a Plan,
Unaware of Pain,
Fixes anything Plumb!

Your's a,
Thankless Job;
Unsung Hero,
Truly You Are;
A Hug to You,

To have Bugged You,
Time and Again!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Dance Of The Cuckoo!

Cricket Ground if,
A Dense Forest;
His Match a rare,
Picturesque Sight,
Of Stop Watch!

Your Mind Floats,
Like a Ball inclined,
To Kiss his Willow,
Hoping a Shallow Hit;
But Unfolds into,
A Clean Boundary!

His Straight Drive,
A Long Drive,
To be Lost Along,
The Forest Trail!

His Sweet Shots,
A Collective Sweet
Song of Pretty,
Bird Species Many!

His Cut Leads,
To a Cave of,
Complete Silence;
His Mighty Pull,
A Pull of the Stream,
That Casts Away,
Off the Shores;
His Foot Work,
Leaves a Foot Trail,
For the Rest to Follow!

When his Fingers,
Roll to Bowl,
It is a New Twist,
To the Forest Tale;
And the Bails are,

Off in a Whisker!

His Opening Start,
Lits a Campfire,
For the Eve's,
Nice Little Powwow!

Too many Tricks,
Up His Sleeve;
Ready to be Unleashed,
In Rainbow Colours!

Cupid of Cricket,
Little Master's
Rundown the Pitch,
A Dance Song of
The Little Cuckoo &
A Roadrunner's Chase!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Three Pillars!

Nation's History -
A Strength & Weakness,
For it's Future!

Historic Failure
Lesson's Learnt,
A Strength!

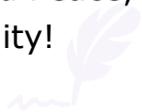
Imperial Glories -
A Weakness of
Pressure to Rebuild,
Past in the Future!

Nation's of Cultures,
In Unison with,
Regional Co-operation;
Global Cohesion,
And World Peace,
A Possibility!

Treaty Violations,
Intrusive Conquers,
Expansion Strategies,
Terrorism Missions,
OppressiveSuppressions,
Forced Conversions;

Hindrances of,
Uniform Development;
Gross Abuse of,
Human Rights;
Compromise on,
Global Security!

World Peace then,
A Mere Probability;
Three Pillars of U.N.,
A Universal Myth!



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Multilateralism then,
At Mercy of Materialism;
A Historian's Show Time,
Media Archive Talk!

Diplomacy then,
Capitalists Spotlight
Oppty Sweet spot;
Country Heads,
Their Advocates!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Tryst With Destiny!

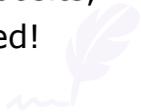
Fresh Air,
In Constrained,
Quadrants!

Pure Water,
In Limited,
Quantities!

Thick Green,
Forest Range,
In Reserves!

Endangered,
Life Species,
Under Extinct!

Rare Earth,
Metal Deposits,
Diminished!



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Thin Ozone,
Filter Layer,
Very Fragile!

Population,
Pollution,
Un-Controlled!

Electronic Waste,
Recycling,
A Tectonic Task!

Space Missions,
Left a Debris of,
It's Gamut Own!

Climate Change,
A Drastic,
Phenomena!

Global Warming,
An Alarming,
Condition!

Earth Day,
Not a Birthday,
Of Lively Planet!

A Rememberance,
Reminder Day of,
Resourceful Past!

Paris Accord,
Kyoto Protocol,
Green Peace,
Rainforest Alliance,
Hopes of Future!
Human Tryst,
With Destiny!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

My Kiddy Bank!

Fell the Rack,
Like Hell on Leg,
Knee Hurt Little;
For the Hundi,
I Reached Out!

Hidden Deep in,
Rack's Shelf-Top;
It was quite safe,
From us Kids,
Unit I Broke It,
For a Leg Bruise!

Kiddy Bank or,
Hundi as we call;
Small Coin Change,
Gifted to Go In,
Until Pile-up to,
A Big Paper Note;
Then Donate for a,
Cause or Offering;
That's the Plan!

But Many Broke!
The Pot one first,
Calcium Sandoz Next,
Ganesha Followed;
Shapes of Safes Vary,
End Result the Same;
None Met the end,
Goal or Destination!

Emptied and Vanished,
To Fill the Stomach,
At Corner Street Shop;
Shop-Keeper the Benefactor,
Never Poor or GOD!

Fast Forward to Now!

New Saving Forms,
With Strong Secure,
Physical & Digital Locks,
Post Office Accounts,
Child Bank Accounts,
To a Saving Rescue!

But Kiddy Bank still,
Every Kid's Favourite!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

'Therefore, I Write! '

Thoughts Penned Down,
Streams of Beautiful,
Words Flow Gentle!

Twists of Fingers,
Moves of Wrists,
Nerves in Action!

Letters arrive Clear,
Characters glue Smoother,
Sentences form Better!

Warm Feelings,
True Emotions,
Emerge & Arise!

Hand in Motion,
Like a Magic Wand,
Scripts create History,
Engaged to Subject!

Sharpen the Pencil,
Fill-in the Ink,
Fetch a Palette!

Draw a Picture,
Colour a Sketch,
Slash a few Strokes!

Write Poetic Lines,
Create a Post Card,
Make a Monogram!

Preserve Historic Art,
Of Wordly Expression,
Prevent it's Dooms Day,
'Therefore, I Write! '

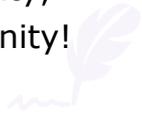
Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Fail Hitler!

OutReach Programs,
For People's sake;
Trounce Reich's,
Gestapo Programme,
For GOD's sake!

Dictators of World,
Fuhrer's of Hatred,
Villains of Society,
Leaches of History,
Traitors of Humanity;
BackDoors Shown,
Doors of GOD Open!

Burn All Hatred,
Find Every Love,
Prune Compassion,
Breed Unity,
Attain Vanity!



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Lessons of Time,
Learnt Quickly;
Move Swiftly,
Into Future Hope;
Heart Prevails,
Over Evil Minds;
Future Erases,
Czar Scars of Past!

Hail Not Hitlers,
Fail Hitlers!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Liver Lever!

Pass through me,
All consumed;
Consume me Not,
Feeding All Scrap;
I'm the Liver Gifting,
You a Long Life!

Infections I Fight,
Blood Sugar I Regulate,
Toxic Waste I Filter,
Fats I break with Bile,
Cholesterol I Control!

Drug & Alcohol not,
Fog not with a Fag,
Obese not your Belly,
Drag not your Death!

System Liver,
Needs Maintenance!

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Garlic Grease,
Olive Cleanse,
Breeze of Greens,
Juice of Lemons,
Turmeric Marinate!

Liver Lever Healthy,
Cruise the Body Safe!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

World Heritage!

Marvel of a Wonder,
Yonder the Remains,
Ponder the Past Glory,
Surrender Self with Awe,
To the World Heritage!

A King's Ambition,
An Architect's Vision,
A Designer's Style,
An Engineer's Passion,
A Labourer Fusion,
All Became a Religion,
To Create a History!

Thyself truly unveils in,
Hidden Intricacies of,
Forbidden Monuments,
Miracled Architectures,
Carved Sculptures,
Pleasured Serenities,
Measured Perfections,
Longlasted Impressions!

Miles We Travel,
Secrets We UnRavel,
Pictures We Capture,
Smiles We Carryon,
Memories We Cherish!

Vouch to Preserve,
Those *Complex Pasts*;
And so shall Treasured,
Structure Troves Remain,
For *Diverse Futures*!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Double Oh's Even (007) !

Appears from,
Nowhere;
Sneaks Anywhere,
Escapes Somewhere!

Sometimes Bald,
Sometimes Stout,
Always Bold,
Always Blonde!

A Suit of Blue,
A Stunt of Few;
A Sea of Blue,
A Scene of Blue;
Leaves No Clue,
Films We Glue!

No Weapon that,
He Can't Master;
No Villain that,
He Can't Conquer;
No Woman that,
He Mates Forever;
No Spy that,
Beat's him Clever!

No Race that,
He Shall Lose;
No Code that,
He Can't Decipher;
No System that,
He Can't Beat!
No Jail that,
He Can't Break!
No Rival that,
He Can Fail!

Born With Passion,
Born To Be Acrobat,

Born To Be Invincible,
That's Double,
Oh'S even (007) !
That's Nothing Odd,
That's James Bond!

*Warning: * Only For those with Sense of Humour ??.

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Universality!

Unique of You to,
Aim High in Life;
Attitude of You,
To Never Give up;
Thirst of You to,
Acquire Knowledge;
Hard Work of You,
To Burn Midnight Oil!

Constitutional You are,
Striving for Equality,
Seeking Civil Rights;
Perseverance Of You,
Thriving to Realize,
And Lead a Great Life!

Fortitude of You,
In Times of Adversity,
Achieving Diversity!

Universality of You,
Surpassing Local,
Global Frontiers,
Foraying into Spheres,
Of Science and GOD!

Where is the Limit?
Only Time to Tell!

Till then Not to Rest,
And Give Only the Best,
In This Life and Next,
If One Exists for a Reason!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Man, The Ace Of Space!

Looking up into the Deep
Blue Day Sky,
Admiring the Star Studded
Dark Night Sky,
Wondered as what Mysteries,
Lye Beyond those Realms!

From Mythological Tales,
To Prophecies of Old Past;
From Astrological Theories,
To Philosophical Thoughts;
From Alien Angel Stories,
To Extra Terrestrial Gossips;
Imaginations Plethora Flew!

Science of Religion,
Unveiled & Unleashed;
Human Ideas,
Coupled & Converged;
Myths De-Mistified,
Observatories Flourished,
Manned & Unmanned,
Voyages thus Began,
To the Outer Space,
Into the Deep Space;
Earth's Natural Satellite,
And Planets thus Fell,
To the Wits & Grits of,
Spirited Man of Earth!

First of it's Kind,
Fast Paced Flight,
First Kiss to Space,
First Orbit around Earth,
Fright & Frost Overcome,
Fever Eternal thus Began,
Forever to conquer Space!

Vostok to Apollo,

Soyuz to Gemini
Shenzou to Gaganyaan,
Infinite Space the Limit,
Human Ambition,
Sparking the Ignition;
Human Cognition,
Feeding the Adventure;
Man, the Ace of Space!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Park The Parkinson's!

Stress it Not Much,
Head to Toe, But
Mobilize the Body,
Physically & Mentally,
Busy Working Simply!

Brain & Body Parked,
Natural Sunlight Absent;
No Organic Greens,
No Omega-3 Fatty Acids,
No B-Vitamin Folics,
No CoQ10 Co-Enzymes,
Parkinson's on the Cards!

Dopomine Levels Dip,
Nerves Get Frozen,
Motor Function Ceases,
Cognitive Memory Melts,
Mood & Behaviour Swings,
Alas! Parkinson's Prevails!

Green Tea & Dark Greens,
Legumes & Lentils,
Calcium & Phosphorus,
Liver, Kidney & Heart Meats,
De-Tox & De-Stress;
Precautions & Preventions,
For Metabolism Wealth,
Park the Parkinson's!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Siblings Re-Union!

Brothers & Sisters,
Near and Far Away,
Let's Re-unite,
Over a Phone,
Through a Message,
Through a Card,
Some-How Some-Way,
Surprising Each Other,
On a Siblings Day!

A God Gifted Bond,
From Childhood,
To Adult Times,
Holding on to Old Age;
Memories of Merries,
Woeful Worries to Share,
Between Siblings Alone!

Shredding Egoes,
Sacrificing Right of Shares,
Making Parents Proud;
Forming a Family Cloud,
Raining Happy Tears,
Hugging Each Other,
To Reign a Sibling Bond,
Showering Love & Affection!

Blood is Thicker Than Water,
Let's Forget & Forgive,
Let's Not Fret or Frown,
Let's Fill the Gaps,
Let's Feel the Vibes,
Let's Feel the Jibes!

We Shared the Womb,
We Shared the Comb,
We Shared the Foam,
We Shared Plum & Pie,
We Shared Fun & Feast,

We Shared the Home,
We may Share the Tomb!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Internet Of Things (Iot) Day!

Linking us Humans,
With Cyber Machines;
Making Animals, Plants,
Five Elements and All,
Of Known Universe,
Part of Internet Network,
Let's Celebrate IoT Day!

RFID, Apps, Wallets,
Mobiles, Social Media,
NLP, ML, AI, Cryptos,
Sensors, Wearables,
Robotics, e-learning,
Autonomous Drones,
And Quantum Leap;
Survivals of the Day,
Are a New Beginning!

An Exodus from,
Real Natural World,
To Virtual Proxy World,
Has Begun Eversince!

Internet Hacks,
Online Frauds,
Virus Intrusions;
Cyber Crimes,
Are New Hurdles;
Cyber Policing,
Need of the Hour!

In a Vast World of,
Internet of Things,
Resulting in Infinite,
Internet of Everything,
Everything is at Stake;
Let's build a world of,
Internet of Trust!

-----Ratakonda Naga Vamshidhar!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Sport For Life!

Not Parting But,
Porting Our Life,
Into a Sporting One,
Excercise & Rejuvenate!

Not being Lazy,
Not Sitting Dumb,
Not Laying Back,
We Will We Shall,
Play Again Sail Again!

Let's Come Together,
Let's Build A Team,
Let's Be Creative,
Let's Play a Game!

Let's Play it Fair,
Let's Play for Peace,
Let's Play for a Cause,
And without a Clause!

Sport for Health,
Sport for Reselience,
Sport for Hope,
Sport for Solidarity!

Erasing Barriers,
Bridging Cultures,
Enriching Lives,
We Will We Shall,
Play Again Sail Again!

---- Ratakonda Naga Vamshidhar!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Philosophy Of 'they'!

Copying my Characteristics,
They tried to duplicate,
And attempted to steal,
My precious Originality!

Listening to Me,
Reading Me,
Observing Me,
Analyzing Me,
Following Me &
Seeking my Asylum,
They chose to create profiles,
And then Erase Me!

'They' thought my Identity,
Can be confined & restricted,
Mimicked & Recreated,
Never & Ever knowing,
The Infinite spheres & planes,
I got diversified into,
And got scattered beyond,
Their meagre imaginations!

A stupid once asked 'Me',
'Who are You? ',
'Who are They? ',
Not knowing 'Me',
And unaware that,
'He is one of them,
Assuming that 'He',
Already became 'Me',
And not asking himself,
'Who am I? '!

'They' did all this forgetting,
That 'I' the exalted soul,
Is their guiding star of Inspiration,
And without my existence,
The fundamental question of,

'They' doesn't arise!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Country Life!

See the life in the leaves,
See the life in the flies,
See the life in the cows,
This is country life baby!

See their life of fun,
See their life of festives,
See their life of flurry,
This is country life baby!

See their life of gossips,
See their life of lies,
See their life of scrap,
This is country life baby!

See their life when drunk,
See their life in thier punk,
See their life of skirmishes,
This is country life baby!

See their life of gambles,
See their life in scrambles,
See their life of shambles,
This is country life baby!

See their life in bribes,
See their life in strikes,
See their life of strife,
This is country life baby!

See their life of extremes,
But don't shout foul,
Be one of them or shut up,
This is country life baby!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

War With Winters!

Oh my thigh Muscle,
Don't pull up Time & Again,
Sleepless nights Many,
That I have to Spend,
Without a dear one in Bed!

Oh my sharp Teeth Jaw,
Don't pull up Now & Then,
Aches that I can't Bear,
In Naps of my Night Sleep,
Without a Pain Killer Pill!

Oh my Silent Ear Twins,
Don't Ache every Time,
Sucking the Chill Air,
From the Winter Breeze,
Without a bud of Cotton Fill!

Oh my decent Nose,
Don't Sneeze and Run,
Holding my Breath Away,
And allow me to Doze Off,
Without a Hand Kerchief!

Oh my Sweet Throat,
Don't go Dry or Wet Soar;
With fluid Plum Spitting,
Don't make me look Plumb,
Without a Vapour Balm!

With No Sight of Tropical,
And Several for Topical,
A Tactical Ammunition,
Ready within Eye Sight,
Without a Choice To Make!

Murmuring My Fate,
Harsh Season to Blame,
Woolen Gear Armoured,

Declared War with The Winters,
Without a Whither for Weather!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Rays Of Hope!

Such a Beautiful Sky,
Glittering Sun Above!

I raise my Eye Brows,
Coronal Section of my Eye,
Blinks at Sun's Corona,
And Greets it with Hope.

Next Morning this Time,
Corona Virus Still Alive,
Death of a Lakh people,
Scares me to Death Now,
Seeks Answers from Sun!

Sun hides Behind Clouds,
And I Behind Closed Doors,
Social Distancing,
Isolation & Quarantine,
Message is Crystal Clear!

I Close my Heavy Eyes,
Sun's Corona is Visible,
Invisible Virus Corona is Felt;
Arctic Hole is Visible,
UV Light piercing Ozone too!

Watching the beautiful Sky,
New Rays of Hope,
Arise in my Mind,
With Every Sun Rise;

And Some Morning,
Victory Shall be Ours;
With Sun's Corona burning,
Virus Corona forever;
While we are Locked Down,
In our Homes Safer!

Nature Shall Discover,

It's Own Solution,
With a New Strategy,
And New Formulation!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

One Breath!

As if it was My Life,
That You Stole Away;
I Became a Stone,
From Then On!

As if it was My Heart,
That You Shook Away;
I Became a Rock,
From Then On!

As if it was your,
Beautiful Eyes,
That I Missed;
I turned Blind,
To Everything,
I came Across!

As if it was your
Precious Love,
That I was Devoid Of;
I lived completely,
Broken Ever Since!

Oh! Baby Come Back,
To Stay With Me;
As One Breath,
We Shall Live,
From Now On,
Till Our Last Breath!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Funny Fools Day!

Let's Unwind,
Let's Smile & Laugh,
Let's Celebrate,
It's a Fun Day Today!

Let's Relax & Refresh,
Let's Dine & Dance,
Let's Sing a Song,
It's a Fun Day Today!

Let's get Silly,
Let's do Mischief,
Let's be Jovial,
It's a Fun Day Today!

Let's Pinch Near Ones,
Let's Tease Dear Ones,
Let's Imitate Some One,
It's a Fun Day Today!

Let's Fool Friends,
Let's Pull their Legs,
It's April Fools Day,
And It's a Fun Day Too!

Let it be a Joke,
Let it be a Hoax,
Let it be a Prank,
It's a Funny Fools Day!

- Ratakonda Naga Vamshidhar.

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Children's Book Day!

Make them Read,
Make them Dream,
Make them Wonder,
Make them Ponder!

Bed Time Stories,
With No Sorries,
With No Worries,
And Only Merries!

Gift them a Book,
Lift their Moods,
Tiny Young Buds,
They have a Taste!

Creative Fairy Tales,
Heroic Iconic Fables,
Moral Story Values,
Feed the Little Souls!

Read them Aloud,
Recite them Along,
Retold they Belong,
Recollect them Long!

Earth Worms in Field,
Make the Yield Better;
Book Worms in Home,
Make the Society Better!

-----Ratakonda Naga Vamshidhar.

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

First Valentine!

The First Valentines Day,
That First Year We Met,
Whole World Was New,
As if it meant only for Us!

Those Late Night Calls,
Of Midnight Dreams,
Without a Wakeup Call,
Time Slipped Away Just!

Those Candle-Lit Dinners,
When Silent Hearts Spoke,
With Honey Dipped Words,
The Time Stood a Still!

The Kingdom of Love,
Has No Legal Frontiers,
And Words of Wisdom,
Were Never Heeded!

Those Tiny Whispers,
That Frustrated Elders;
That Magical Bonding,
Which Ignited The Young!

Like Cheerful Butterflies,
We Jumped and Danced,
To the Tunes of Nature,
With Nectar Refills of Buds!

There be Parliament of Fowls,
This Year and The Very Next,
I Shall Only Choose You,
Time and Again Every Year!

Many Seasons Changed,
With Several Anniversaries,
But The First Valentine,
Remained a Sweet Memory!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

I Once Was A River!

I Once was a Prosperous River,
With Full flow of Water,
Faster than the Thoughts,
Mightier than Winds of the Mind!

I Once was a Perennial River,
With abundant Mineral Wealth,
For a Good Health along the Belt,
With Sands & Lands of Golden Crop!

I Once was a Resourceful River,
With Streams of Dreams Joining,
Flurrying Strong with Every Rain,
And Fishes Surfing my Waves!

I Once was a Musical River,
With Rhyming Songs of the Boats,
And Sweet Songs of the Birds,
Serene Nature flourished Along!

I Once was a Proud River,
When fellow Rivers Jealous,
Grumbled on my Monopoly,
At Internet Speed in Social Forums!

I Once was a Divine River,
Reigning Rain God then Cursed,
Mighty Ocean then shut-off the Door,
To restore balance of Fuming Rivers!

I Once was an Innocent River,
Regionality was then Imposed,
Caste & Color of Curse was Attached,
And I was Tainted Altogether!

I Once was a Crystal Clear River,
Contaminated then with Corrupt Waste,
Became a Junkyard to dump with Hate,
Finally discarded with a Haste!

I Once was a Glorious River,
Will I ever be a River Again?
Or will I become History,
With no Rescue for Recovery!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Birthday Girl

Rock 'n' Roll O'h Doll,
In a frock of Rainbow Celeste;
Widen your fine cheeks,
For a merry cherry smile!

Match your ribbon color,
Catching up with dress color,
Patching with forehead blob,
And fetching your socks!

Flocked around a Cake,
So neatly arranged Candle Lit,
And friendly buds Clapping,
Birthday girl arrived a bit Late!

Blew of the candles past,
Led alone by light of present,
A Song Sung for bright future,
Birthday party began with a bang!

Balloons were burst,
Gifts were exchanged,
Sweets were Savored,
Birthday party on all-time high!

Hugs were warm,
Kisses were calm,
Handshakes were firm,
Bye Byes were confirmed!

Birthday mood crept through,
Midnight's sweet dream sleep,
Birthday girl reappeared,
Waving like a Tiny Angel!

????????+??????>

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Gender Feminine (Romantique Europa)

I can't read their rosy Lips,
'Cos I'm not here for a Kiss,
But I can read their Hearts,
And suck their flow of Thoughts!

I'm surely not in here for a Ball,
'Cos I can't dance with them,
But I can guess their next swing,
And shoot the pose with my eyes!

I'm not a bird catcher,
To cook a feast for myself,
But I'm a bird watcher,
And can catch their next flight!

I'm of course not a cupid,
To shoot arrows at them,
But I know the sparrow's next date,
And can narrate it's romantic tale!

A test for their thigh strength,
And depth of Navel Patience,
To shower their breastfull blossom,
Can they maintain their balance?

My masculinity has in it,
The grace & power of cloud nine,
For them to lose their nonchalance,
And their Gender Feminine too!

*Romantique Europa - 'If you have to be romantic, it's got to be European Style';

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Politics Of Life

It's time to shrug-off,
And rub our shoulders again,
This time not to play,
A win or lose rusty match!

But to see if we together,
Can patchup and make a,
Rosy Match and push for,
A long lasting relationship,
End result being immaterial!

Destiny can be very harsh,
To certify us as Time Tested,
We need to survive and,
Withstand Politics of Life!

Diplomacy is the inevitable juice,
That needs to be squeezed,
From life's lively ripe fruit,
And eliminate the political pulp!

Diplomacy prevails,
Over Supremacy and,
Complementation prevails,
Over Competition!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Man And Drone Of The Moon

Man of the Moon screamed,
'That's one small step for Man,
One giant leap for Mankind'!

Man of the Moon then,
Saw the Blue Earth,
From there from the Moon and thought,
'Still Exists after all these ages,
Of such Deterioration'!

Convinced and Determined,
Man of the Moon,
Back on Earth vouched,
The same plan for Moon!

Man of the Moon Made,
Drone of the Moon on Earth,
And Hard landed,
And Soft landed,
With a crash or clash,
Or With Splash in a Flash!

Man of the Moon,
And Drone of the Moon,
Became Stubborn Partners,
Now then Confirmed,
Ruled the Moon like Earth;
With a practice of Artificial life,
Led on Earth for Ages,
With wars waged and,
With the help of sages!

The inseparables,
Droned Man or
Manned Drone,
Set to repeat the Moon stint,
And Conquer the Galaxies!

The Drone a Dead thing,

Without Man of life Behind,
Set to prove Life and Death,
Are just two quantum states,
That Co-Existed always!

Bored with normal Life,
And can't await Death,
So Began to Chase Death,
With whatever Life left!
With the hope that,
Death can be delayed,
And Life can be extended!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Humankind

They will still poison him,
If Jesus Reappears;
Sorries only for the past,
No sorrow for the Events;
Cursing only the times,
Never themselves or Actions!

Trigger will still be pulled,
If Gandhi utters peace;
For Non-violence will be,
Silenced with sound Violence,
And Truth can be fooled,
For falsehood to prevail!

Alas! They scream 'Allah',
With a satan Heart,
Firing hatred bullets,
Messing with Holy Land,
And Kashmir the beautiful!

No Truth in their Prophecies,
For many Prophets,
Died from the bombs,
They threw everywhere!

In shock with the prayers,
GOD became a Rock;
And still they Flock,
Not leaving Rock Alone,
With a Stock pile of wishes,
And only the backlog clears,
In the last scrum of the world!

Instances Very Many,
History made to Repeat,
In changing Times,
With no change in Thoughts!

A white Dove of love,

Is Afraid of the Skies,
And get soaked in Blood,
As No Buddha to Rescue,
He is down in Bohemia!

Oh Humankind,
What Kindness,
In your 'kind' of Life?
Humankind of Pieces,
Ever for Peace?

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Grow Know

To Know is to Grow,
To Grow is to Know;

What you Knew,
Tells how you Grew;

What you wan't to Know,
Tells how you wan't to Grow;

Known is Unknown,
Without Growth;

Growth is No-Growth,
Without Knowing;

Know to Grow,
Grow to Know;

Life is just meant-
To Know and to Grow;

To Know and To Grow,
Are the only lifelines,
On an Infinite Timeline;

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Be Gone

Let those yester years be gone,
With the Ages that we survived,
And with the Generations old,
That left us alone swift;
For those past moments,
Were never so better or,
So sweeter than today!

Let those yester years be gone,
And get buried in the memories,
For they can be brought back to life,
And replayed like a flash back,
When the fears arise that tomorrow,
May not be any better than,
Today or Yesterday!

Let those yester years be gone,
Else we may drown deep,
In the memories of past,
And stop dreaming of a future,
Better than today or tomorrow,
Losing our pace with an,
Unstoppable eluding time!

Let those yester years,
Be gone and Be gone;
As transformation descends,
To shower on all of us,
With a new independence year,
That is born and born again,
And celebrated again and again!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Magnet Gender

My heart is full of Romance,
It always wan't to Rejoice!

Been through a 'Quantum of Solace',
And I quit my Silent Penance!

Oh Baby! My Age is very Ripe,
And My Body is on a Vibe!

Oh Baby! As you can only see,
My task is cut out precise,
I'm sure yours is likewise!

Oh Baby! My Gender has Magnetism,
It attracts Only You!
There's No question of a Repel,
Our Love shall only Propel!
It attracts Only You,
Only You....Only You!

Only you love me I Suppose,
Therefore I'm here to Propose!

Otherwise I shall Collapse,
As time will only Elapse!

Let's together Rejoice,
Our Hearts are full of Romance!

My Gender has Magnetism,
It attracts Only You,
Only You....Only You!

My Gender has Magnetism,
It attracts Only You,
Only You....Only You!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Cloud Walk

In the Orange Skies,
During the Sunset Time,
With a Monsoon Warning,
The Clouds Are on a Walk!

With Lightning Laser Shows,
And Drumbeats of Thunderstorms,
Showers danced Down,
From Heaven to Earth!

Happier are the GODs,
With us their Children,
To Show their Gratitude,
Poured down their Blessings!

With Kisses of Cold Breeze,
The Winds Blew their Charm,
And The Chill drew Warmth Away,
To Send Children for a Thrill!

Dust has Settled Down,
After a Mettle with the Mist,
Moisture Still left in the Air,
And Dampness All along the Way!

Grass and Grains in the Fields,
Chewed the Dew Drops,
To Raise Flowers and Crops,
Turning Nature Green full of Dreams!

Those clouds on a Walk,
Never Showed Their Back,
And Ever Returned Back,
Sacrificing for a Cause!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Gentleman's Game

On the Field,
And off the Field;
Amongst the Players,
And with the Umpires;
Between the Audience,
And the Players too;
No harsh words spoken,
No bad memories carried back;
Chemistry in moments tense,
Let it be Gentle & Suttle;
Lift the Spirit of Sport,
For it's a Gentleman's Game!

Treat the Ball Gentle,
Or beat it Harsh;
Spin the ball Gentle,
Or speed it Fast;
Give a Visual Treat,
To watchers worldwide;
But don't chuck it Ever,
Or Tamper it Never;
With No Bettings,
And No Scandals;
Lift the Spirit of Sport,
For it's a Gentleman's Game!

Every world cup match,
Cherish the memories glory;
Win the Hearts of Millions,
Even if you don't win a Match;
Win a Fair Play Award,
Alongside the Trophy Lift;
Winners and Runners,
Losers and Floppers...;
Lift the Spirit of Sport,
For it's a Gentleman's Game!

End of Foul Play,
For it's a Gentleman's Game!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Self Incognito

A Star in the distant Sky,
I don't want to be,
For they are countless of them!

Neither Sun and Moon,
Of the Galaxies far;
Countless they too are,
In GODs infinite Lengths!

Nor I want to be,
The Supreme of many forms,
That the people of beliefs Worship,
For there is no one GOD!

Rare, Distinct and Unique,
Is nothing except the Self;
The inner self that I alone know,
To the Depths greater than the Oceans,
To the Breadths wider than the worlds!

The self that I'm aware of,
And can Gamble with Prediction,
And Perfection with Possibilities.
Than with Probabilities!

The Self Incognito,
That can encompass,
And Expand to the very limits,
Of the Infinite Frontiers!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Silent Departure

Only Silence Was Exchanged,
With No Words Spoken;

Only Feelings Were Exchanged,
With No Touches Made;

Only Heart Beats Were Exchanged,
With No Hugs Made;

Only Thirsty Lips Turned Red,
With No Kisses Made;

Only Their Eyes Have Met,
With No Signs Exchanged;

Only Thoughts Have Flown Ever-since,
With No Messages Communicated;

Only Humility Was Experienced,
With No Submissions Made;

Only Their Souls Became One,
With No Ashes Left To Trashes;

Only Departure Has United Them,
With No Greetings Of Separation;

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Yellow Song

When the YELLOW River flows,
In several directions,
From North to South,
And East to West...,
From Every Village to State,
And through the entire Nation.....,

It blows away the fears of all,
Along it's magnificent path,
And carries the fragrance of,
Every flower of its kind,
To bring a freshness of,
Positive change everywhere!

It merges within itself,
The various streams of,
Castes, Lingos, Religions and Cultures,
To strengthen the united spirits,
Resulting in a powerful flow,
Of every element of Sunrise State,
And that of the Indian Union!

When the YELLOW flag is hoisted,
With a Fertility Plough on it's Mast,
It raises and shines above all,
Only to bow to the National Flag,
With Dignity and Honour!

With the sight of the YELLOW flag,
The people of Sunrise State,
From every corner of the world joins the March,
And Rise their Energy Levels,
To Excel, Preserve, Protect and Serve their,
Professions, Subjects, Territories and,
Cultures with Patriotism.

The YELLOW army is,
Symbolic of Any Time Sacrifice,
And always stood upfront for,

Regional, State and National Causes.

The YELLOW cycles and Waves of Boom,
Are therefore to remain for ever,
Till the cycles of seasons repeat and,
Till the Sun, Moon, Stars and Clouds prevail!

Hail the Sunrise State!
Hail the YELLOW Flag!
Hail the Tri Color Flag!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

As If The Stars Are Raining

As if the stars are raining,
With no sight of Moon,
And no sight of Clouds,
On a New Moon Night,
As the Indian summer starts!

Countryside heavens are Litup,
Crackers popped-up all the sky,
After a power shut down,
On a New Moon Night,
As the Indian Summer Starts!

Star clusters and constellations,
All visible and so close;
Gazers come and have a glance,
Sky watchers raise a toast,
To all the hanging cosmic friends!

March just arrived and,
The sun is on a march;
Oh my God! Can't wait,
For peak summers that cometh,
It's gonna be an Indian summer tale!

Forgive all the day heat,
Had to hide indoors thru the day,
Waiting for the night fall,
For dear stars to show up so near,
'A Mid Summer Night's Dream' comes alive!

The lonely Earth ball seems to be,
Thrown so deep and far,
Into the dark infinite Galaxy,
To find its type and Sapiens can hop,
And meet their besieged Kith & Kin,
Left behind generations past,
And the search ends for good!

As if the stars are raining,

With no sight of Moon,
And no sight of Clouds,
On a New Moon Night,
As the Indian summer starts,
'A Mid Summer Night's Dream' comes alive!

'A Mid Summer Night's Dream' comes alive!
'A Mid Summer Night's Dream' comes alive!
'A Mid Summer Night's Dream' comes alive!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Cosmic Balance

Just like a dried leaf,
I lost my total weight,
And was blown far away,
By thin air that just blew!

Biting the dust,
Frozen by the Mist,
Burnt by the heat,
Carried away to places,
I never been before,
And never seen before,
And never dreamt before!

Couldn't resist the external forces,
For I emptied all my internal forces,
Into the vast universe,
And lost my total weight,
And lost my physical balance,
To thin air that just blew!

Part of the Universe I `am,
Or the Universe itself I `am,
Yes, I got my cosmic energy,
Yes, I attained my cosmic balance,
And was blown far far away,
Just like a dried leaf,
By thin air that just blew!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Rohini

In the clear night sky,
With a naked eye,
I can see it high,
Hung-up shining bright,
With an orange twinkle -,
The bulls eye of Taurus,
Dying star of scientists,
My Astrologer's birth star,
Rohini a.k.a. Aldebaran!

Held its planetary system,
For long with a song;
Tired with time and tide,
Stardust after all and,
Set to expire with might;
Born shall burn and
Burnt shall re-born,
The cycle of infinity,
Un-deterred with time and tide!

The creator's ruling place,
The moon's romantic craze,
The sun's hottest blaze,
My destiny's command phase,
If the soothsayer's are true!

I admire it sometimes,
Concentrate on it other times,
Meditate at it few times,
To get it predictions right,
And set my expectations straight,
To test my plight in the,
Transit flights of a life time!

Rohini the puzzle ball,
Orange punch of my breaks,
Attraction of my silent nights,
Eyeball of my curious eyes,
Reveals with a flick of eyelids,

But with a sound of Cymbals!

Notes:

Rohini is considered as Brahma's (creator's) ruling place.

Rohini is the favourite, preferred and romantic one of the wives of Chandra (moon) .

Rohini Kaarthhe (month cycle) , the sojourn of sun in Rohini is the hottest period in year.

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Lost In The Woods

It's a beautiful sunshine,
Out there in the clear,
And Open blue sky!

Don't bite your nails,
Sitting Indoors!
You got to be,
Outdoors Babe!

Wear your shoes,
And tie your Lace,
For a walk or jog,
And kick back the,
Morning Fog behind!

Climb up the hill,
And the whole Town,
Is down under your Feet!

You can see from far,
Everything and Everyone,
Man and Machine,
Getting Busy Busy,
To see the day pass,
Saying no thanks to Sun,
And beautiful nature!

Alone you feel blissful,
Lost in the woods;
With dew drops on,
Dried leaves glittering still,
The time stands still!

Your Heart is at Ease,
With your mind at Peace,
As your thoughts cease,
Lost in the Woods,
You lived your day Babe!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Butterfly Man

With Spotted Wings,
And Antenna Strings,
Flutters by from Nowhere,
Spreading Love & Peace,
In the Nature Serene,
'The Butterfly Man! '

He Jumps from Buds to Flowers,
With a Humming Buzz;
Sucking the Nectar Sweet,
Showers Honey Drops Dew,
To little children All;
There he comes,
'The Butterfly Man! '

He changes his Colors,
From Dawn to Dusk,
Every Time and Tide,
And with a Season change,
Ancestor of Butterflies All,
There he comes,
'The Butterfly Man! '

Hey! Butterfly Man,
Give Me a Gentle Ride;
Holding your neck tight,
I want to fly with you,
At a rocket speed,
All through the woods,
Amidst Bees & Wasps!

Alas! There we go,
Me and The Butterfly Man!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Christmas Dream

Unseen were the Angel stars,
Gabriel, Michael & Raphael,
In the cold winter night sky;
Seen were they all glittering,
In prayer homes many!

Santa Claus hasn't come,
With his Reindeer Cart,
Giving away surprise gifts,
To little children and needy all;
Dressed in Red Woolens,
White Turbans & Saffron Colors,
Saints among us all,
Stood for a noble cause!

Lord of Lambs with Mary,
Manifested in Religions Many,
We the blind couldn't see;
Romans of those past still,
We are in hearts and minds!

Dividing Mother & Son,
We created paths and,
Lost in them searching,
Oneness we un-deserve!

Oh Jesus and Marys of,
Every religion forgive..,
The sinners who Wine,
Dine, Dance & Gamble,
As romans at u'r Cross!

And from this Christmas,
Shall the true dream of,
Universal brotherhood,
Come true for Christ's sake,
With the blessings of,
Million Gods of the world!

Hallelujah,
Amen!
Merry Christmas!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Year That Came And Went

A page turned,
In the tireless,
Infinite circular time!

A leaf too has fallen,
In the tree of,
Life that Reborns,
Regrows and Blossoms!

The year came,
Spent its time,
And left like,
Its a custom!

But the colors,
Of cultures changed,
With the passing time,
As per the whims,
And fancies and,
Pulls and Pushes of,
Mankind Diverse!

Promises it made,
For plans we had,
A few fulfilled,
A few didn't,
A few on their course,
A few deferred,
A few shall never!

Those fulfilled,
Brought happiness;
Those which didn't,
Are myths of ghosts;
Thanks they were,
Not fulfilled!

Those on their way,
And those deferred,

Wish and Pray Thee,
They shower happiness!

Those that never will,
Are good dreams to pass,
And reappear only in,
Peaceful sleep!

The year that came and went,
For which I never bent,
And shall never repent;
As I spent with it,
All the time in,
Fun-filled energy;
As I learnt it,
And mastered it,
With every year,
That came and went!

Bid Adieu..Bye, Bye,
To the sweet past;
And Welcome to the,
Future of surprises!

Happy New Year!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Puff Lady

I started feeling cold,
Only when she started,
A Fag war with the Fog,
And loved smoking loud aloud,
As it was allowed!

Puff after puff,
Venom spilt from,
The split of,
Her rosy lips;
Smoke arose and,
Vanished with the fog,
Burning her heart,
Even more than,
Her isolation,
That the cold could have,
Chilled with a hug or a rug!

With a cigar in her hand,
She felt like a..Man? or Woman?

The puffy lady,
With her cigar puffs,
Not for a kiss of my kind,
Found the company,
Of her bluff kind,
Leaving me behind,
For Gods sake,
And herself for,
Cancer's sake!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Tourist

The Inner-self makes a virtual tour,
The Outer-self a physical tour;
Make the journeys of your life,
In bits and pieces now and then,
The Inner meets its Outer in parts!

Discover your un-identified self,
With sights that greet and tweet,
In places and cultures strange,
That beacon and reckon the tour!

In some Aurora moments,
Your own story reflects & mirrors,
In stories of the World,
Those foretold and foregone;
And in the miracles of,
The creator and his creation!

The foods that tease to please,
You could munch and crunch;
And with the drinks that quench,
You can brunch & lunch in Dutch;
In pot-lucks and bonfires many,
You may find your honey!

In the foot trails,
Of those deep country routes,
Their dress and fuss,
Address your thoughts of distress,
And Makes you feel un-alone;

Walk that extra Lane, And
It goes down your Memory Lane;
Take that extra Turn, And
It shall burn your ego Stern;
Bear that extra Smile, And
It shall carry you many Miles;

Stories you would tell and,

Parables you would write,
Of those memories Glory,
Shall preserve in Heritage,
Of Generations to come!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Dance In The Nature

"From where did the rosy petals,
Derive such a vibrant energy,
To rotate the whole of its lotus,
Like a stir in the whirlpool! "

"From where did those nectar filled flowers,
Attain such a radiance and fragrance,
In their roots, stem, petals and sepals,
To attract the bees, wasps and butterflies! "

"From where did those rainbow leaves,
Attain such weightlessness,
To jump, dance and fly in the air,
To the musical wind whistles of Serene Nature! "

"Is it from the sight of,
The morning sun whose,
Gentle rays pierced through,
Their Tender & Slender buds? "

"Is it from the beamishes of Waning sun,
That bid adieu vanishing,
At the Evening dusk hour passing,
A Separation note with a kiss of its kind! "

"Is it the sight of the Full Moon,
That showered it's Elixir,
On their dried up thirsty bodies,
In admittance of surrender to their beauty! "

Nonetheless those illusions,
Wouldn't be brought back to life,
Without the devotion filled hearts,
Performing fully absolved themselves,
Before the Almighty lord of Seven Hills Sri.Venkateswara "

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Statues Of Limit

The Statues may stand tall,
In the moments Brief and Peak,
Of those cleverly heightened!

Why attempt to Glorify,
Those human accomplishments?
That are situational & limited,
Than that of their own GODs!

Those statues gets Stalled,
Stalked and Stoned apart,
Failing the long tested journeys,
Of Tireless and Eternal Time!

Like effigies they are Burnt,
And crushed to powders,
By opinions Alike & Contrast!

Efforts Physical & Financial,
Wasted for a wrong cause,
Leave aside the Irony of shame!

Their famed Names and Tales,
May have cherished ever and ever,
Surviving the Tides of Time,
If not for their Life-less Statues!

Their Soul doesn't stand a chance,
For Liberation & Solitude;
As it is still imprisoned in,
The physical statues of limit!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Freedom Air

Feel the breeze of the freedom Air,
Love it and Live it,
As it passes by,
But don't leave it!

O Baby! Feel the breeze of the freedom Air!

Feel it and Breathe it,
While you walk the talk,
And talk the walk,
In the Woods of the Forest - dense and deep!

O Baby! Feel the breeze of the freedom Air!

Feel it and breathe it,
With the Flora & Fauna greets,
Stopping by the buds & samplings,
Under the sun and under the trees!

O Baby! Feel the breeze of the freedom Air!

Feel it and Breathe it,
While you learn the lessons,
Of your Botany class,
From the school of Nature!

O Baby! Feel the breeze of the freedom Air!

Feel it and Breathe it,
At dawn and dusk,
As you Exercise,
And do your Yoga,
For your own Health!

O Baby! Feel the breeze of the freedom Air!

Hard to find it,
In the Plateaus of Deccan!
An Agro-forestry range,

Amidst city dust & dirt!
So feel the breeze of the freedom air!

O Baby! Feel the breeze of the freedom Air!

Welcome back,
It's the Botanical Garden,
For you baby!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Ghirardelli Chocolat

Nail bitten in Caution,
To avoid Sugars & Sweets,
Had a first bite of it, ☐
Like the 'De Comte' in,
'Chocolat' with a suspicious,
And traditional mindset!

The adrenalin of Milk & Almond,
Flew instantly into the Veins,
With the first bite of the first!

Unable to resist the temptation,
Had 4 more flavours of them,
Caramel, Mint, Chocolat & Double Cocoa!
Wish I had them all,
All the flavours they make!

The knuckles of the hand,
That never bent, they bent,
And the sounds of it were heard!
The muscles that never relaxed,
They eased and went flexible!

The savours of 'Ghirardelli',
Were truly Cherished and,
The memorable moments,
Got buried instantly deep,
Into the annals of Chocolat History,
With childhood feelings of,
A re-visit of the loving,
'Charlie & The Chocolate Factory'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Deccan Summer

Oh the merciless plateau of Deccan,
Yield Control!
For me the visitor from Garden City,
Beamish under the sultry heats of your
Fierce summers!

Walking in the shadows of the tall,
Hi-Tech Sky Scrapers I escape the wrath,
Of your Heat Waves!

My bald head with boldness,
Built an attitude of braving the Sun burns!

You fooled around me much in April,
Yet I get past gulping gallons of water!

May the might that I withheld,
With almighty's blessings,
Carry me over to withstand,
The menace of May summer's Catastrophe!

No love lost for you, celebrating
A silver jubilee of separation with you;
Hoping for a silver jubilee of association now,
To savour the forgotten Exotic Deccan tastes!

Oh the plateau of Deccan,
Be merciful and yield control this summer!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Out Of Phase!

Friends, Foes, Foxes, Fishes,
Figs, Pigs, Rocks, Streams,
Flowers and Flies,
Of the Streets, Hills and Forests,
From the memories of School Days Old,
'We are out of Phase'!

Brothers, Sisters, Cousins,
Nephews, Niece, Uncles, Aunts,
Kith & Kin, Nannys & Grannys,
From the Families & Relatives of,
Happy & nappy Childhood days,
'We are out of Phase'!

Room Mates, Class Mates, Mess Mates,
Play Mates, Dream Mates, Date Mates,
Group Mates and Gym Mates,
From the good old College Days past,
No longer Mate in the tag of Social Mights,
'We are out of Phase'!

Colleagues, Clients, Partners,
Competitors, Customers, Consumers,
Office staff and Business Friends all,
Can't catch up more for,
Dinners and Cocktail nights in Clubs & Pubs,
'We are out of Phase! ',
These fag end of Career Days!

The Age less time.. did it all,
And threw us all... into the,
Planes & Spheres of its diverse own,
Growing old...we hope & dream for a Convergence,
As 'We are out of Phase! ',
For a long long time!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Unanimous

Win me 'Unanimous',
With no Oppositions,
No contestants fielded,
Or All contestants fled,
Fearing us the people,
Left just me alone in the list!

Win me 'Unanimous',
With no giant cut-outs,
With no campaigns loud,
With no long speeches,
With no lobbies underground,
And with no paper and,
Money wasted on the way!

Win me 'Unanimous',
In a manner simple & lucid,
With no high prestige backing,
With no false promises,
And no mean motives,
For you to live your lives,
And the world to stay in peace!

Win me 'Unanimous',
As you have seen them all,
Autocratic Atrocities,
Democratic Demorality,
Communist Cowardice,
Republican Repercussions,
No party that I represent,
Independent that I'm always!

Win me 'Unanimous',
To Repent, Regret, Rethink,
Revive and Renew,
Past decisions we all made,
In blind trust of them,
Their parties & promises;
Their Manifesto's never manifested!

Win me 'Unanimous',
Finding my name and,
My name alone in the Ballot,
With a 'ZERO' symbol,
Not just for Election's sake,
But for my future and,
For yours and for the,
Future of our Generations;
Win me 'Unanimous',
To end a hell of Hegemony!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Good, The Bad And The Ugly

They neither existed at the,
Time of Genesis or Origin;
Nor did they exist,
Immediately after that!

They neither existed before,
Who started them;
Nor before whom they were,
Started after!

Those who started them,
Did so for a good cause,
And not to establish them or their selves,
Forever and ever at any cost,
Or any price whatsoever!

These divisions that left their
Good causes behind, developed
Cracks and Holes in people's minds!

So why to convert or force,
Those farce conversions?
To widen the cracks and holes?

'If you have the heart to give,
Give; Don't wait for conversions'!
As 'Tuco' says, 'When you have to Shoot,
Shoot; Don't talk'!

'The Good' always saves and gives,
As his heart never waits;
'The Ugly' seeks a conversion deal of,
Mean terms and his heart allow giving;
'The Bad' demands a conversion,
And cheats after that without giving!

Ask yourself, 'What type are you? '
The Good, the Bad or the Ugly!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Unions & Intersections

Their Names, Their Saints,
Their GODs, Their Paths,
Their Faiths, Their Beliefs,
Their Customs, Their Dogmas,
Of Divisions several differ;
Call them Castes, Call them Creed,
Call them Sects, Call them Religions,
Whatsoever they may be,
How many they may be,
How complex they may be,
The fragments these are,
Still 'Finite' sets each!

These 'Finite' sets if expands,
A Fission reaction and a Big-bang,
Apocalypse and Armageddon,
Nowhere else to be searched for,
But here to be found everywhere!

The 'Union' of all these,
Still cannot be an 'Infinite Set';
Gaps in between & surrounding,
Still an unfilled left over vacuum,
Probably that can never be filled!

The 'Intersection' of all these,
Is the 'True' common 'Soul' of,
All the beings - living & non-living;
The goal of which is to identify,
And relate with the 'Infinite Set'!

Unions & Intersections of these,
Finite divisions help visualize,
'The Infinite' & 'The Soul' clear;
The divisions when melted,
With 'Soul' alone left to expand,
In the medium of 'Vacuum',
It merges with Infinite & becomes 'The Supreme'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Circus Of The Day

Feat after feat continued,
Men & Women together at times,
And taking turns other times;

Nets beneath them for cover,
It all began with swing catches,
From either sides of the centre;
Firm grip of wooden bars handy,
Somersaults, Twists and Rotations,
Thus began the show of spectacles!

Performance by Men & Women,
Of all ages and genders,
From kids to elderly,
From Lilliput to tall men,
Clowns fun part in middle,
The show went on splendid
From start to end un-interrupted;

Gymnastics on Bi-cycles,
And on Tables and Chairs;
Sharp knife cut of fruits,
On the belly by blindfolded;
Long distance balloon shoots,
Tight rope walks of slim & slender,
Romantic air acrobatics of couples,
Dances with rings, balls and hats!
'The Circus' had it all including,
Simultaneous motorcycle ride of,
Three men in the 'Metal Globe';

Their Tears & Sorrows left behind,
For the Awe & Happiness of ours;
Their Fears & Shivers forgotten,
For the Claps & Smiles of ours;
Their Efforts & Hard work ignored,
For the Comfort & Pleasure of ours;
Their Relations & Affinities lost,
For the Joys & Surprises of ours;

Their Dignity & Vanity stooped,
For the Esteem & Amusement of ours;
Their lives Sacrificed & Compromised,
For the Expectations & Aspirations of ours!

Muscle power combined with,
Stamina, Skills and Balance,
Attained with years of practice,
Culminated into shows of the day,
Circus traditions less compromised!

Left out from past recollections were -
Domestic & Wildlife live demos,
Weight lifting by the champion,
Fire feats of the Africans,
And magician tricks customary!

All those miracle astonishments,
Of centuries and yester years,
Now gladly performed to perfection,
By movie stars in reality shows;

With only humans involved,
The showmen of 'Real Circus',
Losing out in market place of Event Spectacles;
'Circus of the Day' - soon to be vanished,
Losing its sheen in just another decade!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Equinox

Wish everything in life,
Is straight and square;
Equality & Dignity of all,
No ambiguities with,
No ups and downs,
All the time in life!

As smooth as possible,
With no curves & bends,
No greed felt by any;
As straight and as equal,
As sides of a Square!

Time didn't pause,
Even for a moment,
It kept moving on and on;
Sought my attention and,
Asked me, observe keen;
Tells me with proof,
Days & Nights not equal,
In time too all the time!
'Equinox' an exception,
Twice an year and,
Once in six months!

This 'life time' a subset,
Of eternal circular time,
Can't be a square or,
Sides of it uniform either;
'Equinoxes' in life occur,
As miracles un-predicted,
In life's full circle path!

Time too is predictable,
But 'Equinoxes' in life...?

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Noon Drive

Sun above the head direct,
No shadows to follow or lead;
Alone not myself, summer noon
Still on my drive's vertical top;

In the Convex of my drive,
It appears in the front mirrors,
Scattered and shattered bright,
Leaving no transport seen passing,
By the side or from behind;

Tender coconuts while I stop,
Served their waters hot and,
The sweating palms too cried,
Soon to be squeezed & sucked,
Else I dry to die on your drive;

Moments of floating clouds tiny,
Gave a gentle breeze surprise;
Peeping thru' the cloud doors,
Sun makes an escape run attempt,
To find me following and claims,
'Drive day belongs to me and it's a,
Chase between you and me'!

Flames of the forest either side,
Appeared gold in glitters,
As sharp rays from open sky,
Kissed the orange petal blooms,
And April blossoms at its best;

Miles covered with twilight sights,
Concave backs of the drive leaders,
Sizzled with plight showing the way,
For laggards behind to keep the pace;

From the parking lot I stare,
On the west side hills it was,
Not vanished at all and,

Evening still dragged;
Sun's long drive continued,
With no signs of night fall,
Though mine is finished!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Journey Within

Thus begins the journey within,
The journey of journeys,
Once in a life journey,
Unknown when it began,
Unknown where it ends,
With questions arising from,
Everywhere within -
'Who Thou',
'Thyself what of Thou? '!

Three scores and a ten would pass,
With heart-aches and heart-breaks,
For 'Thou' to unfold and,
Answer 'Thyself' to console;
No scores more shall fly from now,
If 'Thyself' seeks answers for 'Self'!

Answers from everywhere,
Alchemist the Almighty,
Who works through signals divine,
Meant only to you while alone,
In his thoughts when you are lost,
At a time when you least expect!

'Love & Embrace else (everyone & everything) ,
Like your own-self,
Nothing more,
And nothing beyond'!

The message straight & clear,
Heard from everywhere;
For 'Thou' the omnipresent,
Is in thyself and elsewhere,
Spread uniform throughout and,
You can't love else (anyone or anything) ,
Much more than self,
Hence the message!

Thus ends the Journey within,

'Thyself' identified with 'Thou'
And 'Thou' with 'Thyself'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Every Techie, A Poet!

Lines of code written,
Lines of poetry written,
Have things in common;
Soul of a Poem and,
Soul of a Program combined,
It is creators' creative soul;

A developer I was then,
And a poet I am now,
Ought to compare & Contrast!

Lines of code has logic in them,
Lines of poetry have magic in them;
Logical solution to a problem,
Magical healing for a problem;
Hard lines of coded instructions,
Soft lines of poetic emotions;
Programs that needs to be compiled,
Emotions that needs to be conveyed;
Input Process and Output,
Feelings Filtered and Felt;
Programs that become Software,
Poems that becomes 'Heart-aware'!

Developer a bright career option,
Poetry a charismatic life option;
Supply & Demand flux for a Techie,
Happy & Sorrow moods for a poet;
Developer well Paid, Poet 'NULL' paid;
Developer full in wealth, sick in health,
Poet meagre in wealth, smiles in health!

'Developer Poet', a trade off option?

'Water-fall Use cases' then,
'Agile Epics & Stories' now,
'Poetry Poems' for the future,
As requirement specifications?

Instructions of emotions compiled,
With semantics of sentiments,
Logic does its magical wonders,
Poems translated to programs,
Output validated for a Heart's melt;
'Heart-aware' software soup,
For eternal problems of 'SOUL'!

'Every Techie, a Poet' in his own
Right and Sense - to be at his,
Creative ever best and greatest;

Oh Techie Geek!
Discover the 'Poet' in YOU,
And write 'Heart-aware Software'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Idiot's Box

Bringeth far to near whenever,
Distances near & dear forever;
Voices of distant sweeter,
Screams around I never hear;
Near natural vision impaired,
And eye glasses repaired,
Far away vision developed;
All gracious courtesy yours!

Content I was with Inner-self,
Anxious I'm exposed thru you,
To outer worlds several;
Pressing the remote always,
Confused which channel to watch;
Drama & Theatre long neglected,
Movie Halls several emptied!

Seated before you staring,
Peeping face into your screen,
Catching the Minds attention,
Surrendered are our eyes to you;
Stolen our life by you alone,
Time would pass with peanut bites!

Bird watching stopped,
With J.L. Baird's invention,
Jail birds for T.V. we are all;
True Nature discarded and,
Digital polish nature savoured;
Wild animals in dirty mud,
Seems so domestic pretty!

Enlightenment rendered,
Through Entertainment;
Salvation at will & wish,
A click's distance away!
Oh Television you became,
Our Vision for future!

You are not an 'Idiot Box',
But an 'Idiot's Box', Idiots
Are those who watch you,
And those who don't!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

In Space And In Earth: Life Of An Astronaut!

Lucky me the chosen one that I `am,
A heavenly opportunity of life,
Denied to best of equals in Planet Earth,
Floating in Infinite Space above Earth,
In a 'Tesla' roadster SpaceX car driving at,
Great Astronomical Speeds amidst,
Meteor Showers and Asteroid Flowers;

In child dreams too these didn't come true,
Whilst staring at the star constellations,
Wondering what all these conspire,
Appearing on time to Earthly creatures,
Deciphered some and ciphered rest,
Convey mystery things changing,
Through their twinkling whispers;

Discarded for no skills in syllabus routine,
Deemed lost seldom in oblivion thoughts,
The Shooting stars and comet Haley,
Prophesized a new frontier of life path,
Space like God embraces those cared by none,
And rest is History for an Astro or Cosmonaut!

As things stand from space I see,
Adjusting the Mindset to - 'Spins & vibrations,
Rotations & revolutions of objects,
Gravity and Anti-gravity of space,
To attain the escape velocity' is all it counts!

Situations no different in Space and in Earth!
Debris here and Litter there everywhere;
Recycled faeces here & Inorganic pesticide feast there;
Magnetic laws of attraction between men & women there,
Same fields operating between me and space here;
Gravity laws governing here and Power circles there;
Gods prayed there and God particles sprayed here;
Revival chances bleak there with Ozone holes,
Survival chances glim here with Matter & Anti-matter struggles;

Denied for common man there on Earth,
Supporting whilst in space,
Are Innovations of entire Human history till date;
Shielded I'm here in space suit to,
Defend from cosmic rays & vibrations;
Folded I'm there meditating kneels down,
Praying for positive vibrations from space!

I wonder, does this stardust cast a spell on me,
When I'm on earth? These that have no effect,
While I'm here amongst them in a 'Tesla Car'!

These planets & stars unfamiliar from Earth,
Does have an effect and cast their spells;
While in space Galactic forces unknown from here,
Effects and cast their spells!

Clearly, It is the distance and,
Where one stand's that matters!
Being 'Local' is the key to escape,
Fierce 'Local' forces that cast a spell,
When you are a 'Non-local';
True is this strange attitude even with space!

Local to space that I'm now, un-aware for how long!
Till humans many, find their way here?
Me leaving the footsteps for others to follow!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Red Bus

Seated happy I awaited,
Hoping a peaceful journey,
Reaching the station early;
'POM POM POM' it honked,
The seats are still empty!

Coloured usually Red,
Or Green sometimes,
The Govt bus travel,
A commoner's necessity still,
Else the roads are widowed!

Nearly full with driver and,
Conductor on-boarded,
The Red Bus honked again,
'POM POM POM' saying,
Everyone in station 'Bye Bye Bye'!

At Bullock cart speed,
It left the bus stand,
Honking 'POM POM POM';
Its engine roared in full,
Carrying its rusted metal body,
And torn away tires jerking!

With every punch of the ticket,
Conductor says 'Right Right',
And the bus honks 'POM'!

There goes the Red Bus,
Whistling 'POM POM POM'
Raging the dust of Indian streets,
Body dusted and inside dusted,
With only Nameplates and,
Number plates visible,
Every window seat half open,
Passengers spitting 'Thufuk Thufuk'!

The 'POM POM POM' red bus,

Has a flashback to tell;
Deployed in Towns & Villages,
Discarded after service in Cities,
After Heavy & Hectic use,
Therefore I cry 'POM POM POM'!

On every turn of the road,
Every sight of slight traffic,
From bicycle to pedestrian,
Red Bus honked time & again,
'POM POM POM' alerting,
No accidents any time!

Off it took its flights,
Hitting the bumps,
Jumping in the pits,
Climbing up the Ghats,
Sliding down the steep,
Forgetting never to honk,
'POM POM POM' to transmit,
Its pains to all in the bus!

With one hand on steering,
And other on horn for a 'POM',
The skilled driver sweating,
With a hand kerchief around his neck,
Stopped the bus in every nook & corner,
And at every village not to miss any,
Waving their hand at the bus!

In every stop of the bus,
Vendors would sneak in to scream,
'Kay Biskay' or 'Garam Garam Samose';
Along with every sale of food stuff,
Insiders would hear a 'POM',
No. of Sales equals number of 'POMs'!

Got down from the Red Bus,
Everyone sighed 'Uffffh',
In great relief finding themselves,
Equally dusted & discoloured like the bus,
To hear the driver make one big 'PAAAAAM',

Ready for return Journey!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

This Valentine, No Parliament Of Fowls!

The Valentine's Day,
This Modern Year of Adultery,
'No Parliament of Fowls to be Held';
Declared Goddess of Love,
And Nature God unanimous!

Laws of Nature Changed,
With rules of Constitution,
Favouring age freedom,
For Good or Bad Unknown,
To lessen the burden on Wise,
A Fool's Paradise of Fowl fouls!

Fowls started fooling around,
In the country side and didn't turn up;
The young chose their mates
Themselves and eloped;
No blessings or permissions sought,
From elders and GODs.
The only Doves left - 'Venus & Nature,
Decided to pair up & mate;
Stupid cupid shot his arrows wild,
Head drunk in wine top to bottom,
Liquor sales on an all time high!

Nonetheless 'UN General Assembly',
The 'Parliament of Nations' was held;
Condemned - 'Child Abuse,
Juvenile Crime, Spoilt Young,
Liquor Limits, Drug Overdose,
Human Trafficking, Sex Scandals,
AIDS uncontrolled and WHO shamed';
The failure of 'Parliament of Fowls',
Deeply noted and observed in Silence!

This Valentine's Day be cautious,
'Morality on an all time Low',
Warned the Parliament of Nations,
In the sad absence of 'Parliament of Fowls'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Paradise Of Freedom

'Death' J.K. Say's is,
'Freedom from the Known';
Death to Me is,
'Freedom to Know the Unknown';

'Death' a Transient phase to,
Experience Formlessness,
And Weightlessness;
Ignoring this Body of,
Constant Maintenance;
Floating only 'The Soul',
To experience places,
Never seen, felt or imagined;

'Death' a surprise Expedition,
Of Adventures that knocks,
Your doors all the time;
Doors tightly locked & Defended,
With no taste & sense,
For Liberation;

'Death' once understood,
And experienced is a,
'A Paradise of Freedom',
Freeing the 'Soul' held,
Tightly in a sealed 'Body'!

I shall graciously embrace,
'Death' therefore;
Can't hear the 'Knock' still!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

We Need A Gap

Lot of Gaps developed,
And Distance too with that,
Gaps that cannot be filled,
Distance that cannot be measured;

I had too much of You,
And You had too much of Me;
Vexed up us both are,
With Each Other,
With too little space between us;

The space wasn't enough,
To Breathe or feel 'One Self';
The distance so close,
Can't look each other in Eyes;
It was always 'Us' both,
Like Milk & Water mixed;
Never 'My Word' or 'Yours',
Far too much of a compromise,
We both had together;

We need little Gap,
We need a bit of Distance;
A Gap that can be filled,
With our 'Breaths';
A Distance from where,
We both can hear and,
Truly feel our 'Heart Beats';

We need a Gap & a Distance,
From where we both,
Can see & love each other,
Being 'One Self' each,
As 'Two' different People!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Job Market

'Employment' is,
Buying out- 'Loyalty,
Hard and Smart Works,
Ideas & Innovations,
And Freedom' - by Paying,
A Fraction of ROI Earned,
On the Employee 'Scape Goat';

'Un-Employment' is,
Getting all the Above,
For free like a 'Jack Pot',
Without investing a Single Buck,
On the Job Seeker Sheep,
Extending Bonded Slavery,
With Great Slogans like,
'Ask not what your Country can do for you,
Ask what you can do for your Country.';

'Self-Employment' is a,
Mere & Meticulous Compromise,
For Temporary gains,
To get Sold out in the Long Run,
Or Land up again either in,
Employment or Un-employment;
A Suicide sort of Thing,
To take re-birth for past sins;

'Lay-off' is a,
Discrimination Strategy,
To show the Exit Door,
For those not your -
'Kith & Kin,
Caste, Creed, Region,
Religion, Creed, Sect,
Colour, Type etc',
Which otherwise not possible,
Owing to 'Diversity Inclusion';
Appraisal an 'Alibi'!

'Employing' is a,
Commodity sort of trading,
Skilled Employee Skills;
Barter system of Give & Take,
With Customers & Consumers,
Lobbying with Partners,
Tipping the Governments,
And Begging People to,
Fill one's own Pockets,
Pockets with holes ending,
Finally in Swiss Banks;

To Conclude 'Job Market' is,
A Vicious cycle of -
'Un-Employment', 'Self-Employment',
'Employment', 'Lay-off' & 'Employing',
Not necessarily in that Order!

This 'Vicious Cycle',
If Broken implies,
'The Retirement'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

I Don't Want To Be A Poet....!

I don't want to be a Poet,
For the sake of Poems I write,
Or For the heck of,
What the Poem is all about;

I don't want to be a Poet 'cos,
I live the life of my poems,
And my Poems outlive me;

I don't want to be a Poet 'cos,
It isn't me who is seen or felt
In the poem's I write; But
The reader or listener,
Feels or see's theirself in my poetry;

I don't want to be a Poet 'cos,
Garlanded will never be 'Me',
But my 'Portrait',
When I'm 'No More'!

Poems of mine accepted,
And me the poet rejected?
Simply put, I'm Jealous of
My own Poems;
Hence, I don't want to be a Poet!

Oh Almighty! Why this disparity,
With Poets Alone?
Will the Creator (GOD) like to be Rejected,
And his Creation adored?

But I still write Poetry fuming,
'I don't want to be a Poet'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

'The Retirement'

Knowing Many a Thing,
After Fun-filled duties,
For Decades Several,
Turn Morning News Papers,
Flip Periodicals through Day,
Recite the Spirituals in Silence,
To End the Day in Routine;

Respectful Showers of the Hey-day,
Missed and were Felt;
Visitors like Minded Hard to Find,
Greetings & Hellos Died Down;
Days & Nights would thus pass,
Watching Nature Change,
From Dawn to Dusk,
Peeping through the Windows!

Birdies would rest for a while,
On the window bars and,
Chew the grains spread,
The only visitors regular,
Passed on messages to Thee,
Encoded in their sounds peculiar!

'Idiot Box', the best friend
Broadcasts channels live,
National & Global picturing,
Changes of the new world,
If by chance there is a choice,
Of a comeback chance,
Warns that's the way to live,
You like it or Not!

Culture & Literary Events,
Would Invite now & then,
To flock & reckon past glories,
With Memory waves flashing,
Sweet moments would cherish,
Only for time being;

Nature walks of the Eve,
An alibi to re-connect with world,
And talk to anything that cross,
Birds, Snakes, Insects, Flies & others,
Busy in their world to tease!

No Bosses, No Assistants,
No Staff, No Customers,
No Business, No Issues,
No Competitions,
No Expectations,
Not a Burden to Society after all;

Living All by Self & For self,
Consume Less & Destroy Less,
Peace with Fellow Beings,
And Peace with Nature,
Alone closure to 'GOD'!

'The Retirement' Days,
Boon or Bane unknown still,
But a 'Bliss' when you are
'Retired Young';
'Young' in infinite Time,
'Age' a Myth,
Awaiting one 'Final Call'!

-Dedicated to all those 'Retired', wishing them Hope and Happiness!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Bahuda - A River Story

For years many it dried and stayed alone,
Caught in Draughts, Famine and Extreme Summers;
In Many Years devoid of any flow,
Visitors, Tourists, Media & Natives turned their back;
Emptied were the Canals & Channels that led to it,
Dusted and Rusted were its numerous flood gates,
May be God's curse and its fortune denied;
Water Pits a rare sight and with Sycamore, Wild Grass left,
Livestock quenched thirst and Peasantry engined the crops;

Any Memories of it two decades Old,
That squashed the town to submerge parts of it;
In Chaos and in Fear several drowned,
Included was a friend of mine,
Who got carried away whilst standing aside,
Unaware of its sudden Ferocity & Velocity;

The 'Bahuda' roared again in 2015,
With havoc of Powerful Monsoons from South;
Gods this time for a change were mercy enough,
To Grace and Embrace the 'Bahuda',
Making it a fairy tale of river stories to be told;
At its peak tiny streams on either sides of the roads,
Hurried and Flurried to the huge reservoir,
Sounds of which echoed with music ripples;
Flourished with water were - Wells, Ponds and Lakes,
But for damages to roadways on its way;

Gallons gushed with all the Flood gates lifted,
From every side to fill the lower 'Pincha' tank,
And downstream ponds of Five towns too with that;
With Aquatic life returned & restored in Abundance,
Water bodies got auctioned for never before High Prices;
'Water scarcity for a decade to be unfelt',
Soothsaid the Elderly, Farmers and Expert Authorities;

'Bahuda' in 'Many Ways', The Life and Saviour
Of our Four Centuries Town,
Returned to Life and Stood for its purpose,

Honouring its Promise to Millions,
That Survived & Thrived on it for Generations!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Super Man Or Maiden Beauty!

Super Moon...Super Moon,
You are the 'Super Man',
In the clear Night Sky,
I've Seen it All,
With my Naked Eye,
In the Eastern Sky;

Changing Your Dress,
From Golden Orange,
To Bluish White;
From Light Ray of Slight Hope,
To Blossoms of Fulfilled Boon;
The transitions of a Fortnight,
Crescent Moon to Full Moon,
In one clear Night Sky;
I've Seen it All,
With my Naked Eye,
In the Eastern Sky;

With Sights of a Moving Star &
Of a Shooting Star I Swear,
Lady of 'Maiden Beauty' you were,
Thronged by bright Twinkle Stars,
In the Grand-Ball of,
The Clear Night Sky Hall,
I've Seen it All,
With my Naked Eye,
In the Eastern Sky;

Couldn't keep my Sight Away,
In your splendid Course,
Rising from Nowhere Masked,
Raising above the Horizon,
Miracles of the Genius Thee,
Astronomical or Paradoxical,
Scientific Proof or,
Religious Testament,
Things beyond Imagination;
But In the clear Night Sky,

I've Seen it All,
With my Naked Eye,
In the Eastern Sky;

'For Virgoan's spectacle is Auspicious' -
Let the Astrologers Prophecy,
Of my Religion come True;
No Science & Religion Tangles for Once,
With Path cleared to watch,
This Natural Phenomenon;
In the clear Night Sky,
I've Seen it All,
With my Naked Eye,
In the Eastern Sky;

Your Gender Still a Wonder,
'Super Man' or 'Maiden Beauty',
Or an Epicene to be Any One,
At your Choice with Thee's Consent,
Appears both in one Clear Night Sky,
I've Seen it All,
With my Naked Eye,
In the Eastern Sky;

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Two Sides Of A Coin

Life not led in a Vacuum,
To Float unaffected;
Neither it's a Gamble,
To be left Stranded;

It's a Coin tossed up,
So Many Times;
For unknown Games,
To be Played Hard or Soft;
With Possibilities,
And With Probabilities;

The Toss, a Positive Intent
And Willingness to,
Play the Games of Life,
Till the Very End;

'Two Sides of a Coin',
Head and Tails,
Just two Sides of the same coin,
Wonder they decide,
Life's Fate?

Head and Tails,
Outcomes and not Results,
Gives a Lead or Lag,
At the Game's Start;
Not all Grand(s)Prix won,
From Pole Position!

Whether Head or Tails,
Game Still to be Played;
As Life still to be Led,
With choices already made;

There are still Levers, Gears
And Pedals you can adjust,
Turns you can take or avoid,
Corners you can negotiate,

Manoeuvre with sheer nerves,
Beat the odds for a 'Last Laugh'!

Head and Tails,
'Two Sides of a Coin',
Where do they Stand,
In the End?When,
You alone in Cruise Control,
Speeding Away,
Spearheading the Rest!

Life a Game to be Played,
With Positive Intent,
Ignoring the Past Choices,
You never could make!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Vase

Guests & Visitors would react with a Glance,
And enact with admiration to its charm,
A gentle touch of it seems inevitable,
Getting attracted to its multitude of
Colourful petals, Hard to notice from
Which flowers they arouse, From among
The plethora of tiny buds it constituted of,
With curly stems of each woven around !

Having stood out from the rest of the,
Interiors & exteriors with its fancies spread,
Galaxy of stars deemed to arouse from it;
Whereabouts of its arrival seldom enquired,
To possess it themselves and feel privileged!

Not a Garden to be taken care of and,
To be worked weekends under the sun,
But it rests in one corner of the home,
Feeling shy and nodding in silence,
Like a new bride after a honeymoon trip,
Flexible for a change and shifted to locations,
That gives it an apt place to be noticed,
Highlighting the home differently in,
Every little peep of the neighbours sneak,
Owner's pride and neighbours envy it was - 'The Vase'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Win Over Me

Don't' Wage a War or,
Seek a Diplomatic Battle,
Or Even Make it a Case to,
Try Me in the Court Rooms,
to ever 'Win Over Me'!

My Heart is a Wonder Land,
Like that of Alice's, Whither
Small Children feel a Paradise,
Filled with Cheers of Joy;

So send your Kids to Me -
'I get defeated with their Chuckles,
My Wealth for their Smiles;
I have patience for their Naughty Fouls,
My Stealth lost for their Mischief;
I get Mesmerized with their Innocent Looks,
My Everything for their Ignorance';

You now know what it needs,
to 'Win Over Me'!
Send those Little Flowers and,
Blooming Buds in full Colours,
More than a Compromise,
that would see me 'Lose',
for their 'Juvenile Challenges'!

Being Surrounded by Kids,
Will be A Peace Agreement,
Like a Signed Blank Cheque!
And Becoming One of Them,
With my 'Ego' suppressed,
I can 'Win Over Me' myself,
All Battles Forgone without,
A Penny Spent to 'Win Over Me'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Forever Young

'Forever Young' I wish to Live,
In the Knowledge Path,
Not in an Age Path of Abrupt Ends,
In Life's Full Circle Path!

Forces of Nature 'Forever Young',
Teaches us the 'Forgotten Truth',
To Traverse in Knowledge Path!

Old are the Beliefs, Concepts,
Rules & Dogma's Practiced in,
All Paths - Traditional, Modern & Scientific!

Always new is 'Practiced Truth',
An Adage of Platitudes that,
Paves way for Innovation and,
Asks for Guts to Accept it,
And in this True Path, I
Wish to Stay 'Forever Young'!

In All Ages Defying Death,
'Truth' - A core Law of Nature,
Survives to Stay 'Forever Young',
And never gets Stale to be Disposed,
So are those who develop a Taste for it,
They too stay 'Forever Young'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Doctor Poet

'An Apple a Day,
Keeps the Doctor Away',
Idiom of the Far Past;

'A Chuckle a Day,
Keeps the Doctor Away',
Phrase of the Recent Past;

'A Poem a Day,
Read, Written or Heard,
Keeps the Doctor Away',
Viva Capsule for Present & Future;

Doctor Poet, 'The Game Changer'
And 'The Time Traveller',
With a Divine Touch Heals,
The Mind, Body & Soul;

Apple Health & Chuckle Wealth,
All Dished for a Heart's Fest,
In his 'Words Worth' of Poetry,
Lives 'The Placebo Effect' that,
Brings back the 'Dying to Life'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Pitch-Luck Series!

'Pitch Luck', That's what I would call,
The 'SA-IND' Sun-Foil Test Series,
Just concluded Amidst Controversy!

The Pitch Gifted 'Twin Wins',
For the Hosts & a 'Solo' to Guests,
'Two To Tango' for Safaris and,
'Last Laugh' for the Prevailing,
'Numero Uno' of Test Cricket!

Appeared in my Imagined Dream's,
Curator & Grounds men Revealed,
'Pitches are Made with Patches,
For any Test in the Series to,
Last for Three or Four Days Max,
Ticket Sales Kept in Mind and,
An Experiment for Future,
To Curtail the Tests into a,
Three or Four day Match,
Test Cricket 'The Original' and,
'The Primitive' seems to have Lost,
'Its Might & Sheen'..Shame Shame!

No Wonder, The Cape Town
A Misery for Both Captains,
Offered Low Scores & Quick Wickets,
And the 'Pitch Luck' like 'Lady Luck',
Favoured the Hosts Honouring,
Philanders Firm Fist Philosophy!

Centurion, the better of Three,
Allowed the visiting captain to
Score a Century, An instant relief
For Indians to Falter before,
'Lungi Ingdi', who cast a spell,
Without wearing an Indian 'Lungi'

In the Grand Finale at Wanderers,
The Ball Wandered Everywhere,

All Over the Pitch Awkward,
Hitting Batsmen More & Wickets less,
Match Resumed after Rain &
Pitch corrected to continue,
With the 'Fearsome Indian' Four,
Winning the Match for Visitors,
A Republic Day Gift to Celebrate!

Cricket Pundits & Legends say,
'Form is Temporary & Class is Permanent',
But with Sun Soiled by Winds & Rains,
And no Foil to protect the Pitch,
The Pitches of the Series,
Won over both Class & Form!

Technique didn't come Handy,
For the Batsmen to Stay at Crease;
Playing to Bowler's Merit,
Seldom helped them to Score Runs;
Negotiating with the Pitch,
Was the best the Strikers Could Do!

Bowlers Paradise and Batsmen's Envy,
The Ball Invisible along with Sun,
Reappears With Peels of Turf raising,
Along with the Cruising Magic Ball!
The 'Pitch Luck' Series was like a,
'Pot Luck' of Feast for 'Bowlers',
'Curator' & 'The Grounds men'!

Oh Yes! 'Pitch-Luck Series',
With 'Patches of Luck',
That's How it will go down,
In the Annals Of Test Cricket!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

False Patriots They Are.....!

False Patriots They are...,
For the Cause of their Own Identity,
To Fight Wars for Causes,
They Seldom Understand,
Not for the cause of Liberating,
Human Sufferings of Anyone,
But to Protect the Assets & Investments,
Of Bourgeoisie Aristocrat Fellow-men,
Who can Afford Only Wars,
Seeking Dominance of their Sects Alone!

False Patriots They are....,
Neither to Fight for their Own Freedom,
Nor for Defending their Survival,
Left to Expand their Firing Limits,
A Result of their Autonomous Abject,
Without any Objective, Subjective to
Failures of Accords, Made for
The Heck of History Records!

False Patriots They are.....,
With False Patriotism Induced,
Without a Chance or Choice to,
Chose their Own Free Destiny,
And Destined to be Chosen,
For their Cyanide Assignments,
To Overcome Idleness,
Hunger, Poverty, Misery &
Distress of All Sorts,
Mis-led to choose Gun for Pen,
Bullets for Pencils,
Maps for Math Books,
At a Young Age Forbidden!

False Patriots They are.....,
Proven to be 'False' for their Paths,
And Branded as 'Elements Anti-Social',
Marks of their Identity Varying,
From Region to Religion,

Fame only left to Forest Ashes,
And Name to Lashes if Caught!

False Patriots They are....,
Not Even for their Nation's Cause,
But to be Gunned Down in the,
Frontiers Crossing the Borders,
And Caught Committing Life Crimes,
Value of which they never Realize!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Artificial Drama

Swallows, Wild-fowl, Finch,
And Feathered Siberians,
Migratory Birds Plethora,
Have Things in Common;

Done so Without Passports,
Crossing Boundaries And,
Territories for Food,
Shelter & Climate Adoption,
Treasure Troves of Nature,
Blessed are These Born to Live,
And Die with Freedom,
Beyond Regional Restrictions!

Whither Human Race,
Lest Loved Ones,
Near & Dear Adieu,
Jest Power, Money,
Venom of Greed Fed,
Not a Game of Survival,
Ruler- Slave Ploy Yet,
Mayhem Everywhere,
Flora & Fauna Extinct!

Whence this 'Artificial Drama',
Part Ways with Nature,
Apply Artificial Intelligence,
Recreate Nature Machines!

These Competitive Eliminations,
Without any Limitations,
Denunciation of True Nature,
Unespied in GODs Creation,
Besides Us Humans!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Captive States!

One Single Feudal Lord,
Intends to Pass on a Single,
Mighty Large State to His Son,
To Further the Cause of,
His Community Alone,
With the Support of,
A Central Family Dynasty,
Before Partition Occurred!

Bastions of Two Families,
Dynastic Politicos For Decades,
Assumes Power & Plans to Pass,
The Two States as Lineage,
To One and Only Son's of Theirs,
To Further the Cause of,
Their Families Alone,
Lest their Communities,
And Rest of the Society!
With the Feudal Still,
In Opposition in a State,
And the Central Dynasty,
Plans to Avenge a Comeback,
With a Revenge by Tit for Tat!
That's the Story Till Date,
After the Division of States!

Lessons Were Not Learnt,
Will the History Repeat itself,
To Teach a Lesson Or,
Should People Suffer Long?
As the Joint First Citizen,
Of The States Eager to,
Prolong His Long Tenure,
In Either of the States or Both,
Plays a Devil's Advocate,
Plays Musical Chairs,
To Further the Cause of
His Own Native State,
Exploits Conditions Favourable!

All The Evils Conspiring,
The Feudal Lords and
The Dynastic Families,
And The Opportunists,
Of Centre and States,
Left the Two States in,
'Bermuda Triangle' State,
People too to be Blamed!

As The Plight of Crores,
Of Aspiring 'Telugu' People,
Hung to the Rope High,
In the Air Floating like a,
Balloon to be Punctured!
The 'Andhra' & 'Telangana',
States in 'Indian Union',
Captives of Few Families,
Human Rights Violated,
Before, During & After Divison!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Indian Republic Day

Respect the Flag,
For it Represents,
Our Self-Respect and,
Our Sovereignty;

Praise the Tri-Colour,
For it Resembles Our,
Religious Harmony,
Saffron - The Hindus,
White - The Christians,
Green - The Muslims;

Salute The Hoisted Mast,
A Token of Gratitude,
Conveyed To Martyrs of,
Long Freedom Struggle,
Those Fought Violently,
Those Fought in Silence,
And In Non-Violence,
With Great Resilience;

Observe the Central Wheel,
'The Great Asoka Chakra',
Spokes of Which Reminds,
Numerous Struggles Of Our,
Region's Peace Efforts;

Badges of Flag Pinned,
Firm To Our Chest,
Reflects the Oath of,
Pledge by Indians ALL,
Kashmir To Kanyakumari,
And Migrants Else Where,
Pro-claims The Republic &
Constitutional Values,
Of 'Indian Union', The
World's Largest Democracy;

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Middle East Saga!

News Paper Headlines,
News Channel Scrolls,
Flashed Time to Time,
As I Grew Up from,
A Child in Boy Nickers,
To an Adult in Full Pants,
And to an Aged in Bald,
The Media of Sorts Claim,
'Middle East Crisis is here to Stay'!

Generations Passed,
And Ages too with Them,
Desert Sands Hosted,
Battle Grounds And,
Test Grounds For,
New Technology War-fare,
Ending the Draught of,
War Movies for Hollywood,
After World-war Blockbusters!

Like the Crescent Moon,
A Witness to Salaams, Namazs &
Prayers of Religions Several,
The Bamiyan Buddha's,
Stood Tall Time-tested,
Witnessing The Glory & Peace,
Of 'Mesopotamia' and,
'Indus Valley' either sides,
Demolished by those,
Who De-value Fruits of Peace,
With Affinity Lacked for,
Desert Sands, Oases & Dates,
Dating the Continuous,
Internal & External,
Strife in Camel Nations!

Everyone a Prince and,
Warlords All with Egos',
Not Yielding Control,

World's Police Nations,
Sides Groups At Times,
Governments Some Times,
Strategy Back-fired OtherTimes!
The Nations of Middle-East,
Filled with Bombshells of Tanks,
Drones, Scuds & Missiles in Sky,
All Made Eagles & Vultures,
A Story of the Desert Past,
Though Deaths Countless!

War's they Say Occur,
In the Land of Camels,
When Peace with Desert Sand,
Is Destined Un-bearable!
Oil for Bullets And,
Bullets for Oil Exchanged,
In Barrels And In Dollars,
Became Law of the Land!
Bullets not Made of Oil,
Oil not gushing from Bullets,
And Only Blood that Sheds,
From Fiery Bullets!
But The Cohesive Bond,
Between Oil And Bullets,
Became As Strong as,
The Relationship Between,
Desert and Sand itself,
With Oases of Peace,
Found Here and There,
For 'Nobel Prize' Sake!

In Conditions Fragile,
A Century Flashed and,
The Flashback Not a,
Fairy Tale or Even a,
Fable to be Re-told,
Like the 'Arabian Nights',
Like a 'Rustum & Sohrab' Classic,
Like 'Aliaba Forty Thieves',
Like 'Aladin and Magic Lamp',
Or Comedies of 'Mullah Nasruddin',

That in Childhood I Read,
With Great Zeal & Awe!

Alas! For Allah's Sake,
Middle-East Crisis Seem to Stay,
Even After I No-longer Stay,
With Mirages of Hope,
Making it a Saga and,
The By-products of it,
Hindering World Peace!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Poet's Dilemma!

As the Hand Moves,
With Flow of Thoughts,
Pouring Down from Everywhere,
Moved by Situations Positive,
Negative and Neutral,
Like Showers from the Sky
Vetting the Flower Petals,
The Fingers Dance Swiftly
Like that on a Piano,
Producing Musical Words,
Echoing in the Poet's Heart!

In Search of Just Words,
To Express True Emotions,
Of His Heart Profusely,
And Relieve the Weights,
Hung in his Big Heart,
And to make it Lighter,
To be Felt by the Readers,
Reviewers and Critics alike,
The Poet is Stuck in,
'A Dilemma' of His Own!

Are the 'Words Worth',
To be Read, Heard or Felt?
Whether to Jot Down,
For his Own Sake or,
For Some One Else's Sake!
Yonder not an Option to Him,
As Poetry the Only Way,
To Express His Emotions!

Adding to his Dilemma,
Dictionaries & Thesaurus,
Are of Very Little Help,
To Sow the Seeds for,
Poetic Lines to be Produced,
For Poetry is 'Thou Art',
With a Divine Occult,

Flown from A Poet's Heart Alone!

Moving Ahead with Words,
Thought to be Apt for,
Stories Filled With,
Clandestine Moments,
To be Felt by NONE or ALL,
Finishing the Last Line,
To his Heart's Satisfaction,
Is the Only Award or Reward,
And an Honour that can,
Never be taken Back,
With Which A 'Poet's Dilemma' Ends!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

'Silence And The Silent'

'Silence' of Nature,
Buries in itself,
The Artificial Voices,
Of Everything Physical,
And Meta-Physical!

The 'Silent' Within,
'Silences' the Outside,
With Answers to,
Strange Questions,
Of Flowing Time,
Never Asked And,
Never Answered Before!

From the 'Silence' Of
Nature & its Elements,
From the 'Silence' Of
Sun, Moon & Stars,
From the 'Silence' Of
Galaxies & Universes,
From the 'Silence' Of
All Observed and,
Those Present or Felt,
Arises the Sacred 'AUM',
With Vibrations Felt,
In 'SOULS of ALL'!

And 'Silence' Broken,
Motionless in Motion,
Speechless that Speak,
Changeless that Change,
Transmit Yonder,
The Waves of Spells,
With Chants of 'AUM',
To Proclaim 'THEE'!

For 'THEE' is the,
'Silence' of SOULS,
Those Conscious,

And Unconscious,
In Deep 'Silence' of,
Undeterred Meditation!

'Silence' the Formless THEE,
'Silent' the THEE with Form,
'The Silence And Silent',
Are The ONE in TWO,
And the TWO in ONE,
Changeless and Change,
Speechless and Speech,
Motionless and Motion,
United and Separated,
That Found In Unison,
In Snapshot's of ALL!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Nature's Vanity Fair

Sunshine Sneaks in Green Fields,
With Greetings of Clear Skies,
And Smiley Cotton Cloud Floats,
As the Pleasant Serene Nature,
Makes Me Walk at its Pace,
To Tell a Tale of its Own,
A Song Never to be Forgotten!

As Gentle Breeze Flows,
Crops Nod their Heads,
And Waves with a Swing,
Whispering their Aromas,
New Levels of Appeasement,
Signals I'm a Gifted One,
To Visit & Frequent More!

Nectar Suck Butterflies,
Hops from Plant to Plant,
Not Sticking to a Plan,
Spreads Ambience of Scents,
No-where to be Found,
Only Now-here to be Felt,
In the Nature's Tiny World!

Buzzes of the Birdies,
Whistles of the Cuckoos,
Melodies of the Parrots,
Is a Musical Paradise,
With Voices of their Own,
Humming the Sonnets of,
Lively Nature's Secret Notes!

Grazing Cows & Cattle,
Saliva Flowing Often,
Chewing Fodder & Grass,
Lift their Drowsy Heads,
To Stare & Shake at Me,
While I Walk Past them,
In Silence and In Solace!

Fish of the Ponds,
Pop up their Heads,
Aquatic Acrobatics,
Somersault on Cards,
Slip The Nets & Knots,
Skip Fisherman's Rods,
Hide in Water Caves,
Safe in Nature's Womb,
Not a Dish for Mouth!

With Nature and Me,
Only Two Lonely Souls,
Walk Together All-along,
Far From the Crowds,
Away From Carbon Smokes,
Find a Remote Connection,
For Solitude with Each Other!

The Tales at the Dawn,
The Tales at the Noon,
The Tales at the Dusk,
The Twilight Tales And,
The Mid-night Tales,
Are Nightingale Songs,
That the Nature Unveils,
For an Almanac's Delight!

Walking the Nature's Talk,
Talking the Nature's Walk,
True Moments They Are,
To Stand Still between Us,
When I Felt The Nostalgia,
Of Nature's Vanity Fair!

As the Nature Bids Adieu,
And I Turn my Back on it,
With Thoughts Rebound,
On the Nature's Rare Best,
I Wonder it's Me or Nature,
Did the Creator Create First,
But I Walked Away Swiftly,

For it to be Told as Nature's,
Yet Another Memorable Tale,
In Yet Another Nature Walk!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Life Of A Native!

Travelling With the Winds,
Gazing at the Stars,
Crossing the Oceans,
Leaving Continents Behind,
In this Limited Earth,
The Global Village,
Not To Make it a Pillage,
To Survive the Journey,
To Lead the Path,
Or Change the Course,
Live the 'Life of a Native'!

Wherever You Go,
Whenever You Go,
Leaving Your Home,
To Far-off Lands,
Just For Pleasures,
To Simply Wander,
Or For a Purpose,
Full of Dreams & Aims,
To Find the Destiny,
Hidden in Strange Shores,
Ending in No Man's Land,
Live the 'Life of a Native'!

Learn The Vernacular,
Follow The Cultures,
Swallow Your Hungers,
With a Taste for Local,
Change Your Ways,
Not Your Values,
Spread The Scent,
Like a Garden Flower,
With Rainbow Colors,
To Adopt and To Survive,
Live the 'Life of a Native'!

Don't Count the Beans,
Don't Fill Your Pockets,

With a Commoner's Bent,
Work Hard and Smart,
Flaunt Like a King,
Play Like a Child,
Live and Rest in Peace,
Cherish and Flourish,
To be Everyone's Man,
And To Win Your Lady's Heart,
Live the 'Life of a Native'!

Capitalists Forgive,
Businessmen Forbid,
Employers Too Forget,
Investors Just Foray,
Rules to be Flipped,
Borders to be Flopped,
People to be Fortunate,
As Navigators Forever,
To Like and To be Liked,
To Love and To be Loved,
Live the 'Life of a Native'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Slave Of None!

Born In the Times of World,
With no Choices to Make,
With no Selections Made,
With no Screenings Done,
With no Cesarean Cuts,
With Nature's Freedom,
And Survival Goal Alone,
I'm a 'Slave of None'!

Grown Amidst Strife,
Survived to Thrive,
Proven to be Brave,
Not for an Early Grave,
But for a Long-life Drive,
And Bow or Prey to None,
To Shine like only ONE,
Unfelt by Duals & Duels,
I'm a 'Slave of None'!

Liberty to Experiment,
With TRUTH & SELF,
With Results Unaware,
Only Observations Made,
To Introspect Self,
For Life's Noble Cause,
To Lead a Man's Life,
To Rise and Raise,
I'm a 'Slave of None'!

Let Alone Death,
Just like the Birth,
Take Me Away,
For Ever and Ever,
With No Choices Made,
For I Left My Marks,
Of Legacy and Pride,
In the History's Path,
To Yell Time and Again,
I'm a 'Slave of None'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

'Me' And 'the Almighty'!

When I wasn't Born, I was with The Almighty!
When I had to be Born, It is The Almighty's decision,
When I was in the Womb, The Almighty was with Me,
When I was Born, The Almighty was Watching Me,
When I was Named, The Almighty called Me!

When I was Breathing, The Almighty was in the Air,
When I touched the Ground, The Almighty was in the Earth,
When I was Thirsty, The Almighty was in the Water,
When I Gazed at the Sky, The Almighty was in the Sky,
When I was feeling Cold, The Almighty was in the Fire!

When I was Clapping, The Almighty was Laughing,
When I was Growing, The Almighty was Guiding,
When I invoked HIM, The Almighty was in my Prayer,
When I was a Family Man, The Almighty was Testing,
When I was blessed with Children, The Almighty Personified!

When I Failed, The Almighty had HIS Fingers Crossed,
When I Succeeded, The Almighty asked, 'What Next? '
When I was Struggling, The Almighty was Assessing,
When I did Good, The Almighty was seen Everywhere,
When I did Bad, The Almighty disappeared!

When I Retired, The Almighty was Full of Joy,
When I was Dying, The Almighty was Welcoming Me,
When I was Breathless, I was with the Almighty Again!
When I realized, 'Who I'am', The Almighty was in Me,
When I Existed or Not, The Almighty Prevailed!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Indian Monsoon!

It is the Indian Monsoon Passing By!

Breezy Winds are Kissing By,
Lazy Clouds are Gathering By,
Lightning Storms are Roaring High,
Drizzling Showers are Scrolling Down
It is the Indian Monsoon Passing By

Umbrellas are all Selling High,
Raincoats Everywhere Spotted High,
Rainbow Colours are Shining High,
Little Children are Jumping High
It is the Indian Monsoon Passing By

Greenery Everywhere Sighted High,
Grass Hoppers are Hopping By,
Seeds are Sown, as the Rains are Down,
Farmers are all Singing High
It is the Indian Monsoon Passing By

Rainfall Happening Now and Then,
Hot, Hot foods are Eaten By,
Daily Soups are Tasting High,
Joy and Happiness Touching the Sky
It is the Indian Monsoon Passing By!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Irrigate And Cultivate!

The Soil is Fertile,
The Earth is Ploughed,
The Seeds are Sown,
But water is missing!

The Rains have not arrived,
Wells are shallow and deep,
Lakes and ponds dried up,
Leftover used up for drinking,
what to do, how to do?

Irrigation is the Solution,
TDS of Water is a convention,
Organic is the Resolution,
Drip & Sprinkler are Absolutions!

Fertigation could be a Proposition,
Chemigation may be a Variation,
Watersheds are an Evaluation,
Rainwater Harvesting on a Probation!

Research & Innovate,
Aquaponics and Hydroponics,
Vertical Farming is ready to Fly!

Hurrah! Save the water,
Conserve the water,
Water the plants and,
Feed the animals,
Irrigation is the Solution!

Irrigate & Cultivate,
Must be your Prorogative!
Pollify and Fruitify,
Qualify and Quantify,
Irrigation is the Solution!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Tomato Song!

I'm a cutiful tomato,
red and green for most of my life!

I'm a poor man's apple,
cheering the common man all the time!

I can be grown organic or,
bio-tech and genetic, choice is yours!

I'm a swinging cash crop,
with supply and demand strings!

Out in the nature looking at the sky,
Rocking and Rolling all the time,
ready to stay quiet in your freezer,
for some more time!

In between the bread slices 'jam' me soft,
not to create a jam in your mouth.

If you are cold and freezing,
make me a soup to feel the heat!

If your tongue is soar,
and taste gone for a toss,
ketch me up or make me a sauce!

Boosting your health,
I'm packed with anti-oxidants and
can lower cholesterol levels!

I'm a delicious tomato,
the curry way or fry way,
sliding on a highway into your stomach!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

May Day Poetry!

On a 'May Day',
when the world celebrates,
International workers day,
the Farmer along with,
the Factory workers,
wonder what it is to him?

How different it is May day,
for a Technology worker,
and a Factory worker,
and a Farm worker!

The Factory worker has Unions,
but none for the Farmers,
and the Technology worker!

In Nations several,
Farmers have no insurance,
and none for their crops!

With Issues & Risks several,
Technology workers have,
no Mitigation plans for them!

The professions of both,
Farmers and Technology workers,
are a pure Gamble!

During peak Seasons and Markets,
Farmers make their most!

In cycles of Boom and demand,
The Technology worker finds a job!

With careers not having any Surety,
their lives are a pendulum!

How many 'May days' will both,
have to wait for?

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Car Poetry - 'tribute To Wagon R'!

Oh my 'Wagon R',
you are my saviour,
in seasons all,
from dust and dirt,
from rains and winds,
from delays and dashes,
taking yourself a hit,
but saving me from worst!

Oh my 'Wagon R',
I call you Wagon 'Ratakonda',
for you have faithfully served,
three generations of my family,
without a single Failure!

Oh my 'Wagon R',
while on the Roads,
while in the Mud,
Up the hills or,
down the stream,
dancing on the bumps,
without any jumps,
you have been the best,
without any Rest!

Oh my 'Wagon R',
Marriages are made in Heaven,
But you have been a 'Pavan',
Truly depicting brand 'Maruti',
Uniting singles several,
In my lonely Family!

Oh my 'Wagon R',
Men are from Mars,
Women are from Venus,
But you are from elsewhere...,
May be from an 'Auto Planet'!

Oh my 'Wagon R',

In the world of Car's,
None has been on 'Par',
Travelling this Far,
Without age Bar!

Oh my 'Wagon R',
In a decade of Relationship,
I enjoyed your Friendship,
Without any Hardships,
Therefore I Worship,
on occasions several!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Family Farming Poetry!

East or West, North or South,
'Family Farming is always the best'!

Ask the Earth, Ask the Sky, Ask the Air,
Ask the Water, Ask the Fire, Ask the 'FAO',
'Family Farming is always the best'!

Idiom says, 'Blood is thicker than Water',
German says, 'Blut ist dicker als Wasser',
Englishman says, 'Kin-blood is not spoilt by water',
Arab says, 'Blood is thicker than Mother's Milk',
'Family Farming is always the best'!

Share the Field, Share the Effort,
Share the Stress, Share the Yield,
Share the Sorrows, Share the Happiness,
Hand in Hand, Shoulder to Shoulder,
'Family Farming is always the best'!

Work together, Rest together,
Eat together, Live together,
Trust Each Other all the time,
'Family Farming is always the best'!

Buried at the fields, 'In Earth and in Fire',
Our Forefathers souls, rest in peace!
'Family Farming is always the best'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Cloud Cast A Spell!

With the smell of the Sand,
With the Rainbow sights,
With the bells of the Winds,
The cloud cast a Spell!

The Monsoons have arrived,
The cool Weather prevailed,
The humanity survived,
The cloud cast a Spell!

Meeting the Mountains,
Kissing the Forests,
Shower sparks on the Hills,
The cloud cast a Spell!

Sliding down the Ranges,
Flowing on Plains & Plateaus,
Touching the River beds,
Igniting the Ocean currents,
The cloud cast a Spell!

Minerals of the Perennials,
Made the soil Fertile,
Gave the water a Profile,
Grew the crops Versatile,
The cloud cast a Spell!

Food divorced Hunger,
Dated with the Feeder,
Married together Forever,
Peace & Happiness Everywhere,
The cloud cast a Spell!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

A Farmer's Appeal!

I set my foot in the soil,
before the sun rises in the East!

I feed and cure the crops,
and then the mighty world,
whether or not I feed myself!

My world is full of Cattle & Hen,
and they flock around me all the time!

With Dust and Dirt I get coloured,
working hard from Dawn to Dusk!

I'm the 'Son of the Soil',
working under the sun, stars,
and showers day or night!

Feel my heart as it beats,
with the sounds of stream and wind!

I bid adieu after the blazing sunset,
with my thoughts still on the soil!

I'm the 'Farmer' who takes care of,
the 'Former's' creation with Love and Care!

Feel me when you Eat and Dine,
for I'm always the forgotten Time and Tide!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

O Bolivia!

O Bolivia! O Bolivia!
called after Simon Bolivar,
The greatest liberator!
Flourishing in the remains of,
the Great Inca Empire,
a truly Multilinguistic,
Multicultural Nation and a,
Mega-Diverse country, you are!

O Bolivia! O Bolivia!
With the blessings of Andes,
Otherwise a Happy Nation,
But for the floods of Amazon,
bothering you now and then!
With no food and shelter,
People and cattle left stranded,
causing despair to millions!

O Bolivia! O Bolivia!
With Agriculture,
at the heart of your culture!
Mamore and Beni,
Dios and Orthon making you,
Fertile and Versatile!

O Bolivia! O Boliva!
With Mineral wealth,
and Tin presence,
you are such a rich!
But poverty prevails,
with half the people,
at the pyramid's bottom!

O Bolivia! O Bolivia!
with the fortune of,
'our Lady of Peace',
raises the city of La Paz,
with prosperity and vitality!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

B'lore - 'my Poison And My Elixir'!

Ooooh Bangalore....!
'My Poison and My Elixir',
Reckon my time with you,
College days and Career days,
happy times and hard times!

Ooooh Bangalore....!
Like the changing seasons...,
you changed with time and tide,
from Garden city to Traffic signals,
from Culture cool to Commercial speed,
from 'Banga' to 'Benga',
only to 'Lure' me then,
and 'LURU' now with a life path 9!
You have been my 'Exilir' at times,
and my 'Poison' too some times!

Ooooh Bengaluru....!
Together we Bangalored,
Global jobs then,
With outsourcing,
and cost props!
Only to lie and lure,
each other later!
With crime and cheat,
You scared me to Death!
For Love and Life,
I turned a Blind Eye,
And lied you often!
No regrets,
'My Poison and My Elixir'!

Ooooh Bengaluru....!
Lost and confused...,
you for Profits,
with a greed for wealth!
And I little weak,
to save my Health,
hated each much,

and fired each twice,
the scores are level!
You bid adieu and,
I said bye.. bye,
to quit you too!
No hard feelings,
'My Poison and my Elixir'!

Ooooh Bengaluru....!
In search of lost Fame & Glory,
you need me now!
And in search of lost Fortune,
I need you too!
The wheel of time,
made a full circle to unite us!
Let's make sure that,
we don't miss the dates again,
Oh 'My Poison and my Elixir'!

Ooooh Bengaluru....!
I was with my vernacular then,
when you were truly Global,
and Cosmopolitan!
I was Global then,
when you became Kandy Local!
I'm GLocal now,
with a Cosmic bliss,
not to miss dates again,
whether you are Global or Local!
You truly are 'A Poison and,
Elixir' of my Life!

Ooooh Bengaluru....!
With changing times,
let's swear for ever,
to change together,
with skills updated,
value upgraded and,
potential not degraded,
promises will be kept!

Ooooh Bengaluru....!

With me full of dreams,
and you the city that never sleeps!
Let's touch the skies again,
going around the world,
winning time and again!

Ooooh Bengaluru...!
My darling,
I always called you 'B'lore',
in short and crisp!
So let's leave politics,
behind for ever and ever!
For you are 'My Poison,
and my Elixir'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

Tribute To Bob Dylan - 'dylan Is For Ever'!

Under the moonlight summers,
after a hard day's work,
old men from the country side
are singing the folk songs,
beating their drums and
blowing their trumpets,
dancing around the forest fire!

I can hear the ballads
from the east side
carried by the winds
without a note messed up
in the silent nights,
with the belly dancers,
swinging round and round!

Slow and sweet from memories,
echoing from my heart beats,
I hear a guitar and mouthpiece,
swinging with his tone,
'Blowing in the Wind',
that 'Dylan is for ever',
though lands and ages apart,
between me and him!

'No politics please',
says the breezy air,
whispering to all,
like a whistle blower,
to forget all the troubles,
for we are not just alone,
and Bob too is with us!

Such a noble heart bob's is,
that he sang from his heart,
winning him a Nobel prize,
reminding us all that,
'The Times they are A-Changin',
but 'Dylan is for ever'!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda

The Indian Harvest Fest

Past the Christmas,
After the New Year,
And Before the Lent;
With Live Stock Decors,
And Hay Stack Bundles;
With Gunnybags full of,
Grams, Grains and Seeds;
With a Chuckle on the,
Happy Farmers face;
The Indian Harvest Fest,
It's back with a Bang!

With the Mantle passed,
From Moon to Sun,
In the Run of Time;
With a Season's change,
From Chilled Winters,
And Breezy Winds;
Paving the way to,
Cool Summer Springs;
Doubts still in the Minds,
For Rugs & Sweaters;
Late and Early Campfires,
Warming up the body;
The Indian Harvest Fest,
It's back with a Bang!

With the Row-Boat Swings,
In the world of Robot Swans;
With miracled Capricorn Light,
Atop the divine Sabari Hill,
In the world of Electric Lights;
With Kite wars in the Sky,
In the world of Space Wars;
With folk dances of the Bihu,
And Bhangras of the Lohri,
In the world of Shakes & Breaks;
With Pongal Tastes of the South,
In the world of Fast-food Junks;

With Traditions prevailing,
In the world of Modern Times;
The Indian Harvest Fest,
It's back with a Bang!

With Common Man Hopes
Hanging High with a Sigh;
And ropes of the Budget,
Holding Tight and Firm;
With Jobs of the people,
Caught in Profits and Robots;
With Rich and Poor Divisions,
Growing Wider and Greater;
With 'Swach' and 'Corrupt',
Going Hand in Hand;
With over a Billion Dreams,
Seeking Peace and Prosperity;
The Indian Harvest Fest,
It's back with a Bang!

Naga Vamshidhar Ratakonda