

Poetry Series

**Naga Vamshidhar  
Ratakonda  
- poems -**

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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 and Hindi can be found from time to time on his Face Book page.

This book 'Indian Monsoon and Select Poems', is a selective collection of English Poems. Appreciations enlisted 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

# 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

# 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

# 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

# Love - In Times Of Corona!

Engaged We Are,  
Five Elements A Witness!

Un-Married We Are,  
Corona Virus A Shitness!

Isolated I'am,  
Miles & Miles Away!

Locked Down You Are,  
Smiles On Your Lips Away!

Physically Seperated,  
Waves of Love United!

Emotionally Desperate,  
Psychologically Strong!

Maintaining Social Distance,  
With Social Media Closeness!

Time Tested Love Versus,  
Black Listed Deadly Virus!

Viruses Come And Go,  
With A Season Change!

Love Stands A Still,  
Unchanged With Time & Tide!

Humanity Together Virtually,  
Corona Virus Alone Invisible!

Pandemics Many World Saw,  
Love Prevailed Over All!

If Not This Valentine,  
The Next Shall We Unite!

Tears of Virus Corona Gone,  
Over Cheers of Beer Corona!

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



# Love In Times Of Corona!

Engaged We Are,  
Five Elements A Witness!

Un-Married We Are,  
Corona Virus A Shitness!

Isolated I'am,  
Miles & Miles Away!

Locked Down You Are,  
Smiles On Your Lips Away!

Physically Separated,  
Waves of Love United!

Emotionally Desperate,  
Psychologically Strong!

Maintaining Social Distance,  
With Social Media Closeness!

Time Tested Love Versus,  
Black Listed Deadly Virus!

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Pandemics Many World Saw,  
Love Prevailed Over All!

If Not This Valentine,  
The Next Shall We Unite!

Tears of Virus Corona Gone,  
Over Cheers of Beer Corona!

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'&quot;

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 Kaarthe (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

&quot;From where did the rosy petals,  
Derive such a vibrant energy,  
To rotate the whole of its lotus,  
Like a stir in the whirlpool! &quot;

&quot;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! &quot;

&quot;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! &quot;

&quot;Is it from the sight of,  
The morning sun whose,  
Gentle rays pierced through,  
Their Tender & Slender buds? &quot;

&quot;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! &quot;

&quot;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! &quot;

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 &quot;

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

# Women Of Despair!

Kith & Kin Skies Apart,  
Wedded Ones Spheres Apart,  
Lonely hearts need a console,  
Stories of golden past to be retold,  
Grand Ball stage perfectly set!

For rest of the charming Eve,  
That hung in tight balance,  
Which way it would swing,  
Time and Tide will Tell!

Greets & Warm Wishes,  
Over Cock Tail wines;  
In Garments & Ornaments snob,  
Their lean bodies found,  
A new balance to withstand the night!

Sounds of fine music elements,  
And the deep voice of romance,  
Blew with the cool breeze;  
Red wine touching their lips,  
Moved down their spines Gentle,  
Glasses re-filled time and again,  
With every new song sung,  
Everything French & Dutch!

Bangles sparked & clashed,  
With cheers of crystal glass;  
Her womanhood divine,  
Vanished with pegs of venom;  
Icon of our family values,  
How fair? What Flair!

Oh! Women of Mathrubhoomi,  
'Yatra naaryastu poojyante,  
Ramante tatra dhevata:  
Yatraitastu na poojyante,  
Sarvaastratraa phalaa: kriya';  
-'Where women are worshipped,

Gods are pleased there;  
Where they are not worshipped,  
All functions go in vain.!

Our Women in Despair!  
Morality took a 'U' turn,  
Cultural dilution Evident;  
Remains of Tradition,  
Only in Sarees & Salwars!

Western influence to blame?  
Or Eastern cult in Corrosion?

Midnight buried in Silence,  
Afraid of Sunlight that cometh!

Bharath Matha Ki Jai!  
-'Hail Mother India! '

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 nuke & 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 theirselves 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 spoiled 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