

Poetry Series

**Sathya Narayana**  
**- poems -**

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# Sathya Narayana(12-06-1958)

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Professional Experience and Qualifications:

The author holds a bachelors Degree in Sciences and Masters Degree in Law.

Worked as Superintendent of Salt in Salt Department, Government of India and retired on 16.5.2014. So far 6 poetry books were published.

Other Published Works

1. Golden Lotus (a poetry anthology) - self published; 2009
2. Plastic faces (a poetry anthology) - MONFAKIRA, CALCUTTA,56 pages, no ISBN, ; paper back; 2009
3. WHEELS (a poetry anthology) - , Allahabad. ISBN: 978-8182531857, Price: Rs.150/=; soft cover; 2012
4. Just human (a poetry anthology) - Sanbun publication, New Delhi; ISBN 978-93-82393-15-3; Price: Rs.75/=; soft cover; 2013
5. I chant, chant and chant (a poetry anthology) - Global fraternity of poets, Noida. SBN: 978-93-83755-02-8 (PB) Price Rs.200/=; soft bound; 2014
6. FINDING THE MOTHER (SRI SUNDARA KANDA IN ENGLISH VERSE) - AUTHORS PRESS, NEW DELHI. ISBN 978-81-7273-818-1: Price: Rs.995/= hard bound.; 2014 December

His poetry is known for its great imagery, clear diction, solemn expression and scintillating narration, often laced with fun, pun and satire. Mahathi being a strong protagonist of classical poetic forms of Elizabethan era, naturally his verses have the sublimity of classical accent and flow with lyrical grace. A few of his book reviews, forewords to books of other authors and a couple of articles in prose were also published.

## # Silent Love

Could say nothing  
when I met her last time  
in the deafening din  
of our shying hearts  
demurring minds.

This time...  
we both  
amidst the roses red  
and bright chrysanthemums  
under the green bower  
stood silent watching each other.

I heard the bussing sounds  
of umpteen lips of gentle breeze  
touching her forehead  
and beheld  
an annoyed strand of curly hair  
dangling across her face  
as if brushing aside the mischievous zephyr.  
Then lo came sailing through  
the flowing winds  
a withered leaf of last Autumn  
and fell on her feet,  
as if she waited all the season  
for this moment of salvation.

Suddenly a cool drizzle  
embraced us both with thousand hands  
and the sky winked a lightening!  
This time too  
could say nothing...  
but waded my hesitant steps  
through lazy silence  
and grinding quandary  
and my hands folded around her.

In the yonder a wrinkled cloud growled low  
and from a distant bough

a warble crooned some hurried tunes  
looking around with rolling eyes.  
I smiled at her...  
she smiled at me...  
we needed no more words!

Sathya Narayana

# #senryu

a beautiful mind  
finds a beautiful mind and  
gels beautifully

Sathya Narayana

# \*\*\*\*\*finding The Mother

## FINDING THE MOTHER

Finding The Mother opens Wide, The Grand Golden Gates Of An All Engrossing Spiritual Realm And Walks Us Through A Long Thrilling Trajectory Of Adventure, Fantasy, Love, Pain, Sorrow, Dejection And Hope, Culminating In The Victory Of Virtue Over The Vice Besides Offering An Exhaustive Commentary On The Waning Humane Values And The Resurrection Of Dharma.

No One Can Ever Match The Divine Brilliance Of Sage Valmiki's Poetic Technique, Narrative Skills And Profundity. But Mydavolu — Thanks To The Divine Support He Is Blessed With Time And Again-captures The Subtle Nuances And Complexities Of The Original Text To Present This Most Beautiful Of Me Cantos Of The Ramayana To His Readers In A Unique Style In Tune With The Modern Day Poetic Trends And Tastes.

For All Those Readers Who Expect Something New, Grand And Spectacular Finding The Mother, Being Serialized By Saptagiri Of TTD, Tirupati, Surely Offers The Best Of Unexpected Joy Of Reading The Finest Ever.

Mahathi (Mydavolu V.S. Sathyanarayana) an English Poet And Translator, Well-known For His Satirical Poetry Replete With Pun And Subtle Humour Considers Avidya Or 'lack Of Spiritual Wisdom' As The Root-cause Of All Societal Maladies. (Mahathi Is The Divine Veena Of Sri Narada Maharshi, The Celestial Rishi Of Infinite Wisdom.) All His Earlier Poetry Anthologies—GOLDEN LOTUS, PLASTIC FACES, WHEELS And JUST HUMAN, Be They On Love, Nature, Beauty Or Burning Social Issues Air This Basic Philosophy Of His. His Trans-creation Of His Holiness Sage Valmiki's Sri Sundara Kanda, The 5th Canto Of Srimad Ramayanam May Be His Ultimate Effort To Expound And Share With The Readers The True Power Of Spirituality Hidden In Every Living Soul, Through The Divine Character Of Shri Hanuman.

Sathya Narayana

## \*\*\*love Truth And Lies

silence is pain  
silence's rejuvenation  
like storm and drizzle.

when pensive, a riot,  
in din, a silent muse;  
in me, your presence.

distance, speed and time  
are not mere arthmatics  
they're heart, mind and hope.

'no', 'nothing'- are lies;  
'just like that'-a hollow phrase!  
thou love me-the truth!

Sathya Narayana

# \*\*\*rain, Rain, Come Again

monsoon rains  
at last after a long wait  
power cut!

come rain  
all our eyes glowing  
drains over-flowing

come rain  
in our town, where are roads  
and where are pavements?

come rain  
streets vacant, from homes  
pakora smells.

come rain  
our withered Tulsi stump  
with new leaves

come rain  
Rabi farmers are ready  
for seeding  
(Rabi means winter crops in India)

come rain  
in leaky huts slum dwellers  
with bowls.

Sathya Narayana



## \*hope (Haiku)

twilight

when gloom descends Moon ascends  
with rays of hope

Sathya Narayana

## \_ Quicksands

It's all about tickles on skin and the rush of blood;  
the sensuous tunes played by nerves  
and profuse flushing glands!  
Bodies, bodies and bodies!  
The unseen beacon keeps emitting it's brilliance...  
by him denied of its existence  
and thus to him unseen forever.  
Yet, failed bodies don't hesitate to curse  
the delinquency of the so denied.  
Naysayers just need mouths...big mouths...  
The redolent lone lotus bud  
growing in murky interiors  
remains forever waiting to blossom,  
for the sprays of wisdom-Sun rays.

They keep crawling and falling  
on the slimy edges of quicksands.  
It's not easy walking out  
and reach the green meadows  
beyond the shadows of doubt and sophistry!

I can pity him, you can sympathize  
and he can show mercy!  
But he's beyond our stretched out arms,  
his hands deep inside, flapping the mud  
and his lips sipping the stinky mire.

Oh now behold he's shouting aloud  
and laughing insane  
'This's sweet, this's nectar, this's ambrosia! '

Sathya Narayana

## **\_beauty Is Skin Deep**

He sang thence yodels loud  
dancing around her  
when she looked like a silver Levin.  
It's twenty years ago!

Oh now she's like a huge sand-bag.  
Not even an elegy now!

Sathya Narayana

## our Super Heroes

He tucks a blue shirt into a red trouser,  
dons an yellow tie and wears a pair of white shoes.  
With a broad grin showing all his teeth,  
adjusting his oily wig  
and wiggling his chin  
he winks at the heroin  
Yeah! He's our handsome hero on screen.  
But my friends, don't try this  
on streets or at home  
even though you are his biggest fan.

He somersaults and raises 5 feet into the sky,  
fights a 100 macho-men or even a deadly demon  
without slipping the burning cigarette from lips,  
without ruffling his wig-hair  
and without soiling his gaudy attire.

Yeah! He's our handsome hero on screen.  
But my friends, don't try this  
on streets or at home,  
even though you are his biggest fan.

In one gulp he can consume  
one full bottle of dark wine.  
With ruddy protruding eyes  
creased with hanging skin pouches below  
he can woo the most beautiful women in the world.  
He can sing like Tansen  
and dance like Michael Jackson.

Yeah! He's our handsome hero on screen.  
But my friends, don't try this  
on streets or at home  
even though you are his biggest fan.

But listen to me my friends  
Real heroes don't play pranks on screen.  
They walk through all difficult paths  
besmeared with lovely earth

and breathing the natural scents of the sky.  
They wear the cloth of the common  
like our Mahatma Gandhi,  
fight for a cause like Alluri Seetharama Raju  
and care for the poor, oppressed and downtrodden  
like Mother Theresa.

When you train your mind  
to listen to the grim cries around  
and when you equip your every limb  
to swim against the surging streams  
to reach and help the needy brethren  
that day you'll know how looks a real hero  
that day you'll discover him nowhere else, but in you  
very tall, dignified and shining like the morning Sun.

Sathya Narayana

## ¿¿¿¿¿where Do You Go? ? ? ?

Where do you go, O' man, in this weird world?  
One more village; one more city, you told  
so odd! Your jerking brawn is irking more.  
The red in eyes is ruddier than before.  
Where do you go?

Your greatest love and humble peace aren't sold.  
Your ken and cogent talk no one extolled.  
Your logic they deplored; your heart they tore.  
Where do you go?

One smile; one sweet chuckle; one counsel bold;  
one great proposal tried you to unfold  
were cold-shouldered, I know and made you sore.  
'This world is not for me', you roared and swore!  
Where do you go?

Sathya Narayana

## +++ Senryu

love ploughs, lust lures  
poor beau is in a clout  
is there any cure?

Sathya Narayana

## ???memory Basket???

The basket of memories  
had started growing heavy  
on my wizened hands.

The apples therein  
looked as fresh as ever  
Every fresh drop of tear  
added to their tone  
Every latest spill of blood  
improved their colour.

Few more yards on that  
dimpled sandy shoal.  
I can see the end  
half clear; half blurred.  
Somewhere I have to stop.

The roaring waves looked kindly  
at me.

The evening sand under my feet  
felt lukewarm.

The dusking Sun flashed his  
last parting grin.

My only worry;  
can I carry my basket till end  
and... beyond?

Sathya Narayana



# ?!?!night Drippings

In that darkness  
some colours brightened  
some minds blackened

The night as ever  
is dripping blood.

Where?

Somewhere or other  
between the poles

How much?

At dawn you can  
measure by gallons.

Why?

I'm as dumb  
as the dead at the night.

Sathya Narayana

## ???don't Blame The Night

What sin the nights did you;  
them all you call profane!  
Don't let the inner gloom besmear the nights;  
lest make those pleasant hours  
all new horrors to sprout.

Sathya Narayana

## 00i Can't Write A Haiku

holy rivers are stinking  
with the silt of sins...

oceans are looking sick  
with floating oil slick...

woods are shining red  
with dead martyrs blood...

skies are hued charred black  
with incessant acid rains...

Where should I look, which view  
to write a beautiful haiku? !

I may sound skeptic  
...but it is not my fault!

If the whole world looks green  
and beautiful to you  
from behind those glasses tinted  
it is not my fault!

Sathya Narayana

## O?in Black & White?O

Daydream O' friend, of favorable portends;  
a royal crown, a golden throne, a sword  
in hand, courtiers and attendants on bend!  
To dream is your birth right, yeah dream in bold!

But lo my friend, this life is numbers, names  
and forms. To know them all and make your own  
is louder than a cry and slogan game!  
On earth dreams can't make their own clones!

Don't drown yourself in pumping reverie lurch!  
Don't jump with hope at colorful rainbows  
and flying flags in dreams. By morn, will clutch  
your neck, the truth like calescent gallows!

Well, see this life as life in white and black.  
Hues fade and morrows look at you....yes blank! !

(Calescent: adj: increasing in heat)

Sathya Narayana

## ?birthday?

On its new birthday  
the older Banyan says  
'Oh look at my longer boughs and buttresses;  
behold my wider trunk  
with newly gained whorl-muscle!  
My roots are now stout  
with cleaner hollows  
sipping more saps from the earth.  
I can stand now straighter and steady,  
unbending to wild winds.  
I can host now more birds and monkeys  
can shelter few more tired wayfarers! '

What can but some humans show and say  
on their new birthdays?  
With sagged muscles  
and narrower minds  
faltering in steps...  
can only manage  
a simper wickeder.

Sathya Narayana

# ?tell Me About You (Iambic Tetra Meter)

TELL ME ABOUT YOU

Your face is bright and heart so pure!  
You wear always a smile on lips  
and laughter your is like the gush  
of pious Ganges, and lo, so oft  
mischievous too. Your countenance  
enamouring, and talk a bit  
piquant with fun and small satire!

Well, well, I can reckon them all!  
I got an idea clear of you!  
But tell me now, how many foes  
you got and envious how many!

Sathya Narayana

## ?story?????

She's eloquent and excited  
as always.  
She starts to tell some story  
or recount some incident.  
In fact I never heard them at all.  
I keep looking at her eyes,  
rolling up and down like  
two gyrating grapes  
under the cover of fluttering butterfly wings.  
When she's too juiced up  
her nose like a tender lily, jerks up a little.  
I mumble 'Cleopatra! '  
'What did you say? ' She demands,  
'Nothing, nothing...you continue.' I reply.  
She goes on for a while, sips a glass of water and asks,  
'Where were we? '  
I try to come out of trance and maunder 'Radha! '  
'Who's Radha? ' She looks perplexed.  
'No, no I mean Bhama, Satyabhama! '  
I falter again.  
She stops the story, shouts at me  
and breaks into tears.  
I smile and take her into my arms  
and kiss her rosy cheeks  
and puffing up lips. She curls and cuddles  
in me and mutters,  
'You thief, tell me the truth...  
you never heard me at all! '

Sathya Narayana

# 1+1=1

I dispute his permutation!  
At least twice a day; him, I curse  
and me; he often pinches and wrenches!  
Well! I understand his compulsions  
and He too does sympathize my follies;  
again, we laugh off our excesses.

Runs thus our rollercoaster romance.  
Yet, lingers a feeling of emptiness.

I asked him, 'Why this gulf between us;  
aren't we very, very close friends;  
with consensus of minds? '  
He smiled, 'You understand me. Yes.  
But you don't know me in essence! '  
I asked, 'Hey! What is the difference?  
Both words sound to me in same sense.  
When do I know you in wholeness? '

Trickled down HIS words mysterious  
'When you become I, and I .....you! ! '

Sathya Narayana



## 7 Friends

Oh man, going in a golden palanquin...  
ever thought, what is going on in the minds  
of those, who are bearing your burden;  
and those hundreds following your path, blind.

Why they ignore their aching shoulders,  
and laugh at your irritating ill-humor?  
Look! Their sights are on your amassed lucre...  
yet, afraid of the power-snake on guard!

When that vile serpent slips into the grass  
they ground you and flee with your fortune  
and don't dither to laugh at your traipse...  
this time loudmouthed, with obscene lampoon! !

Thus passes away easily, your ill-gotten buck  
to another waiting ill-minded crook!

Fancy vehicles of vicissitudes  
vanish like smoke, when blow more knavish winds!

Come on, join our clan of pedestrians.  
I have just seven friends; no slaves, to claim.

When I fall in my walk, they raise me anon...  
when I bow they bless and when I rile they tame!

They share my tears and triumph; dream and feel  
with spirit, unconditional and earnest  
giving me grit, morale and might to battle  
against the fetters, this life puts me to test!

When dead, on that fateful date, I'm sure  
they take me, over their shoulders, with honor  
tenderly, not to hurt my both remains, with care  
and affably reach me safe, those heaven's doors.

(Seven friends stand for seven virtues, viz. faith, hope, charity, justice,  
prudence, temperance and fortitude)

Sathya Narayana

# A Date With You

You ask me: what I expect  
Well! It is just a 'date'.  
While the abetting inky night  
is writing down a tasteful menu,  
in candle light just you and I,  
Looking into each other's eyes;  
our faces glowing in mild halos  
amidst an expectant darkness  
and screeching envious crickets.

Staring at each other as if  
raring to bare our thoughts;  
starting with hors d'oeuvre,  
wine, up to a sweet dessert  
allowing it to mature late  
slowly, slyly, but surely  
dissolving the inhibiting clout  
fettering us for too long  
to cut the ice  
cuing coquettish passes,  
forcing the gluttonous hearts break open  
replete with unspelled passions  
by those titillating slashes  
from great Eros's stiletto  
to spill out our secret wants  
and chase out the dozing dark horse.

And, it all for now I thought! !  
Leave the remnant witching hours  
To the great Cupid's verdict

Sathya Narayana

# A Dictionary (Revised Version)

An eager beginner's trusted cicerone  
in the gossamer of abecedarian warrens;  
an ever-flowing brook beside a book-worm  
slaking his never-ending thirst for a fresh idiom;  
a writer's permanent bed-side companion  
on and on, blooming in him  
novel thought-jasmines;  
and a poet's handy spice-box of imagery  
for use ready in his verse-cuisine!

Yes, it is the Dictionary; our warehouse of vocabulary!  
A word anew when learned opens wide the gates to the splendid new world of ken  
and acumen.

Let us master the word, its usage and spirit  
right and perfect and offer to our fellow men  
our best message, sweet, yet candid and straight!

O'dear English, the million-word-rich treasure...  
you are the language making this world, one world,  
the golden cord connecting the humanity, bead by bead.

When we find you; we conquer this planet for sure!

Sathya Narayana

# A Dream In Dream

Even in my wildest of dreams  
I never dreamt a dream in dream  
as much I lived a life as life.  
A churned up dream with life is life;  
thicker than dream; thinner than life.  
It's life like dream half blur, half clear  
and dreams solid and palpable.

Not life, rock-like reality  
nor dream like fog, obscurity.  
Oft dreams ornate like the Sun  
donning the bright chaplet of light  
and too often dreadful like the gloom  
of agitating inner sin.  
It's life like dream half blur, half clear  
and dreams solid and palpable.

Lo life, a swim in reverie main.  
In trance flapping the limbs we wade  
through swirling waves of vague pictures  
of fleeting world, presumed as true.  
It's life like dream half blur, half clear  
and dreams solid and palpable.

It's all mind-made, emotions jelled.  
In solitude we feel around  
a millions' scary raw din  
and while amongst a myriad souls;  
alone, distressed, depressed and sad.  
It's life like dream half blur, half clear  
and dreams solid and palpable.

Like sharks wile thoughts nibble  
Like whales with yawning mouths, fears gulp  
Some joys flicker, few hues shimmer  
It's life like dream half blur, half clear  
and dreams solid and palpable.

Sathya Narayana

# A Father's Song

O ' daughter dear  
flying towards unknown  
lush shores of cheer  
looking down with great enchantment  
the swirling robust Atlantic waves  
and feeling the rowdy gusts;  
and ogling with fascination  
at the tender mists surrounding your flight!

There is more to enamour you O' dear  
unseen by eyes, trailing behind you.

Think once of the two little silver drops of tears  
dribbling from your father's eyes!  
They are oceans of pain and happiness  
jumbled together  
waiting to see you again...  
but how soon...how soon! !

Sathya Narayana

# A Fool I Am

A fool I am my friend  
I tell myself again and again  
that I started forgetting you  
well within.  
But yet I feel  
like a river's feign of oblivion  
of the sexy sands of brim...  
and like a mountain's design  
to move away from lovely cloud woman.

The inner volcanoes burn and burst often  
filling my heart with hot gushing lava of passion  
my outer blues are seared by vindictive Sun  
You are my true solace  
inside and out  
recalled or forgotten...  
whether I confess or turn down.  
Yet  
A fool I am my friend  
I tell myself again and again  
that I started forgetting you well within.

Sathya Narayana



# ALMS

A donkey with stacks on its back  
takes what joy in his traipse on roads flinty...  
be they sand bags or sandal planks...  
earns those same hayricks, as ultimate fees!

For a menial, crushing clods  
what Sunshine in life, his moil can dawn...  
in paddy fields or for precious lodes  
...rakes the same rewards of few steel coins!

Mind you, the meaning of these alms  
tossed by mean masters at their thralls' grovel!  
"Alive come they for one more Diem  
to fill rosters at the chime of the bell  
with ample breath to toil and shrivel...  
but not enough to question and rebel! ! '

Sathya Narayana

# A Lone Pedestrian

A lone pedestrian this trembling soul!  
Vied destiny...the distant pool of light  
beyond the the shallow shoals, the mocking Knolls,  
the clouded sky and spiteful stars of night!

A chosen sanguine tread, sans wheels and wings  
this journey long, on ghostly soles through maze  
of loose desires on strings of swaping springs  
and falls towards the goal; in cosmic chaise!

A magic decision to make this walk,  
in nescience of goal; whether exists  
or not; parrying worldly jolts and knocks  
to break that phantom lock with beatified fists.

This ceaseless hike on floating esplanade  
in quest of blaze; is worth a billion funs!  
Of type and tang of kismet far and odd,  
no fancy molds and no expectations!  
Love has no limbs, light...eyes; and bliss no taste!  
In peace glides smooth ethereal flight, sans haste!

Sathya Narayana

# A New Beginning

You came to me;  
a walking rose like, following it's own scent  
and a flying dune like  
to touch the spraying ocean mizzle.  
I watched breathlessly!

Words lost their meaning  
and sound yielded  
to the tunes of silence.  
There was fire in your eyes;  
you looked aggressive...  
unabashed.  
I sighed!  
At last we broke the ice.  
The end  
...a new beginning!

Sathya Narayana

# A Saint Laments

A fluttering flame has doused  
An ascetic heart lamented quiet!

Stoics too have hearts  
deep below the thick layers  
of Spartan spirit  
and lo their eyes have inner ducts  
through which flow down hot tears  
towards the buried lakes of fortitude!  
They smile and manage social niceties  
stiffling hard the thousand throats of pain.

For him it's a state  
of mixed up mystification...  
'What can really lull my turbulent heart...  
the silence of solitude  
or the deafening din of palaver around? ! ? ! '

Sathya Narayana

# A Silent Cuckoo

A cuckoo broke her leg.  
'O dear, O dear! ' lamented friends!  
But laughed that sweetest koel,  
like swishing flows of Ganges pios!  
'Ye cut condolences thy  
my friends! Did I dance ere  
and never will! Singing  
is passion my! That way  
I's born, that way I grew  
with purpose sweet, to spill  
my tunes all over the world  
and fill my soul as well  
with sacred twangs and trills!  
This's time, my time to sing,  
aloud and unfettered,  
and incessant with ease  
and liesure aplenty!  
No monsoon now, no fall,  
all seasons my own springs!  
Squatted in roost's my warmth,  
tapping with my numbed legs  
ah let me sing, ah sing,  
my sweetest ever and best,  
the names of Lord, in tunes  
divine and songs of love  
with all new grace in lilts!  
O friends, the day I walk  
again and fly afar  
into the deep blue sky,  
with drying up my throat  
and raining wind-hit eyes,  
in all silence browsing  
around for food; that day  
I sure lament in quiet!  
Till then ah let me sing,  
ah let me sing, oh sing! '

Sathya Narayana

# A Stink From The Portico

Sitting in the portico  
while he keeps burning his lungs  
and bloating his liver,  
gossiping on others' fallibilities  
she sits in their bedroom,  
alone in silence  
watching some trash in the T.V.

The housemaid complains:  
'I can't clean that place...  
Oh, how many empty bottles  
and stinking butts  
and the floor...wakkk! '

She throws a dry stare  
at her housemaid  
and then turns away!

Sometimes she gets angry,  
very, very angry  
when breaks the bottles  
and crushes the packets.

I wonder whether  
it would be better for her  
to weep, at least once.  
After all she can't be a stoic.

There is a saying: that women carry  
potful of tears on their heads!

What happened to them  
in her case?

Later I realized  
she got inner outlets to eyes  
from where drip down  
incessant streams of tears  
in an effort

to douse her red-hot heart!

Sathya Narayana

# A Thing Of Beauty

Staring at nothing in a dreamy drait  
when she started humming  
her mesmerizing lilt  
how many hearts went distraught?

Her eyes like deep ocean blues  
treasure how many lovely clues  
wooing many a craving beau.

When she laughed in rejoice  
as if stars are showering from skies  
soaked are the relishing Romeos  
in an inexplicable rapturous glow.

Flaunted is the avenue she ambled  
with beauty-battered machismos  
holding their bleeding hearts  
Ffalling one after another at her feet  
on their enfeebled knees  
yielding to her stealing allure.

God must have strained for eons  
to shape this beautiful woman!

Ere few minutes with her I spent...  
years after, I still sense her scent  
like an enshrouding bouquet!

Whenever I felt my times difficult  
she usurped into my thoughts  
like a swirling rivulet  
washing away  
every hurting gloomy dirt  
from heart.

Sathya Narayana



# A Walk In Midsummer Noon

A WALK ON SUMMER NOON

- - - - -

Hey, got some errand  
on a hot summer noon?

Don't hesitate...  
walk into the heat  
over baking road  
talking to uncle Sun  
and following  
the mirage water streams!

It's as simple as life...  
a sweaty sprint...  
a wasted breathe...  
panting...fainting!

But yet there's joy,  
if you can see,  
in sheer walking,  
walking and walking  
expecting nothing!

Sathya Narayana

# Aerial Thoughts

My jet is zooming fast...  
Except skyscrapers, high ramparts,  
mountain ranges and tall trees  
I see nothing at all!

I smiled at the pretty French girl  
sitting on the other side of the aisle  
and then I started a chat with  
on US politics and modern art;  
about how a tycoon  
died in intoxication  
and how a stripping actress  
died of AIDS.

Good God,  
I don't see my India from here  
and my people dying  
everyday with starvation.

I am snug and enjoying  
in this flight going aerial  
in the company I admire, I emulate:  
the smart, rich and influential!

Sathya Narayana

# Affluence

The dark muddy puddles on road, by rain  
can't bring, I thought, the times bygone again.  
My latest home in town's posh colony  
has well buried my past travails and pain.

The days I whined and ran with agony;  
the days I starved and craved for small money;  
no more exist in memory. I laid  
a lid on that dramatic irony.

For great windfall I gained of late, I bade  
good bye to mates, for me, who cried and prayed.  
Forgot the days I drank rice-soup in grange  
with friends and pools in which we splashed and played.

Better were days of need than these deranged  
in binge, in spite of piled fancy mélange.  
My food tastes sour; and bitter my Champagne.  
I got riches; from me but sleep estranged.

Sathya Narayana

## After Sixty.....

You learnt  
something or a lot  
for sixty years or more  
keeping your nose  
to the grindstone.

It's time to halt!  
Come on! Throw away  
those grammar books,  
and discard those language lessons!

Try something akin  
to your hunching spine...  
help fellow humans  
or chant the names  
of the Divine.

Of what use, is stock pile  
when it is not for consume? !

Of what use is knowledge  
when it cannot blossom  
into true wisdom? !

Look at the twilight welkin!  
The milk is getting sour.  
come on, add some butter milk!

You can savor  
sweet curd tomorrow.

Sathya Narayana

# An Advice To Wives

When hubby comes  
late in the night  
wobbling in drunken state  
don't worry O' wives chaste  
and quail not with fright.  
Slip him in to something easy...  
a pyjama or lungi;  
sprinkle some water  
on his face greasy  
and make him sip slowly  
buttermilk, salty and lemony.  
This works; I'm sure that night you win.  
If not  
as a last resort  
(in frustration)  
use a rolling pin.

Sathya Narayana

# An Ode To The Indian Soldiers

Be choking chill or burning heat; be rain  
or sleet; thou're there O soldier brave to save  
thy brethren sleeping sound inland, sans pain.  
Thy eyes surveying every crest and cave;  
the crooked snowy paths and frozen plain;  
forgot a wink, in wait of enemy knave.

Thou're there O soldier brave and here we're snug  
and safe in the warmth of tight tricolour hug!

Sathya Narayana

# An Old Story

An old story...

I tell,

but you can't recall!

Those redolent rose petals once crushed  
under the time-wheel can never come to life!

Many Springs and Autumns passed from then...

I'm still here at the same place,

but miles away in time,

like any stoic banyan!

A long ago I stopped greeting my newly sprouting leaves  
and looking at those fallen at my feet.

When you perched on my topmost bough;

as I said, a long, long ago,

I had some odd tickles..something new

that gave me a taste sweet and unforgettable!

But you're business-like, I suppose...

looked around, flashed a lovely smile at me,

pecked few fruits, made rounds,

collected fallen ripe fruits from the soil around my feet...

all the while smiling at me

and alas flew away without a parting word!

A rendezvous so short, that lasted just few minutes

but of lasting impression.

Now again you came back

and perching on the same bough, that became older now

and creaking with sugery reminiscences!

Your stares are queer, as if I'm a stranger

or as if you perched on a wrong tree!

Damn it, I want to say now

all that I wanted to say then.

But, what's there to say,

as much as the empty wind my boughs blow

and meaningless ripples my leaves whisper?

But still, I insist...

yes, I have a story to tell...  
our story, old story...age old story...  
but you can't recall!

Sathya Narayana



# An Unknown Poet

A fine poet he's; he doesn't know it!

Away from the boasting poetasters' baloney  
and tweeting poetesses' feminine taradiddle,  
unperturbed and undisturbed,  
with cool unfailing smiles,  
breathing the cosmic zephyrs  
of evocative fragrances...  
he's sitting there pretty,  
on the shores of gushing reverie-river,  
trawling colorful Pisces of imagery  
and vivifying the fallen Autumn's leaves around  
with vernal muse!

He's still there, still, with none around...  
in trance, focussed on inner tweets  
of divine rhapsody!

When does the world become lucky  
to read his heart...I wonder...  
yeah...we the infant connoisseurs  
are yet to open our eyes  
to find the real poesy!

A fine poet he's; he doesn't know it!

Sathya Narayana

# Anger

Anger irks me!  
I abhor persons  
who show tantrums!

Not that I don't get angry.  
I too loose temper  
at timid lambs  
those who bend their heads  
to butcher's knife,  
without a fight! !

Sathya Narayana

# Ant's Queue

A demon garbed as human  
raped a lame and naive woman!  
The earth didn't crack! !

Maimed was a common man  
when for justice he raised slogans!  
The Heavens didn't go down!

Goes on the long ant's queue  
even when one ant is trampled  
under savage hooves.

No stopping; no looking back,  
no nerve to swerve and to rebel.

They yearn to live; to survive  
as long as they can with no strife!

No airs about their ancestors  
who together slew a vile serpent!

Care not of what they can attain  
united when they retaliate.

Plead they, with dour candour  
"Ants cannot fight wild beasts! "

Goes on thus the long ant's queue! !

Sathya Narayana

# Archive

In my archive  
some pages are never found;  
some are rarely found  
and some are found.

The found are never found by me.

They find me.□  
...my memories.

Sathya Narayana

# Argot

&quot;Why not&quot;, I asked  
'Nay! Nay! I never meant that&quot;, she replied  
I shivered and mumbled  
&quot;I'm sorry, I misunderstood&quot;

Few weeks elapsed  
I received a message from her  
&quot;You idiot, you never understand  
A woman's argot&quot;

Sathya Narayana

# Ask For It

Standing before generous Ganges  
why ask for just a gulp of Adams ale?  
Isn't she magnanimous?

Alas man is happy  
with little of rations  
Never knows what he must concede  
and what he needs in copious!

Sathya Narayana

# At The Brink

'Few more strides into the rival site; fight, fight! '  
a lieutenant yelled, 'Conquest's within our sight! '

'Few more mouthfulls of ale; let me guzzle, guzzle! '  
a carouser craved, 'I'm at the edge of azure! '

'One joker more in deck; ah let me bet, bet! '  
a gamester hoped, 'I'm going to hit jackpot! '

'More billions in my coffer; let me earn, earn! '  
yearned a magnate, 'I'll soon be number one! '

'One more cute woman; let me try, try! '  
vied a wooer, 'My grand hundredth prey! '

'Awful are human wiles; I can't deal, heal! '  
the Master riled 'Ah let me crawl into the Black hole! '

Slimy borders shake you, shock you; strain, drain!  
Gain on with guts; lest back to square one, again! !

Sathya Narayana

# Atonement

It was a broad moon light robbery.  
The theft was notified  
and the bandit was identified.

Ala, but under the Romantic Penal Code  
there is no court and no plaint.

In fact it is the culprit  
who is loved the most  
and the lost gets the nemesis  
of living the life left  
in total emptiness!

But, no regrets,  
it is atonement  
to be bereft of heart!

Sathya....

Sathya Narayana



# Auction

New clearance sale! ! !  
Satan brokered the deal  
A salvo from nuclear arsenal  
Knocked down bid final  
Mr. Hades clinched all  
Body wrappers are buried  
Spirits are..... under dispatch

Sathya Narayana

# Autumn Leaves

I still hearken a little deep  
from the rolled out time  
the last song of cuckoo  
humming through the hot winds.

The scents of last spring-flower  
still drift through  
my dried up nasal lanes.

Today walking silently  
over the crackling autumn leaves  
I rue for the withered  
bed of roses that once paved my way  
towards a breathing heaven of verve.

The parched earth and naked trees  
stand before me  
like fossils  
of the deceased last spring.

The desiccated bed  
of my garden-pond  
it seems,  
has no tears to shed  
at her robbed off  
once brimming water wealth.

Where are those bunnies  
and little squirrels that sprinted,  
rollicked and rocked  
over my grassy lawn?  
Where's grass?  
Where's lawn?  
Under the searing Sun  
where are smiles, glee, bliss and prank?

The dead autumn leaves  
under my feet  
whispered in husky, crackling tones

the secret of seasons:  
'We're dead...interred we reach soon  
our mother roots' bed.

We'll sprout again  
as leaves tender, sleek and charming...  
no death to us...  
no dearth  
for green-green wealth.

Every autumn is followed  
by a new spring.

Sathya Narayana

# Avant-Garde

For millions of ghettos  
Maimed mulattos  
And chained helots  
Came he like a soothing zephyr  
As a balm of Gilead

For the Apartheid breeds  
And for those green eyed  
Who call him parvenu with hatred  
He is a whirlwind  
An ominous portent

Watchout those shaking billboards  
"No entry for dogs and blacks"  
Falling one after another with dread  
Rising up are new hoardings  
Flaunting new hopes and confidence

Usherd in a man in Black and White  
Promising colorful days in prospect  
For one and all with equal respect  
Obama is his name  
Reform is his aim

Sathya Narayana

# Awakened

Before his wide-open eyes  
the world melted down  
like a dream!  
...watched impassive  
the last molten drops  
of myth and mirage  
dribble down  
into the empty darkness  
and closed his eyes...  
a thousand bells rang  
and a million Suns flashed...  
he awoke!

Sathya Narayana

# B\*r\*o\*k\*e\*n

When I fractured my bones  
by falling from parallel bars;  
or when I fell sick and ridden  
to bed for months  
I never thought  
that I would ever lose my identity  
as a robust man.

But of late I checked  
my real structure...  
yeah...inside the steel case  
exists a delicate glass jar.

She's indeed too smart...  
without touching the metal  
she could break the glass!

Women are like that!

Now I realized...  
men are imbeciles!

My T\_shirt now flaunts the logo  
'Glassware\_Handle with care'  
Girls laugh at me...  
I don't care...I have no time  
I am still gathering  
last fall's broken pieces!

Sathya Narayana

# Battle

## BATTLE

Every time I lost the battle!  
When yelled I loud 'I can't...'  
they didn't show mercy.  
When raised my hands in total surrender,  
and prayed the Almighty  
He didn't send His legions to help men.

This time I drew my sword and fought  
...but again I lost!  
But it's a different feeling now.  
The bleeding wounds on body my  
gave me some weird tickles.  
My twisted hands and broken leg,  
when creaked I felt funny  
and a bit of pride too.

Now it doesn't matter to me...  
whether I lost or won!  
But I fought and bled,  
till swooned in battle field!  
Yes, I am a proud man!

Sathya Narayana

# Be Ware O' Women

Beware O' women!  
Behind every nice gentleman  
there is a nasty animal.  
Piercing through that fine facade  
that invisible physicality  
smiles, smirks and grins!  
Leers and jeers!  
Winks and drools!  
Touches, caresses and squeezes  
Your curved vitality

Oh talking to you  
to me, what is happening?  
This oozing saliva from my mouth;  
fluttering eyelids and this involuntary smile.....  
Oh no! Oh no!

Sathya Narayana



# Be Ware Voters

Beware voters! Hurry! Make your minds  
Vote-snatchers are hounding around  
Ere they blot your considered thoughts  
With brandy bottles and rupee notes

Ballot box is not a post box  
To dumb-host your billet-doux  
It is the womb of time in wait  
To give you the child of your fate

For six decades you compromised  
With short-term measly dividends  
It is the time you see beyond  
The blinds of parochial figment

Vote is not for you and me to get  
Mutable pre-poll benefits  
Its our commitment to the lot  
To bring in a good government

A government that can build a road  
Not to your hut or to my castle;  
But a grand boulevard that can lead  
The billion to a happy new world

Sathya Narayana

# Beauty

Countless are beauties  
to suit every taste:  
one Venus, one goddess  
and many an angel;  
seen, vied for and gloated at!  
But lo, what is beauty?

For one, fair skin is lovely  
to another, black is a bounty,  
but blonde is gorgeous for many.

Lively smile, lotus eyes, long legs  
or total comely structure...  
ah, What is beauty? Where is beauty?

Theories were floated  
and thoughts were purveyed!  
Frustrated hearts even wailed  
that beauty is nothing but skin deep!

Descriptions fail, debates prove futile,  
nor any norms dare narrate!  
Yeah, this'should where  
every epicurean tumbles in vain!

Where lies the real beauty:  
in embellished body  
or in an unblemished mind? !

Why in Theresa's gentle amble  
dazzles a beautiful guardian angel?

How the bare-mouthed Mahatma  
by one pure smile of his  
could gear up millions  
to bare their lives  
for their mother land? ?

Discern and discover my friends...  
beauty mundane...beauty divine...  
beauty haughty beauty holy?

Learn O' friends  
seeing through earthly bodies...  
deep into the intrinsic,  
where you find beauty authentic!

All that stares at you  
is just cosmetic!

Sathya Narayana

# Beauty & Passion

Thirsting beauty never gets enough O friends

Passion is congenital

to beauty.

Lo, skin-deep indulgence

is just a drop

in fathoms deep

ocean of fire in belly.

Nothing wrong with beauty;

nothing wrong with passion.

Alas but beauty is pain

passion begets tears

and hankerings

are never ending...

Sathya Narayana

# Behind The Plastic Faces - A Review By Ajay Seshadri

THIS IS A REVIEW ON MY LATEST BOOK PLASTIC FACES AND OTHER  
POEMS...Publisher: Monfakira, Kolkata-For copies of the book please visit

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Society is a structure and in this structure there are umpteen sensations that refuse to spring out of the plastic faces behind which we hide. Sathya Narayana's poetry in 'Plastic Faces and other poems' brings to surface the society as a structure that operates through the eyes of the dynamic individual or the feeling human being. The poet is vividly descriptive in his contextual poems and brings out the awareness of the levels of angst that a man, who is alone and disadvantaged, experiences through his deep imagery. All his poems, even those that are philosophic and romantic in theme make the reader feel the pulse of each context as though it were alive and happening real time.

In 'Dream & Reality', the poet says that the flights of the mind are permissible but reality is far too drab to accept them. 'Dreams are richer than the real' for they can accommodate the unrealistic fancy of unconditional happiness which reality cannot even aspire to achieve. A social disparity is revealed when the poet says 'richer than the real'. This disparity is thematic in 'Plastic Faces' and comes through as real experiences in poetry. In poetry there are multiple layers of meanings. Dreams can afford the price of fancy. Reality is too poor and can spend just about enough to make ends meet. Such is the power that is packed in the fertile imagination of these words that I keep reading, to rediscover the poet's sensitivity.

To Sathya, a flower stands for the human soul. A suffering consciousness is a suffering flower.

"Joy or pain they can't veil  
They are our flowers, our own flowers  
Very much like us the villagers  
Unkempt, destitute and distressed"  
(Our Flowers)

Only one who experiences hardships can appreciate the true nature of what it means to live with them. This fact of life gives Sathya's poetry the birth of what a flower stands for, as not separate, but one with human experience.

There are many poems wherein the poet conveys the gist of his poems in the final lines. In poetry, the gist captures the emotional impact that you would feel from reading the whole poem sequentially, line after line. For instance there is a revelation that is profoundly moving in "Our Housemaid's Daughter" in these two lines:

“Shocked; saw those deeper inner scars

She is just four years old”□

(Our Housemaid’s Daughter)

The inner scar is deeper than a wound. It is inside and remains long after the wound heals. The girl is of tender years and the damage is too painful for her to grasp leave alone recover from. The pathos is in not knowing the pain that may possibly grow along with you. The poet brings this effect in the magic of the bond, which he makes the reader form with his poetry. His poetry is accessible to all and it can also be called in one sense, poetry in action.

Then there is the title of the poem which says it all as in ‘I Can’t Write a Haiku’.

The poet appalled by the plight of sickness around is in no mood to write a Haiku. That reluctance is beautifully conveyed in this poem.

“Where should I look? Which view?

To write a beautiful haiku”

He takes the reader through the decay that is around and confronts ‘those tinted glasses’ through which we conveniently claim to perceive a beautiful world.

“If the whole world looks green

And beautiful to you

From behind those glasses tinted

It is not my fault.”

(I Can’t Write a Haiku)

Poetry has to be spontaneous and this is what the reluctance communicates. As much as we cannot be forced to perceive beauty, we cannot be forced to write poetry. This in itself is a poetic truth.

Spontaneity is revealed in his love poem, ‘Her Smile’. This exposition touches me, for the words are so clear yet so romantic. It is the romance that converts the poem into a painting.

“Smiled she like a vibrant bouquet

Sprinkled with early morning mist

Once reflected on my mirror heart

That very minute; I made it a portrait”

(Her Smile)

Clarity is clear cut by definition but romance by nature is not. The romantic effect is a transporting effect in that it takes you beyond the prosaic. This poem is a graphic poem and is a perfect example of what it means to be romantic.

In Sathya’s poetry one can observe a poet who is conscious despite letting his heart speak for him. Meaning is conveyed by the chords but the poet is not carried away by the euphony. So the meaning reaches the reader. This is crucial to a poet who writes on real life events.

It is a challenging craft to write from the epicentre of society and maintain the associative flow of imagery. The imagery has to be associative as it has to

function to make the reader relate to the essence of the poem. 'Plastic Faces' for instance is imagery but it strikes with force the vital essence that it endeavours to deliver. Sathya handles this task without difficulty.

"Thinking of the changed world  
I looked at myself in the mirror  
And tried to smile  
Nay! No expression!  
There, staring at me  
A weird plastic face! ! ! ! ! "

(Plastic Faces)

The meaning is evoked and not conveyed directly. It is in other words delivered. Depending on how it strikes you and how you receive it, you understand it.

'Thinking of the changed world' takes you to the beginning of the poem. What was once genuine and natural is now artificial and plastic. Plastic face is a communicable phenomenon. In the end it is acquired staring at you in front of the mirror of an inward witness.

The rich and the poor, the fond passions of love, the philosophical insights, the humour and irony all share a bond with Sathya. That bond is his poetry. As a poet as in his poetic expressions, he does not rest in irony but follows through with an optimism as a possibility and by no means dogmatically. His poetry recognizes the necessity for diversity of thought. In his poem, 'His Holy Pranks' he says that both assertion and negation go hand in hand, not as antonyms but as contingent roles in a 'divine' creation.

"And appreciate both his wise creations  
The staunch believers and the rational pagans  
With equal respect and reverence"

(His Holy Pranks)

Both are forms of the same energy without which neither of the stands exists. Sathya Narayana is a poet who is inspired by social experience. His poetry is in many ways stimulated by the relationships between classes that are separate only in a worldly sense. The human being in an individual is a source of immense strength and assurance. Sathya is concerned not just for those suffering in penury. He also questions the ones who are fortunate by sensitive brilliance. He indirectly points out that if you have to succeed, someone has to fail. So in a way all those who are rich, comfortable and well placed in society ought to be grateful to the ones who are not. Where there is sharing of wealth and wisdom, there is room for life. This is the wisdom of Sathya Narayana's poetry.

"Don't you think you owe  
Something to those  
Whose mistakes helped you to grow

We can brighten their lives  
Lighten their burden  
If we are ready to share  
Our wealth and wisdom.”

(We And They)

- Ajay Seshadri

Seshadri is an eminent young poet from Chennai.

The book PLASTIC FACES is published by Monfakira publishers. For copies contact:

Sathya Narayana



# Believe In God

Believe in God, in His might;  
Ram, Allah or Jesus Christ,  
As you like; as you trust!

When relatives desert  
or when friends forget,  
still you have on your side  
The Omnipotent,  
to listen to your plight.

You yourself will see  
His charity melt  
ablating your painful ailment  
and filling your heart  
with divine fulfillment.

Sathya Narayana

# Bells

Bells are ringing, away in wilds,  
blaring aloud enchanting tales  
and again trailing under deafening gales!

Bells are ringing O, within in mind,  
peeling out plucky feelings to spurt  
as well thundering every confession to blurt!

Bells are ringing, always, in life  
scaring every step you tread, you dare  
and sparing once in a sin you perpetrate!

Bells, bells, bells, every where,  
caressing the undulated inner lanes,  
and polishing the dormant senses!

Loud or mellowed;  
harsh or sonorous...  
have a heart O' friend,  
and find a taste,  
for the chimes that define  
every plane and élan! !

Sathya Narayana

## Best Sellers

'Five steps to success! '

'Become a millionaire  
in just ten days! '

'A complete repertoire  
of mind powers! '

Juicy titles indeed!

People buy them  
spilling dollars,  
read them  
and throw them.

Publisher announces

'A Million copies sold! '

The author grins and says:

'I told you...

it's easy to find

a million fools! ! '

Sathya Narayana

# Bhaja Govindam

Chant Govinda, chant Govinda  
ye chant, oh chant, hey Govinda!  
When time is running out O fools  
what use this rote of grammar rules.

For money O dimwits, quit thirst.  
With thoughts upright, cleanse minds off lust.  
With what you earn through fair career  
enjoy this life with ease and cheer.

Leer not at dames waistlines laden  
by rotund breasts-burden, O men.  
Mere blood and flesh are they; appraise  
and keep this truth in mind always.

This life a drop on lotus leaf,  
aglow, but know, fickle and brief  
with vile disease and pride, and lo  
whole world is filled with great sorrow.

Till earns your brawn, your kith and kin  
display their love and affection.  
When muscles sag, body effete  
no one around even to greet.

Till breath in body yours remains  
all-hail your kith and kin with glee.  
That breath when flees, at your remains  
even your wife cant dare to see.

Playful you were as juvenile,  
when young around sirens meander,  
when old you turn sickly, senile.  
No time you find over God ponder.

O brother dear, whos wife, whos son;  
baffling is life! You came from where,  
to whom belong? Study anon  
the life phenomenon, with care.

Through good fellowships, abstinence,  
by abstinence to temperance  
by temperance divine calmness  
divine calmness means bliss boundless.

10. No more desires beyond the youth!  
When dry up waters wheres the mere?  
When trimmed is wealth, wherere near and dear  
and wheres samsara, realized when truth?

Dont preen at men, money and brawn  
you own and waste your time pristine.  
By weird Maya this world is drawn,  
realize and step into divine.

Come days and nights, twilights and dawns.  
In sequence jaunt autumns, prance springs.  
By whirls of time erode life-spans,  
survive yet lust tempests on wings.

For wife and wealth, O men why moan.  
Isnt there divine despot in reign?  
In worlds those men austere alone  
can help you cross the worldly main.

Through this rosette of flowery hymns  
I taught you all O dear pupils.  
If still they fail to rake your ken  
what can I do alas, what else?

Long braids, bare heads and tight pigtailed;  
oh many guises saffron robed!  
But none perceives the truth unrobed!  
All guiles, to feed the poor entrails! !

His limbs weakened, hair white bristles;  
toothless his mouth is looking bare.  
Senile, with stick in hand shambles,  
yet grips he bag of wants, with care.

In front balefire, behind Suns prowl,  
nightlong his knees supporting jowl.  
In bare palms, alms, tree-shades for nap;  
yet no escape from passions trap.

A dip in Ganges, bath in brine  
penance and giving alms; in births  
hundred, of faiths any are vain.  
Sans true wisdom, Moksha is myth.

My home, the temple-tree shadow,  
my bed the hardy rock and dress□  
deer-skin. By giving all; I owe  
nothing and own nothing; thats bliss.

Be he a Yogi or a socialite  
recluse or roué, whose mind always□  
is set in His divine delight  
ever regales, ever regales!

One who went through Geeta a flip,  
one who swallowed Gangas driblet,  
one who once did Vishnus worship,  
with Lord Yama has no debate.

Theres birth again and death again.  
In mothers womb we sleep, again!  
Impassable is lifes head-sea!  
O Lord Vishnu, mercy, mercy!

That tramp with dirty linen wad  
neither sinful nor beatific.  
A saint with mind discreet, like mad,  
like kids his life esoteric.

Whore you and who am I? From where  
you came? Whos my mother? Father  
is who? Think well of life with care  
as well discard all dreams blether.

Theres one Vishnu in you and I.  
Why get irate at me in vain?

To find that immanence, oh try;  
when equipoise and peace you gain!

With friend or foe, with son or kin  
dont fight nor make a pact. In all  
the one Atman you see and cull  
the nesience of bias to win!

Lust, anger, avarice and craze,  
a saint deserts to know that hes  
none other than the sacred blaze,  
while nitwits wheeze by hellish squeeze.

To croon; His thousand names and psalms,  
to meditate; His sacred forms,  
good company to keep mind pure  
and your money to share with poor.

For pleasure reach you dames, O men  
but turn sickly you soon and then  
you think that death alone is cure;  
yet cant retreat from deeds impure.

Money authors all crises free!  
Believe me, coins can earn no glee!  
Money breeds every enemy;  
your son you fear; why dont you see?

Control your breath, focus on goal;  
discern between the mutable  
and eternal and muse on soul;  
chanting His name, become noble.

The Lotus feet of your Guru  
embrace with devotion and soon  
can rein the chaotic mind typhoon;  
when appears He, O man in you!

Om Thatsath

Sathya Narayana



# Big Brother Syndrome

Burning! Burning! Whole world is burning  
Erased ghettos, razing down skyscrapers  
Mowed out farms, fields and meadows  
Smoldering woods, thickets and vines  
Thawing glaciers and boiling polar waters  
War-fire far and wide; wild and torrid  
Melting earth into oceans

Asia and Australia in shambles  
Africa reduced to hot ashes  
And South America under mercenary cap

Screaming, shouting and crying everywhere  
Whole human world looking like God's acre  
In the bloody gore, pillage, mire and pyre  
Scurrying kith and kin, in rubble, gathering  
Scattered limbs of their near and dear ones  
Tragedy reigning; hungry cinders remaining  
In ravaged homes and ruined lives

"Ha! Ha! Ha! What a scene! How picturesque! "  
Dream broke! Big Brother awoke!  
With cold sweat on his face and  
Cold feeling sweeping his fetish mind  
Smiled he in wild 'sadist'faction at his reverie  
Muttered he to himself in glee  
"I will! I will! Fulfill this dream!  
And slake this thirst! This hunger and this lust!  
With hysterical urge reach those orgasmic crests  
And stand there laughing my heart out  
And shout, shout and shout like a lunatic  
I am Lord! I am God! I am the Almighty! ! ! "

Sathya Narayana

# Birds, Where Do You Go?

Flocks of crows and parrots I found that morn  
noisily crowing and chirruping in my verandah.  
My wife was happily feeding them with grains  
'From where came all these? ', I asked with awe

'After three days camp you came late in the night'  
'Haven't you found something missing', she asked  
Sadly, pointing at the other side of the road.  
Yes! The grand old Neem tree is not present! !

I recalled how as a kid I played monkey games on it,  
some forty years ago and what my granny used to say  
'They are two trees, Neem and Aswatha, in a tight  
holy embrace! Kneel before them, namaskaar and pray! '

My wife woke me up abruptly from all that nostalgia  
and continued, 'They felled it for road widening.'  
'But I'm happy all these birds will stay in this area! '

Wiping my moistened eyes, I replied suppressing  
my anguish, 'Birds cannot live in buildings like us dear!  
In a day or two; they leave us for ever in distress.  
They have ahead for sure, a very, very long journey!  
Nowadays, it is not that easy to find a big tree! '

(Neem: Margosa tree

Aswatha: Ficus Religiosa tree

Namaskaar: Showing respect with folded hands)

Sathya Narayana

## Birthday \*\*\*\*\*

On its new birthday  
the older Banyan says  
'Oh look at my longer boughs and buttresses;  
behold my wider trunk  
with newly gained whorl-muscle!  
My roots are now stout  
with cleaner hollows  
sipping more saps from the earth.  
I can stand now straighter and steady,  
unbending to wild winds.  
I can host now more birds and monkeys  
can shelter few more tired wayfarers! '

What can but some humans show and say  
on their new birthdays?  
With sagged muscles  
and narrower minds  
faltering in steps...  
can only manage  
a simper wickeder.

Sathya Narayana

# Blindmen (Iambic Trimeter)

## BLINDMEN

None saw, none knew, none felt.  
Blindmen still grope in space,  
and walk through briary lanes.  
Not even a brace by breeze,  
no tender buss on brows  
...no sound, no scent, no sign!

But faith, a sticky thing;  
doesn't loosen grip on bosom.  
Ye try to pull it off...  
deep pares the psyche's skin  
and bursts the tears-vessel.  
Blindmen still grope in space!

The stones don't talk or smile,  
and burning wicks can't throw  
their light on tenuous path.  
Incense is sure no spoor  
and camphor burns no gloom!  
Blindmen still grope in space!

The earth is a lifeless rock  
and ether is emptiness!  
The planets plead nescience  
and star glitters are stoic.  
Blindmen still grope in space  
but never look inside,  
at hiding vast expanse.  
Yes, faith is a sticky thing;  
let it, let it...till fills  
thy soul to full and melds.

Sathya Narayana

# Body And Soul

This body; a sheer materialist...  
seeks sensuous pleasures  
but the soul; a pure spiritualist...  
wants to meld with the Redeemer!

Man is thus in fight with the man inside  
...whether to treat this flesh and blood  
with aesthetics and physical indulgence  
or wait with asceticism for heavenly bliss!

Questions reign; answers elude,  
many a true wise man died dispirited  
leaving a little said and a lot unsaid  
those few greats living today are subdued.

But these conundrums, for some charlatans  
became unexpected professional boons.  
Mushroomed half-bred brains christened  
as Saints, sages, realists, rationalists and so on.

Well, their business is going on fine.  
The so called saints are enjoying material gains  
while pagans are praying God  
to let their crowd swell  
to buttress their pretensions and power-castles.

Even I don't know for sure the answers:  
God or no God; rational or irrational  
I only know that we are all social animals  
supposed to treat  
with love and kindness, each other.

Sathya Narayana

# Brahmin

## BRAHMIN

I'm still here, at this milieu  
wandering on the four cluttered lanes,  
that were once holy avenues.  
Well...the silvery Moon is afraid  
of spraying his beams on these lanes  
and the fragrant jasmines  
are scared of blossoming around!

'Ye Bomman, where's your tress? ! '  
someone shouts with giggles from behind;  
'Pull out the dhoti and wear trousers! '  
guffaws another from a distance!  
I never mind!  
Hmm, minding leads to nothing for me!

And more...some of my kith and kin  
walk out of the ambit mumbling some curses  
while some come in,  
throwing down the wine glasses  
and meat balls from their hands.

By now I'm a stoic...  
and throw occasional glassy glances  
at the busy commuters, some well determined  
and many still confused.

Somewhere at the distant vistas  
flashes a lightening  
and clap few thunders.  
Few bright halos flicker around the earth  
and vanish soon!

I whisper, 'The signs...'  
and continue my wait.

Sathya Narayana

## Break Up - Ii

I say so many things  
that I no longer remember you  
that I  
never loved you  
and that I started sleeping sound  
nowadays.

I keep uttering those words  
and you keep nodding your head;  
thus both of us pleasing each other  
and cheating ourselves.

You know as much as I do  
that they are lies,  
blatant lies.

I lie to myself that lies reduce pain,  
calmdown the mind  
and douse well  
the burning heart.

May be to some extent-  
as much as a little rain  
on live volcano

Sathya Narayana

## Break Up - Iii

A fool I am my friend  
I tell myself again and again  
that I started forgetting you  
well within.  
But yet I feel like a river's feign  
of oblivion of the sexy sands of brim...  
and like a mountain's design  
to move away from lovely cloud woman.  
The inner volcanoes burn  
and burst often  
filling my heart  
with hot gushing lava of passion  
my outer blues are seared  
by vindictive Sun  
You are my true solace  
inside and out  
recalled or forgotten...  
whether I confess or turn down.  
Yet A fool I am my friend  
I tell myself again and again  
that I started forgetting you.

Sathya Narayana



# Break Up-I

A month after the cruelest cut on heart  
after days of wheezing simoom inside  
now the storm settled.

I no more miss you...

I no longer wish to see you...

your flowery smile,

your musical voice...

your dense feminine scent!

I asked the light,

begged the nature

gathered from the tender breeze

and filled my heart

with all colors, forms and scents.

They solidified into you.

They became you

and you became I.

I no longer miss you

I no longer miss you.

Sathya Narayana

# Broken Heart

I spread my heart before you  
As serenades at your threshold  
Straining every vein of mine  
Into a tune of melodious love  
But ...Alas  
Glued are your eyes  
To the wide blue yonder  
Scanning through  
The mists of phantasm  
Into the Emyrean realm  
For the mighty Cupid  
To sight you  
Get charmed by your allure  
Leave his throne to  
Alight in a flash  
At your nigh  
With redolent white lilies  
Greet you in gallantry  
Kneel before you  
Kiss your hand and  
Beg for your love! !  
Hats off to your hope!  
What a risible reverie  
You yarned around you! ! !

I vowed a life of serenity  
As love's sole goal  
You craved for serendipity  
As a whole  
Love for you is just  
Scrapping at skin deep  
While I'm surfing fathoms  
My soul for a mere peep  
Your castle of love is  
No more than a murky muffle  
For bizarre nuzzles and  
Arousing carousal  
But love for me in earnest  
An igloo of warm feelings

On a cold mountain  
Of odious hail  
And a zephyr from high seas  
On a hot summer night  
That always transcends  
The elemental flesh  
To touch the interiors of soul  
To entwine with thine  
Into a divine idol

Our worlds are two  
Those can never concord  
Nor can I afford  
This weird haphazard  
Life without love  
Of course is dreary  
But love razing life  
Is really deadly

Sathya.....

Sathya Narayana

# Brutus

At him, you are heaving your stick  
But shouting `ahas' and `ohos' with throes  
I thought "this man is a hoax"  
But you're as honorable as Brutus  
I found the other end of that long baton, alas  
Right in between your two legs

Sathya Narayana

# Butcher's Butcher

After that  
she didn't see  
nor heard of them;  
her father, mother, sisters and brothers.  
Polaiah must have sent them  
to some greener pastures  
with tasty grass in abundance  
and sweet waters copious!  
But she loved Polaiah,  
his bushy mustache and busy hand wielding that broad knife.  
She often looks at her image  
in that shiny steel  
with sparkling sharp edge.  
'This is the tool divine that sent my kith and kin to salvation! '  
She hopes to meet them one day through that tool divine...yes the butcher's  
knife!

.....  
Polaiah was always fascinated by  
that large hoarding in the street.  
His favourite leader with one hand raised up greeting the people and  
the other hand indicating the mark of his party...  
with broad smile, almost looking like a God!  
'Yes! He will solve all my problems! '

- - - - -  
On that morning Polaiah's  
honed blade separated the goat's head.  
In the afternoon  
he went to the polling booth and cast his vote.

Sathya Narayana

# Call Me Not A Poet

Call me not A poet  
It's a shame to Shelly and Scott  
A disgrace to Wordsworth and Frost  
And heart-broken will be Homer and Tagore

Don't embarrass those all time greats  
Now sitting in the Lord's court  
Crooning their best ever cantos  
In elegance, ex tempore

But I have an earnest hope  
One day, one of those of my idols  
Will sure by an accidental glimpse, from heavens  
Catch me, standing on this Earth  
With my hands stretched out  
Trying frantic, to touch at least one star  
In the vast poetic yonder  
And make an affectionate chortle  
Encouraging my puerile endeavor  
It's all! Enough for me to set on  
And stretch out my trifle poetic effort

Sathya.....

Sathya Narayana

# Chains

Who chained the humans Sir?  
With bracelets, anklets and tassels  
Made of gold, gold and all gold  
Studded with precious jewels

Who chained the humans Sir?  
With love, desires and lust  
Bonds, bonds and all kinds of bonds  
Of blood, flesh and hearts

Who chained the humans Sir?  
With lands, kingdoms and scepters  
Wants, wants, everlasting wants  
Of greed, anger and power

Who can break the chains Sir?  
You, the man, man and man!

Sathya Narayana

# Chicanery

He took her into his hands,  
pressed close to his chest,  
and caressed her little head  
with his firm fingers.

She looked at him fondly,  
shrunk further into his hands  
and rubbed them with its beak.  
Must be her way of kissing!

She thought, &quot;I'm lucky!  
He looks so kind,  
his touch so loving,  
his is so caring! '

Isn't it so fascinating;  
a friendship between  
a chicken and a human;  
the superior being! '

Still holding her tight  
the man walked straight  
into his kitchen! !

Sathya Narayana



# Chocolate Times

I kept walking backwards  
I kept walking backwards  
Crossing many a fragrant spring  
Skipping the rains, twisters and storms  
And shivering through bone biting chills.

I's there at college gate giving  
a rose to pretty Preethi Rao:  
the next moment wadling head bent  
touching the four red weals on cheek  
in ears as echoed her foul howlings.

There I's running in half-knicker  
towards the school with books in hand  
...and there I am, standing before  
my angry Mom, waving a cane.

With muddy legs and ruddy face  
I's showing greenly paddy fields  
and newly laid gravel roadway  
with stretched out hand and raining eyes  
showing the dancing pods and leaves  
the new cartway and muddy pools.

I close my eyes and breath a draft  
Of tender air perfumed with love  
and purity of life bygone.  
I hear the sounds of temple bells  
and chanting of the holy names  
and hymns from sacred Vedic texts.  
Oh reverie, a sweetest reverie,  
a chocolate that melted with the times  
Into every season of dead decades  
enlivening me today with fresh savors

Sathya Narayana

# Choice

Some wake up sharp by the daybreak;  
take a bath; wear ashes or tilak  
liberally on their foreheads and bodies;  
before their deities burn incense,  
light an oil wick  
and join the world  
...ah to swindle, squeeze and abuse the weak.

Some awake late by eight or nine  
after a seesawed night of spilled over wine  
and go out to help the maimed,  
unfed, oppressed and distressed.

If one asks me to make a wise choice  
I don't mind siding with the sinful looking latter  
...in spite of the God-factor with the sinister former!

Sathya Narayana

## Chudamani (Crest Jewel)

Giving that crest-jewel  
she said, "This piece of gem  
carries many an epiphany, Ape,  
and spins many a spool  
of kernel dreams of rem.  
My Ram will look at it with joy, agape;  
recalls his father dear and mother earnest.  
So, Hanuman, bestir your vim; inspire  
your troops, your King Sugreev and my dear Ram.  
Harness your skills and charms  
to end the demons' rule and my distress  
and bring all, happiness.  
An ace achiever you're, I much admire;  
a kind bestower you're, of boons on poorest."

Sathya Narayana

# Cigarettes

"Quit smoking", advised Doctor

"Cigarettes are killers"

"Come on Doctor", I quipped

"I don't die without your help"

Sathya Narayana

# Cloud Song

O' cloud-maiden, O' cloud-maiden,  
don't weep, don't weep!  
What jest thy yonder-man did croon,  
don't leap, don't leap!  
Let stars espy, planets lampoon...  
their peep is cheap.

Thou lament well, to douse thy woe...  
silly, silly!  
No reason though I see well so  
really, really!  
Jolly drizzles thy smiles, gusto  
chilly, shrilly!  
But lo, deluge thy wail, oh no  
vilely, vilely!

O' cloud-maiden, O' cloud-maiden,  
don't weep, don't weep.

Whence fill our rivers, lakes and main  
as rain and sleet  
thee slake our thirst, thee make our grain.  
How sweet, how sweet!  
Thy tears of joy are pearls in chain  
of grace replete.  
Puddles thee make echo refrains  
of childhood tweets.

O' cloud-maiden, O' cloud-maiden,  
don't weep, don't weep.

Are fun, love fights, when tempers fly;  
they say, they say!  
He slurs, thee purr, he pries, thee vie;  
ye play, ye play!  
It's game, thee win, he wins, sly, sly...  
but pray, we pray!  
Ye mind, thy neighbors living nigh  
O' yeah, O' yeah!

He loves thee much, thy man the sky...  
allay, allay.

O' cloud-maiden, O' cloud-maiden,  
don't weep, don't weep.

Sathya Narayana

# Coma (Short Story)

COMA

"She is still in coma. She look weak and scrofulous", Dr. Patel remarked.

Dr. Gandhi smiled philosophically, "It's natural. After all, she has been in shackles for more than two centuries. She lost lot of her blood and was attacked by many diseases";

Turning towards his deputy Dr. Nehru he asked, "What do you say? ";

"Yes Chief! But there is no need to worry. I have thought of a wonderful course of medication for the Mother. The main course will be through Allopathic treatment, our trusted western style. Of course, we can try a draft of German homeopathic tinctures once in a while and if need be we can draft in some acupuncture specialists from China and can also try the Russian prophylactic methods to avoid further infection....."; he went on enthusiastically.

Sixty two years passed away. Dr. Gandhi, Dr. Patel and Dr. Nehru are no more. It seems the Mother recovered a little in the early course of the treatment and sometimes used to come to consciousness, sit for a while, ten to twenty minutes inclining on the back-rest. But unfortunately she soon slipped into a long slumber and since then never recovered.

One visitor who went to see her asked the new doctors who are looking after her.

"What is her present condition? ";

The Chief Doctor replied:

"Well! We tried everything. We cannot fix any time frame about her recovery. But she needs no medicine now. Nature will take its own course. Of course, we are trying some nature cure methods and if necessary even some ancient quack medicines"; he laughed loudly.

The visitor remained silent for a while looking through the hospital windows and suddenly asked the doctor,  
"What are those new buildings there? I didn't see them earlier";

The smile on Chief's face vanished. After some hesitation he said:

&quot;They are organ banks&quot;;

Sathya Narayana



# Come On Women ?????

Hail woman's' liberation, hail feminism  
ere subsides this din of hype and shouting!

May I ask one question, a humble question?

Do you women have any anthem?  
I saw your flags fluttering  
on pubs and divorce- lawyers' grey firms!

May I know your ideals and plans,  
and for what are you campaigning?

I see your pride emerging with casual élan  
through those spinning cigarette smoke rings  
and effervescing out of those ale cans!

I wonder how womanhood shines  
and attains fruition and emancipation  
by switching life partners time and again  
the way you change dirty linen!

Come on women, keep on winning! !  
No one is here to stop you from rising.  
Get out of those kitchen cocoons.

You can be who you want to be!  
A business tycoon; a tennis icon;  
the President of a very big nation;  
or a proud human walking on the moon,  
waving the mother earth's ensign!

Come on! This world is inviting thee! !  
But please stop cat-walking on  
that dangerous ramp of moral ruin  
where you can see millions of broken men  
struggling to come out of their addictions!

To me woman is pure love and compassion!  
As a mother she feeds the fetus with her blood,

and nourishes with her milk the new-born.  
As a wife blesses raw and unseasoned manhood  
with a wholesome life of joy and passion!

Come on woman! Return to the real feminism!  
You are the Nature's allusive parallelism,  
the final finest form of God's longest dream,  
the ultimate force created to discipline  
the erring man from his wild obsessions.

Sathya Narayana

# Commandment

NOTES: Someone did some harm to us. When he comes across our blood curdles and we look at him with great contempt. But think once who is harmed more by this contempt; he or you?

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

He didn't care  
the way  
I looked at him,  
as usual.  
Neither did I make  
any effort to show,  
nor could I conceal  
the contempt  
in my eyes.  
He passed away  
before my eyes;  
with a little quizzical  
and more amused  
feeling in his glances.

After all that happened  
between us, an year ago,  
he never felt abashed  
and didn't try to become  
a hide and seek-playing fugitive  
and nor did I confront him.

I sighed and looked away.

Again the same feeling...  
I defiled one more  
of my gazes  
by filling it  
with hatred!  
Again I broke  
my own commandment.

Sathya Narayana

## Common Coxwains (Revised)

They row, row and row  
towards the sliding wonder world  
of a fleet of hovercrafts  
of elite on show  
afloat on bubbly milky ocean-blues  
like gold-threaded hammock of a lazy baron  
flaunting opulence, splendor and élan.

They row, row and row!

The common coxswains in crowded little boats  
carrying their weights, their plights  
and half-fed entrails;  
craving for the étagère at flotilla afar  
in iridescent glitter; baroque and extravagant.

They row, row and row!

□

Sooner or later they come to know  
there're no blades to their paddling oars.

They wonder  
at their decreasing vigour;  
and their decelerating speed  
and find that lingering are their frail sampans in waters  
the way their earnings remain stagnant every year  
and the way their fortunes malingering.

From gnawing slosh of an acid rill  
they smell the scent of their slowly burning hull.  
Their dreams of joining the gentry at last will  
prove to be as ephemeral  
as the pre-dawn brume  
that evaporates soon  
when rises up the billion-pronged piercing leister  
of gritty dayspring.

Till then, they row, row and row!

Sathya Narayana

# Courtsey

How long shall I impress?  
With this expressive silence  
I am not of the age to hide  
Anything, anymore  
Of this biting void  
Nor you are a new-born  
To treat my dumb dialect  
As an unintelligible jargon  
My love is still alive in spite of  
This agonizing stand off  
Like a glowing cinder  
Burning in my heart's kiln  
Douse it with unkindly grouse  
Or kindle it with a billet-doux  
I am simply at your mercy  
Waiting keen for your haughty courtesy

Sathya Narayana

# Crimson Tears

Who killed whom?  
How many died  
our men; their men?  
Crushed flesh and bones  
knew no difference.  
Spilled crimson tears  
mourned sans bias.  
Remnant pathos  
filled the ambience  
with quiet noise  
and shrilling silence.

OH! Brothers versus brothers  
in senseless violence  
look at thoses spirits  
of lost lives precious  
fighting aimless battles  
now in repentence.  
Look at these scared beings  
waiting in patience  
for eternal peace.

Not by guns  
not by malevalence  
Use love and kindness  
know God's oneness  
YOU CAN ERASE BOUNDARIES  
and earn boundless happiness.

Sathya Narayana



## Darkness (Haikus)

a remote farm-house  
power goes off and you're scared  
when crickets screech 'seize'

you grope for match-box  
and find nowhere, when enters  
your room a glow-worm

Sathya Narayana

# Daydream

Daydream!  
Of pleasing portents  
That you can manage

You can't help  
Wild nightmares  
Thundering truths

Sathya Narayana

# Deadlock

Mother! Tell me what is behind those doors  
Late father averred there is a treasure  
A microcosm of whole world's splendour  
An extravagant elegance of nature's allure  
But warned me not to open the doors  
Unless and untill I am doubly sure

Mother wept and said, &quot;It is a deadlock  
By blunders of your forefathers; did choke&quot;

Mother tell me what is behind those doors  
I hear deadly thunders, shrieks and shouts  
And plangent whimpers of unseen spirits  
I smell something noisome and nausiating  
As if coming from a mass burning of pyres  
Whenever I look at those queer doors  
My heart hammers with unknown terror  
Why mother? Why? Tell me! Why?  
What is behind those doors?

She sobbed and sobbed with wild shiver  
And said, &quot;It is our own Kashmir! ! ! &quot;

Sathya Narayana

## Destroyed Lanka (Spenserian Stanza)

Oh fate! One blunder by a lecher vile;  
one vengeful fiend's reckless and blind gamble,  
how turned a paradise of wealth and style  
into a hell of pyres and foul shambles.

Once arrogant Lanka now looked servile  
with spilled treasures; lost charm and tortured face.  
Once muscled demon race now looked senile  
with tarnished pride and heart-wrenching disgrace.

How fatal, sudden, swift and grim is fate's embrace!

Sathya Narayana

# Destruction Of Asoka Park

## DESTRUCTION OF ASOKA PARK

?|?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?

'This beautiful Asoka Park suits well  
to be the casus belli; Let me start  
a wild hullabaloo and ring the knells  
of war and death to dozing demon lot! '

(Causus belli= a reason for war)

'Let me molest this gorgeous garden dame  
to Ravanans annoyance, ire and shame  
I hope the demon king dispatches hordes  
of warriors with arms like bows and swords.'

A whirlwind like began the Ape, the rout.  
He grew in size to giant proportions soon.  
Uprooted trees, from sals to banyans stout,  
snapped creepers, shrubs and powdered hills and dunes.

He jumped and rocked; He hanged and banged; He pulled  
and pushed; He shoved and stirred; wiggled and furled  
pulling down trees, destroying hill resorts,  
distorting stoas and scaring doves and harts.

Within minutes, that beautiful beau monde  
became a Gods acre, with fallen trees,  
busted arcades, razed down hillocks, strewn screes  
shattered gunyahs, snapped nests and roiled ponds.

Frenzied wildlife sprinted helter-skelter  
Agile elands did run with steps faltered  
Ruffled peacocks had screamed and swans did cry  
Tortured and writhed; that park did look awry

He scanned for once the ruins of His mischief.  
Well pleased He looked at the far-off massifs  
I think I made enough of some good riot!  
Come on O demon friends, give me some fight! ! '

Sathya Narayana

# Devotion (Bhakti)

BHAKTHI

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

One dipping deep in Bhakti sweet  
thinks drowning is joy-zenith!  
He spurns the prop of earthly earth  
and even heaven's mirth!

It's strong ambrosia and mead  
so sweet; Bhakti's odd zing  
is far better, better; beyond  
the girth of wordy swing!

So queer are peers of Bhakti. Shun  
all that I taught at yore,  
like yoga and jnana! Yet they win  
my love, singing my lore!

They're love personified. Their minds  
are filled with me; their tongues  
recite always my names; they sing  
and dance with ecstasy stung!

Than angelic life in heavens tall,  
in carefree carnal spree;  
they think better to strive on earth,  
chanting His name with glee!

Sathya Narayana

# Die Another Death

Do you feel the sweltering heat?  
Emanating from my slow burning heart!  
Do you hear that dernier cri?  
Made by my moribund mind!  
Yeah! You do! You feel them!

But I know why from my nigh  
You slyly rear away in fear with a sigh

That your titillating fragrance can  
Infuse new bounce and breathe in me  
That one dropp of tear from your eyes  
Can become my rejuvenating nectar!  
That your spraying radiance for sure  
Can rekindle the vital flame in me! !  
You take a stance sans this kindness  
Towards a man with dying senses! ! !

You renounced my covetous embrace  
Punishing yourself with forced penance  
And left me with total nothingness  
For reasons so clearly ambiguous  
And prefer to carry with you with vengeance  
Your unsmiling stone heart in silence  
And leave this corpse to its nemesis  
To die another death in despondence

Sathya.....

Sathya Narayana



# Dilettatish Hunger

Sitting in my porch lounge  
I satiate my dilettantish hunger  
with nocturnal devour  
of succulent silence!

I dwell hours agape  
in a blissful mope  
gazing at the sleeping milieu,  
wondering once more  
at the infinite beauty He heaved  
with His magical caduceus□  
on the Earth's canvas!

From night-long vigil  
I hardly pick few speckles  
of His boundless spectacle!

I stand in awe of  
His grand oeuvres ever-growing charm  
that remains a connoisseur's conundrum  
till the daybreak  
to restart my temporal tasks!

Sathya Narayana

# Dirty Poetry

DIRTY POETRY

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

I'm the poetry of the drudging millions!  
I'm the poetry of the unrepresented  
who're spread all over the world  
from East to West and South to North!

I belong to those  
who live under flyovers  
in countries rolling in money;  
and to those who lead roiling lives  
in nations with mushroomed ghettos!

I'm dirty, rotten and blemished  
with tears, sweat and blood!

I have no hopes; no passions  
and no sense of humour and  
in beauty and love, I show no fervour!

I'm hated by my romantic brethren  
who swing and sway on nature's knees,  
who listen to cuckoos coos  
and who look brilliant  
in besmeared rainbow hues!

They live in hard-bound books, on buff papers.  
They smell Charlie or Poison,  
enamoring dirty bards.  
They adorn the hands of sophisticated poets  
in bow-ties, impeccable suits and Gucci shoes.

What if I'm just a stinking paper bundle?

I'm happy to take that position with humble bow  
below their debonair texts, sans a pretest  
at the rock bottom of their huge pile of texts.

But lo, the characters in my poesy  
are strong and alive  
slaving and drilling since times immemorial.

They have toil-tailored muscles;  
hunger-nurtured patience  
and time-tested servile manners.  
and they know the heights of the dress-circle.

They are benumbed to agony and envy.  
They are used to pain and suffering  
and ready to take the weight  
of my brethrens' bubbling vanity! !

Sathya Narayana

# Don't Disturb

Disturb not my peace O' flowers  
with thy sweet scents, that haunt...daunt!  
Worse, thy prattle with butterflies  
lest her thoughts retrace my heart and taunt!

Disturb not my sloth, O' silly winds  
with thy grating, gyrating caresses!  
You rind the confidence, so far  
I kept pretending with courage-false!

Disturb not my silence, O' senses,  
with dreams, desires and promises  
I spurned oh long ago your finesse  
when she took my love and gave distress!

Sathya Narayana

# Don't Tell Him

Don't lend your ears to that thumping heart  
and ignore those occasional jarring notes.

So true; good friend he's,  
your congenital transporter,  
your literal shandrydan  
guiding you through emotional ups and downs!

At least don't tell him how awful he sounds.  
So delicate he is,  
so tender are his wheels (sans grease) .

Just keep to yourself...  
but where can you keep?  
Somewhere in the shandrydan itself  
at some corner  
without the knowledge of the owner.

So, don't tell him  
The moment you tell him  
He stops!

Sathya Narayana

# Dream

I have a dream  
that a mermaid realm  
from deep in ocean main  
is wooing me to swim  
in an ecstatic élan  
clasping to their bosom.

I have a dream  
that someone is humming  
from a celestial realm  
to come and dine  
with them in the halos  
of angelic aureols.

Let me yarn these whims.  
It's my right to dream,  
my well-cherished regime  
...be it far from realism;  
I'll be happy to resign  
from this unromantic pragmatism.

Sathya Narayana

# Driftwoods

Grateful ever I'm  
Crating reminiscences  
From ever-evanescent hours  
Like precious fossils  
From receding marine streams

Nescient of times ahead  
What else to opt for?  
Clueless are humans of  
The impending divine deluge  
Whether a shower of nectar  
Or a surge of venom

Staring at the 'future'  
Congealing as 'present'  
And the 'present', freezing as 'past'  
Floating in muted patience  
Only rudderless boats we are  
Wafting the waters of time

Trying frantic to swerve away  
Is sure not in our sway  
Nor the strength to stay still  
In the never-ending rill  
Driftwoods in ocean flows  
Know not...when they reach the shores! !

Sathya Narayana

# Drowning ????

I am drowning  
deep in the main!  
Chocked!  
I am hardly breathing!

Am I dying  
or in a blithe  
of ecstatic oblivion? !

Hey, there is pain...  
something...I can't explain!  
May be a painless pain  
as if honey bees stinging!  
But just honey, no agony! !

Heebie-jeebies running  
as if I am stolen!

I'm hunting; hurtling  
and haunting myself  
for contour of my own!

Craving; raving  
frantic trying  
to feel my soul in  
my palms; palpitating!

Yes! I am drowning  
...in your love-ocean! ! !

Sathya Narayana



## Dyspnoea (Short Story)

"He's choking" I cried  
looking at that sixty plus old man in a dhoti and a tattered wet shirt.  
"Dyspnoea!" commented my friend Rajan  
staring at him.  
"What's dyspnoea?" I yelled.

The rain-lashed black-top road  
was looking like a crawling snake..  
That desolate bus-shelter beside  
that village road was damp and leaking.  
The old man settled on the cement bench  
was panting, coughing and staring into the skies as if he's waiting to see the  
angels from heaven or agents of the Hades.  
His wife was pressing his back and telling..."Wait...the rain will abate  
soon...it won't take much time."

I cried at her, "Give him his inhaler!"  
"What's inhaler?" she asked.  
"I mean inhaler; O' God!" I cried.  
"How do they know about inhaler?" Rajan said coolly.  
Ignoring my friend, I cried again,  
"Don't you have any medicine ready...  
Something like deriphyllin or salbutamol?"  
I didn't wait for her reply...rushed into the rain and reached the street corner and  
asked a passer-by, "Where's the medical shop here?," "No  
medical shop here...in fact up to a distance of 20 kms" he replied.  
"No medical shop? !!" stunned I shouted aloud.  
He added, "That old couple live in a small hut. Even a small rain is enough  
to make them run. They come to this bus-shelter and remain till the rain  
abates...it's usual for them...don't worry...once the rain abates they go back to  
their hut"  
Returned to the bus-shelter and cried at her  
"Take him to the town by next bus...his condition is serious. We're riding  
on a motor bike. It's too risky to drive him town"

We returned to town, but remained my heart guilty.  
"I could have done better than leaving that old man like that"  
I thought.  
Next morn, Rajan called over phone, "Read today's news...that old man

died&quot;

(In India there are hundreds of villages where no medical shop is available. This poem is based on a true incident. Rajan is a real name of my friend who is a newspaper correspondent.)

Sathya Narayana

# Easy

Walking on waters is easy  
when you learn  
floating in air!

Running a Government is easy  
when you master  
flogging a dead horse  
to drink waters.

Sathya Narayana

# Economics

A white-bearded stalwart  
is eloquent on T.V;  
waving hands vigorously,  
sometimes looking  
skywards  
often pressing his chin  
with palms;  
saying something like  
macro-economics,  
global economy,  
Phillip curve,  
Marginalism...  
a recondite jargon...  
a bombastic abracadabra  
blah, blah, blah!

Another economist  
with popped-up eyes  
looking through  
his gold-rimmed glasses  
on the open page  
of a news paper  
is saying  
he can avert another  
economic depression.

One more egg-head  
on a plump book's  
back wrapper  
is saying "Here're theories  
to dispel poverty! "

I switch to another  
channel  
and listen someone  
saying  
"We're in hopeless  
condition! "

I come out of my room,  
take a long look  
at the slums bordering  
my town,  
a beggar limping  
on the road  
and a fruit hawker  
rolling his cart,  
looking at the hot Sun  
once in every minute.

I wondered "What's  
wrong  
with these theories;  
where err these  
academics  
and where's pilfering  
the tax-payers hard-earned money?"

I thought of a common,  
illiterate farmer  
who saves his silos  
spending just ten rupees:  
he uses rat poison.

Sathya Narayana

# Election Haiku

POEM IS HIDDEN. CANNOT BE READ WITHOUT THE PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR

Sathya Narayana

# Ember

The old ember is still red hot  
concealed under the dry soot  
like a drunken architect' latent intellect;  
like a cast off genius in a deep slumber  
and like a hidden flower diffusing  
its scent around!

People with chattering teeth slither  
around the charring timber;  
yet compliment  
that it's all due to the fine weather.

The old ember doesn't take any umbrage.  
It burns and burns till it becomes ashes  
like a sage who sears his desires  
to earn the unseen heavens  
as if it is paying its last homage  
to the humans who nurtured her  
into a tree and later ruthlessly slivered  
into hapless firewood  
...a sweet-bitter feeling indeed!

When at last the ember becomes a cinder  
starts all shivering and cowering around.  
While the absonant conclusions  
are freezing into a cold consciousness  
people mutter, &quot;Oh ember! We miss your ardor! &quot;

Sathya Narayana

# Essence

POEM IS HIDDEN. CANNOT BE READ WITHOUT THE PERMISSION OF THE  
AUTHOR

Sathya Narayana



# Essence???

A little proof  
A lot of hypothesis  
Science

A little feel  
A lot of faith  
The God

A little respect  
A lot of mutual trust  
Friendship

Friendship  
Asks no proof, questions no faith  
balances life

the essence of life  
lies in accepting  
divergence

Sathya Narayana

# Evidence

“Who is responsible for this? ”  
I wanted to question Him  
When I entered His realm  
I found ‘guilt’ in His eyes! Yes!  
He is hurrying to daub on some.....  
evidence! Well! Well! I could guess  
On the right lower brim  
Of large messy earth canvas  
He is erasing..... His name! !

Sathya Narayana

# Fall Guy

People make fun at me...  
my eyes glassy; nose stubby,  
skin inky and body burly!

A fall guy I am  
an ugly effigy; a zany!

I too boo at the Almighty...

'Hey! You went astray!  
while shaping my clay! '

Sathya Narayana

# Farewell

We left the house! No, we lost it;  
to repay our growing debts!  
Three years of drought  
and three years of flood  
in the vageries of weather  
we poor farmers withered.

Sweat dried; returns eluded  
and crop loans intact remained.

With one last look  
at the doors locked  
we bid farewell  
to the sweet home we held  
so dear for many a decade  
and reached the open world  
to join our own crowded creed  
of former farmers in dire need  
to eke livelihood as casual labour  
in the same fields we once owned! !

Sathya Narayana

# Few And Many

POEM IS HIDDEN. CANNOT BE READ WITHOUT THE PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR

Sathya Narayana

## Few And Many (Iambic Tetra Meter)

A few are born with golden spoons.  
They love to live the life to full.  
Many, but spilled out of spittoons,  
who wish to die today, doleful

The few know not the many; nor  
they try to lend a kindest ear  
to their grim cry; nor see their scars  
still bleeding years after the tear.

They have a name and fame to cheer.  
A castle huge on mountain top  
to view the bright morrow so clear  
and sip nectar of life, non-stop.

They can afford high ambitions;  
record memoirs and travelogues;  
They play wise pranks and weave a yarn.  
They bring new trends and styles to vogue.

Many a reason have, the few  
to live; but everything askew  
for those many to live. They live  
to die and die when fail to live.

Sathya Narayana

# Fifth Estate

POEM IS HIDDEN. CANNOT BE READ WITHOUT THE PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR

Sathya Narayana

# Finding The Mother

Please find my book at

Sathya Narayana



# Flower Vendor

FLOWER VENDOR  
????????????????????

I know him for past thirty years;  
a door to door flower vendor;  
short, lean, dark with gullible stares  
and a basket around his shoulders.

'How much do you earn? ' once I asked  
way back in eighties, if Im right.  
'Enough to fill half belly! ' he laughed  
'Yet I am happy and content.'

Few days ago, I lost my way  
in the gossamer of our town lanes  
when I found him in some grimy alley.  
Asked, ' Are you selling here your jasmines? '

'I live here Sir.' with a smile he said  
'In fact I can live only here  
with the profit my flowers yield...  
hand to mouth, same life from years.'

'You look worried sir! ' he added  
'I endured this life for years.  
I cant even shed tears.' he chuckled  
'Severe water problem here! '

Well! I started looking askance  
Is this the place for a humble man  
who pours into our lives fragrance  
a dirty lane near to a sewer line? ! !

(NOTE: On an average a door to door flower vendor earns Rs.30/= to Rs.50/= per day as per my survey)

Sathya Narayana

# Forbidden Fruits

They are meant to be kept  
Under chastity quilts  
By function they excrete;  
Stink and a shame to exhibit  
Damn with these new age tastes  
Cat-walking are private parts  
With unabashed conceit  
Acts done under thick night sheets  
Are moaning wild on blue screens  
Voyeurs are hailed as connoisseurs  
And sadists as epicurians  
Yeah! Waning must be the effects  
Of forbidden wisdom fruits  
On humans; eons after; at last  
Blinded are they of distinction  
Between beauty and obscenity

Sathya Narayana

# Freedom At Midnight

At the stroke of twelve; midnight  
we earned freedom! Well! We did it!  
We waited, waited, waited, waited  
we waited not just six hours for dawn,  
but alas for sixty five years in vain.

Very few dredged the darkness to fetch the light;  
but many spewed venoms to stretch the night.

Terrorists, factionists and fanatics  
gained the reins of the reign in dark  
to run their rackets free of any fetters  
while remained our leaders, indolent,  
insolent, corrupt and inept with no intent  
to direct and correct the groping multitude.

Commoners too care not the dark nor feel any remorse  
even if the long waited day-break  
starts with a longest solar eclipse.  
They preferred smug slumber and lives with no bother  
and forgot sans doubt with perfidious conceit  
the blood and sweat shed by our great founding fathers.

Fumbling are we still in gloom to untie many a Gordian knot!  
Oh God! Save my country from all these Stygian fogs!

Sathya Narayana

# Friend

An old friend is like a golden trove.  
Melt him, whenever thou felt so,  
wear him; or even tear him! I vow,  
never does he lose his glow!

Ever near to thou to distance every woe!

Call him a pal and clasp him in love  
or cast him off in unmindful shove  
he stays within thou as another soul.

Cloning bodies is a new found go  
cloning minds friends knew long long ago!

Sathya Narayana

# Friends And Foes

Better are foes than friends, sometimes, oh friend!  
Flip through thy pages friends, pretentiously  
and say, "It's great, so nice, wondrous and good!"

But foes, rummage with spite them ruthlessly  
and in search of faults, they tear you piece by piece!

God knows what foes unearth and well discern!  
In their inadvertence may discover  
precious jewels you hid in oblivion  
and win you accolades of connoisseurs!

So, friends or foes, mind never thee, oh friend.  
To friends say warm hello and thanks a lot  
and there they come, your foes, with smiles crooked...  
come on, up on thy feet and make salute! !

Sathya Narayana

# Galaxies Are Lampooning

Blossomed human acumen  
Brokered what? A broken Earth!  
Caveman became a craving man  
To Creator's regret

Tied tight rights around mien  
Carved out lines between man and man  
Made canons and framed bastions  
Yet felt not safe; built deadly weapons! !

Running away galaxies lampoon  
"Free cruisers we are in the endless Empyrean!  
No fetters to stop free fly in our infinite vistas  
And no bounds to our celestial caravan!  
No need to take passports and visas  
And no rules of emigration"

"With love-Ambrosia God made us all  
We sip it all along; sparkle and sprawl  
Basking ever, in its eternal elation!  
But spilled it all over, you humans  
And your fatal intelligentsia; with insolence  
And alas licking with pride, satanic toxins! ! "

Sathya Narayana

# God

One says there is 'NO' God  
One shows the skies  
And says 'YES'  
And jokes one clever modern  
"I WISH He is there"

As one who's neither a Leftist  
Nor a Rightist  
Nor even a go-in-between  
I visualize  
In every YES, NO, WISH and CONFUSION  
His visage with glowing beams  
And mocking grins

Sathya Narayana

# God And Humans

What difference is there between  
the God and man, except  
this body wall? For souls realised  
it's a broken parapet.

Sathya Narayana



# God's Innocence ^^^^

## GODS INNOCENCE

One lights a wick, to dispel darkness  
while burns a city; one incendiary!  
One phenomenon; wielded differently!  
One, a man; the other a maniac! !

One walks past a fallen fellow man  
while one stops to give him a hand.  
Both Homo sapiens; with heart and mind...  
one, human; the other humane! !

What did the God plan for His creation;  
a man with a functional brain,  
and cursed the rest; flora and fauna  
with no heart and no mind to discern.

Some humans remained as humans,  
while the rest joined the other clans!

A true nemesis for Gods innocence!  
Alas, God proposed, but Man disposed! !

Sathya Narayana

## Gold Dust (Haiku)

the path I tread thence  
is all poesy sprinkled now  
like gold dust on sand

Sathya Narayana

# Golden Lotus

Wandering in wilderness; my friend  
What are you looking for?  
The golden lotus  
With thousand petals?

Look out! The Satanic flames  
Are burning the woods  
Reaching the tarns  
Parching the waters  
Leveling the lakes  
To desiccated mud cakes  
Razing down the paths  
Off their identity  
Spitting the venom of sin  
Every where  
But, be not skeptic my dear  
For the surrounding enigma  
Is just superfluous  
And what is lost is not yours  
Remember the truth; the path is  
Eternal, naïve and nigh  
In the grand finale  
The search always ends within

Clear your bleary eyes  
Shut them to leap  
Deep into tranquility  
Spread before you behold  
The blossoming bed  
Of flowery path  
Reaching thou to the  
Avowed destiny  
The golden lotus  
With thousand petals

Sathya....

Sathya Narayana

# Graveyard

Hereafter they live again  
Not by the names  
They were christened when born  
But by the names  
As humans, they did earn

Not by the flesh  
They did reign and yield  
Nor by the hearts  
They loved, hated, laughed and lamented  
But by the spirit  
That compromises every dissent  
And discord, left remnant  
By past mortal trait

The day they entered this tract  
They buried forever their hatchets  
Deep under their own vaults  
Those who died of penury  
As well, those who lived by their  
Money, status and vanity  
Sleep here, under the same canopy  
In an eternal silence  
Of peace, solace and amity

At last, they found their real home here  
Safe and snug in good neighborhood  
Of vultures, serpents and scorpions  
Having well escaped from vile human jungle.

This is the grand graveyard  
Of life after life  
Where every human is dreaded to tread  
But ultimately reached when dead

Sathya Narayana

# Grown Up

Outside...he is growing up,  
miles through the society,  
by name, fame  
and mundane comforts!

Inside...he's still a dwarf!

Sathya Narayana

## Guillotine (Revised)

Her heart is a guillotine  
Alas once placed I, mine  
Out rolled, two pieces anon  
The time-doctor was cool  
Cobbled the two halves with his spool  
My fake pride daubed some smile unguent  
But remained raw that fatal lesion  
With clotted blood's red stains  
Reminding me the worst ever let down

Well! Never enough of the learned lesson  
This fool of a heart still moans in pain  
Pines frantically for a love sign  
Of what virtue is it's reckon  
From a cloudless empyrean  
Expecting a soothing rain

Sathya Narayana

# Gurney's Wheels

## GURNEY'S WHEELS

The gurney's wheels rolled down with awful sounds.  
I tried to open eyes, but failed again.  
Same sound, I heard so many times before...  
same sound! I's crying loud 'We're losing him!  
Hey doctor...it's hyperglycaemia! '  
'Who said? ! ' I heard the nurse demanding me.  
'Are you a doc? ' Some other asked. 'I know! '  
This time I's sobbing violently. 'I know...  
He's dad, my dad! Come on, give him the drip! '  
Ah now the sound of trolleys moving fast,  
the clanks of glass and clangs of metal tools  
echoed, dinning the low whispers around.  
Same sound, I heard so many times before...

This time it's me, lying and rolling fast  
on gurney's wheels. I opened eyes and tried  
to see through thick veneer of blood dripping  
from head. Ah heavy smell of spilled dettol  
annoyed my nasal lanes. The dazzling lights  
whitewashing narrow corridor prised through  
my eyes. White coats fluttered around. White masks  
were uttering something unintelligible!  
At last I heard that voice sobbing 'My dad,  
save him...he's losing blood....an accident  
so terrible...save him! This time not me...  
my son running along the gurney's wheels.  
I closed my eyes and smiled inside! It's now  
my turn to roll on gurney's wheels and well  
his turn to run behind. I felt the sly  
Time Wheel rotating fast forward and back...  
forward and back, forward and back! It's just  
a game that keeps rewinding everytime  
in life, again, again. A passing phase,  
my dad and I went through ah once. And now  
my son and I. Ah just a passing phase!

Sathya Narayana

# Haiku

Full moon or no moon  
Sheraton shines; slums below  
Always in darkness

Sathya Narayana



## Haiku - 2

What's so alluring  
With that Sun, oh Sunflower  
We are sweating here

Sathya Narayana

## Haiku 4

Damn with this snoring  
Coming from distant huts, cursed  
Tycoon in eighth round

Sathya Narayana

## Haiku - 6

sky  
showers love, earth smells  
romantic

Sathya Narayana

## Haiku 8

Hurricane

Tall buildings and trees fell flat

Grass blades bounced back

Stock market crashed

Tycoons became paupers

Paupers intact

Running brook

with it stoic driftwoods

total surrender

tsunami

posh residents on roads

to hobos' welcome

Sathya Narayana

## Haiku 3

Monsoon is well nigh  
Moon smiles, moves inside the clouds  
Welcoming the rain

Sathya Narayana

## Haiku 5

Clouds growl, thunders scare  
At last rain comes, cools, it's  
A happy ending

Sathya Narayana

## Haiku 7

with sweet mangos  
hawker on hot streets  
sour life

Sathya Narayana

# Haiku Collection - I

Summer power cut  
In the blacked-out village streets  
Glow worms

Autumn night  
In the bright moon light  
Naked timberline

Snow covered mountains  
Walking there all alone  
A naked yeti

rain doctor helped  
the earth deliver  
baby saplings

.  
someday in March  
the northern woods woke up  
to cuckoo's song

whistling winds brought news  
Of an impending drizzle  
Trees nodded thanks

"He's such a flirt  
This handsome butterfly"  
Gossiped flowers

With tearful eyes  
Farmers prayed for rain  
Somewhere thundered hope

Sathya Narayana



## Haiku Collection II

Soaked moon  
In lake waters  
Melted by dawn

Moon then clouds  
Moon then clouds moon then clouds  
Monsoon's hide and seek

first a thud at night  
then roiling sounds of waters  
Found moon in our well

Spring garden  
Albino chameleon  
Sans action

Hill in drizzle  
Like a dark beauty  
In see-through nighty

Sun through new green leaves  
On night formed puddles  
Flash, flash, flash

Rain doctor helps  
Pregnant earth deliver  
Baby saplings

Sathya Narayana

# Haiku???

it's safe at daytime  
the Sun God dims all desires  
...night; the Moon ignites

Sathya Narayana

# Hanuman's Advice To Ravana

&quot;O' king, don't cause the death of your near ones.  
Don't bring an end to your golden kingdom.  
Your choice will save the lives of millions.  
Shun vanity; invite innate wisdom.  
&quot;No demon I'm like you; no human too  
like Ram; I have no prejudices, King!  
No bias; no odium, to tell the truth.  
I'm just an Ape; your friend and peace-loving.  
&quot;I'm Ram's servant; I have with me his strength.  
The strength his name gives me; the strength his love  
gives me; the strength his thoughts give me; the strength  
my devotion gives me; that strength's immense.

Sathya Narayana

# Happy Birthday Raj Nandy Sahab

O' Poet humble, O' Pundit par excellence  
a lot you learnt, a lot you taught  
But still you are as vernal  
as a just budding rose plant.  
At an age...how much?  
70...80 or more  
why should you care  
you're still young;  
yeah as young as a strong stallion  
ready to till the soil of life-terrain.  
Yes, its now your life, your own journey,  
longer than you did paddle so far,  
may be a little tricky,  
quite funny, but fulfilling verily this time...  
surely a never ending trajectory  
than that rugged road  
you stomped so far with ease.  
Come on; lunge in to the new domain  
No need to pain your eyes  
looking at distant horizons  
no need to strain your legs  
walking distant miles,  
not necessary to carry the weight of mundane predicament...  
close your eyes, take a deep breath  
and silence your senses...  
and step on with your soul-soles  
on that invisible turf of holy realm..  
there you are on the ultimate path  
towards a new milieu of divine fragrance, unseen beauty  
and inexplicable and eternal  
joy.  
You are now younger than ever,  
stronger than never before sipping the nectar of endless bliss.

Sathya Narayana

# Happy New Year

Let the dawn  
of New Year glow  
In a divine halo  
Let our minds buoy  
in peace and joy  
Like free flying doves  
In the skies of love  
Ushering into an era  
Full of promise  
and bliss

Sathya Narayana

# Hare Krishna: About My Latest Book

HARE KRISHNA

2 years of writing, 2 more years of waiting, strenuous research, a lot of prayers, a lot more of penance, pain, joy, tears and divine rhapsody; a little intuition, a shower of invisible benisons from THE MASTER and a never ending influx of blessings from family, friends, relatives and well-wishers...oh at last ready is HARE KRISHNA.

The book was composed in lyrical and narrative ballads. Very few such book-length ballads appeared in the last 2 centuries. As far as my knowledge goes these were those books:

1798: Lyrical ballads & Rime of the Ancient Mariner by William Wordsworth and Coleridge

1897: The Ballad of Reading Gaol by Oscar Wilde

1911: Ballad of the White Horse by G. K. Chesterson

2013: The Ballad of Radheya by K. R. Sharanya

But HARE KRISHNA I guess is the most voluminous tome of all.

Brahmashri Madagula Naga Phani Sharma garu graced my book with his divine ASHEERVADAABHINANDANALU. Mr. Evan Mantyk, the President & Editor of The Society of Classical Poets, New York was kind enough to write a beautiful FOREWORD analysing so well the technical as well as the spiritual aspects of the book. The book is published by Prowess publications and software solutions Pvt. Ltd., an Indian subsidiary of GANTEC PUBLICATIONS, Chicago.

Sathya Narayana

## Hare Krishna: More Information

HARE KRISHNA is the melodious saga of Lord Sri Krishna's childhood adventures composed in lyrical and narrative ballads with an authentic analysis and philosophical explanation of the mystical and wondrous exploits of the Godhead on earth.

Very few such book-length ballads appeared in the last 2 centuries. The most well known of them are the following:

1798: Lyrical ballads & Rime of the Ancient Mariner by William Wordsworth and Coleridge

1897: The Ballad of Reading Gaol by Oscar Wilde

1911: Ballad of the White Horse by G. K. Chesterson

2013: The Ballad of Radheya by K. R. Sharanya

But HARE KRISHNA is the most voluminous tome of all. Thus HARE KRISHNA happens to be a historical piece of literature that's going to keep the readers enthralled for many more centuries to come.

Sri Sri Sri TRIDANDI RAMANUJA CHINA JEEYAR SWAMY JI showered His DIVINE BLESSINGS on this historical book.

Brahmashri Madagula Naga Phani Sharma garu graced this book with his divine ASHEERVADAABHINANDANALU. Mr. Evan Mantyk, the President & Editor of The Society of Classical Poets, New York wrote a beautiful FOREWORD analysing so well the technical as well as the spiritual aspects of the book.

Mahathi, the author of this historical book, is arguably one of the finest Indian English poets of the 21st century. Though started his poetic cruise like any other poet, composing poems on such hackneyed subjects like, nature, love, beauty and burning social issues, later started focusing all his poetic skills in exploring the deep sacred niches of spiritual realms and heights of ecstatic poetic expression.

His mastery over prosody, philosophical approach, clear diction, finest use of figures of speech, aesthetics, clever strokes of satire and pun and thrilling narrations made him a poet of enviable literary supremacy. His 6th book viz. FINDING THE MOTHER, a trans-creation of SRI SUNDARA KANDA, the 5th Canto of SRIMAD RAMAYANA stands out as an all time classic of English literature. CHECK AMAZON FOR COPIES

Sathya Narayana

# He And I

He keeps watching  
My coming and going  
He paves my path  
Makes me walk  
But often tethers  
And blocks

By turns, I rejoice  
And curse

Of late I realized  
When I obliged  
To His ways  
An instant blue Monday  
Endows in prospect  
Many a Halcyon days

Sathya Narayana



## Her Kiss

As ever, her kiss was sizzling!  
I remained unmoved, as I could before!  
Once again she failed  
to seduce me!  
Today, during wee hours  
I woke up from coma!

Sathya Narayana

# Her Speaking Eyes

When I closed my eyes  
her eyes opened in me  
like just blossomed lotus petals.

They smiled...even laughed  
and smirked mischievously.

Tenderly fluttering they said something  
...a secret  
...I heard  
...I knew she too perceived  
my nodded heart.

Sathya Narayana

# Her Words

Those words...so sweet  
don't keep quiet...  
and disperse with the blowing winds  
like innocuous rose perfumes

they mercilessly  
...cut through the meat...  
puncture the heart  
and choke the throat...  
and produce a feverish conceit....

Next time  
when we meet  
it'll be difficult  
to cool the heat...

If I take you into my arms and lock...  
if I suck your burning lips with greed  
and caress your throbbing pleats  
with shameless strokes...

don't look at me with like that...  
with shock  
don't call me a mean, lecherous crook  
It's not my fault...  
This man's... no rock...

Sathya Narayana

# Heroin

One male animal leers at her  
as if a thousand dirty tongues  
came out of those eyes  
and are licking  
the fizzy creams of her  
pinky youth!

An emaciating masculinity  
spits ruddy paan  
into the red-rose vase,  
sniggers with those lascivious lips  
and makes a vulgar remark at her.

One shady brute surreptitiously passes  
his shaky hand around her waist  
and tries to slither it somewhere else,  
when she feels a spider  
crawling all over her skin!

She neither stops them nor says anything!  
She hangs down her head  
and smiles, sometimes laughs aloud  
crushing the gushing out disgust  
from deep inside of her entrails!

Her directors compliment her  
'You act so well! '

Again she suppresses  
her spilling out tears  
and bursting out ire.  
She wants to cry aloud  
or at least deliver a punch-dialogue  
with a lot of sarcasm  
looking at them athwart;  
as she did so many times  
on the screen.

No, no,  
no sound comes out of her mouth...  
as she becomes a normal woman  
with no histrionics  
and no melodramatic expression.

She keeps watching long  
at the photographs hanging in her bed room..  
Marlyn Manroe, Meena Kumari and Savitri...  
and feels their voices in unison...  
'That's life in cinema! '

She turns morose  
and leaps into deep tranquility.  
Her hand suddenly smear  
the scar inside their thigh;  
a human-canine made  
before she signed her first film  
and the recent nail-made  
bloody scratches on her breasts  
and she tries in vain to touch  
the cigarette burns  
in the middle of her back.

Thinking of the pain  
and thinking of the ugly moans  
she made pretending sweet ache  
gulping the retching out abhorrence;  
she laughs again and again!

After all, she climbed  
the slippery stairs to stardom  
and standing alone at the pinnacle  
holding aloft her pennant of glory!  
How many times she crept up  
and slides down...oh!

Now every cell in her body  
knows how to act...  
well the twinkles in her eyes  
conceal the nausea of mind...  
Her shiny skin hides

the nagging bruises inside  
and the niceties her lips spell out  
censor so well  
the four-letter words  
she so much pines out to eject!

(Inspired by award winning Telugu novel PAAKUDU RALLU by Sri Ravuri  
Bhardvaja)

Sathya Narayana

# His Holy Pranks

When I believe in God  
I think I must also fall in line  
With those, who say there's no God  
I sound so weird? ! Do I?  
But weirdest is He, His ways alas! !  
The God did create Himself  
As an amorphous body of love  
And made his charm known  
To a few of His prophets

But the prophets became wiser  
They made God in their own image  
Ascribed to Him their own theories  
Some rational and many absurd  
Wore on their faces garish symbols  
And played loud trumpets  
That their God alone was the greatest  
And pasted posters on humans' mind walls  
Showing Poor God  
In forms diverse with features varied  
To God's own doubt of what He was

But God is the best and the wisest  
To keep His believers to test  
To prevent the devotion  
Crossing the limits of faith  
And becoming superstition  
And turning into fanaticism  
He created at last  
A formidable opposition  
Called the atheism! ! !  
Now.... isn't there equilibrium?

Let us now admire  
His good governance  
He applied checks and balances  
In His democratic universe  
Even before the Greeks, Romans and Indians  
Did start thinking of 'demos'

Well, well, well! He is the original  
Let us bow to Him and His holy pranks  
And appreciate both His wise creations  
The staunch believers and the rational pagans  
With equal respect and reverence

Sathya Narayana



# History

By digging the earth  
you are trying to dig out the history  
and filling the tomes  
with your apocryphal absurdities.  
How wrong, how wrong!  
How much the broken earthen pots can tell you  
about the stolen golden chalices?  
How well the unintelligible writings on rock-platters  
can sing you  
about the fallen ramparts  
of past glory?

How much moisture  
the ruins retained  
of past's sweat-soaked stories  
and tearful tales?

How can you harken  
from the bygone winds  
those chanted holy hymns,  
and the incessant tolls  
from divine temples  
that prayed for human wellbeing?

You are just collecting  
the thrown out faeces,  
nauseating vomitus  
and blood-spilled sands  
to conclude  
that we had a stinking past.

You will never know the sweet and bitter  
the yummy and bland  
the sumptuous and little  
our humble ancestors  
had tasted and endured  
with love and pain  
and long digested  
without a trace for you

to unearth.

Sathya Narayana

# Holy Blunder

Clouds in the skies; clouds in the skies; clouds, clouds  
Clouds in the skies; some clustering; some cluttering  
Some straying; some strewing; all in one yonder  
Like free floating vices and flouted virtues

Amongst myriad murky Stygean stratus  
One cumulus, shining bright and smiling white  
Like a lucky rich man amongst fated poor  
Leering, jeering, raving in sway and sashey

“My one misdirected beam made him gleam”  
Bemused waning God Sun, “how this happened  
Of one breed are all clouds; running in them same  
Vapour-blood; façade is due to my light shed”

“Oh! Idiotic white clouds! This is not good!  
Don’t swagger because of my one holy blunder  
On the day apocalyptic winds wiggle  
Every cloud has to melt down into drizzle”

Sathya Narayana

# Holy Trine

From where, in the beginning emerged  
The Universe; and in the end where embedded  
All these planets, skies and oceans  
Rivers, dales and tall mountains  
Colours, scents and flavours  
Charms of all shapes and forms  
Grace of every phenomenon  
Seen, sensed and savored  
As part of every day routine  
Ever imagined thou! Their origin  
That power pool of eternal blaze  
The source and sorbent in one  
Lo! It is the holy trine! Mother divine!  
Not just the woman! A mortal effigy  
Oppressed under hombre hoofs  
But know her as sacred pneuma  
Take my word! All my fellow men  
Whatever be her worldly nomen  
Sister, daughter, wife or mistress  
She is always the Holy Mother  
In whose heavenly ardor  
You are destined to dissolve  
In life and after

Sathya Narayana

# Honourables

At eighty he is still a coolie  
Toiling in paddy lea  
Reaping pods and  
Heaping the seeds  
His sagged muscles working  
In wonted harmony  
But his brain tired of thought  
Of his son who died as a sot; or  
Of his daughter widowed at twenty past  
Or his wife pulling weeds at another spot  
He has to carry on this moil; I thought  
Till death to retain his breath

Looking at his pitiable plight  
A wicked feeling swept my heart  
How great we're in contrast  
Honourable servants of the State  
We retire at sixty, in peace  
Take a lump sum of grant, apiece  
Also a pension for monthly use  
Last but not the least  
A T.V and a chair to ease  
All this at what a simple price  
For sleeping forty years in office! ! !

Sathya Narayana

# Hopeless Pines

When a pine is felled in the forest  
what can the other pines do, but rue...  
helplessly rooted to their spots.

They rattle their boughs in scared demur,  
rock their trunks as if trying to uproot,  
but all in vain...it is but the nature's rule  
to stand desolate amongst piling ruins  
waiting in silence for their turn.

But in what way is a common man  
better than the immovable pines  
...walking, talking, eating and sleeping  
...yet a vegetable enduring  
domineering Machiavellians  
and living like a forlorn human-pine,  
without a fight, bending his spine  
by yielding down to ruthless exploitation? !

.

(The first stanza and the basic idea of this poem are inspired by a sloka (Sanskrit poem) from Ramayana by Audikavi Valmiki)

Sathya Narayana

# Hornpipes

Wealthy I am! Can wager on vices  
Eager they're too to take me zenith  
Avarice-whisky, anger-cigarettes and  
Lust-harlots lined up to keep me afloat  
Through pseudo-pleasures of life  
Hornpipes somewhere inside hoot cautions  
"Yards nigh you're to Judgment day"

Sathya Narayana

# Hot Kiln

He shouts "Help me everyone  
Come on! I'm in a kiln  
Burning is my bare skin! "  
Further whines and complains  
"Don't you have compassion?  
For a suffering fellow-man"

A Wiseman explains, "Well!  
That's your hand-made hearth  
Smouldering in it are fuels  
Raw, rough and cruel charcoals  
You dug out from darkest  
Corners of your heart and  
Piled out around in your life  
Lust, greed and great anger  
Envy, passion and dirty conceit  
All ensembled to blaze hellfires  
In your hollow mind furnace  
To pull you out: there's none  
A friend can wipe your tears  
As an act of mere solace  
Even God on your prayers  
Can give you only strength  
To endure this scorching pain  
To pull you out there's none! !

The man in woebegone kiln  
Shouts again "What's the solution? "  
Wiseman smiled and advised  
"It's simple my dear friend  
Stand up and just walk out"

Sathya Narayana



## How Safe? ?

How safe is this country, how safe is that country;  
this block, that lane, this nook and that corner...how safe?

How sure are you coming from your work place alone?  
Is your Luger secure with rounds enough to fire?  
How many bullets can you let off...one, two, three...four! ?  
Nervous, you look around! Ah Man is just thin-skinned!

You hear gun fire Next Street! A bomb has blown few miles  
away in the outskirts of your city, beloved.  
Land-mines elsewhere are dampening the sandy beds  
of bank's of your Holy rivers with human blood!

You look with suspicion at your neighbor's lengthy beard  
and step back with fear on finding an unattended  
suitcase in the bus stop...  
You strongly wish to live! How long? How safe? How well?  
Really don't know; nor think of the ominous journey ahead  
on piles of corpses, through the light of burning pyres!

You gaze afar, with hope, you see near, with fear...  
the terminus unclear; a briskly adjusted  
binocular vision indeed, your fate in front,  
half clear, half blur; a hazy future with no hope!

So much, so known, I'm sure you smile at your dead end  
that comes, abrupt, at some back street's dim, cruelest bend!

Sathya Narayana

# Human Trait

He smiles at you so sweet...  
reaches you in a crawling gait  
when he aims at your juicy meat.

With a request when you meet  
for a purpose fully honest  
he slights you with a brazen slant.

Far and wide, often we accost  
this typical vile human trait.

We can do nothing but regret  
that the God did permit  
the evil Satan to permeate  
many a common human heart  
to all this deepest extent...

Sathya Narayana

# Humans Are Like This ???

For eons they pulled our weights  
and tilled our farms, the cattle.  
In bestead, what requital?  
When old, we sell them to abattoirs!  
No wonder! Humans are like this! !

We feed on the blood of mother;  
grow on the sweat of father;  
thrive on the wealth they did gather  
and when done with them; our total consume  
not a bit do we qualm...  
we send them to old age home.

No wonder! Humans are like this  
and further advancing in their ways  
of being thankless and pitiless  
with the striding new ages! !

Sathya Narayana

# Hush, Hush

A blazing avalanche is she,  
a gelid lava stream,  
a soothing warmth  
of nascent sunbeams during the fall  
and drenching misty touch in Autumn!  
Resh, Resh...  
Hush, hush... don't spell her name  
Hmm...don't take a look at her...  
so much intoxicating  
is her charm, elegance and grace...  
as good and as bad as pure hasheesh!

Sathya Narayana

# I Am God

I AM GOD

I am God! The innocent first born!  
Before nothing did dawn  
A parentless kid I am  
With no kith or kin  
To nurse, nurture and train

I am an amorphous whole  
Filled with nectar called pure love  
Which I enlaced over human race  
My spiritual progeny in universe

But see what they have done  
I am scared! Alas! Of everything  
Done in my name! Shown as my shape  
My devotees and their airs  
Their signs and ostentations  
Their prayers and swears  
Their transgressions and confessions  
Their rites, rituals and superstitions

My pure potent form is torn  
Into numerous inert icons  
My divine charter is tattered  
Into multiple religious tenets

Once I thought!  
That I was the light!  
That I was the might!  
That I was the start!  
That I was the path!  
And that I was the goal!  
Now I feel bereft of my grit! ! !  
Having been betrayed  
By my beloved offshoots

I am left searching for  
Someone or something  
Grandeur in caliber

Superior in strength  
To save me! This besieged mystical myth! !  
Or as some atheists say  
The mythical mist! ! !

Sathya Narayana

# I Am Jealous

I'm jealous of you,  
so jealous!  
In your heart  
how well love sprouts,  
nature blossoms,  
beauty bounces  
and pain reflects;  
like happy seeds  
that find their way  
onto a lush delta!  
My desert knows  
no sweet dates;  
I'm still thinking of the word  
someone uttered...  
what does it mean  
'Oasis! '

Sathya Narayana

# I Chant, Chant And Chant

Dear God! Do you hear those prayers?  
Millions calling you to take new Avatar  
Let me recall; what you did aver  
Whenever sins sour up and virtues downturn  
That you would don human form

As Rama you killed Ravana; but when?  
Eons after that demon's domain  
As Krishna you destroyed wicked kings  
Yet the good ones for years fourteen  
Had to run ruin and remain forlorn

As Jesus Christ you bled and as Buddha  
Said non-violence is always good  
Since then how many centuries passed  
Showed up not You, Your splendour  
Hindering what Your comeback; humans wonder

Let us take stock and be frank my God  
Do you possess the same command you had  
On that unknown date you dawned  
I don't think old age made you blind  
And rendered your muscles sagged

I hope you are not playing traunt  
Hiding behind black hole or milky tract  
Fearing Satan's dominance and daunt  
Fear not my God! I am here to support  
For I know your holiest secret that  
Thy name is stronger than You the Holy Ghost  
I chant, chant and chant to accentuate  
Your waning powers into invincible might  
You regain Your reign; and in gay abandon  
Re-create a new haven on this planet

Sathya Narayana



# I Know Nothing O' God (Burns Stanza)

What's good, know not. What's bad, as well,  
know not. But lo, my heart does swell  
with love, O' Lord and eyes do well  
when hear your name.  
And why my lips always drivell  
Your tales and fame?

I try no logic Lord. No doubt  
as well I entertain about  
Your greatness, since my brain isn't stout  
and faith, just blind.  
These songs I sing and pleas I shout  
are undefined.

Wisdom is no wisdom; they say,  
unless it lays a floral way  
to reach, at last, your sacred quay.  
But what's wisdom?  
Know not I; but belongs my clay  
to Your kingdom.

Sathya Narayana

# I Said Nothing

Could say nothing  
when I met her last time  
in the deafening din  
of our shying hearts  
demurring minds.

This time...  
we both  
amidst the roses red  
and bright chrysanthemums  
under the green bower  
stood silent watching each other.

I heard the bussing sounds  
of umpteen lips of gentle breeze  
touching her forehead  
and beheld  
an annoyed strand of curly hair  
dangling across her face  
as if brushing aside the mischievous zephyr.  
Then lo came sailing through  
the flowing winds  
a withered leaf of last Autumn  
and fell on her feet,  
as if she waited all the season  
for this moment of salvation.

Suddenly a cool drizzle  
embraced us both with thousand hands  
and the sky winked a lightening!  
This time too  
could say nothing...  
but waded my hesitant steps  
through lazy silence  
and grinding quandary  
and my hands folded around her.

In the yonder a wrinkled cloud growled low  
and from a distant bough

a warble crooned some hurried tunes  
looking around with rolling eyes.  
I smiled at her...  
she smiled at me...  
we needed no more words!

Sathya Narayana

# I, She And Silence

First, first...

Over phone...

&quot;Hello&quot;... &quot;Hello&quot;

For hours... sweet talk...

Many a laugh...

3 years later...

Face to face

&quot;Hi&quot;... &quot;Hi&quot;

Two shy smiles...

Silence...

Two cups of coffee...

Silence...

While parting two broad grins...

Silence...

She turned aside ...bit her lips

I sighed...scratched head

Silence...silence...silence...

2 days later.....

Over phone...

&quot;Hello&quot;...&quot;Hello&quot;

for hours ...sweet talk...

Many a laugh

Sathya Narayana

# Idled Idealist

## IDLED IDEALIST

He is an idled idealist;  
A muscled imbecile,  
a savant to no avail  
in search of a new world!

While blurring are lines  
between the good and bad;  
But the right and wrong;  
dithered of discerning wisdom,  
he is stranded there, in the middle  
of labyrinthine lanes all around!  
Towards which side to stride...  
Left? Right? East? West?

Fuddled is the ideal vanguard...  
Alas no friend to walk together  
nor even a foe to offer  
A decent fighting pleasure!

In this social warren  
he remain lost and forlorn  
like a frozen mountain  
of vain profusion!

Sathya Narayana

# Ignorance

When ignorance means a zilch, a zero  
why it looks, as black as an ugly crow  
and sounds vulgar and loud that mocks  
the jarring yelp of a prowling fox  
in a thorny copse, feigning hunger throes? ?

Musing over, I walked towards the sea shore.  
A dog's carcass quivered on the side of the road  
as beetles a million buzzed in and out, gung-ho!

A dead palm leaf at a distance fluttered  
making an awful din on the tree all alone.

Music on an empty earthen pot sounded hollow  
played by an angler squatted on the sand-pillow.

I nodded my head trying hard to follow  
the weird phenomenon and got up to go.

Sathya Narayana

# Ilu

oft eyes fail to say  
body forgets its language  
go...utter those words

Sathya Narayana

# Imperial Towers

Standing on the 61st floor,  
straight, confident with glittering eyes, Mr. Dollar  
...felt as tall as that skyscraper  
...yeah, eight hundred thirty three feet!  
There's nothing visible below  
and indeed there's nothing above!  
That's the oath  
the Imperial Towers made  
three years ago  
when he signed on the dotted lines  
to earn that rare ego!

He loved from there  
the lovely scenario!  
When cold drizzles clashed  
with warm glimmers of the Sun  
he stretched out his hands  
to catch the colours sprinkled!  
'Yeah, one day I'll hold tight  
that rainbow bright! '  
He smiles at himself...  
calls it his warm desire,  
his 'pyara quaish'!

\*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*

Pulling a loaded trolley  
in knee-deep muddy rainy waters of Mumbai road;  
Mr. Coin  
(In fact no one addressed him Mister)  
with bent back, docile and gloomy eyes  
felt as flat as the earth itself.  
It's rock-hard below  
and above his shoulders, hard task.  
That's the promise  
the dirty soil made  
fifty years ago  
when he's born in the slimy slums.  
But he too liked the sight from there...



the glittering, tall and rich  
Imperial Towers!  
As his glimpses avidly brush  
that architectural extravagance, he mutters  
'One day I might walk inside  
those doors baroque,  
touch those colourful walls  
and smell the scents  
of imperial fragrance! '  
He laughs at himself...  
he calls it a dream  
'HA, EK SAPNA,  
EK ADHOORI SAPNA! '

(Imperial Towers is the tallest building in India.)

Sathya Narayana

# Impoverished

IMPOVERISHED

In their walk and mein,  
I see the unseen pain,  
and in their eyes those unspent tears  
reserved for the worst!  
I hear their bellies crying  
and eavesdrop those secret murmurs  
their hearts are making!

I love them!

I also behold the blind,  
the dumb and duff  
amongst us  
who fail to feel the travails  
of the impoverished.

I hate them!

Sathya Narayana

# In Black & White

Daydream O' friend, of favorable portends;  
a royal crown, a golden throne, a sword  
in hand, courtiers and attendants on bend!  
To dream is your birth right, yeah dream in bold!

But lo my friend, this life is numbers, names  
and forms. To know them all and make your own  
is louder than a cry and slogan game!  
On earth dreams can't make their own clones!

Don't drown yourself in pumping reverie lurch!  
Don't jump with hope at colorful rainbows  
and flying flags in dreams. By morn, will clutch  
your neck, the truth like calescent gallows!

Well, see this life as life in white and black.  
Hues fade and morrows look at you....yes blank! !

(Calescent: adj: increasing in heat)

Sathya Narayana

# In Search Of Freedom

In search of freedom; how strange,  
waves are running away from oceans  
and rays are running away from light...  
I wonder,  
can they ever sever from their founts?

Fastened are lives, likewise  
one and all in this universe  
to the unraveled hidden source.

Yet humans run in nescience  
towards illusory independence.

Stop your sprint  
dear straying mortals...  
start searching your inner alcoves.

Not really fathoms deep to grope...  
well nigh the ultimate free rein  
in the wellspring; The Mighty Divine!

Sathya Narayana

# Indian Heart

We know where is Kohinoor!  
There is no hurry to get back  
our peacock throne! !  
After all, we brought home  
a precious gift for merriment  
from the western culture chest  
bartering Indian heart...  
a master key to unlock  
the Indian chastity belt! !

Vexed by husbands harassments,  
crossed by in-laws crass harangues...  
depressed lasses at last found  
to sob, cozy hubs...  
thanks to Bangalore pubs!

He left!  
She rejected!  
No regrets!  
A long trajectory  
of yearning passersby  
with elastic love;  
is ahead!

Sathya Narayana

# Ishhhh! Silence

when words elude  
emotions fail to express...  
silence: allow it to speak.

entertains like friends  
horrifies like solitude  
silence: fond and rude.

it's sweet and bitter  
it's so intoxicating  
silence: like wine when once tasted  
becomes an addiction.

Sathya Narayana

# Isms

Caught in `ism' cage  
On the world I gaze  
Shadows of my cage; blaze

Erase `isms'  
Raze down  
Refracting prisms  
See then  
Oneness blossom;  
Truth wholesome  
Come to vision

Sathya Narayana

## Jayaho To Ram (Jaya Mantram)

Jayaho to Ram and Lakshmana, the valiant pair!  
Jayaho to King Sugreev, the trusted friend of Ram!  
To Ram, the King of Kosala, disciple I'm.  
My name is Hanuman, the Son of Winds! Beware!

Let there be Ravana's a thousand in this world.  
They're born to die today by Hanuman's wallops.  
Get ye ready for storms of stones and boulders hurled;  
get ye ready to see your buildings hop and lop!

Finish, I soon this battle sport to kneel before  
my Mother pure and leave this Lankan shore in gore.  
Beware O' demon boors! I came to slay! Beware!  
Is there someone amongst ye, demon louts, to dare?

Jayaho to Ram and Lakshmana, the valiant pair!  
My name is Hanuman, the Son of Winds! Beware! &quot;

Sathya Narayana



# Jayahoo

Sipped he, music with his mother's milk  
Mum and music notes; he liked alike  
His playful childhood he toddled over bands  
Of fiddles and keyboard glockenspiel

Stood at last as a proud victor  
On the world-pedestal of original score  
Hoisting Indian genius and glory high in skies  
Flaunting and fluttering in tri-color pride and  
Free flying doves of dreams that came true

Carrying on his shoulders double Oscars  
Walking in style, he, on the musical road he paved  
Vanguarding millions of Indian youth  
Shouting 'Jayaho', 'Jayaho'; Praying  
'Maa thujhe salaam', Ma thujhe salaam  
Bowing to Mother India as a worthy son  
Offering his supreme win as lovely psalms

(Original Telugu poem by: Perugu Ramakrishna)  
(Translated by: sathyanarayana)

Sathya Narayana

# Jeevanmuktha

Once he feared every omen; tick'ng Big Ben  
thundered cannons and mind's filled with demons.  
Lived he phobias unfounded and unknown.  
Inane adversities even; sent cold sweat down  
wetting head to feet; shattering thoughts sane.

But a day came soon like bright Sun shine  
when dawned in him nascent omniscience...  
that he's laden himself with false burden  
nescient of the ONE bearing the whole creation.

Was it due to his strong devotion  
or result of his rinsed out sins?  
Knew not but; he became a new man  
like a full Moon out of cloud curtain  
and like rosy petals out of coarse sepals.

He now submits every poser and pain  
at His Lotus Feet with staunch faith.  
No fear; no favor; he does his chores  
smiling at every trial and comfort alike.

He is an ascetic in bon vivant mould,  
a jeevanmukta; a jettisoned life boat,  
an indulgent body with unattached soul  
and an elemental flesh housing Holy Ghost!

Sathya Narayana

# Jekyll And Hyde

He is my friend! An old friend!  
With a different kind of mind  
For dinner, I invited him  
He laughed, "Only Sunday for a chum"  
&"You know? I'm a busy man"

Yeah! He is busy! Very busy! !  
Always in a bureaucratic frenzy  
Throwing files and  
Scowling at menials  
Wielding power and  
Shielding misdemeanor  
Making rulings and  
Raking under the table dealings  
Drooling and squealing  
Like a swine in sewer stinking

For him it is the Elysium  
A corrupted mind's addictive opium  
Honesty's grand mausoleum  
I said with concern, "Yes Mr. Hyde  
I wait for Jekyll, till week end"

Sathya Narayana

# Journalists

The smart  
Reveal a bad news  
Tactfully

Journalists  
Listen to it  
Cheerfully

But don't  
Misjudge  
Their class

Blame them not  
Nay! Nay! Nay!  
After all  
There are not  
Accessories  
To the crime

They are just  
Hawks on corpses

Sathya Narayana

# Juggernaut

You and I drench in joy tears  
to a cuckoo's song with guileless ears  
even while expert musicians  
keep searching for discordant notes!

You and I look with bleary eyes  
at the holes in the sari of a poor lady  
even while a pair of lecherous eyes prey  
on her bare flesh peeping through her poverty!

Burning tears and blooming love  
find their language in poetry  
and blurt out naked and hazy.  
You and I perceive that woe and feel  
even while grammatists shout foul, foul!

There have been men from eons  
who ignore the right and embrace the wrong,  
like pigs those that sidetrack from a royal lane  
and jump into a stinking sewer line!

They trumpet that Lord Ram did err  
and that Udhishtira's virtue was a sham.

But stops not my juggernaut that cares  
for true human values; but not ugly stares  
and tramples upon all those cans of worms! !

Sathya Narayana

# Killing Cold

Killing is the cold  
My only hope  
Your warmth

You're cold-hearted  
I know, like the mountain rock  
But my fingers too  
Are flint stones

Won't summer sear  
Winter bite  
And rains drench?  
You're normal  
Just human  
Vulnerable to love virus  
Susceptible to passion fever...  
Take me in...  
I'm the anodyne!

Sathya Narayana

# Kneel Before Us...O' Pakistan

Bald swears and hollow talks...O' Pakistan  
what else you got? ! Behold behind your back...  
your strength...a bunch of screaming lunatics  
shaking their guns; a couple of missiles  
quailing to zoom forward, few burring tanks,  
and old-fashioned F-16s! Fool, ye fool...  
can mouse challenge a lion, can canines scare  
a solemn mastodon? ! Pack up your arms,  
and hold your tongue! Ye now, ye now you kneel  
before the Indians and fast peel off  
the terrorist hideouts around your State.  
You know, you know, we have the largest heart..  
will sure forgive your sins! Yes, after all  
we're born from where our Greatest Ram did rule  
the Universe with love, kindness and compassion!

Sathya Narayana

# Knives & Swords

Might be sharp and shining...  
remembers but who  
all those  
bygone humble vegetable knives?

Every head that rolled in the history  
counted on the glory  
of even blunted swords!

Sathya Narayana



# Know God

You want to know the God  
Wish to pave a path, direct  
To His ornate abode

Read scriptures, listen to words  
Of saints and wise men  
Bath in waters sacred  
And visit holy shrines

But bear in mind!  
From truth when you unwind  
When you shun  
Your duties bounden

For money when you greed  
When you spurn the feeble and needy  
And as long as your mind  
Is filled with hatred and envy  
I'm afraid your path is never ready  
Remains just stone and sand

And one more hint!  
There is no entry into His precincts  
For those hidebound maniacs  
Wearing distinctive marks

Sathya Narayana

# Language

She's all alone,  
having left her parent's home;  
a free bird, a truant, a hobo she's,  
who couldn't stand discipline anymore!

She loves aho to rock, rollick, gyrate  
and ball to thy rhythm and rhyme O' poet!

But lo, so tender she's, the language bud.  
Tend her with little, little sprinkles sweet  
of nectarine muse till blossoms full  
in to a flower with dripping deluges of honey.

Be a true poet...sensitive, sensible and sensuous...  
make love with her to make her happy...

All this care and caution I have to say O' Poet,  
since I know of those Professors  
and grammarians,  
who try to rape.

Sathya Narayana

# Lanka Torched

## LANKA TORCHED

Let me express my love and gratitude  
to Lord Agni, who showed mercy on me.  
Let me offer these hordes of Lankans, lewd  
and Lankan artistry to fire's wild spree.'  
The Mighty Hanuman with burning tail  
was looking like a golden nimbus cloud  
holding the lightning sword, on cosmic sail  
about to burst on demons, wild and loud.  
He hopped from one rooftop to another  
wagging his blazing tail with playful mind  
eluding frantic demons; some smothered  
by fear and some with hope on life, resigned.  
He lighted first Prahasta's house, then perched  
on huge Mahaparshwa's rooftop and torched.

The flames soared high and spinning smokes diffused  
filling the air with acrid smell and sounds  
of crackling wood as demons looked bemused;  
as Hanuman cut loose for further rounds.  
Enraged, he set ablaze the lovely home  
of vile Vajradamshttra; from there he jumped  
to reach Suka's exclusive palace dome  
and turned that fort into a melted lump.  
He turned to Sarana's quarters and lit  
that home, then set his eyes on Indrajit's  
lavish abode and burnt it to ashes.  
Within minutes Lanka was all flashes.  
Thus offered the demon homes to fierce infernal streams  
but spared Vibheeshana's abode, with due esteem.

The God of Fire and the God of Wind who spent  
till then, a timid existence, oppressed  
by Ravana, regained a strong accent  
by Mother's grace and Hanuman's finesse.  
Those gods went berserk with triumphant smirks  
enraged with vengeance, spitting purple fires.  
As the flames rose high and sharp like wielded dirks;  
the helping winds had whirled shaking the spires.

The Son of Wind once finished with sundry homes  
reached the high and highly wrought palace  
of Ravana touching the misty foams  
of sky and torched its spires with great malice.  
The One who's sent to find the Mother chaste  
didn't stop at that, but burnt a city great.

The holocaust began with the crashing down  
of roofs, marking the doom of that boom-town.  
Melted gold spires and silver sills flowed  
on streets and littered boulevards and roads.  
Ran helter-skelter kids and women, through  
the burning wood and falling roofs, askew  
with strident shrieks and cries begging for help  
in chorus with horse neighs and mongrels' yelps.  
Some women caught on upper stairs of forts  
had jumped from noisome heights like rain of borts,<sup>1</sup>  
falling from misty skies, with raucous cries,  
&quot;This Ape's the God of Fire, in wile disguise! &quot;  
When fruits of past good deeds exhaust and sins upraise  
how fall the blessed castles; the devilish walls thus did raze.

Sathya Narayana

# Last Kiss Good Bye

ye come for once  
to the arbor O' dear  
to kiss thee, my last good bye.  
let us revisit the shady cove;  
listen to the moans  
of crushing soil again  
underneath our wiggling bodies  
and smell the greens around.

recall what winds once demurred  
'road-blocks'  
do you remember  
what the twigs  
and entwined creepers  
exclaimed looking at us:  
'how could they do that,  
Oh, creepy-slimy, ah, ah, ah  
cheee, cheee, cheeee! '  
'it's called embrace'  
sighed a pigeon.  
'nay, nay, it's complecting'  
explained a keenly watching serpent.  
'It's amplexation' argued a toad.  
At last clarified  
a little bunny-scientist  
'it's melding! '

how much we laughed  
how much we laughed

it's time we carefully conceal  
those sweet everythings  
deep inside our hearts.  
believe me, never exhausts  
that divine nectar  
and ever shade us  
those romantic moments.

yeah, yeah

ye come for once  
to the arbor O' dear  
to kiss thee, my last goodbye

Sathya Narayana

# Late Love

Colors add beauty,  
tastes invite  
fragrances invigorate...

Well, there's something  
I felt late in life;  
a learning  
that made this opsimath  
a wise expert...  
that's unseasoned, unflavoured  
and invisible..  
yet that feels great...  
with silent vibes  
and intangible touch...  
love...a new kind of it...  
as pure as nothing.

(Opsimath: one who learns late in life)

Sathya Narayana

# Laughing Matter

I love my T.V  
Whenever I want to laugh  
I switch to cartoon movies  
The antics of Tom and Jerry  
Keep on tickling me  
For hours later

When I like to have extra fun  
And want to giggle and guffaw  
I watch political news  
But alas the histrionics  
Of our leaders  
For days together  
They keep me dipped in  
Pain and chagrin

Sathya Narayana



# Laughs And Laments

I don't lament  
at those lamenting  
at my sheen.  
I don't laugh at those  
laughing at my mien.  
Laments are sacred.  
Laughs are sacred.  
Preserve them with care,  
for that day of Armageddon!

Sathya Narayana

# Lead Me

LEAD ME

Lead me to that heaven  
through those no-thorn greens  
where cuckoos croon;  
bunnies zoom on lush loam;  
apes clown and owls frown!

Walk me tenderly  
under the bracing full Moon  
...your eyes blue cueing my line,  
your blushing beams  
signing upon the anvil  
of an affair-de- coer...  
Lead me to that heaven!

I close my blinking eyes  
to shut the wakeful dreams out,  
I take a deep breath,  
moisten my drying lips...  
I allow my stirring thoughts  
touch my thumping heart's brims  
and again, my eyes, I open  
to envision, aha,  
a great mise en scene! !

Is this not Manasa Sarovaram,  
the divine soul's swirling stream  
of orgasmic nectar-fall  
ushering Into the dim inner shores  
of human organism!

And I dive insane into that chilling lagoon  
where lustful swans swim, sprawl, poke, provoke  
and probe each other in the waters of desire!

You tell me "It's all our own", this heaven, this Moon  
and these playful swans our chums!  
Let us play together the game! "

Then...I...into you  
and you...into me  
lead each other in to that heaven! !

Sathya Narayana

## Left & Right

Oh, heckling thinkers,  
and O' inverted intellectuals...  
be thou left or right,  
sling not mud at each other  
and waste not thy chaste anger!  
Eager, both thou are  
to offer this world due comfort!  
Two sides of uncut  
one whole thou are;  
our bolsters...  
why fight amongst thou  
O' mistreading stalwarts!  
Stretch thy great peers  
there, on that deserving rout of wolves  
rambling out there,  
eating the vitals of the world to core  
and breeding hatred and squalor all over!  
No signets they bear of nation any;  
just bandicoots are they in our closets!  
Come ye, cut their throats!  
Yes, yes, no remorse...  
ere they get to the roots and bore! ! !

Sathya Narayana

# Left And Right

Oh, heckling thinkers!  
Oh, inverted intellectuals!  
Be you left or right  
Sling not mud at each other  
Waste not, your chaste anger

Eager, both you are  
To offer this world due comfort  
Two sides of uncut  
One whole you are; our bolsters  
Why fight? Mistreading stalwarts!

Stretch your great peers  
There! On that deserving rout  
Of wolves rambling out  
Eating vitals of State to core  
Breeding hatred and squalor

No signets they bear  
Of nation; just bandicoots  
In our closets!  
Cut their throats! Yes! No remorse  
Ere they get to roots and bore

Sathya Narayana

# Legislature

Why shout?

When speaking suffices

Shoved by our votes

Our hopes and trust

You reached this House

This isn't an inn of ale

To blabber and revel

Nor a plunderers' market

To vandalize public's nickel

This is a thicket of think tank

Where you have to meditate

Mediate and modulate

Variegated vox populi

And decide our fates

Why shout?

When speaking suffices

Sathya Narayana

# Let Us Forget

He lost his parents  
In communal riots  
But he forgot it!

Acquired was his fertile tract  
For a paltry amount  
But he forgot it

He has to fast many a night  
Unable to meet rising costs  
But he forgot it

Shattered were hold-fasts  
Of many a proletariat  
But they all forgot

Nothing to surprise at all  
It is easy in this democratic State  
To keep people in a hypnotic state

Today they each got  
A hundred rupee note  
And a couple of  
Arrack packets  
Tomorrow is an auspicious date  
They are going to cast  
Their precious votes

Sathya Narayana

# Lie To Me

I asked you  
sometime ago

'Why don't you lie?  
One more lie...  
to lie is easy!  
you did it so many times  
I never mind such a lovely lie  
that you love me  
and that you can't live  
without me.

lies are beautiful...aren't they?  
like rainbows, like mirages  
and like distant horizons.'

But you never said it.  
I was depressed  
till realised one day  
that you're always afraid  
of telling the truth.

You may tame the truth  
by lulling it with lies  
and prevent it  
from bursting out  
of your heart.

But so oft I felt  
the blurted out  
chilly nitty-gritty  
sprinkled like rose-water  
on my face.

Sathya Narayana



# Life

Let people oppose, abuse,  
harass, talk crass  
and become envious  
of your success.

Let come losses, hassles  
and inexplicable distress  
and let collapse  
your concrete dreams.

Confidence is the sorceress  
and in her hand  
there's courage; the caduceus  
to vamoose all this trash  
to placate  
every swelling antithesis.

Walking through the ruins  
with smiling lineaments  
you can still build  
your own heavens.

Try this, try that,

anything virtuous,  
that pleases  
the inner Goddess  
as gracious  
and righteous.

If still triumph your enemies  
from inner and outer sources...  
wait!

Beyond this body fleece  
that flees in knavish winds one day...  
there is a soul forever that lives  
to give you another body and life  
and another chance to rejoice.

Wait till then with patience  
when you can amass  
all the pleasures  
for you this universe reserves.

Sathya Narayana

## Life Goes On...

A right of everyone, this walk of life  
be on a road of blooms or thorns, who cares  
we wish to make the strides, in joy or strife,  
lazy or brisk, till whizzes wind through nares.  
Yes life goes on!

A king sashays, waddles a mendicant,  
machos jog, sprint and jump, a wimp but limps.  
In every step there's hope, desire and want  
to live, survive and shove the life with gimp.  
Yes life goes on!

Sathya Narayana

## Life Modern ?????

Moored mindsets to addictive myths  
spoor inn'r barbarians  
Dry stares, wry smiles and wary lengths  
define dour life modern

Crisscrossing frontiers on Earth  
like red blood contusions  
on flagellated humane warmth  
define dour life modern

Rich, poor, color, class, origin, birth,  
mine, yours, rules, canons  
New cornerstones of global growth  
define dour life modern

Fine Sathya! Fine! No more of depths!  
Is He not seeing sin?  
Wait till He infuses love-breath  
and refines life modern

Sathya Narayana

# Light And Sound

yes, it's right...  
sound is slower than light...  
her eyes told it first

Sathya Narayana

# Like A Lotus

My eyes haven't become glass balls...  
they well when they see dolour  
of deprived churls;  
blood curdles,  
somewhere deep from the entrails  
bursts out aloud, a painful shrill!

People sneer; call me a fool  
'This world you can never overhaul!  
Reconcile! Mingle with the evil!  
Learn the art of survival! '

These are morals from grass blades,  
with winds in tune that waggle.

But I wish I live like a lotus,  
born and dwell in filthy pool,  
I still fight the surrounding foul!

Sathya Narayana

# Listen Please

Let us not go into reasons  
I don't keep asking  
But the fact is that  
You stopped listening  
To friends and to the ones  
Who talk some sense

But nothing happens  
Really, nothing happens  
You roll on whimsically  
With your old ways

But lo! This has a tag-line  
One day stops talking  
Your inner voice  
That's when starts  
The real crisis! !

Sathya Narayana

# Litter Bin

Someone misspelled the word 'LOVE'!  
I beheld those lips flashing a crooked smile.  
Many...no, no...almost all heads nodded!

I'm still there...  
in the dumping yard  
probing deep into the litter bins!  
I heard they calling them 'HEARTS'.

Sathya Narayana



# Living Idol

Her face is black and shiny  
like a just burnished ebony!  
When Sun rays swept  
through the beads of her cold sweat  
hundred more Suns did reflect  
at once, glowing bright!

Her toil since childhood  
bestowed her with the best shape  
to make jealous any Miss World.

Her rhythmic movements  
while at work or when she does simply walk  
can sure invoke poetic zest  
to follow her elegant gait  
to run eloquent into metrical beats.

Those countless tears and holes in her sari  
struggling to cover her raw, rustic beauty  
are like windows to her explicit misery!

Her total muliebrity so natural  
like a leaf amongst leaves,  
a flower amongst the flowers,  
flowing like a gushing waterfall!

No wild surmises about her  
...sShe is not a glittering cine star  
nor a cover girl on a tabloid...  
but, a very common Indian maiden  
one of several millions seen  
anywhere in our dear Nation  
...paddy fields, labor yards or fish ponds  
...salt pans, spinning mills or gold mines  
...as omnipotent as poverty  
reigning high in this great country  
where womanhood is worshipped  
as Goddess Adi Para Shakhty  
the holy Generatrix deity,

Governess of the whole universe with piety  
...but in blood and flesh her earthly body  
seen as sheer sex symbol only  
by those eyes of leering lechery!

She is an oppressed grace  
of God's choicest creativity,  
she is an ever-drudging human gender  
serving vainglory husbands,  
and a desecrated living Idol  
in a ravaged humane temple

Sathya Narayana

# Long Journey Ahead

Blinking at the bright light, I thought  
"I'm all set for a long trip! I must!  
Through many unfamiliar routs"

"I might have done it before! But  
I lost my past at my last horizon  
Which I left by accepting a covenant  
Of oblivion, before reaching this zone"

Ending my musings, I gazed forward  
To find two pairs of cool eyes looking into mine  
From two masked persons with Steel blades  
Bleeding in their hands! What a bad reception? !  
Shocked, I remained in timid quietude

Then came an unexpected knock on my back  
Someone has started hitting me, first with some heed  
Then started speeding up, with sounds like  
Thud, thud, thud, thud, thud, thud  
I wanted to say, "Hey! Stop it! You freak!  
My mumbled lips produced no sound

□

The hitting continued; with brisk strokes  
This time on my belly as well  
I felt vulnerable and weak  
I wanted to weep; get out of this hell  
I tried once again; this time with a crack  
With full force I expelled, a shrilling yell

Now the hitting' as slowed down to a somewhat  
Systematic patting; to a more measured rhythm  
Heartened; I shrieked again; with full throat  
Louder and louder, hysterical, up to the acme  
The hitting did cease, all abrupt

After a minute of silence I heard  
My captors shouting with delight  
"The baby has cried! The baby has cried! !

Sathya Narayana

# Long Journey Ahead (Revised)

Blinking at the bright light, I thought  
'I'm all set for a long journey  
through numerous unfamiliar routs;  
a promised joy-pain potpourri! '

'From where I started; go I where?  
I might have done this trip before,  
but lost my past at my last halt.  
A thawed horizon's melted door  
I left and passed through many a vault  
and flushed out by a tidal bore  
to reach this place oh by default.'

'I signed a pact or gestured yes  
to some tacit contract to bind  
myself to oblivion, I guess;  
ere woke up finding me entwined  
a coiled lump like in this foul mess.'

Ending my muse, I gazed forward  
to find two pairs of coolest eyes  
looking into my eyes! O' God  
they have white masks of grand disguise  
and shiny blades of steel in hands  
dripping with blood and wiry bands  
of flesh. Whom did they cut and prise?

Then came a sudden knock on my  
frail back, first as a tender pat  
then started speeding up; O' my  
O' my, with sounds like thud, thud, phat!

I tried to shout, 'Hey stop you freak!  
My mumbled lips produced no sound.  
Oh continued their battery  
with rhythmic beat in timbre loud.

This time on my belly as well!  
I felt so vulnerable and weak.

I tried to weep out of this hell.  
I tried again; this time a shriek.  
With force expelled a shrilling yell.

The hitting had slowed down somewhat  
to a systematic patting fast  
with measured rhythm like horse's strut  
on my back-street. Heartened at last  
I shrieked again from depths of gut  
aloud, a hysterical lambast.

The hitting did cease, all abrupt.  
After a flash of grim silence I heard  
my captors shouting with delight  
'The baby cried; the baby cried! '

Sathya Narayana

# Lord Krishna And Cowboys - A Cosmic Journey - 1

## HARE KRISHNA - A COSMIC JOURNEY

One day Chitti queried 'Krishna  
aren't you our friend? They say  
you joined the big nowadays and won't  
you come to us to play! '

'My father said you're not from this  
village; but from the sky;  
some other world above, near stars!  
Krishna, came here then why? '

Another friend asked ' Krishna, how  
that world of yours looks like?  
Can we go there? Is that so goood?  
To there how can we hike? '

'Is there a lot of butter, milk  
and cheese in upper world?  
Why not we go and steal them too  
and eat! ! ', with laughs he twirled.

Krishna couldn't help joy tears! He thought  
'Their innocence so pure  
and sweet! God's life inured routine,  
but human's; real allure! '

Then brightly said 'O' friends, I came  
to play with you! You're all  
so sweet, so kind and mischievous too  
like me; real jolly pals! '

'I have no friends out there! ' He showed  
the sky, and said 'I sprang  
from there O' little happy folks,  
to reach and join your gang! '

With index finger pressing lips  
Krishna uttered 'Silence!

Close eyes and keep thinking of me!  
Come on, utter silence! '

Sathya Narayana



# Lord Krishna And Cowboys - A Cosmic Journey - 2

SRI KRISHNA and COWHERDS - COSMIC JOURNEY - 2

The boys obliged. Within no time  
they're floating deep in sky  
with Vaasudeva guiding them  
through bright galactic highs!

The cowboys started shouting loud  
and crazy, gazing all  
around with winkless eyes that great  
splendor of yonder sprawl!

They felt the chill of emptiness,  
and searing heat of Sun.  
They tried to touch the Moon and catch  
the meteorites on run.

They floated, swayed, careened and dived  
and had in sky, blue-baths.  
Beat blinks of stars with laughs and flowed  
with foams of milky path.

At last they reached a world of ponds  
with lotus blossoms white  
and red and gliding royal swans  
in waters nimble and light.

There're trees like silver pillars tall  
with hanging bunches dense  
of golden flowers spreading out  
a potpourri of scents.

There're dark hillocks, not rocks really,  
but large sapphires, so sprawled,  
some transparent stones, must be diamonds;  
some green, oh emeralds!

A melody so sweet and smooth  
of million veena strings

provoked in them a feeling false  
of dangling on a swing!

In tune, were heard enchanting chants  
of solemn Vedic hymns  
pervading that pleasance with rhythms  
of vitalizing vim.

Thus gliding they in vacant spheres  
approached a central place  
with millions of lighted wicks  
hanging in naked space.

Those lights were reflecting from deep  
inside a lake's billows,  
as if there're thousand Suns who lunged in  
to meet their lotus loves!

As big as regal thrones, amidst  
that lake, were lotuses two,  
veneering waters, stones and trees  
with sheen of golden hue.

They saw a woman lovely, clad  
in pearl-white silk sari,  
sitting in one of those, playing  
vina-oh she's Vaani!

Ma Sarada who divisioned 'Om',  
that primeval sound from void,  
into the seven music notes;  
oh Her the boys beheld.

The Guru, Vagdevi, who gave  
the letter, word, accent  
and cant to world, oh Her, the boys  
beheld with bedazzlement!

The Mother kind of all, the pious  
consort of Lord Brahma,  
oh Her, Saraswati, the stunned  
cowboys descried with awe!

On other lotus blossom, saw  
the cowboys, Lord Brahma,  
in deep meditation, listening to  
his dear consort's vina.

He's sitting straight in lotus pose,  
his faces four with eyes  
oh twelve, as if watching the world  
with vision numinous.

In His four hands He's wearing four  
Vedas; and bright halos  
around His form were humming OM  
in continuum, sweet and low!

The cowboys went into a trance  
watching those scenes bedazed.  
When opened eyes they found themselves  
in their mundane village.

Standing before them all they found Krishna  
his eyes with mischievous smiles.  
He said 'Welcome to earth O' friends!  
How's the trip to distant isles? '

Their faces bloomed like lotuses  
they saw in cosmic creeks.  
They ran to their good friend, huddled  
and kissed his tender cheeks.

Hare Rama, Hare Rama,  
Rama, Rama, Hare, Hare,  
Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna,  
Krishna, Krishna, Hare, Hare

Sathya Narayana

# Lost Faith

Man lost faith in fellow men;  
their thoughts, acts, words and virtues!

In a world of mutual mistrust  
Scepters ruled the mighty kingdoms,  
idols ruled human hope and wisdom;  
statutes, rules and codes etch today  
vows on papers!

Words of mouth go with the wind,  
and prefer we walking on jotted lines.

Man against man is pitted  
in a cobweb of scribble-jumble!

Alas, orals lost credence  
and writings gained muscle!  
Words or writings are of what vouch  
when human ethics is in pathetic crouch? !

Was this the man; the Divine did plan?  
What a shame to be called a human;  
sans being humane, a quality God did sow  
but alas, man never allowed it to grow!

Sathya Narayana

# Lost Soul (Iambic Trimeter)

I know well, when I lost...  
into which milky lair  
entered my soul and lost  
it's path, purpose and flair!

In sweetness, waves and froth;  
in numbing chilly frost  
of love that knows no wrath,  
she fought, alas but lost!

Congeaed my soul forgot  
it's past, it's place, her mates,  
her liquid heart, well wrought  
up mind and telling traits!

That airy, brilliant lair  
feels sultry, choky and moist  
with gulping love in air  
and soaking songs of thirst!

The rocks zigzag arranged  
by hands unknown and strong;  
with sugary twangs, harangued  
love lessons sweet for long!

Flurrying birds in black and white  
and slothful serpents clad  
in golden scales that night  
whispered some luscious fad.

From one blind chasm above  
a star glittered a wink  
and said hush hush 'This cove  
a sensual shoal, ye sink! '

A life in jail so oft  
becomes an addictive fare;  
it's odours perfumed wafts  
and walls, fetish of prayers!

Sathya Narayana

# Lotus Pond

I stand at the hidden lotus pond  
away from the unromantic crowds,  
amidst thick greenly and thorny coppice.  
I close my eyes and take a deep breath...  
I feel your scent;  
the scent of your secret grace.  
A draft of mild breeze makes me feel  
your flying silk sari  
slowly unwrapping you  
revealing your beautiful folds.  
Again I take a deeper breath;  
again and again breathing you,  
the salty inviting fragrance of your sweat  
and the taste of your thirst...  
This is my routine  
my romance with an unseen you  
but felt by every cell of mine  
at every time and at every place.  
Do you call it platonic? Sorry  
you don't see  
my heart's unlimited orgasms.

Sathya Narayana

# Love

We crave it, when young, in rage  
Scared of it, when wise, to divulge  
Love! The undetering vice of any age  
Underlines our life at every stage

What an onus laden on man  
Since the "Adam"antine sin  
Is it a curse or a boon?  
He delivered to the whole clan

At dawn fills your bosom to the brims of thrills  
But anon! Drills your heart to a well of tears  
Culprit the love! The Cupid's scourge  
Always difficult to interpret it's maze

Sathya Narayana



# Love And Lover

Love

Be it

Romantic,

Erotic

Or simply

Platonic

A lover

Is always

A lunatic

sathya narayana

Sathya Narayana

# Love Is Beautiful

'You're beautiful! ' He said.

'You're very handsome! ' She whispered.

'I love you! '

'I love you! '

They kissed.

He stepped back,  
picked up the White cane  
and walked out saying:  
'Bye darling...till evening! '

'Bye! ' She said  
and groped around  
for her white cane.

(White cane: A white cane is the stick used by the blind or visually impaired.)

Sathya Narayana

## Love Poet ~ Odd Poet

"Give some respite, oh odd poet"  
Said a love poet with a smile  
"Discard all that pain and regret  
Sufferings and ideals futile

Give your readers some amusement  
Draw them close with the nature's pull  
Feed them with beauty's enchantments  
And treat them with love, fad and zeal

Know oh odd poet, that all the arts  
Are to amuse but not to chisel  
The connoisseurs' delicate hearts  
Allow them some thrills to revel

Be a poet-doctor who can heal  
Ailing hearts with sweet sonnets  
Limericks and lyrics beautiful  
But not with tears, wails and shouts

Thought the odd poet, for a while  
And said, " Yes! I'm a doctor-poet  
I care my patients with concern real  
I strive hard to give right treatment

I quite prefer bitter truth pills  
Oh love poet, as cure permanent  
To aesthetic morphine to lull  
My patients into a false comfort

Sathya Narayana

# Love Season

Naked dogs linger  
till monsoon  
to express their love hunger.

Well dressed humans  
care no seasons...  
day in and day out  
they lust for fresh lubricity! !

Sathya Narayana

# Love Sick

Roses never appealed to me!  
Ignored I always cool zephyrs!  
Fine cuisine never could woo my taste buds  
and exotic fragrances...ah just nonsense!

This's all about my body...

but my heart shivers  
at their very thought...  
yeah it's so vulnerable...  
so sick...love sick!

Sathya Narayana

# Love! Where Are You

You left!  
I wept!  
I love you!

I can feel  
your love too  
even when we're miles apart!

I know too well  
that love is that of heart!

But, but, but,  
what to do...  
body aches!

Sathya Narayana

# Makers

Meddle with some gadget; say a radio  
A T.V., a cell phone or a clock  
For an hour or so, you know  
How to make it work

Take a screw driver and open it  
Spoil a dozen of such in a row  
You may learn how to repair it  
Or the parts, you may just have to throw

But lo! You can't make it  
There's someone else,  
Who fits it screw by screw, plate by plate  
And instills in it running pulse  
The maker! The architect! The expert  
Admire him, love him and bow to him

So are the animal and plant gadgets  
The superior and complex conundrums  
Creations of THE MAKER, the greatest  
Admire Him, love Him and Bow to Him.

Sathya Narayana

# Man In The Street

I am just a man in the street  
Who knows my stock, my stint,  
My wait and my thoughts?  
I see the world as world naked  
The way it exists, manifests and acts  
No one wears goggles to conceal his leers  
Nor veils to cover his dirty deals  
Every good, bad and ugly feat  
Is gazzetted by my sharp ommatea  
I see them all, in awe, sometimes smiling  
Sometimes surprising and often despising  
One casual stroll into a crowded road  
I collect enough meat to feed  
The hungry poet lurking in my heart  
Every morning I wake up happy  
With handful of boisterous letters  
That rear to fly free into the air  
To create all around, terrible flutters

Sathya Narayana



# Mantra

MANTRA

I went to buy a pen  
and asked the sales woman  
in a lighter vein  
&quot;I'm going to pen  
a poem; the best of my writings.  
Give me that green one  
after sanctifying  
with a mantra of your religion  
or that of mine.&quot;

She replied with a humble mien  
&quot;I know Sir, no mantra, no hymn  
God, the Almighty will  
take care of all! &quot;

I said with a smile  
&quot;Thanks! I liked this mantra! &quot;

Sathya Narayana

# Marriage

Before marriage  
he called her a shy swan;  
a reticent parrot  
and a fragrant rose  
enshrouded by  
thick white dew-sari

Then the secret was beautiful!

after marriage  
...a revelation  
...a repentance.  
Now he calls her a bi...

Because he realized  
like him, she is another human  
with the same sweaty skin  
and dirty passion.

But she never failed  
in her assessment.  
Before and after marriage  
she holds the same opinion  
of him...  
'...an imbecile scoundrel! '

Sathya Narayana

# Matchless

Blue sky blouse; green valley sari  
And Red Sun Sindhoor  
With such mis-matching dress sense  
Mother Earth is still  
A matchless beauty

Sathya Narayana

# Maya

First there was a lightening dazing the eye  
Next came a thunder threatening  
With fear the earth skipped a spin  
Merry skies laughed maliciously  
And sent down a cold rain  
'Thanks, many thanks'  
The earth mumbled  
With a simper shyly

Amused, I asked the earth,  
"Aren't you both good friends?  
Between you it must be quid pro quo  
Why this misplaced gratitude you show? "

Earth whispered, "He's my friend! Yes friend! !  
But he wants always to have an upper hand  
Don't you see? He is up there above me! !  
He is a phenomenon of vicious vicissitudes  
When in bad mood, me he can flood  
Or can submerge in the oceans  
Hence I can't act otherwise, but subdued"

Aha! Now I know when they all did start  
Politics, oppression and exploitation  
They're very well there in the nature,  
From where the man did learn  
The spirit of every vile phenomenon

Sathya Narayana

# Meditating

He asked me:

'Why don't you do some meditation? '

I just smiled.

Next day he explained

all good about

that ancient, mystic technique

and went on: ' It's simple...

Choose a calm place,

sit tight and straight,

close eyes for fifteen minutes,

twice daily.'

He went on.

'Am I not your well-wisher?

Why you smile always? '

He looked worried.

I pressed his hand affectionately

and smiled again.

After a week of his persistence

I had to reveal:

'When did I stop meditating? '

Sathya Narayana

# Memory Basket

The basket of memories  
had started growing heavy  
on my wizened hands.

The apples therein  
looked as fresh as ever  
Every fresh dropp of tear  
added to their tone  
Every latest spill of blood  
improved their colour.

Few more yards on that  
dimpled sandy shoal.  
I can see the end  
half clear; half blurred.  
Somewhere I have to stop.

The roaring waves looked kindly  
at me.

The evening sand under my feet  
felt lukewarm.

The dusking Sun flashed his  
last parting grin.

My only worry;  
can I carry my basket till end  
and..... beyond?

Sathya Narayana

## Men's Secret (Adults Only)

MEN's SECRET

'You're wild today! '

She jabbered gasping violently.

'Because it's pitch dark! '

'What if it's dark? '

I laughed and said nothing.

How could I say the truth

our men kept secret for centuries:

that in darkness

their Dreamgirls possess

the same old dames!

Sathya Narayana

# Mirror

An aboriginal brought home a mirror  
Gave it as gift to his wife dear  
Something she never knew earlier  
She looked into it once and  
Screamed in horror  
And shouted at her mother  
"Your son-in-law brought me a sister  
Miserable will be my life hereafter"  
Mother too looked into the mirror  
Smiled she and consoled her daughter  
"Don't worry my dear  
She can never be your competitor  
She is ugly and much, much older"

Sathya Narayana



# Monsoon

With tearful eyes  
Farmers prayed for rain  
Somewhere thundered hope

Moon then clouds  
Moon then clouds moon then clouds  
Monsoon's hide and seek

Monsoon is well nigh  
Moon bows, moves inside the clouds  
Welcoming the rain

Sky showers love  
earth smells  
romantic

Clouds growl, thunders scare  
At last rain comes, cools  
A happy ending

Sathya Narayana

# Monsoon Haiku

With tearful eyes  
Farmers prayed for rain  
Somewhere thundered hope

Moon then clouds  
Moon then clouds moon then clouds  
Monsoon's hide and seek

Monsoon is well nigh  
Moon bows, moves inside the clouds  
Welcoming the rain

Sky showers love  
earth smells  
romantic

Clouds growl, thunders scare  
At last rain comes, cools  
A happy ending

Sathya Narayana

# More Than One Anna

The Chennai Sun was at His noon best  
"41 degrees" mumbled the one to my next  
my waning age warned me to leave the queue  
my decades of commitment did not cue

"Sixth time" I reckoned "That clean shaven giant  
in shabby shirt, slipping down lungi and half-faint  
in seesaw condition intrude in to the next line  
I saw the others near to him, realign  
Pinching their noses and move distant"

"That bearded ruffian for the eighth time  
and that short one in black T-shirt for the fifth time  
I see at least a dozen such hoodlums" complained  
A bit aloud my neighbor in our line  
"Chup, chup, don't invite trouble; they may have guns",  
his friend argued, "Do you need all this at this sixty plus? "

"Did you see, near that Eastern road junction?  
Five groups are dispensing whisky and gin  
In fact that queue is bigger than here! " he queried

"Yesterday night they doled out in the village  
saris and currency notes at each door;  
and gallons of arrack they poured out to the poor  
do you know that? " his friend did report  
The rule is simple, "Votes for notes!  
That's all! No comments! ! ! "

"We must tell Anna" the first oldie said well-determined  
His friend clarified with an understandable grin

"Anna is minding the few coveted hundreds at the top  
You are looking at the naked millions  
at the bottom of the democratic rock

Painting the leaves green, won't make the plant alive  
We must water a billion grass roots  
and doctor their ignorant and fickle minds

WE need more than ONE Anna to mend&quot;

Sathya Narayana

# Mother Earth

Lo, she owns them all  
the sky, earth, planets and stars  
yet, belongs to HIM

Sathya Narayana

# Mother Nature

lo, she owns them all  
the sky, earth, planets and stars  
yet, belongs to HIM

Sathya Narayana

## Mother Sita About Lord Ram (Rhyme Royal)

"I never saw my Ram with lost courage.  
To honor father's word, when walked he out  
of his palace he strutted like a sage.  
On briary paths he trudged with mettle stout.  
He rested under trees and in redoubts;  
But never shed he tears nor dipped in fear.  
Estranged from me, does he now, O' wise seer? "

"No mother dear, nor father honorable  
no kith no kin before his most beloved.  
O' Sita, Sita, chanted He in trill...  
always my name; around me he revolved.  
Our hearts and minds with love were so convolved.  
I wish to live till then I hear his name!  
I wish to live till then I hear his name! "

Sathya Narayana

# Mother's Plaint

## MOTHER'S PLAINT

Smoke pipes are sprouting  
Far and wide like iron saplings  
Spiking through her tender flesh  
Piles of brick cement and stone  
Invading her entrails, en masse  
Building edifices for fancy contraptions  
Of obsessive human endeavor to eclipse  
His holy creation with mundane contrivance

The gullible victim, poor Mother Earth  
She whined and wailed in pain  
Implored the eminent Unknown  
What happened to thy covenants? My Lord!  
That I shall bear thy seeds in my womb  
Hatch them into herbs, shrubs and trees  
Wear their greens as my attire  
And adorn their flowers and fruits as embellishments  
Let the Orioles and Nightingales to stage  
Euphonious concerts on the radiating boughs  
Allow pretty bunnies and sweet little squirrels  
Trench and tickle my lush loam

Was this not what thou devised and yearned?  
A wholesome world of content  
That caters to every need of every living soul  
Unto their want and arrant fulfillment  
But....what are these wicked contortions?  
Have you.....My God conspired with thine own image?  
To destroy thine own comeliest oeuvre  
To trough and trickle venomous straits  
Straight into ever loving heart  
When in distraught we all sought thy succor  
But, when thou mulct us for no fault  
Whom shalt we beseech for comfort?

Sathya....



Sathya Narayana

## Mr. Mms

Sorry  
Someone has found  
the baldness  
below your turban!  
Good God, you saved your beard!  
How hard you pulled your hair,  
how sharp you scratched your scalp  
whenever the Rupee plunged  
and inflation raised up;  
we can understand.  
Your molded plastic face  
by God's grace  
shows no creases;  
your glassy eyes  
ooze out no moisture.  
But you have feelings, we know that.  
(said RK and SRK)  
Don't worry; it's not your fault  
Puppets have limits

Sathya Narayana

# Mud Slinging

Trying to defame others

You prove how mean you are

The mud you are ready to sling

May or may not scare

That humble human being

But look at your self, my dear

You are neck-deep in slimy mire

Sathya Narayana

## Musings(Haiku)

roses know  
they are beautiful  
hence, keep thorn guards

rivers run  
with whirling arrogance  
till death in ocean

green apple, so sweet  
betraying colour inferences  
like a child prodigy

six pack muscles, half nude  
...not a machoman walking on ramp  
...fisherman at swamp

Sathya Narayana

## Mutable\*\*\*\*

The last dew drop on the red rose  
flashed for a while, and soon vanished  
with the advent of the Sun.

The rose kept silent,  
and the thorns didn't object.

"I need some heat!"  
The rose tried a fake smile  
"Before I drop at the roots  
of my mother plant...  
if fortunate at the feet  
of the Divine in a shrine.  
Tonight or next morning  
my mutable life will wilt!  
I am a small phenomenon  
before the Sun: the everlasting!"  
"Let me feel good and content  
the moments I exist!"

Sathya Narayana

# My Dark Nights

At the distant verge of the horizon  
slowly submerging is the weary Sun  
with reddened face  
bidding grudging adieus  
to his day long drudging  
brooding over mandatory next come!

I stood there staring at Him  
I wanted to say "Don't depart!"  
In an automatic reflex  
I lifted my right hand aloft!  
Nay! He didn't stop! I wept!

As feared reemerging are my  
horror-ogres, with creepy insurgence!  
A dirge from distant mountain range  
barged inside my fragile core  
with harrowing clangour.

Oozing out acid-reminiscenses  
from burrows of my bruised past  
started corroding once more  
my already well-abraded heart.

The dark thickets of moonless night  
are thickening my tiresome thoughts.  
I wriggle on my bed like a sloughing serpent  
in an insomnic discomfort getting ready  
for deadly duels with my night spirits!

My only hopever, a quick crack of dawn  
to restart my histrionics and harlequinade  
amongst my people; and dazzle one more day  
making fun and pleasing everyone  
with my feigned charm and exuberance  
dreading inside the night at imminence.

Sathya Narayana

# My Days And Nights

MY DAYS AND NIGHTS

(Spenserian stanzas)

That sleepless night didn't go a waste, in sloth.  
Fistfuls of twinkling stars I could amass;  
I jumped and hopped in milky moonlight froth  
and etched my worthless name on skies, in gloss.

My nights, with eyes open, I dreamt daydreams  
and during days, eyes closed, recalled those nights  
and spoiled papers reams and reams and reams.  
One day I found my weighty poems at heights  
of skies, in my kid's tender hands, as buoyant kites.

Sathya Narayana



# My Heroes

## MY HEROES

Millions came; went millions...  
but only few made fair names  
for themselves!

Ever thought of those heroes unknown  
who did their mite with diffidence  
for the happiness of man common  
and left us in total silence...  
nameless; fameless; none sang paeans!

They are my gurus; my harbingers  
and my anonymous kith and kin!

In the foot steps they did impress  
I wish to walk with grim gumption;  
head bent, fists tightened and fearless  
in those grimy, untreadable warrens  
and at last join their caravan!

On day well...I too will perish  
in the same sense they did vanish...  
nameless; fameless...yes...no thanks!

Sathya Narayana

# My Laughs And Guffaws

I love my Television  
Whenever I want to laugh  
I switch to cartoon movies  
The antics of Tom and Jerry  
Keep on tickling my funny bone  
For hours later

When I like to have some fun extra  
And want to giggle and guffaw  
I watch political news

But alas  
The histrionics  
Of our leaders  
For days together  
they keep me dipped in  
Pain and chagrin

Sathya Narayana

# My Love

MY LOVE□

LOVE! Like a jasmine so fragrant  
Invisible and inherent, yet flagrant  
Diffusing its scents without asking for it  
No need crush the flower to extract  
It is yours always, I gave the patent  
Whether you take it wholehearted  
Or pretend not to admit the fact  
Well seized is your tender heart  
In the clutches of my endearment  
Futile are your feeble efforts  
To breakout is not within your might  
My love and I like scent and flower  
Inseparable forever, that is right! ! !

Sathya Narayana

# My Mirror Grinned

My mirror grinned at my first grey!  
With rearing youth, it's my first fray!  
Disturbed, with care I plucked that bane  
next day to find one more, again!  
I cried and sighed and went astray!

That's how began my darkest day  
with whitest hair and day by day  
at deepening my fear and pain  
my mirror grinned!

With no concern at my dismay  
went on my hair, to well betray  
with more and more albescent strains;  
until one day remarked Miss Jane  
I looked smarter with that new grey!  
My mirror grinned! !

Sathya Narayana

# My Moments

AS Moon I enjoyed my moments  
in spite of my waning fortnights.

When Romeo blamed my light  
as billowing his desperate romantic ember  
I smiled at his love-sick plight.

When Omar Khayyam did plaudit  
that I heartened his poetic craft,  
I did inflect a wholehearted lilt.

When a sneaky burglar cursed  
that my waxed nights played a spoil sport  
on his professional pursuits  
I laughed aloud with a glistering taunt.

But what I saw tonight  
depressed my spirits, beyond thought!

Here is a beggar in the street  
running without food, his third night...  
bleary eyed; half-swooned  
and sinking further into a blissful faint...  
pushed his feeble hands aloft  
to catch me...thinking that  
I was a well-roasted 'roti' to eat! ! ☐

I wept, wept and wept my heart out!  
and left in shame the night abrupt  
to hide behind the cloud curtains!

Sathya Narayana

# My New Home?????

MY NEW HOME

My house is leaking; doors and walls are pale  
With faded paint. The floor is full of stains  
I asked the owner, "Mend the problems pal  
I can't live here in this dirty dungeon

He snubbed me cool, "It's all at your expense  
You do yourself or just vacate at once  
I cobbled here and there and daubed some paint  
Yet looks the old abode stupid and faint

Elapsed years this way and my relic  
Is crumbling now beyond any repair  
It's time I look for some new hiding niche  
In my locale here or someplace somewhere

Ready I'm now to move to my new home  
A kind and beautiful mother's snug womb

Sathya Narayana

# My Old Clock

I love to teach  
as well as  
to get taught.

Isn't it so nice and funny  
to be a master  
and taunt a young innocent face  
with whatever I learnt  
in the fifty years  
I did melt.

Isn't it  
even more beautiful  
in a lotus pose to squat  
like an obedient pupil  
on cold rocky floor  
before a ripened scholar  
with a clean slate  
and a piece of chalk in hands  
they mirroring  
my ignorance dark  
and solidified white resolve  
to learn, learn and learn more  
till stops  
sans a warning  
my old clock.

Sathya Narayana

# My Questions

When my love was just a trickle  
And my mind was still fickle  
I had one question  
"To live  
With you?  
Or without you? ? "

Once our love was settled  
Our hearts and thoughts mingled;  
And our souls melded  
I have only one question  
"Without you;  
To live?  
Or not to live? ? "

Sathya....

Sathya Narayana



# My Revenge

I too like to take revenge  
on those who hated me,  
badly treated me,  
berated me  
and grated  
my tender feelings cruelly.

I keep my weapons ready,  
for accidental accost, if any  
to confront them...  
yes...with open arms,  
glowing smile,  
gracious visage  
and lastly  
with a heartfelt embrace!

My revenge is now complete...  
the enemy yielded  
with an embarrassed face  
and heart throttling guilt  
accepting his total defeat!

Sathya Narayana

# My Strength

## MY STRENGTH

What is in life, so great?  
Hard times arrive to hurt  
with no notice prior.  
Fortunes...ah so promiscuous,  
flirt awhile and disappear!  
Lo, this is life,  
full of strain, struggle and strife!

But I built my own fort!  
In my life, a good part  
I gave to jest and laughter.

Let come pain or predicament  
I can stave off and stay stiff  
like an unbending alp.

Believe it or not...  
humour is my armour,  
my weapon and my forte;  
bearing and braving my blues  
and cruising my life boat  
through many an unpleasant strait,  
safely and smoothly  
towards the other port!

Sathya Narayana

# My Sweat

MY SWEAT

Educated in English convents  
They made cool abodes  
As their working precincts  
Lawyers, engineers, doctors  
Computer laurates  
And smart bureaucrats  
All this lucky lot  
Living at money jetting fountains  
Are devouring their fortunes  
To downright fulfillment

I followed my father's school  
By going to the paddy fields  
And dredging eight hours  
For a mere fifty rupees

I never grudge my affluent brethren  
For taking away every grain  
Of my hand-grown produce  
Leaving me with broken-rice porridge  
Nor the wind and scorching Sun  
For sapping my vim  
With their incessant simoom  
But only rue at my drawback  
That my profuse, ever-oozing sweat  
Is not fit to slake my thirst

Sathya.....

Sathya Narayana

# My Village

Miles away my village  
through rocky thorny way, yet  
I love going there!

Across the farm greens,  
caressing thin coarse leaves  
I love going there!

Wading through the slimy mud,  
slashing in shallow river beds  
I love going there!

Chasing butterflies,  
taunted by honeybees  
I love going there!

Warbling pastorals,  
chartered on a bullock-cart  
I love going there!

Sathya Narayana

# My Village Now

The village woke up.

Ramayya was bitten by a snake.

Somayya yelled aloud calling others.

Krishna rushed to bring

the village druid, Peer Saheb.

Bramnayya went to fetch

a wizard from other village.

A young doctor appeared

with his stethoscope and kit.

Some youngsters with sticks

searched for the slimy fugitive.

Within minutes the entire village was

at Ramayya's threshold.

No one knows what worked.

Ramayya recovered.

Ramesh, a young lad came

with the carcass of the snake

hanging at the end of his stick.

'A cobra! 'people exclaimed.

This happened 30 years ago.

- - - - -

Now Ramayya won't talk to Somayya.

Somayya doesn't enter Krishna's street.  
Peer Saheb is no more.

His children settled in the city.

Recently Brammayya was beaten

by Suresh in paddy fields.

Flags of different colours are flying on houses.

Latest riot before elections consumed 5 lives.

Now the entire village looks as if it is poisoned.

No doctor to treat it.

No antidote.. No anti-venom serum

can save this village.

This time it is not a cobra.

The village is bitten by politics!

Sathya Narayana

## My Vow

I'm not the kind of poet to churn and skim

The great splendors of the nature with whim

The Moon, the Sun and the milky passage

Inspire me not; neither at skies, I gaze

To count the hues of the lovely rainbow

Nor in illusory pipe dreams I rove

It's not that I'm unaesthetic and numb

But lo! I have many a woe to plumb

And with a torch in hand I make a run

Amidst the dead machines, struggling with pain

In a world of gloom; in where raises no Sun

With those men I'm; who run the toothed crank wheel

Of world wagon, with no yearnings, no feel

No strong desires; to climb the coach; no itch

To sit on its cushions along with the rich

I keep watching their grim moil, listening

To their dour spiel, with ire my eyes burning

My pen spilling my vow of blood; in bold

&quot;Never will I leave them to die in cold&quot;

Sathya Narayana



# New Road

There's no shame in exhibiting love  
No fame exuding hatred  
We're both trudging through tough trough  
Let us call a spade a spade

What's a bit of land one can't plough?  
For which, we're getting red  
There're barren bellies millions! Sow  
Seeds of hope, loads of bread

Weren't we birds of one be'utiful bough  
Broke who; our nests of gold?  
Few rogues commanding our bows  
It's time high we get bold

Let us flee out of these foul rows  
Of malicious folds  
And make deal of ideals above  
Faiths, fears, cults, creeds and God

Let us wipe blood stains on white doves  
Of peace and with pride hold  
Them high in skies gleaming bright halos  
On our newly paved road

(This is a structured poem, actually written addressing SAARC countries,  
especially our close neighbor (?))

Sathya Narayana

# New Year...I Am Ready To Endure

NEW YEAR

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

O' New year, O' New year  
whatever left of me  
this day, to you I surrender!  
Here see the bruises on my body;  
on heart, few scars of cheer  
floating in the debris of sour memories!  
You know what had gone through me,  
like a piercing long spear  
and ov'r my body the crushing hackney!  
Your just demised sister year,  
my yesteryear is free,  
now hav'ng crept into the dark lair.  
But you, the young can guarantee  
something new but clear, known but queer  
because I want to have on me  
more painful tattoos seared  
and rubble of my fallen apogee!

Yes, it's the vice of a stoic fakir  
to sip his cup of bitter tea  
sitting on the shaky edge of frontier!

Sathya Narayana

# Normal Woman

Normal Woman

Shes a normal woman!  
With scented oil combs her hair  
and weaves a long braid;  
impresses a red Sidhoor or kumkum  
on the forehead;  
wears no make-up; no plastic expression  
but exudes just a little smile;  
an affable smile.  
Her eyes glitter  
with purity  
and her walk just graceful;  
no sashay displaying curves.  
Shes a normal woman!

She sprays no artificial perfumes;  
but smears her body liberally  
with sandalwood and turmeric pastes;  
winds around her body  
a long Indian cotton sari  
and wears a full blouse  
covering her breasts  
and part of her slender waist;  
on palms and soles  
henna red.  
Shes a normal woman!

She oft gets angry  
when widen and redden her eyes;  
but a volatile resentment its  
evaporates in no time.  
When praise I her beauty,  
she blushes and brushes away,  
Youre a mad poet! and adds  
Im just a normal human.  
But I insist feeling her divine psyche  
Youre beautiful! !

She represents  
the lively Indian female of the yore,  
still breathing on this land  
shes,  
my heart and soul,  
shes just a normal woman.

Sathya Narayana

# Nostalgia

What're you doing O' my friend  
at those chilling shores of Ganga?  
Gathering today, morrow's nostalgia?

Let me share those moments;  
taste your ecstasies.  
On that future day when you fall into oblivion  
let me recall those lost flashes and waned out scents  
and earn for you, your own stolen heavens.

Sathya Narayana

# Nothingness

## NOTHINGNESS

The quest has to end,  
at somewhere, at sometime,  
for some reason or no reason at all!

It's something like silence,  
it's something like solitude  
and it's something...  
like evaporating yourself in whole!

The walk is always through the ruins of relations,  
on the graves of desires,  
and on the flattened surface over all colours,  
all races and all divided grains of sand  
and divvied earth!

None sneers at you now,  
none leers, none jeers  
or even peers at you!

That's freedom,  
and that's when you start sipping drop by drop  
and savouring slowly flavour by flavour  
the divine nectar,  
from the inexhaustible and bountiful fount...  
It's name...original name, to me not known!  
But it has an other name  
...nothingness!

Sathya Narayana

## Nuggets (Acrostic)

Nuggets of gold, money and authority  
Ultimate luxury, status and handy men  
Gathered he through all bloody means  
Giving not a damn to humane feelings  
Equipoise is but nature's patent strategy  
Tamed is he by crippling ailments  
So sad! Spends life like a frozen vegetable!

Sathya Narayana

# O' Ma Uma

O' Ma, Uma! O' Queen of universe!  
In gloom, by thirst oppressed so much, we are!  
Oh shower Ma, oh shower Ma, on us,  
thine smile-moonbeams, dewy with Ruth-nectar.

O' Ma, Uma; O' ageless, birthless force  
flowing through everything in universe;  
perceivable are thou, through thoughts above  
the earthly dimensions! To thee I bow!

O' Ma, Uma, for deeper noesis  
you're aureole shrouding the Almighty;  
for mortal eyes you're human; Hymavathi;  
yet well realized as Kundalini by Yogis.

-----

Notes: Uma is the divine consort of Lord Shiva and also considered as the Shakti, the ultimate power that helps the Lords of Universe like Brahma, Vishnu and Maheshwara to create, administer and end the creation.

Hymavathi: (proper noun) : The daughter of Himavantha or the Lord of Mountain Himalaya. The Mother took birth as the daughter of Himavantha.

Kundalini: The divine energy that flows along the spinal cord of a human being.

Sathya Narayana



# Oasis

I'm jealous of you,  
so jealous!  
In your heart  
how well love sprouts,  
nature blossoms,  
beauty bounces  
and pain reflects;  
like happy seeds  
that find their way  
onto a lush delta!  
My desert knows  
no sweet dates;  
I'm still thinking of the word  
someone uttered...  
what does it mean  
'Oasis! '

Sathya Narayana

# Oblation

Poetry? ! What do I know? ?  
Someone unknown stirs the mind  
Kneads the thoughts; knits fine rows  
Of words and runs my numb hand

He is my invisible tow  
Of feel and emotive discord□  
A good friend and a bad foe  
Playing with my passion-world

As if keeping up my vows  
Of countless past births' damp load  
To His edicts I kowtow  
Offering Him, His own words

Sathya Narayana

# Oblivion

## OBLIVION

It's good...  
people's memory is short!  
The moments I rued  
that my good deeds were forgotten;  
of late, started melting down,  
when I realized that  
they let slip from their memories  
my misdemeanors too!

Now my craving for glory died away  
as much as the fear of infamy!  
My walk became steady,  
my eyes stopped veering around  
for some face  
either acquainted or much hated;  
and mind, well  
as empty as a summer furlough!

Sathya Narayana

# Ocean Blues (Shakespearian Sonnets)

1. I'm ocean bland they say; just brine in tray.  
Nay, nay, I'm passion grand I swear; with feel  
and love in every wavy swing and sway.  
Come ye, listen to tidal peals and spiel.

I flex my muscles blue and like an arc  
I bend my back. With eyes half closed I smell  
the yonder scent. Distraught, distraight I bask  
in deep emotive joy of silent spell.

I crawl and creep, slither and quiver to usurp  
the voluptuous sand bed. Oh my, oh my  
I raise and fall, I raise and fall; I pop  
and dance in wild romantic rage and cry!

In frenetic climax my waves rupture  
and lie a while on dunes in blest rapture.

2. Lo, how euphoric feels my dearest shore  
submerged in my joy-froth; you must behold.  
With moistened every grain she craves for more.  
I laugh and fast recede breaking her fold.

Shyly she peeps along my bluish length;  
Takes wind's succour to cover her bruised mounds  
and feigning false indifference, in stealth  
harkens to my billowing up wave sounds.

It's all momentary; her wait and my  
romantic persiflage. I rush again  
with violent gush and wrap my maiden shy.  
She gasps and sighs in my drenching love-rain.

"You're marvellous! ! " she shouts above the din.  
I stretch along the shore, a manly grin.

Sathya Narayana

# Odd Poet

Sang yodels a romantic bard  
On his love's round buttocks  
Few years afterwards  
Rued at those skin-sacks

"Love, nature and beauty!  
Is this all real poetry?  
All these evanescences  
And earthly fetish"  
Wondered an odd poet  
Wavering in the spoils  
Of struggling third world  
Weighing his penchants

All his senses aching  
Soaked in lamentation  
Of his own kith and kin  
The poor and downtrodden

From his trembling hand  
Slipped his mighty pen  
From esoteric heights  
Down to the earth and said  
"This soil is my text, my quest  
As well, my blank note sheet  
Where all my letter-seeds  
I wish to sow and harvest"

Sathya Narayana

# Odyssey

## ODYSSEY

Glowing like a precious nugget  
Straight, taut and his bust thrust out  
Head held high and eyes glittering  
As if gazing at a burning wick  
Looking like a possessed maverick  
He is carrying on his ceaseless walk

The path is rugged and briary  
From distance the access road  
In a misty mirage shroud  
Looks like a blind alley  
But when he reached the inviolate end  
The thickets are clearing away  
As if he said 'open sesame'

A jewel-hooded ophidian  
Following the steadfast pedestrian  
Like a crawling lightning  
Though not to his sentience

Floating in air before his face  
Fairies with mystical grace  
Inveigling him to come close  
And immerse in their sensual embrace

Piercing through the earth  
A thousand hands uncouth  
From abyssal depths  
Are trying to pull his legs  
And hedge his esoteric urge

Long ago he overcame his five senses  
And conquered the six evil Nymphs  
His body is just his golden cage  
His soul, he well realized  
As part of His grand whole  
At last is all set to get a release  
It is too late for the mundane lures

To intercept his unswerving forage  
Having waned under his waxing lore  
Nothing is going to stop his odyssey  
Nirvana, his destiny, is in proximity

Sathya.....

Sathya Narayana

# Oh My Love! ! ! !

Layer me on your lips oh dear! I vow  
I will be the tang of your daily prayers  
Wear me in your blue eyes, oh my love!  
I will bear your tears and fears for ever

Emboss me over your bosom oh my dearest  
I remain engrossed in the peals of impulses  
Your heart spills out, in a swap incessant  
Of your love and lovely anger, as lilts melodious

But this is not adequate oh sweetheart  
To saturate our ever pining hearts  
Let us egress from this earthly smugness  
Of skin deep fulfillment, and interlace  
Into one whole of eternal coalescence

And let the whole universe around us  
Slowly melt down into nothingness

Sathya Narayana



# Oh My Splendour

You bring me back,  
oh my young splendor,  
the springs I lost  
and echo in my ears  
the sweet melodies  
of cuckoos I heard last!

In my dream garden  
new leaves sprout,  
exotic hues blossom  
on a floral ramp of roses,  
jasmines and chrysanthemums.

I see you walking with a beam  
clad in a white silk sari  
that's flying and fluttering  
in air carelessly  
with all airs about  
caressing your silkier skin.

When you sashay towards me,  
like Vana Devatha  
like Sakuntala,  
on my knees I genuflect with awe;  
my eyes eying your secrets,  
my lips vying brazenly  
with the buzzing honey bees  
for your scents heavenly;  
my both hands stretched out  
and palms full with flowers  
I bow to your beauty  
and with all my senses stammering  
I utter, &quot;Hi Sweetie, here is my tender offering! &quot;

Sathya Narayana

# Omniscience

From these choking airs and flairs  
I wish I can evaporate into the thin air.

From this false courage and obsession  
that I know this; that I know that  
I wish I can plummet  
deep into some kind of oblivion.

Of late I have this haunting feeling  
that my quibbling mind needs  
a scrupulous cleansing  
and that my craving heart too needs  
a good deal of scornful scrubbing.

And in quiescence, in quiescence;  
in absolute quiescence  
I wish to soak all my senses  
till they come out with pristine radiance  
exuding an all new omniscience  
...that I know nothing...  
truly nothing!

Sathya Narayana

# Oneness

I seek nothing O' Lord from thee!  
IWhat's there, all thine, not mine, tell me? This body mere hollow not I  
Iand soul like thine doesn't know to die!

Riches and sensuous pleasures  
are all Maya's specious gestures.  
As much as thee can do so well  
I too can keep at bay her spell!

I'm crawling up and falling down  
O' Lord. But don't worry, don't frown  
don't smile nor smirk. It's fun, a joy  
this exercise know thee my ploy!

Without abrading; nothing wanes  
O' Lord in here, on Earthly planes!  
All bane and sin; desire and want  
to flee, require a tricky taunt!

Not even wish to see thy form O' Lord, as Shankara or Ram, as Mother Parvathi  
or Sri when feel I thy glimmer in me!

I know thee crave to fast retrieve all severed souls O' Lord. Can sieve I too with  
ease through worldly seine and make a rendezvous so soon.

I have a plan...don't think of me. I too as well don't think of thee. Isn't it the  
rule; a mind empty of all desires is where, dwell thee!

But never fail O' Lord, in my mundane duties till wane and die my growing pile  
of gathered sin. That's life on earth, to fight and win!

I place flowers in thy presence, I light a wick and burn incense, I sit in lotus  
pose; thy name I chant and praise thy grace and fame.

There see thee laughing Sire, don't mock! Sitting behind the cosmic dark, behind  
the Moon, the Sun and stars in milky froth thee play this farce. A process tough  
this Earthly life... a journey long, with pain and strife through flooding thoughts

impure Yet strive I hard to reach thee sure.

Sathya Narayana

# Our Flowers

POEM IS HIDDEN. CANNOT BE READ WITHOUT THE PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR

Sathya Narayana

## "our Flowers

You may find flowers  
in your metro gardens  
far away from your homes...  
from red roses  
to rare cherry blossoms!

Did you ever see and scent  
a Cactus or a wild jasmine? !

They are flowers too...  
they grow here  
in our rural soils,  
in thousands underneath our feet  
soothing our senses...  
but often pricking and pinching our soles!

You know why?  
Joy or pain they can't veil!

They are our flowers, our own flowers...  
very much like us the villagers...  
unkempt, destitute and distressed

Sathya Narayana

# Our Unholy Grails

How weird is world history,  
mottled with battles and tragedy...  
millions died with senseless fury!

Why at one tyrant's blithely writ  
hordes run towards certain death?  
Purging out blind faiths  
when surged as mindless blitzes  
how many lives went underneath,  
cramming from core to the mantle  
the mute bearer, Mother Earth!

We no longer drink sweet Adam's ale, O' friends!

Filled are our grails with our ancestors'  
bitter blood and baleful tales!

Sathya Narayana

# Pages

Leaf by leaf through the pages of life  
Searching for that something amiss  
Longing for the eluding bliss  
Through the maze of childhood  
Into the amazing youth  
Those puerile tiffs for toffees  
To the juvenile jarring  
For pertly sirens  
And witless wagers  
From menacing days of mid-age vices  
To the distressing years  
Of old age crisis  
Leaf by leaf through the pages of life

All those moments of feast and repartee  
As well, the times of toil and tribulation  
Countless are the twists, tales and trauma  
Slicing through the silence and stalemate  
At times scaling gaiety and euphoria  
Often drowning in ennui and misery  
Life's longest drama  
Lost in smokescreen of past at last  
Unwinding in waves of reverie  
Pouring dropp by drop  
The lanes of memory  
Drenching my senses  
In shudders of ecstasy  
Love, hate and disgust bubbling out  
Through the pores of sanity  
That remained unchanged but entrapped  
In life-long charade  
Leading my way to the mystic  
The strange and unknown  
Unfelt all these years  
I dwelled, dredged and drained  
Leaf by leaf through the pages of life

I hurtle back in time  
Fearing the ominous doom



Before HIS reign  
As marauder of sin  
Making sure what is lost forever  
Counting on the remnant boon  
Whence arises from all that chaff  
The grain of divine  
Sprouting from the soil of virtue  
That grows on nectar of love  
And survives of holy bliss  
Heartening me from inside  
To traverse upright  
All walls of mundane vanity  
In faith and fillip  
Towards sacred eternity  
Visible are my motives  
With dawn of reality  
Tangible are my assets  
With the onset of clarity  
I trudge and traipse  
In trite and but very straight  
Through the last page  
Of my hectic life  
To the destined last day  
Of culminating strife  
Leaf by leaf through the pages of life

Sathya Narayana

# Pain

PAIN

My injury is mine, my pain  
is mine;  
The bruises on heart and oozing blood  
are mine!  
The tears that dribbled down,  
and the salty layers that gnawed my cheeks  
are mine!  
That frown was mine,  
that sigh was mine  
and silent groan was mine!

When the wound has healed,  
that indelible scar on my skin  
that remained forever  
is too mine!

The words that wounded me  
are mine  
and the world that smirked  
and laughed behind  
is verily mine!

I may never forget  
this odium, it's time and tone;  
and it may happen again,  
again...again!  
But well, with me its fine!  
Love and forgiveness  
are mine!

Sathya Narayana

# Paradoxical Alikes

Blazing red  
Ascetic saffron  
Appeal to me  
In same tone

Radical cannons  
Vedic canons  
Sound to me  
In same tune

Rishi Marx  
Rebel Manu  
Seem to me  
Right addresses

Take my route  
Learn the truth

(Manu was a great exponent of Vedas. He wrote Manu Smrithi  
a codified Hindu law based on Vedic tenets)

BY sathya narayana  
dt: 11-11-2008

Sathya Narayana

# Peace Talks

## PEACE TALKS

They sling mud balls at each other and spat  
sitting in their respective countries.

One day they say, "Let us resolve our disputes!"  
and meet in his or his palace to chat...what...  
about heir wives, their kids, their seats, their fates  
and nothing about their countries,  
their men and the burning boundaries.

At last with silly simpers they bid adieus  
over a glass of wine to soon declare,  
that they made a good headway.

Well they meet again, this time in a Champagne fair,  
again they talk, they laugh and part for a zilch!  
The border line remains like a bleeding weal  
with both the sides aflame with anger and fright.

The price at last is paid by the populace  
and alas, peace remains as ever in pieces!

Sathya Narayana

# Peace-1

Where do you go my friend  
in search of peace;  
to temple, park or cinema?

How can you think you find  
that piece of lull;  
carrying with you that load  
of loud sorrow?

Sathya Narayana

## Peace-2

Why seek you earthly hands  
for help O' friend,  
why look you miserable  
into those eyes  
with blinking light and why  
you search for loving hearts  
in human rocks?

Ye lift aloft your hands  
and surrender  
to that invisible form  
whose touch's more tangible  
than mortal clutch!

Sathya Narayana

# Pet Snakes

Suckle with milk  
Snakes don't thank  
Sting your own nipples  
Buck up recusants  
They kick your own backs

Friends of abutting tract  
Beware of abetting freaks  
First sparks start  
In your own park

Sathya Narayana

# Phailin

(On 12-10-13, i.e. yesterday night, just 1.5 kms from Bay of Bengal, at Naupada, Srikakulam district, Andhra Pradesh, watching Phailin from my official quarters I composed this poem.)

-----  
Again storm,  
after Laila and Neelam  
arrived Phailin...  
yeah, She is one  
The Mother Nature!  
Oh, isn't it our custom  
to call the divine  
with thousands of names

But, I am curious;  
is this Mother's ire or cry?  
Is she furious or dolorous?  
Hasn't she always reacted  
against human vice.

Come on O' Mother  
ye jump and hop  
ye spring and vault  
ye spin, caper and dance  
ye jet, ye jog and jolt.

We need this brunt,  
this shock and strong assault...  
Come thee O' Mother,  
wash off our sins,  
melt down our brutal preen...  
O'Mother thou are divine  
thy ire does mean to clean.

Whether thou are joyous or furious,  
whether I see morrow or not  
this moment is mine.  
Thee I've seen  
in thy full form, thy strength  
and thy omnipotence



Oh Thy Viswa roopam  
O' Ma Durga, Kalika, O' Varuni,  
O'Ma Bhavani, O' Kalaratri  
proving again thy fame...  
Yeah this moment is mine  
this moment is mine.

Sathya Narayana

# Phantom

One day I'll become the Phantom  
And enter your cozy room  
To the winds, sans a hint  
Skipping the Moon's glint  
And on your lips  
I'll impress  
A kiss  
Ishhh!

Sathya Narayana

# Pink Sari

When took a dip in Ganga  
that pink sari  
imbibed a lot of Advaita.

...glued to her skin□  
and lost identity...

became a mound of her mounds  
curve of her curves  
and dip of her dips.

I knew how euphoric that pinky felt  
When dried up and separated from her  
...retained her shape.□

Sathya Narayana

# Platonic???

I stand at the hidden lotus pond  
away from the unromantic crowds,  
amidst thick greenly and thorny coppice.  
I close my eyes and take a deep breath...  
I feel your scent;  
the scent of your secret grace.  
A draft of mild breeze makes me feel  
your flying silk sari  
slowly unwrapping you  
revealing your beautiful folds.  
Again I take a deeper breath;  
again and again breathing you,  
the salty inviting fragrance of your sweat  
and the taste of your thirst...  
This is my routine  
my romance with an unseen you  
but felt by every cell of mine  
at every time and at every place.  
Do you call it platonic? Sorry  
you don't see  
my heart's unlimited orgasms.

Sathya Narayana

# Poet

POET

He is a poet  
When his thoughts survey  
What distressed millions flay

He is a poet  
When his works slay  
Every social evil sway

He is a poet  
When his words relay  
What virtuous people say

He is a poet  
When his expressions lay  
Portraits on brains' gray

Sathya....

Sathya Narayana

## Poet Recondite

With one stroke he can make  
With one knock he can break  
With one spill of his ink  
He can wake the world up

But flying is his mind in the skies  
At the bays of the heaven fictional  
Unmindful of his legs in the earth  
So well rooted one foot up to knees  
He's a poet recondite unmindful  
Of his social duties  
What a waste is talent that serves not  
Populace that is grinding in grief  
My advice to fellow poet greats  
You better ask your pen what it prefers  
Its purpose; if I'm right  
It tells straight,  
To invest on this earth its finest letter wealth  
But it sulks, if at all  
Better break its nib-neck

Sathya Narayana

# Poison And Potion

A glutton without eating,  
a fox without cheating  
a sadist without irking someone  
die soon!

Oh men!  
see this odd phenomenon  
how for some persons  
poison becomes  
a magic potion!

Sathya Narayana

## Poor Gandhian

A Gandhian by name 'Saheeman'  
Aged about ninety nine  
Called on officer n  
And complained with great concern  
"Your subordinate man  
Demanded thousands fifteen  
For sanctioning my pension  
Oh God! What's happening to my nation"  
n thought for minutes ten  
Scratching his coarse skin  
And said "He is a greedy swine  
I'll teach him a good lesson  
Don't worry my old gentleman  
I'll see your job is done  
With less than half the strain  
Give me just thousands seven."

Sathya Narayana



# Portrait

## PORTRAIT

A lurid looking impasto indeed  
With grisly colors dappled all over  
Like puddles of cuddled blood  
Daubs of violent reds! Gloomy black patches!  
Erotic blues and skinflint browns!  
Resigned auspicious yellows,  
Ashen virtuous whites and  
Paled prosperous greens

He is often slipping his palette  
Dripping the hues and tripping the easel  
His lines running in zigzag jumble  
Drawing He, with his quivering quill  
The frazzled veteran Artist of unknown origin  
"Your mighty hand must be aging! Oh my Master!  
Muster your energies to depict on Earth  
Your best ever portrait to reinvigorate  
Your original beautiful oeuvre in whole for ever"

Sathya.....

Sathya Narayana

# Posthumous

I am not a piece of iron...  
in fire, to flex my muscles!  
Yes...naturally  
I was burnt to ashes!

Someone walked in  
looking both sides  
and sniffing...  
picked up a pinch  
of warm cinder  
from my pyre  
and exclaimed:  
'This is fragrant! '

Sathya Narayana

# Post-Modern Psychology

Dead ends, slippery steps  
and all the hanky-panky around  
startle not  
a well-informed post-modern.

He walks away grimly  
bypassing all rogue barriers  
and wiping the saliva spitted on him.

No anger, no umbrage...  
sometimes, some even manage a smile;  
and all things fall short of surprise  
in a world where it is hard to find  
clean mirrors and open books!

Love fails, marriages break,  
wisely floated business deals sink...

People search everywhere and blame each other  
for the source of the enshrouding malodor,  
but hate to look at themselves  
liberally besmeared with stinking ordure!

Sathya Narayana

# Pray

Pray! Pray! Pray!  
Never allow sloth to delay  
Your strides in divine way  
Human life is a short time play  
Hurry! Before the angels flay  
On that imminent dooms day! ! !  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! !

For His mystic body; it was a bad day  
Nailed on cross the Lord did lay  
Blood dropp by dropp oozing from his bleed  
Cleansing the sins of human misdeeds  
The saddest day it was He died  
But booned to mankind as Good Friday  
The day we remember how did Lord  
He himself became a prey  
For our forbidden ways  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! ! !

Sathya Narayana

# Prayer

Listen to my prayer  
O' seeking soul divine;  
grant every blossomed bloom  
Atonement  
by reaching them His sacred feet.  
But never nip a bud  
O' weary body;  
for tomorrow is theirs  
for which they wait  
their little minutes  
and short seconds  
with folded petal-eyes  
and a million hope-grains of  
pollen.  
Know thee O humble soul...  
every flower is born  
with a right to Nirvana.  
After a billion births  
this is their shortest journey on earth.  
This is the last sojourn of jeeva...  
with ephemeral breath.  
This is the birth climactic,  
this is the birth supreme,  
this is their swan song;  
when ends the eons of wait  
of an eager soul  
in colourful flower-capsule.  
Hence O Realized soul  
reach it His sacred feet!

Sathya Narayana

# Prod, God And All

PROD, GOD AND ALL

Standing before me, the mountain;  
tall, black, strong and impregnable;  
challenging my nerve and gumption;  
ready to laugh if I fail and dribble.  
But I must cross it, that's my will,  
my life; need dire and my future.  
Between being sceptic and hopeful  
at the task uphill, I fritter.  
The lull is painful and I stare  
at all directions for some aid;  
not sure, who's there really to care.  
I prayed the God and looked for some sign, odd.  
Someone's there at the altitude;  
real or my pipe dream's contour  
knew not! With a nod he gave me a prod  
to scale the hill with new vigour.  
I sweat and pant in my clamber;  
of and on looking at that man;  
waving my hands with an ardour  
that I'm going to reach him soon.  
Tiresome; yet faith as my strength  
I trog and trek to reach the apex.  
But to my surprise I saw no one  
to share my win; accept my thanks.  
It's now just silence and blankness.  
I bask there in the sky blues and  
caressing soothing winds. It's bliss;  
a winner's euphoric proud stand.  
I started looking up and down.  
Found a man at the foot of the hills;  
waved him with a smile to come on.  
Now I am his prod, God and all.

Sathya Narayana

# Professionals

It is his loved profession  
...as good as any occupation,  
indeed a damned lucrative one!  
Yes, He is a born politician!

People bowed him; not known  
whether it's fear or devotion  
...but made he name and fame  
and amassed wealth aplenty  
ample for his progeny  
to guzzle for generations many.

Earns he easily his yearned goals;  
votes or any profitable posts!

He expects nothing free to fall;  
ready to pay in full to all;  
be it dhal or alcohol  
sari, dhoti or a cotton shawl...  
payola is his way to enthrall!

To deal with his criminal trials,  
hires he witnesses; those are professionals.

For his public rallies  
engages he rowdies; those are professionals!

To erase his enemies  
employed he in permanence  
personnel; those are real professionals!

One day died he of a spell  
of unknown virus; doctors knew not well!

His son as a true scion did deal  
so nicely; like a true professional!

While he got busy reading his father's will  
entrusted the weeping menial

to mourners; those were professionals! !

Sathya.....

Sathya Narayana



# Prophecy

The holy prophecies will sure come true.  
No time the humans find to grieve and rue.  
The darkest nights will glow with infant Sun  
and days will cool with Moon in vibrant run.

His advent; skies are crooning, oh listen.  
O' see the hopeful smiles of stars glisten.  
Behold the rivers flow with glitzy glow;  
hearken the oceans roar &quot;Jayaho! Jayahoo! .&quot;

Beware O' men; before that sacred dawn  
the dancing demons of the darkness go  
allegro! Blow their creepy clarions  
and with askance and dread your hearts they stow!

I know; the hideous looks beautiful;  
the beautiful frightens with face dreadful.  
The right looks wrong and wrong looks right and lo  
the searching saints are hit by panic blow!

But wait till ushers in the lovely dawn  
when quelling all the qualms, flexes HE, His brawn! !

Sathya Narayana

# Quack Haiku - 5

QUACK HAIKU-5

Rats

Chasing cats

Revolution

Ants

Slaying a serpent

Revolution

Greens

Staying as green

Revolution

Axe, sickle

Plough, saw reigning

Revolution

Sathya Narayana

## Quack Haiku 2

You know who  
Never tasted best Basmati?  
It's farmer!

His life  
In unconjunctive clutter  
He is a fitter

Does Sun  
Burn himself! But I do! !  
I am a welder

Who knows better?  
The depths and dangers of life  
Than a fisherman

Sathya Narayana

## Quack Haiku-3

Fighting foxes  
For corpses in graveyard  
Their parliament

Dry bone  
Meek dog's favourite menu  
Junk food

Dark nights  
Rich revel  
Reds rebel

Rats  
Farmers' nightmares  
Also middlemen

Ganges  
Washing away sins  
On shore pandas

Sathya Narayana

## Quack Haiku-4

Poor man's first night  
In open air! Cool breeze  
Extra comfort

Computers  
Modern times thermometres  
Of money fever

Cuckoo eats  
Tender mango leaves; coos on tamarinds  
Braindrain

Color  
Blindness  
Aparthied

Sathya Narayana

# Quack Haiku-I And Compensation

## COMPENSATION

A fitter cut his hand  
A farmer lost his land  
One lakh rupees was paid  
As slow poison

## QUACK HAIKU-1

Glittering lights  
Of a roof garden party  
Beggar blinks in wait

Pleasure sails  
In Dal lake, on trendy boats  
Rower counts his coins

Ants under your feet  
Ever heard the crackling sounds  
Of their legs breaking  
(THIS IS A TRANSLATION OF SRISRI'S POEM)

Rivers  
Reaching the ocean  
Advaitham

Man and woman  
Two sides of one divine  
Arthanareeshwaram

(Whenever I tried haiku, my thoughts invariably slip into associated pain, tragedy and philosophy. This is the result and hence QUACK HAIKU)

sathya

Sathya Narayana

# Quagmire

Mind rumpus; thoughts viscous; words pause  
Vicious vagueness vituperates  
Poesy prowls; never in poise!  
Demurs to egress with prowess

Ticklish process it is, to pick  
One thick globule of slick morass  
That abounds our social precincts  
It's like opt'ng the best of the worst□

Then ensues my usual address  
Showcasing to the world, this slush  
What a curse it's to our progress  
In abstruse poetic phrases

Read they, some with seriousness  
Some with a snigger, unimpressed  
All to forget in few minutes  
Thus my dénouement rests and rusts.

Before I come to my senses  
Slips back the dirt into its source  
With a last laugh at my amiss  
With stolid stares, I remain stoic

This story doesn't end here, friends  
Again I stick my seeking hands  
Into the surrounding quagmire  
This time for fistfuls, with vengeance

Sathya Narayana

# Radha Waits

I know, you never keep up your word  
by habit O' my mate.  
Yet I sat in that deserted place in wait  
behind a thorny bush, beside a pond  
pulling the innocent grass roots  
and throwing stones into the defenceless waters.

My enamoured heart  
allowed me not a glum retreat.  
My hoping eyes didn't like a disjoint  
with the wiggling country path  
in that dim crescent light.

The Moon's melting down;  
The white jasmines in my bridle were wilting down.

A mischievous zephyr whispered into my ears  
&quot;He won't come dear;  
better you go. How long you wait? &quot;

Wiping the sweat on my forehead, I cussed and hissed,

&quot;Oh any long; I'm sure I hear his footsteps at any time;  
engulfs me, in just a moment, his masculine scent.  
Shut up O' unromantic wind.  
Throw your advice at some lifeless stump  
or spill on some unfeeling dump.  
My deep inner desires are still moist.  
My throbbing bosom is warmer than ever.  
I wait for him, I wait for him; any long; any long&quot;

Yet I fear,  
since I know you never  
keep up your word O' mate.

Sathya Narayana



## Rag Picker (Haiku)

searing summer noon  
deserted town roads, except  
a lone ragpicker

Sathya Narayana

# Rain, Rain Come Again

POEM IS HIDDEN. CANNOT BE READ WITHOUT THE PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR

Sathya Narayana

# Rainbow????

I am trying to forget the rainbow...  
That's me  
very much like other men.  
It's good to dwell in oblivion  
of surrounding charm  
when we find it no more  
within a distance of arm.  
But you're different  
like any female  
like any feeble dreamer...  
still trying to glue  
the fallen flowers with their stalks.

Sathya Narayana

# Rainy Night

rainy night  
a beauty at threshold  
...cold sweat

Sathya Narayana

# Rama Rajya??????

We are ready to congratulate...  
let the leftists fetch the Utopia  
or let the Saffrons realize Ramrajya.

Who cares about the nomenclature;  
even if they're attained in reverse;  
like a class-less society by Ram  
or a Golden realm of the yore by 'MaR'x! !

What the waiting people really want  
is nothing but peace and happiness!

Lucky is the common populace,  
it enjoys the bliss of ignorance.

For a man who toils for his day to day meals,  
of what use is knowing diverse philosophies;  
their views, hues, visions and nuances? !

Though naïve, people know the innate truth;  
since they appraise with common sense  
sans any doctrinarian acquaintance...  
that Utopia and Ramrajya  
are one and the same, in essence!

Sathya Narayana

## Red & White

Standing under the hot Sun,  
he shouted slogans.  
Displayed his sunken belly  
and spilled tears.  
Wiped and whipped his sweat  
and swore on his blood.

That' s all sometime ago  
When he was in reds!

Now he turned to all-whites  
His khaddar full hands shirt  
struggles to hide his pot-belly...  
He doesn't remember  
when he last did sweat  
His air-conditioners are working well.

Now he doesn't shout  
doesn't swear...  
But sometimes sobbing in deep sleep...  
mumbles his old slogans.

Sathya Narayana

# Regained

Once knew all,  
when slept he curled up  
on water bed!  
Now, after decades of ignorance;  
lying flat on his back  
on this high wooden mattress...  
he's waiting,  
for someone to come  
to re-ignite his lost wisdom!

Sathya Narayana

# Relations

between you and I  
what's new?

when you cue...  
I too...

when you woo...  
I too....

and at the end  
when you boo....  
I too.....

what is new?

Sathya Narayana



# Remote

a remote farm-house  
power goes off and you're scared  
when crickets screech 'seize'

you grope for a match-box  
and find it nowhere, when enters  
your room a glow-worm

Sathya Narayana

# Renaissance

The fifties and earlier were the ignorant past of ideals  
The people then didn't know nor could conceive great ideas  
Like dating, together living and mini-bars at the homes  
Generations have changed; the once kids are now epitomes  
Of elegance, newness and souring up social renaissance

The elders at home started looking obsolete and vacuous  
Like the relics of the Stone Age; to remain at the homes  
As obelisks of the past; not supposed to raise their voices;  
Stop trumpeting about their past and to youth giving advices  
And in silence wait for the days they proceed to their tombs

But I can't help thinking of the days ahead, when today's kids  
Become elders and the way the kids of that future day think  
When social renaissance picks up further momentum and in a bid  
To cleanse the world of all the old, useless and stagnant stink  
Send all those above fifty to live in catacombs waiting for death

Sathya Narayana

# Rendezvous

## RENDEZVOUS

Nearing his home town  
the war-worn soldier  
felt like he's reborn!  
His horse was strutting in steady pace  
but his heart was fluttering  
in expectant rhythmic beats!

From a distance he could see  
silhouette that could hardly conceal  
the anxious beauty at wait.

Her hands weee shaking in impatience  
their silent, inert house gate!

The moment he came her nigh  
they smiled in great joy...  
hand in hand they walked  
towards the door that's a bit afar.

He stopped all abrupt  
turned to her, basking in lust!  
Their eyed met; lips did unite;  
their bosoms entwined,  
their whole bodies did smolder  
as if melting in each others ardor.

Slowly they slipped on to the grass mattress...  
for once; the time-wheel was left impasse!

With the whispering sweet nothings  
of the unabashed, impassioned lovers  
from behind the jasmine bushes,  
hushed up was the midnight silence.  
Their gushing perspirations  
moistened the stale climate.  
This entire surreptitious love scuffle  
woke up, a sleeping warbler  
to make a deep searching espial

to find out the euphoric couple  
in an inseparable yoke;  
crooned a cheerful chirrup  
and raised from her roost  
to make a flying ovation  
to their heavenly coition!

Sathya Narayana

# Revolt

Road rollers are on march! !  
Birds and farmers are in search  
Of new homes

Three days after  
The road rollers marched  
A grass plant sprouted

A grass plant sprouted  
With leaves as sharp as sickles  
Rearing for revenge

Oppression  
Desperation  
Revolt! !

Sathya Narayana

## Rich & Poor

Rain, rain and rain  
from fat cloud-tycoon  
over lush green garden  
and swelling brine.  
But alas not even a drop  
on thirsty desert terrain!  
I wonder at the way  
the nature was ordained;  
to feed the rich  
and let die the poor  
in never ending adversity?

Sathya Narayana

# Rock Heart

Someone said  
'Rocks have life! '  
I never saw a rock  
loving a seed  
that fell into its lap.  
He insisted  
'Rocks have life! '  
I agreed  
'Yes, some dead hearts  
palpitate! '

Sathya Narayana

# Rock Hearts

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palpitate! '

Sathya Narayana



# Roots

My roots  
are so great  
So upright  
They are the legends  
Our ancestors left  
There is no way  
I can dig out  
To hold them tight  
I am supposed  
To ascend  
they're our  
buttresses

Sathya Narayana

## Seasonal Hues(Haiku)

Dawn dew drops  
Strewn on meadow like pearls  
Sewed on green sari

Gargling clouds  
Spit wild on Earth  
A tornado

Cloudy night  
Lone star in sky  
Odd beauty spot

Waxing greens, flashing  
Hues and a draft of fragrance  
Yeah! Spring has arrived

New leaves, budding reds  
'Its time ' cuckoo smiled, setting off  
For a concert

I'm tired! says Sun  
God! day-long ride in summer  
Call the Moon

Sathya Narayana

# Seasonproof

During summer  
the Sun seared with simoom,  
then came storms and drenched  
and later froze him fall!  
He's still there, unmoved  
like Himalayan...  
sipping the elixers flowing from TIME,  
past, present and future...  
I don't know  
but; around his head  
those halos said all!

Sathya Narayana

# Senryu Collection

On August fifteenth  
He got married  
Lost independence

On January twenty sixth  
He signed with tears  
His wife's constitution

(August fifteenth is the Indian Independence day and January twenty sixth,  
Indian Republic day from which date the Indian constitution came into force)

God shaped faces  
Man preferred  
Masks

My office is there  
Amidst herbs, shrubs, trees and cuckoos  
My music school too

"Oho", shouted a haiku poet  
"Oho", echoed the mountains  
He grumbled "Anthropomorphism"

A poet's wife  
his first audience  
first victim

rolling-pin...  
useful to roll rotis and  
control husbands

amnesia patient  
used to go to neighbour's house  
even after treatment

night long cruise  
in trance ship via dream islands  
till dawn of rality

Overloaded bus  
Moves like a pregnant woman  
Abortion feared

Road rollers on move  
Birds and farmers search  
For new homes

In concrete jungles  
Cows feed on  
Wall posters

A hobo sleeping  
Under leaky sky dome  
Season-proof

Small rain  
Then Sun and a rainbow  
Dash farmers' hopes

Sathya Narayana

## Senryu#####

I'm flying  
they say it's levitation  
I say it's love

Sathya Narayana

## Senryu#####

a beautiful mind  
finds a beautiful mind and  
gels beautifully

Sathya Narayana

## Senryu. ^^^^

love ploughs, lust lures  
poor beau is in a clout  
is there any cure?

Sathya Narayana



## Senryu: : : :

I'm flying  
they say it's levitation  
I say it's love

Sathya Narayana

# Senses

Closed eyes too can see  
Visuals on heart-easel  
Tight lips too can speak  
In eloquence expressive silence  
Deaf ears too can hear  
Thundering miseries all around

Searching senses work  
even when locked  
Hungry are they; for truth  
Eager are they; to revolt  
Sans smut and rust  
They know their worth

(This poem is about oppression. Oppressors think they are perpetrating their evils without anyone's knowledge. But there are searching senses around, that are sans smut & rust, which are live to their surroundings even when shut and ready to revolt)

Sathya Narayana

# Septicaemia

A small organ  
is puking out blood,  
the rotten flesh aha  
is emitting foul smell  
and the bones are petrified!

Its not a tiny pimple,  
little pustule or small carbuncle!

It's not even the less dangerous cancer...  
to remove by surgery!

It's a huge gangrene...Septicaemia...  
on the foot of the world!  
PAKISTAN...  
anon...amputate it!

Sathya Narayana

## Serendipity (Terza Rima)

I had some land in the city's suburbs  
beside a pond with ferns, fishes and ducks  
amidst a beautiful jungle of shrubs!

I sold it for pittance and spent the bucks.  
Really, it was no deal willy-nilly.  
Happy we were at that, as dough of luck.

The site is now city's central alley  
with shopping malls and sky scrapers around  
its worth in crores, mocking at my folly.

"Before you sold, should have had thoughts second! "  
My friend once grieved, "A fool you are my pal.  
You failed to make an option wise and sound! "

"You're right my friend", I laughed, "It was my fall.  
I should have saved that piece of land or some  
to spend on doctors' bills, drug stores, et al! "

Surprised he asked, "You look alright! Buxom!  
Never saw you gulping syrups and pills  
and consulting medics in your life time! "

"I made a choice that well suited my bill! "  
I drawled, "Between a sail by the wind falls  
and life serene; the body in fine fettle! "

Sathya Narayana

# Shame, Shame

SHAME, SHAME

Raunchy rapists, rancorous garroters,  
gangsters, mobsters and white collar cheats  
are all oh sure and secure in political shelters.

Bad cops are busy carting homes, dirty grafts  
While good cops are kept to guard lords and blackguards!

As laws are interred deep under money vaults.  
justice jerks and shirks to retch out of courts hearts!

Mistake not; rule of law hasn't come to a halt!

Look at those piled up cases, cunning touts  
and remorseless lawyers ruling the roost;  
and there behold...  
those cracking lathis on the weak backs  
of beggars, rikshapullers and street hawkers!

Scared commoners dare not even stare  
at the reigning outrage, alas?  
How can but an odd poet react;  
but to catapult letter darts;  
let someone read them or not!

Sathya Narayana

# Shhh! Silence

when words elude  
emotions fail to express...  
silence: allow it to speak.

entertains like friends  
horrifies like solitude  
silence: fond and rude.

it's sweet and bitter  
it's so intoxicating  
silence: like wine when once tasted  
becomes an addiction.

Sathya Narayana

## Shoes (Haiku)

hot summer noon  
when returned from temple  
shoes missing

Sathya Narayana

# Silence

(This was rather my first poem)

You kept a long silence  
I too maintained the same sense!

What an impasse...  
incising two loving hearts!

Our next meeting may be really exciting!  
But alas, waiting is excruciating!

Sathya Narayana



# Sinecure

SINECURE

(Sinecure: an office with little or no work but good profits)

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

A mosquito on hand...I smiled at her...  
evaded she, my eyes, dug deep into my skin....  
'zrrrrrrrrr'...and sipped my blood sans fear!  
Again I smiled; rather I grinned!

She looked with dozy eyes at me, her prey;  
aloud then laughed and tried a smart take off...  
stumbled a bit and seasaw fumbled her way  
to the nearby chair and managed to cough!

She crawled like a silent walking doll  
nonplussed in faze and ambled precariously  
towards the cabinet at the corner wall...  
looked at the files and left my room lazily!

Few weeks later, during my evening stroll  
along the side of a drainage channel  
I found that mosquito flitting over a stinky mutton roll:  
&quot;Hey...I haven't seen you for too long! &quot; I yelled!

She looked aghast at me, her faced turned red  
and after a long brood said: &quot;I'm now away from lure!  
by our mosquito-king's edict that said  
Never dare into a sinecure!  
and touch ye not, a Govt. servant's blood! &quot;

Sathya Narayana

# Smile Away

I combed my hair,  
shaved clean,  
sprayed perfume,  
wore my best suit ...  
standing stylishly  
with hand in trouser pockets,  
I threw the best of my smile.  
She smiled away!

I tried some poetry,  
cut some elite jokes,  
lilted a romantic Telugu song.  
Looking at her aslant  
I tried one more  
of my best smiles.

She smiled away!

I became morose,  
grew beard,  
stopped grooming hair,  
wore tattered jeans,  
crumpled T-shirt  
and turned violent  
using swear-words.

This time she smiled.

Dirty love!  
I smiled away!

Sathya Narayana

# Smile Effect

## SMILE EFFECT

Sitting in my opposite seat  
He is short and stout  
Dark and pock-marked  
Before any more I did think  
Of a derogatory remark  
Flashed he, an affable grin  
So warm and courteous, it ran  
Through my discerning acumen  
Making me too smile next  
As an automatic reflux  
That very long minute  
I was filled with guilt  
At my derisive stent  
Based on cosmetic front  
Again I turned bright  
Musing at the smile effect  
A healthy virus it's, I thought  
Wishing it come as an epidemic  
To slay in me and every one  
The hidden sardonic critique

Sathya.....

Sathya Narayana

# Snails

She is a snail born with a shell  
like a congenital mogul  
born and brought up in a castle  
with two eyes hanging on her head.

She is slimy and sly; slides slowly and wary  
peeping along the sea bed for a prey.  
If preys on it, some mighty sea gull  
quickly she slips into her safe shell.

She is secure, on the face of any turmoil.  
She cares not crab fights; nor fish out of waters.  
She is all for herself with no feel  
for the toiling lives in the roiled waters.

There I see snails, millions and millionsee,  
walking cool through our social ruins!

Sathya Narayana

# Snake In The Grass

Mr. Rao was sitting in his front lawn  
He looked dull and worried  
'I haven't mowed for a month'  
He said looking at the wild growth

The lawn with its grass blades  
Some tall, some short looked to me  
Beautiful in its randomness  
'There is some odd grace  
Even in indiscipline' I remarked  
'There is a method in their madness'  
I laughed and winked at him

He stared one long minute  
At his beloved lawn and said  
'Ever heard the idiom'  
'...Snake in the grass! It was said  
About the lurking dangers inside  
Such unruly growth! Thanks  
To the indolent masters'

He further cautioned, 'Walk over that ridge  
Alongside the compound wall  
And reach the verandah. God Knows!  
Some serpent might have got alert  
With our idiomatic talk,  
I mean idiotic talk'  
This time he laughed loudly

Starting towards him, I stopped suddenly  
And turned back stating, 'I just remembered  
I have to go to my office, I left a lot  
To be mowed there. For too long  
Indolent I have been'

Sathya Narayana

# Social Animal

SOCIAL ANIMAL

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

An ant died under my feet.

I trifled the whole incident

'She committed suicide! '

I heard some other ants shouting

'It's a murder, it's a murder! '

None heard

or just turned deaf ears.

Some wasps and bees

fluttered around the carcass

a while and flew away silently.

Again I looked down...

the shouts subdued!

No more other insects were around.

Few drones and queens came out

and are yelling something unintelligible

at the stranded colonies

often swaying their little hands!

The ants are moving now

in a disciplined line into their anthils.

I thought of Aristotle...

'Such a stupid...

complimented the savage

as a mere animal

and praised an unsocial

as social!

After all, he belongs to my race! '

Sathya Narayana

# Song

A plain song  
from the depths of the dale...  
This time, it's clearer  
and as melodious as silence.  
I could listen, touch  
and see through it!  
I stopped chanting  
the mantra...

Sathya Narayana

# Southpaw

AM A SOUTHPAW

Yes, I am a southpaw!

A long crooked nerve starts  
from my left hand's little finger  
and reaches the brain.

Hits hard there on the key board  
some gnarled words with garbled meanings.

My brain giggles ruddy brags!

My eyes turn crimson dark and leer around.

My lips twirl and twist into sickle curves;  
and my tongue forks into four  
to puke out bright red blasphemy!

As west wind brings in the strong flavour  
of a Havana cigar,  
a loud and frantic Kalinka becomes allegro  
and too, hear from the East  
someone gargling a vulgar limerick!

As the infected history starts  
hurling down obscene invectives,  
the naked truth bows down with shame  
and covers itself with a thick fear-veneer!

My heart, that too on my left side  
hoots and howls with mirth  
sucking the blood,  
thumps and throbs like a rearing salvo and yells...  
'Blood, blood, more blood, inside and out  
blood, blood, more blood! '

That's what my heart knows  
and that's the heart I know...  
nothing beyond the flesh and gore!

Now my left hand raises high  
like the sleek barrel of a Kalashnikov  
and left leg stomps forward  
like a Type-99 Chinese battle tank.



Now yes... there's enough  
of odious heat spreading around  
slowly engulfing the globe.

Just few yards forward  
...now everything is red,  
the sky, the rivers and the meadows!  
I guffaw aloud,  
as keep falling down white doves  
besmeared with blood!  
Yes, I am southpaw!

Sathya Narayana

# Spring#autumn

who knows  
behind which spring-smile  
wails which Autumn life

Sathya Narayana

# Sssurvival

## SURVIVAL

xxxxxxxxxxxx

When you walk-in for an interview  
there are a hundred more in the queue before you!

At last, when you join a job and settle in your seat  
there are scores vying for your meat  
since that post yields a lot of carrot!

When you want to open a shop in a busy street  
there you see shops a dozen, buzzing with bees!

Oh friend! We have no friends here in this world!  
For you, you have to do everything,  
bend, blend, mend and pretend!

The same old rule still reigns  
Survival of the fittest!

And lo you are no better  
than the flora and fauna  
Come on, take a stone-axe and run!

Sathya Narayana

# Sthithapragjna

There is no learned man in here  
...no Sthithapragjna!  
Ephemeral wisdom  
vanishes when naked truth dances  
before one's eyes  
in blood and flesh.  
All sermons stop  
at that moment of joy or pain.

And lo, tears have no feelings...  
they always gush out  
with the same enthusiasm  
to explore the cheek-deserts  
for time-etched changes  
...old dimples, erased creases  
and nascent dunes!

But roiled waters don't remain  
roiled for ever!  
A wait in silence  
at the slushy shore  
never goes a waste!

Waters again start mirroring  
your thoughts and hope!

Sathya Narayana

# Stifling Bounds

## STIFLING BOUNDS

Making tight stifling bounds around  
With steep trenches and spiky fences  
Of nations, notions and nasty nuances  
With narrow minds and wary miens  
Brewing envy, rancor and malevolence  
Prefers to live parochial human race  
Like rotting eggs and stagnant waters

With vision, reason and acumen  
Raised his ken above the acme of heaven  
Yet his social dogtrot remains  
Wandering in the dirty bigoted warrens  
Within stinking and shocking confines  
Of caste, creed, color and religion

Can one explain? Hey you Mr. Darwin  
Why hundreds of wise men, for eons  
Bleeding their molten ichors of brain  
Could not bring in true evolution  
Mutating the contentious caveman  
Into a conscientious humane human

Sathya Narayana

## Stranger's Bike

The stranger's bike preceding mine did look  
Precarious. It's veering right and left,  
And screeching wild; jetting out inky smoke.  
I kept a safe distance behind this threat

I reached a small village, after an hour.  
He's there sipping some tea at a kiosk.  
He laughed and asked, "It seems I struck a terror"  
I smiled and said, "I keep away from risks".

Finished his tea; lighted a long cigar  
And drew few puffs into his lungs  
"But why you slowed down? " asked looking ajar  
"My bike, you could have well overtaken".

I too lighted my favorite cigarette.  
Over the rings of smoke I did react  
"My friend it's true I keep away from risks"  
"Prefer I stay but close to Don Quixotes"

Sathya Narayana

# Success

O go away success, O go away!  
You left many of brethren my in lurch!  
Ah never mind! I sure depart one day  
saying goodbyes to this unkindest world  
and leave no eyes to guard my memories  
nor care about the loosened leaves of tomes  
I fondly fastened once; then flying high!

My stories, time is etching there, behold  
on her white heart, in letters gold and bold!  
Well wait to hear them all, the future keen  
will narrate long one day, slow word by word!

Sathya Narayana

# Summer Noon

lonely summer noon  
the girl next door with ice cubes  
chill through spine

Sathya Narayana



# Supersavage

I hunt only when I'm hungry  
Once full, my belly, I leave  
The remnants for the beasts sundry  
Neither I crave, nor I save  
For morrow; that's not in my diary  
Bipods alas! Call me savage  
To them killing is a joy crazy  
For currency, power and prestige  
Outrageous this is! Oh Almighty  
Give us too some language  
To fight out this nasty publicity  
Let lions create a new adage  
To end this mean human supremacy  
That "human means super-savage"

Sathya Narayana

# Suppressed Truth

## SUPPRESSED TRUTH

In your naïve, delicate heart  
Effervescing are outlandish myths  
By sitting in that darkness at length  
Your mind too is daubed  
With the Stygian hue  
Remove once the curtains  
Allow the Sun of reality in  
Bask for a while in His shine  
In seconds it will be your turn  
To scintillate with a new élan

You have an intimate mate  
His name is hope  
You have an inherent instrument  
It is none other than effort  
They are your arms and ammunition  
To fight this life long trepidation  
Let me whisper you one secret  
Take no note of your enemy's might  
When you stop not your salvo  
Victory is yours, it is imminent  
For ages this has been the suppressed truth

Sathya...

Sathya Narayana

# Symptoms

In eyes a burning sensation  
...tears spill down without your knowing  
...eyelids oft droop as if in intoxication  
...cheeks turn pink,  
lips tremble,  
...the tongue and throat feel dry,  
...thirsty...so thirsty  
...body shivers as if a hot-wave  
has passed through  
...shining beads of cold sweat appear  
on face and dribble down  
till wash the toes.

O' dear, O' dear  
my friend beautiful  
...check the temperature,  
make sure your B.P. is normal!  
Watch out...may be fever  
...may not be too!  
Most probably  
you're thinking of me! !

Sathya Narayana

# Tears

A warm tear from eyes  
Dropped out one more clotted bitter. memory  
What flesh, how strong,  
What muscle, how hard  
Crushed and tired by the nagger from past  
Brain, a littered dungeon  
And heart a battered beach  
By cruel memory-waves  
Deep underneath the rubble of bitter reminiscences  
Where could the delicate nostalgia  
Build its safe-nest?  
Was it clipped of wings  
Or lost for ever its dear roost?  
For once never comes up  
To cheer my senses,  
Never even flickers awhile  
Like a monsoon Levin  
To give me a little hope  
My eyes flutter nervously  
Forehead twists into an enigmatic knot  
A sigh from inside the intestines bursts out  
I remain unmoved, shattered  
Shakled by an. unbreakable askance  
One more tear from my closed eyes  
One more clotted bitter memory  
Drops out.

Sathya Narayana

## Tears\*\*\*\*

Tears, silly tears,  
Tears, gullible tears,  
They have no color  
They have no feelings  
They have no emotions  
Come joy or sorrow  
They flow out  
From their eye-burrows  
Like saline rivers  
Towards unseen sweet water oceans  
And dry up on barren cheek deserts

Tears, silly tears!

Sathya Narayana

# Telepathy

When you stepped into Ganga, O' friend  
my feet chilled here and spluttered  
those holy waters on me.

When you turned to the Sun God  
And prayed,  
My eyes dazzled here.

Your wet sari fluttered over my face.  
My tongue tasted those last misty drops  
on your body.

Is this Telepathy or pure insanity?  
Or some form of unknown platonic cupidity

I can't say! You can't say  
But let it continue till eternity!

Sathya Narayana

# Tell Me About You

TELL ME ABOUT YOU

Your face is bright and heart so pure!  
You wear always a smile on lips  
and laughter your is like the gush  
of pious Ganges, and lo, so oft  
mischievous too. Your countenance  
enamouring, and talk a bit  
piquant with fun and small satire!

Well, well, I can reckon them all!  
I got an idea clear of you!  
But tell me now, how many foes  
you got and envious how many!

Sathya Narayana

# That Is Hope

THAT IS HOPE

Ship wrecked in mid-ocean

Swim unto shore

That is hope

Left alone is hot desert

Drink your own tears

That is hope

Caught amongst wild crows

Keep silent

That is hope

Burning problems

Keep cool

That is hope

Grinding in solitude

Treat your shadow your mate

That is hope

The whole world is against you

Stand to fight it

That is hope

Sathya...

Sathya Narayana



# That Rainy Day (Revised)

They prayed in unison  
for the eluding rain.  
Long waited in despair  
at the horizon staring.  
Months passed without a sign  
testing their patience.

Hot Sun heckled with a sneer.  
Night sky speckled with moon and stars  
leered in ridicule.

An old farmer averred  
"We're all cursed by the Goddess  
to whom we shunned oblations"

Asserted one literate peasant  
"It's all green house effect."

Soon cried an yeoman in glee  
"There in the skies! See! "  
Spotting a black nimbus  
hovering over Northern expanse.

When came a squall of promise  
followed by what they missed long;  
drop by drop; as a tickle of optimism.

First just as a drizzle  
then grew into a blissful deluge.  
The tillers found no bounds to their glee.  
They laughed, screamed and danced.  
Their mirth and play went astray  
till they heard the direful horns blare  
of cars and jeeps that arrived!

Got down many men looking stately  
of unmistakable power and sway  
of high echelons of bureaucracy.

Declared one well-determined  
"We came here to take your land  
to make a project grand.  
We give jobs to you all and  
recompense any (?) loss in kind  
or in pay cash as you intend."

In dismay the rain paused.  
With disgust the greens faded.  
One farmer with strength gained  
in jarred tone pleaded:

"Sirs, we live by plough.  
Know not the jobs you give.  
We know your sweet love.  
Only a clever maneuver  
to root us out from this farm field."

Then came the stunning command  
"You give land in volition  
or else we take it by compulsion."

With a thunder, resumed the rain.  
With rain, their eyes showered all along.  
All of a sudden descended over them  
a threatening shade of gloom  
erasing their volatile dream

The spluttering rain abashed  
under the ominous calm  
of the impending doom.  
Slumped the dejected tillers  
on their own adored soil  
sobbing violently with fear.

Their tears wetting their Earth dear,  
their trembling hands pressing the clods  
and their nails scrapping the dirt  
as if ploughing for the last time.

But of course this time  
no grain or gain for them, to collect.

Sathya Narayana

# The Bleak Future

Adam said

"I took war insurance! "  
"Who's your nominee? " I asked  
"Obama, Asad or Putin? "  
He embraced silence.

Adam came again after 2 days  
"I ordered for a full range  
of jackets; bullet-proof, bomb-proof  
and gas masks! "  
He added enthusiastically,  
"I'm building a large hideout  
underground, impregnable! "  
I asked again,  
"With whom do you live?  
you can have not even rats  
in the neighborhood? "

He sighed and didn't say anything  
...when we heard a sound  
of glass breaking  
followed by Bhavisha's shout  
from the other room  
"Dad, dad, my globe  
fell from the desk! "

Sathya Narayana

# The Brat

Inside the slowly decaying home  
resides this little monster  
with a never-die mirth.  
He laughs and screams,  
he carols and capers.

Unabashed and mischievous he is...  
unleashes his shameless espials around,  
shouts his desires and runs over every green pasture  
like a non-stop river and ever-flowing winds.

Covers every courtly bijou with his lusty mists  
and kisses every overt stunner with his dauntless lips.

Inside that poor, dignified and feigning fake gentleman  
defying times, social taboos and meandering gossips  
lives for ever this age-less kid, with a never fading smile  
the petite giant of unlimited wants.

That sweet little brat in me  
you love him, like him; appreciate or make a step forward  
and take him in to your arms.....he is ready  
for every use, misuse and total abuse...

Sathya Narayana

# The Deadly Reds Behind The Wall

The names of God, for them are blasphemy,  
the lull of peace cacophony and love  
a myth! There they're, the Reds, in demonic spree  
with Stygian souls, like hawks chasing the doves!

Don't ask about the monks of Falun Gong  
and what happens behind those giant ramparts?  
Can sermons sweet, challenge the demons' gang;  
can canons fight cannons and arts match darts? !

What rights accrue to those who say the right  
from wrong where Lefts have paralysed Rights. What all  
they love to see through gun barrels, is the sight  
of dripping saintly blood and gnosis fall! .

Oh what an effort vain, asking the swines to leave  
the sewer line and reach the royal lane...I grieve!

Sathya Narayana

# The Future

Adam said

"I took war insurance! "

"Who's your nominee? " I asked

"Obama, Asad or Putin? "

He embraced silence.

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in the neighborhood? "

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...when we heard a sound

of glass breaking

followed by Bhavisha's shout

from the other room

"Dad, dad, my globe

fell from the desk! "

Sathya Narayana

# The Goddess Of Water - Vaaruni (Iambic Hexameter)

## THE GODDESS OF WATER - VAARUNI

Suddenly there's a brilliant light. I found my friend...  
aho...is she the lovely Nereid, poised upright  
amidst the ocean streams with flowing limbs and face  
with bubbling grace? ! She wore a saffron dress, adorned  
sacred ashes across her wide forehead and red  
Sindhoor amidst those cinder smears oh like a round,  
conflagrant Sun, glowing before a cloudy sky!  
Oh no, no Nymph is she! Alas I realised not!  
Oh smiling there before my trembling form is She,  
my Deity, my Goddess, my Guru kind. I ran  
insane along the bay, reciting hoarse Her names!  
How many oh Her names, which name to choose, and by  
which name to call! I cried, I whined and sobbed aloud!

(Nereid: one of the 50 daughters of ocean God, Nereus)

Sathya Narayana



# The Light From Gloom

As din that's heard always, by peace gets drained  
and world around becomes a faded paint;  
all dreams assume new hues sans worldly taint  
and senses calm as soul flies high unchained!

New clues, new views, new cues and news affined  
to soul alone unfurl in colours quaint  
as din that's heard always, by peace gets drained  
and world around becomes a faded paint.

Who said this world is true and dreams are strained  
mind's fancy myths and pained heart's woeful plaints?  
It's time noesis dawns from visibles faint  
and mind and heart get numbed, by bliss contained  
as din that's heard always, by peace gets drained.

Sathya Narayana

# The Moon

That night the Moon had a black face,  
two long fangs and teeth with tartar!  
His eyes were two red burning  
Glass balls!  
I though He's a Rakshasa  
straight from our Indian epics!

The next morning my wife clarified:  
'Oh dear! The Moon is just a mirror! '

Sathya Narayana

# The Night Drippings

In that darkness  
some colours brightened  
some minds blackened

The night as ever  
is dripping blood.

Where?

Somewhere or other  
between the poles

How much?

At dawn you can  
measure by gallons.

Why?

I'm as dumb  
as the dead at the night.

Sathya Narayana

# The Path To Nirvana

The only path to Nirvana  
through long, long veins,  
ruddy blood, flesh  
and pellucid fluids;  
through seeking skin  
and aching senses  
No short cut...  
no devious way...  
no dubious method  
and no invisible path  
Listen...silent love dies silently  
let it storm...  
the rain drops hitting the drums  
You can keep listening for long  
beating along with our heart rhythms

Sathya Narayana

# The Path

## THE PATH

Is it that place, where he said he fell once,  
but soon on his feet to make his strides?  
Is that the garden he described ere,  
now you're staring at  
with great disbelief and joy?  
Oh, this flower, he praised before  
of its rare fragrance  
now you are holding tenderly in your hands  
looking at it with great amazement...it must be!

I think this is that juicy fruit  
he talked about so much in his speech...is it that tasty?

Now you know  
for you, there is no need to look back  
no need to worry about your foreground...  
half tasted, a good part tested;  
has well confirmed...  
Yes, you're walking  
on your Great Guru's path.

Sathya Narayana

# The Seas Are Serene

The seas do seem to be serene!

The blues are trying hard to limn  
a false quietude on the red within.

The Sun or Moon suspect no sin,  
the men who sail along the flow  
do have no qualms of wild billows.

The seas do seem to be serene.

Inside the usual skirmish  
goes on un'bashed, but yet hush-hush  
where strikes a shark a smaller fish,  
a whale in turn consumes the shark;  
some where in deeper waters, sparks  
an ocean-fire that's charring lives! !

The seas do seem to be serene!

Sathya Narayana

# The Slow Death Of A Bard

Boss asks euphemistically

"You're not the same force you were once"

Friends demand anxiously

"Hey! What happened to your antics and puns? "

He smiles at once and embraces silence!

What can he say of something he wishes to suppress?

There is always in heart, something hush, hush

One cannot divulge and publish

For a pure materialist

This heart is a bloody pump-set

And for a staunch spiritualist

It is a holy nest where God rests

But lo! For a frustrated bard

His heart is a live hearth

Where there is no birth or death

For pain, laughter, love and hatred

Burning there are hell-fires

Evaporating his every dropp of tear

He is a static stolid volcanic cliff

With no hope for love and no love for life

He is left to watch the remnant soot

Of his unrecognizable past

Writing down on his inured inner rampart,

Slowly, letter after letter, his suicidal note

Soon we may hear his last melodious tune

When that over-burnt heart-hearth breaks open

Sathya Narayana

# The Tales I Didn't Tell

I told you my little harmless tales O' friend  
and made you laugh at my silly peccadilloes.  
But those blunders I did; those grossest  
sins I did perpetrate  
and those moments when my head  
had to hang down in shame  
my mouth had failed to utter dear.

Forgive my reticence O' friend.

It's human that I'm such a hypocrite.  
But carrying I'm, the load of my follies  
heavy on my heart's shoulders  
and traipsing hard to reach that  
Judgment Day  
for pouring them out as confessions  
before the ONE  
Who neither frowns nor laughs at them  
...but simply executes His decision.

Sathya Narayana



# The Time Machine

In to the future times, eons from now  
My friends and I in newest time machine  
We flew to reach a world, enchanting! Wow!  
With rose thickets, meadows and lofty pines

No heat; no Sun, in there; a lone full Moon  
Was smearing sandalwood balsam on us  
Running bunnies and frolicking raccoons  
Did run a riot, while bees honey hummed buzz

My friends were filled with joy and flair, new-found  
One reined a dinosaur; one chased a hound  
One painted white, a crow; one tamed a bear  
One dressed a wounded deer and hugged with care

One ran for sweet honeys dripping from trees  
With tongue outstretched and hit a black outcrop  
Some climbed the trees and ate the fruits with glee  
Some clung and swung to banyan's hanging props

One raised a bough like a sword; displayed his brawn  
And screamed, "I am the king of these realms green"  
Adorned his wife with milky quills of swans  
Her red headband and preened, "I am the Queen"

Went on and on my peoples' prank and mirth  
Till sounded time machine, "It's time, it's time"  
We sprinted back to occupy our berths  
And left that world of bliss with thoughts sublime

And back in my office; on broken chair  
Below my screeching fan, with grim grimace  
I sighed aloud and reached the open air  
To find my friends drudging in Sun's furnace

A wrenching feeling rudely swept my mind  
"We live in neither future nor in past  
To this Present alone we're firmly chained  
And breathe the breeze of this minute and last"

When truth unclothed had streaked before my eyes  
Returned I sad and broke my truck of lies

Sathya Narayana

# The Truth

## TRUTH

During the scalding summer, how much  
we yearn for a chilling morning drizzle? !  
When in the bone biting winter lurch  
don't we pray for a sunny sizzle?

Which season can man bear; I marvel  
without a demur, to its full run? !  
Yet swaggers he with synthetic preen  
that he conquered the nature's riddle!

Come storm, Tsunami or some crisis  
man at last comes to his consciousness  
amidst falling contraptions of his  
false conceptions and failed finesse!  
Whence sprouts from the ruins of reason,  
rationale and dialectics; the Truth  
the vital Truth; that's beyond his breadth  
to see, feel, deal, conceive and reckon! !  
On that day when he is at his wits end  
...no way to fight, no where to run and hide...  
he can only seek the help of the Hand unseen  
and kneel with faith before those Feet divine!

Sathya Narayana

# The Victors

I was buying a sweater  
From Nepali hawkers  
A nude monkey gibbered

To Tsunami sea  
An angler offered all his wealth, with a smile  
His loin cloth

Rain abated  
People are still locked in homes  
Outside busy ant's queue

Doused was forest fire  
Within minutes came out of burrows  
Rats squeaking

I wondered  
Who conquered  
The nature

Sathya Narayana

# Thee And Me

At the twilights quiet call I walked  
towards the shoal; in trance; in haze  
possessed by the dim dusks spilled grace  
and stood alone like a dumb rock.

When back to my senses, I lied  
on the sandy bed; peered inside  
the pond to find its rock bottom  
and my image in that fluid prism.

Fickle are the waters by waves,  
ficklest is the mind fazed by thoughts.  
They rouse even to the slightest of stir;  
just slaves to all the knaves.

Hey Ram, hey Raam, I called and cussed  
demurred, implored, billowed and cursed...  
the one in whom I keep my trust...  
the one in whom my doubts are worse.

Flustered, I kept pelting pebbles  
into the pool; melting the calm.  
Between my wish and the impulse  
I swayed alike a lamp in the storm.

Im still out there at that sand shoal  
waiting to see the waters still  
to find its rock bottom and my  
image, the true and mystic I.

Sathya Narayana

# There Are.....

There is a plan  
To make this world perfect  
It is in our heart

There are tools  
To correct the fools  
They are our arms

There is a bludgeon  
To beat the warring nations  
That is love

There is a lamp  
That can drive away gloom  
That is hope

There is a treasure  
Enough to help every needy  
That is magnanimity

There is a magic potion  
To give invincible power  
That is love for nation

Sathya Narayana

# They Need A Foe

They need a foe...  
our universal heroes...  
Well! They think so...  
James Bonds and Rambos...  
with licence to kill any one  
in the world...

They need a foe...  
be a human, a nation or even an animal...  
be it Laden, Saddam or Castro...  
be Russia, Iran, Iraq, India, Korea or China...  
be it a shark, a bat or a rat...  
a demon, a ghost or an alien from Mars...  
to grease their arms with blood...  
to please their cold-blooded hearts...

Come on O' Big Brother...  
you know what you're doing...  
...and you people know nothing...  
Come on...the day you learn loving...  
This world starts living....

Sathya Narayana

# They're Here Too

Few yards away from my parched farm  
So near to my dried up bore well  
Four streets away from my thatched hut  
With a single broken pot  
We have them here!

Sipping the sweetest milk and ruddy blood  
From my Mother Earth unto the last drop  
We have them here!

Every day I look at them  
Licking one more bead of sweat  
That grew on my nose  
And wiping the tearless eyes  
We have them here! !

Like a new emperor ruling my village  
The coca-cola company

Sathya Narayana



# Those Unknown

What happened to those  
who shed many a tear  
and bled for others?

They died hungry  
lamenting their last years.

I know those unknown  
and I know how much of pain  
endured they, unbeknown.

How unkind is this world?  
How ungrateful are the people?  
I find no statues for them  
at road junctions  
and never found their names  
embossed on tomes  
in golden letters.

Should not we recall the names  
of those felled trees  
at least while eating their fruit's  
tasty pickle?

Knowing all why  
good Samaritans prefer to wear  
that crown of thorns.

Intuition-driven  
why they try to walk the people  
towards that unseen heaven?

Are they otherwise sheer simpletons or  
desperados lacking reason?

One straying whim answered me:  
"Each dropp of water has no  
separate name.  
All together they're called the rain,

a river or an ocean. They come and go  
smiling, as one flood of altruism,  
asking for no thanksgiving.&quot;

Sathya Narayana

# Three Liners

You know who  
Never tasted best Basmati?  
It's farmer!

His life  
In unconjunctive clutter  
He is a fitter

Does Sun  
Burn himself! But I do! !  
I am a welder

Who knows better?  
The depths and dangers of life  
Than a fisherman

Fighting foxes  
For corpses in graveyard  
Their parliament

Dry bone  
Meek dog's favourite menu  
Junk food

Dark nights  
Rich revel  
Reds rebel

Sathya Narayana

## Three Liners2

with sweet mangoes  
hawker on hot streets  
sour life

hurricane!  
tall buildings and trees fell flat  
grass blades bounced back

stock market crashed  
tycoons became paupers  
paupers intact

running brook  
with its stoic driftwoods  
total surrender

tsunami  
posh residents on roads  
to hobos' welcome

Sathya Narayana

# Thrills

I bear this blaring heart  
A lair, in where I hid my love  
It bursts or wrought rock hard  
I spread it bare for now and how?

I crave thy burning lips  
Allow, allow, allow oh love  
And let unfurl the whip  
Of lust, of thirst and mystic rove

In here, in there I see  
The great heavens dispersed with glee  
They till, they drill, they thrill  
Until we sweat and melt into a rill

Sathya Narayana

# To An Unknown Poet

A fine poet he's; he doesn't know it!

Away from the boasting poetasters' baloney  
and tweeting poetesses' feminine taradiddle,  
unperturbed and undisturbed,  
with cool unfailing smiles,  
breathing the cosmic zephyrs  
of evocative fragrances...  
he's sitting there pretty,  
on the shores of gushing reverie-river,  
trawling colorful Pisces of imagery  
and vivifying the fallen Autumn's leaves around  
with vernal muse!

He's still there, still, with none around...  
in trance, focussed on inner tweets  
of divine rhapsody!

When does the world become lucky  
to read his heart...I wonder...  
yeah...we the infant connoisseurs  
are yet to open our eyes  
to find the real poesy!  
A fine poet he's; he doesn't know it!

(Dedicated to Poet K. B. Kailash Nath)

Sathya Narayana

## -to Know

To know who I'm  
first know who you're O' pal!  
To know what all  
I know, fast know O' soul  
what all you know!  
I keep descending oft  
into my deep  
and hidden bright stairwell  
and climbing back,  
so off and on at will  
and lo, in you  
remains it all covered  
till start you rolling mind  
and heart towards  
your sunken inner whole!

(Dedicated to Sant Kabir Maharaj)

Sathya Narayana

# To The Insomniac

What sin the nights did you;  
them all you call profane!  
Don't let the inner gloom besmear the nights;  
lest make those pleasant hours  
all new horrors to sprout.

Sathya Narayana



# Train Singer

A hollow tin-can  
one side fastened  
with oxen skin  
...dadamdadamdum...dadamdadamdum!  
Like a rhyme scheme,  
like a metered rhythm...  
music, music, music...  
dadamdadamdum dadamdadam!  
From coach to coach walking in train  
that dark-skinned middle-aged man  
singing the song of life...  
a folk number philosophy,  
a Telugu cinema's romantic melody  
on political charlatans  
a clarion parody...  
Dadamdadamdum...dadamdadamdum!  
'You preen o man  
I am gaining years of wisdom  
what a mistaken impression  
every minute eroding is life span  
that is truth underlying...'

He is singing, smiling, laughing  
in ecstasy to the heights  
his tunes are lifting...whirling, bent on knees swinging and dancing..  
dadamdadamdum...dadamdadamdum!  
He stopped and smiled  
at my knotted brows.  
Taking my ten rupees  
looking into my eyes  
he sang again,  
this time his own lyric  
'I'm a happy man, I am a happy man! No vice I have  
I love my wife and children  
and this crude-drum  
my friend; cousin and patron...'  
and walked away playing...  
Dadamdadamdum...dadamdadamdum...  
His song now sounded like an anthem

of men who believe in themselves  
no matter what they hold in their hands,  
a pen, a scalpel, a sword  
or even a hollow tin-can! .

Sathya Narayana

# True Eyes

With me when you are  
This world I conquer

In to me when you pierce  
Unfold in me my inner mirrors  
My infant-soul opens its eyes  
And starts looking for the true 'I'

When you and I become one  
It's just silence  
A blissful silence  
With no earthly nuances  
It is omniscience  
It is omnipotence  
In a flash we own  
This whole universe  
Yes! This whole universe

Sathya Narayana

# True Poetry

Like you and I; he and she; we and they;  
true poetry takes birth from the earth  
with elemental breath.

Take cue my friend  
from soiled lives and ruined dreams.  
Espy the fructified love  
and hearken to the arrhythmic beats of hearts broken.

Ye hear those echoing hurrahs  
and eavesdrop those faint laments;  
behold those pumping hands  
and measure those spilling tears.

Look up at those ascending heroes  
and condole the fallen angels.

No need to search my friend...  
they're all around...  
it's for you and I to find...

Sathya Narayana

# Trump

Exit: benevolent Mr. Barrack Obama...

Enter: a dreggy lump of arrogance...

and Trump!

What will happen to you, O America...

a bumpy trajectory ahead

where your dear Dollars

will sure get trampled!

Sathya Narayana

# Tsunami

They ran decades ahead of others  
where are they now stranded?

Let the waters recede;  
the rubble be cleared  
and let dry the tears

Sathya Narayana

## Two Friends

We are two friends of oppugnant thoughts  
I'm of thorough religious mind and faith  
And he; an authoritative dialectician  
Yet of one inseparable yoke we are  
Of tolerance like two sides of one coin;  
With uberrima fides in each other's  
Virtues, wisdom and benevolence

When collide with each other, our staunch notions  
Emit out new fragrances of nascent philosophies  
A bit clear and a lot: unintelligible glimmer  
Leading us yet, slowly towards unknown horizons  
Of unfamiliar truths and astounding revelations  
But we know one day sure we can dispel  
All the ridiculous litter remnant in us and  
Clutch firmly the silken threads of Absolute; fistfuls  
And expound to the whole world  
Our all new 'ultimate gospel'

(Dedicated to Rajan)

Sathya Narayana

# Ultimate Beauty

When she swayed in sashay  
Swans shied in dismay  
At a beam of her splendid smile  
The full moon waned in shame  
When she walked in woods  
Greens paled in acquiescence  
Bloomers withered in whispering obeisance  
Who else can she be?  
But the ultimate beauty!  
I dreamed and pined all my prime  
One beckon from her in love is all!  
Heavens are mine  
All else will drain! !

Sathya.....

Sathya Narayana



# Under Trees

Affluent under trees  
Easing in evening breeze  
Digesting afternoon gorge

Needy under trees  
Feeding their empty guts  
With hot, spicy and sumptuous gusts

Sathya Narayana

# Unsaintly

(This is a very famous story I heard a long time ago. Many pontiffs used to often quote this.)

Two saints on a long journey  
towards some unknown destiny...

On their way they met a pretty houri  
at the riverside of Kaveri.

She prayed them humbly  
&quot;Oh! Hermits holy! Can you take me  
to the other side of this river holy? ! '

The younger saint said with fury  
&quot;Don't you see oh lady?  
We are saints! Don't touch thy body!

But kind was the older saint:  
&quot;Oh! Young lady  
ye climb my shoulders! I'll carry&quot;

Crossed the river all the three.  
The girl left the company  
and the saints resumed their odyssey.

A quiet long walk late,  
burst out the young saint:

&quot;That's unsaintly O' brother saint...  
how could you carry that lady? &quot;

The older saint smiled and said coolly  
&quot;I left her at the banks of Kaveri  
Do you still carry her in mind heavily? '

Sathya Narayana

# Unseen Angel

Never saw her!  
No way can I make out□  
her face; her smile; her talk  
her walk and her countenance!

Her mien yet like a pleasant jolt  
brought back my youthful grin;  
something I forgot;  
ages ago in time spin!

I'm set to dig out now  
my lost reminiscences  
to pen down my best ever romantics!

Yes...it's now my turn to start  
igniting one more inert heart!

Sathya Narayana

# Unsung Heroes

What happened to those  
who shed many a tear  
and bled for others?

They died hungry  
lamenting their last years.

I know those unknown  
and I know how much of pain  
endured they, unbeknown.

How unkind is this world?  
How ungrateful are the people?  
I find no statues for them  
at road junctions  
and never found their names  
embossed on tomes  
in golden letters.

Should not we recall the names  
of those felled trees  
at least while eating their fruit's  
tasty pickle?

Knowing all why  
good Samaritans prefer to wear  
that crown of thorns.

Intuition-driven  
why they try to walk the people  
towards that unseen heaven?

Are they otherwise sheer simpletons or  
desperados lacking reason?

One straying whim answered me:  
&quot;Each drop of water has no  
separate name.  
All together they're called the rain,

a river or an ocean. They come and go  
smiling, as one flood of altruism,  
asking for no thanksgiving.&quot;

Sathya Narayana

# Usharance Of Vasantha

Awoke all sleeping songs as drowsy coos  
on first morning of Chaitra month  
as ruffled plume the somnolent cuckoos  
and cleared their throats off milky moon-ray-froth  
they swilled nightlong sitting on bough cradles  
with nascent peppery Sunbeam and dew,  
to try again their patent madrigals.

A branch topmost, taking a distant view  
had cried, 'There comes our Lord, behold you all,  
our Lord there comes, behold you all! '

The naked trees felt embarrassed,  
the dashing brat bunnies had stopped, embraced  
silence and gazed at far horizons long.  
The koels raised their voices with twang  
and speeded up cadence as if possessed;  
the wild peacocks had danced and serpents hissed.

With buzz of butterflies and speed of fawn,  
on parrot chariot with sugarcane  
longbow and floral darts from cosmic lane  
ushered in through the gauzy mists of dawn  
the Lord of Spring, followed by flocks of swans  
spraying a riot of hues from red to blue  
yellow to green on dried up milieu.

Moments just passed; the naked trees were seen  
wearing a green attire, with vivid beads  
of blooms like gem-studded patterns with sheen.  
The fauna roused by nectarous mead  
had started lickerish gambols on green  
tussock and sward running through bouncy weed.

Shied, lovely Earth as smiled the yonder beau;  
the dales and mountains buoyed with wild gusto;  
the brines and rivers swung with brimming flow,  
the trees wagged their heads joining the show  
as stars and planets laughed from skies aglow,

The nature hailed aloud, 'Spring time ahoy!  
Arrived Vasantha lo, there He's, presto!  
Allegro, allegro, allegro!

Sathya Narayana

# Valentine Day Pebbles

He: men love. Women love to be loved. That's why the equation oft goes awry

She: Is it so?

He: God sweated to make man with blood, flesh, heart and mind. But just a piece of bone (rib) turned into a woman

She: Man's pleasure

He: woo-man's joy.

She: thankx.

He: HAPPY V' DAY

She: woman to be woeman.

He: Man's pleasure: embedded submission; woman's joy enshrouding supremacy.

She: Steve Jobs is now working with God to make a revolutionary new product- the "i-wife";: slim design, beauty with brains and most importantly with a mute button.

He: hahaha; even first wife won't mind.

She: After bypass surgery patient to doc: can I have sex regularly?

doc: yes with only wife- your heart is not yet ready for any excitement.

She: After being married for 26 years a wife asked her hubby to describe her. He looked at her slowly then said, "You're A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K"; She asks 'What does it mean? '

He said, "Adorable, beautiful, cute, delightful, elegant, foxy, gorgeous, hot. She smiled happily and said, "Oh, that's lovely. What about I, J, K? "; "I'm Just Kidding";

Sathya Narayana



# Vanity Brute

Whenever some friend praised  
That my poetry is good  
Fuddled; I raise my hand  
To check for horns on head  
Satisfied; I bruit abroad  
"Well! Well! So far so good  
Vanity brute hasn't gone to head  
I am still your kind  
Eligible to coyly tread  
Along with you; ahead"

Sathya Narayana

## Veer Hanuman's Advice To Ravana

&quot;O' king, don't cause the death of your near ones.  
Don't bring an end to your golden kingdom.  
Your choice will save the lives of millions.  
Shun vanity; invite innate wisdom.  
&quot;No demon I'm like you; no human too  
like Ram; I have no prejudices, King!  
No bias; no odium, to tell the truth.  
I'm just an Ape; your friend and peace-loving.  
&quot;I'm Ram's servant; I have with me his strength.  
The strength his name gives me; the strength his love  
gives me; the strength his thoughts give me; the strength  
my devotion gives me; that strength's immense.  
&quot;That strength's enough for me to skin a flint!  
Prefer I still between you two, no dint.

Sathya Narayana

# Veil

Again, I asked her!  
She turned away,  
walked towards a nearby rose plant  
pretended to be adjusting  
a tender bud;  
tried to stretch further the green sepals  
to drape the eavesdropping  
eager ruddy petals.

I asked again!  
This time she smiled  
with widened blue eyes.  
She looked beautiful!

Then narrowed her eyes,  
raised the brows  
in feigning wickedness  
and laughed.  
She looked even more beautiful!

I heard that unintelligible laugh  
spelling out her clear message.  
"You can't look through the veil!"

But I did!  
She didn't realize  
her veil is as transparent  
as the waters on shallow river bed.  
I could see through  
so clearly  
curled with coyness, suppressing simpers  
her love for me.

Sathya Narayana

# Victors

I was buying a sweater  
From Nepali hawkers  
A nude monkey gibbered

To Tsunami sea  
An angler offered all his wealth, with a smile  
His loin cloth

Rain abated  
People are still locked in homes  
Outside busy ant's queue

Doused was forest fire  
Within minutes came out of burrows  
Rats squeaking

I wondered  
Who conquered  
The nature

Sathya Narayana

## Vignettes Of Sea - A Review

For those who mind rhyme and rhythm, meter and new idiom, Dr.Indira Babbellapati's VIGNETTES OF THE SEA is a real revelation. Once D.H. Lawrence who was a strong protagonist of free verse, wrote to Edward Marsh &quot;.....always tried to get an emotion out in its own course, without altering it.....&quot;

Dr.Indira's poetry very much reminds those words of Lawrence. Her poetry runs with effortless ease sucking the reader into her world of sea. You feel as if you are standing somewhere in the Visakhapatnam beach and watching Indira sometimes standing on a hillock with fluttering sari, glancing at the distant horizon, sometimes in knee-deep brine playing with the waves, sometimes sitting on a sand dune inclining on a battered sampan in pensive mood and so on. In her poetry, words lose their identity and emotions overtake; beauty overwhelms and a tender spirit fills the readers' heart and makes them to go through those picturesque scenes, those delicate feelings she portrayed. In fact she didn't dwell in any fantasy nor did she try to add anything synthetic to the originality of the nature. She simply portrayed all that our eyes more than often miss that is reigning around us with great majesty; and that reality looks like a fantasy to us.

We see so many colours, feelings and emotions surrounding the sea, hitherto we never cared to notice, now spilling out of Indira's pen slowly, steadily taking you to the real beaches of a sea.

In one poem she sees the sea as her returned childhood floating on brine as splintered Moons. She sees

'dazzling drops of quicksilver under the watchful Sun.....'

She beholds the Moon 'sink into the sea spreading the sorrow of an aching heart across the sea...'

She listens to a 'dirge of waves...'

She wonders sometimes 'looks like the sea today is on holiday...'

She sees everything, love, pain, emotion, relations, life, struggle etc. etc. and the way she relates sea to everything in life is marvellous.

&quot;Never young never old

The ageless waves that know

Not day from night

Kiss the salt-beaten

Rocks as they incessantly

Rise and fall...'

The imagery looks more than realistic, even the best surrealistic effort.

'This morning

the sea was a grey desert....'

Very much reminds the experiments made by Sri Sri with surrealism.

And see this line

'Scorching Sun above

undulating waves below

In between the vacant me

When did we last read such great lines?

The most attractive feature of V.O.S is the foreword written by Shri Leonard Dabydeen....a great scholastic analysis by a person who could understand and enjoy the poetry of Dr.Indira wholeheartedly, in its right spirit and emotion. The all time great Telugu Anthology of Sri Sri, viz 'Mahaprasthanam', became even more famous and popular with the unique and methodical foreword written by equally great writer of those times Sri Gudipati Venkatachalam. Shri Leonard Debydeen's foreword is no less to that. By the time you complete the book, you don't feel of having completed a good read of a poetry anthology but that you have ambled through a fascinating Picture gallery of the likes of Leonardo Da Vin Ci. So good is this book....no exaggeration at all.

For all poetry lovers, Vignettes of the sea is a must read...if you wish to enjoy page 1 till the end true post-modern poetry there is no better choice....Try it and enjoy..I guarantee the pleasure.

Sathyanarayana.

Sathya Narayana

# Vultures

They are concrete cemeteries  
Of commoners' cherished rights  
Where sleeping vultures are in wait  
For hapless living corpses to step in  
Only rustling sounds of currency notes  
Can arouse their spirits aloft  
Into bustling activity of remorseless hustle  
Like stimulating smelling salts  
Behold! They are cartels  
Of our great bureaucratic stalwarts!

They assume, they're taking home  
Bounties (booties) of their smartest schemes  
But by the time they sense  
They are only carrying the weight of their sins  
Burning they will be, in Avernus kilns

Sathya Narayana

# Walking Tall

I'm going stronger and stronger  
I'm growing taller and taller  
With each and every failure I savor  
With the wounds on my naked heart I preen  
Like a lofty tree with Axe-made hews  
That stops not sprouting new leaves  
Nor buildings it's trunk's thews  
Nor doling out, for free, sweet fruits

Sathya Narayana



## Waning Life (Terzenella)

When you opened your eyes you found you're old!  
Your dreams remained unfulfilled, thoughts still crude;  
Wizened, your hands are quivering with cold! !

Not long before you were in sprightly mood.  
You thought of wading through the oceans blue.  
Your dreams remained unfulfilled, thoughts still crude.

Of life and death you thought of finding clues!  
To end the wars and find the peace, you mused! !  
You thought of wading through the oceans blue! ! !

Now mind is creased; imagery is bruised;  
Your pen is blunt and papers turned brittle!  
To end the wars and find the peace, you mused! !

You churned and creamed the life, but too little!  
When you opened your eyes you found you're old! !  
Your pen is blunt and papers turned brittle;  
Wizened, your hands are quivering with cold! ! !

Sathya Narayana

# We & They

WE AND THEY

Are they fated  
to languish in poverty?  
I dont know!  
May be by their vices,  
may be by their misdeeds,  
may be by their ignorance  
they squandered  
their little fortunes!

They wrought their fate...  
I accept that!

But you are wise,  
you are rich,  
you are ever flourishing...  
you know the right  
from the wrong,  
good from the bad!

When their vices,  
their misdeeds,  
their ignorance  
helped us to outclass  
those so called ill-fated  
dont you think you owe  
some thing to those  
whose mistakes  
helped you to grow? !

We can brighten their lives,  
and lighten their burden  
if we are ready to share  
our wealth and wisdom!

Sathya Narayana

# We And They

POEM IS HIDDEN. CANNOT BE READ WITHOUT THE PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR

Sathya Narayana

# We Are Nearing The Shore

Beautiful is that distant shore,  
flourishing with lavish lush verdure.

Tall trees in tune with wind's tremolo  
are swaying their heads in wild gusto  
as if saying no to all worldly woes!

Flitting white doves in free skies  
and glittering silvery sands; all encore  
seem to be vowing peace, comfort and more!

Is that not the haven we're trying to discover...  
the ultimate Utopia of Thomos More!

Ahoy, my fellow rowers of 'Bharat' boat...  
let not sloth rust your grits,  
rest not yours oars even for a minute!

Let sweat evaporate; of few more droplets,  
let brawn burn into some more effort!

There behold O' dear Indians...  
a great future is well within our sight,  
gleaming with beams of prosperity!

Sathya Narayana

# We Defy Barriers

I am a doctor!  
Nay! May be a miner!  
Some call me a burglar  
And some as scavenger

I cut open your hearts  
To see exists what  
In that hidden crate  
I cave into your minds  
I thief into your thoughts  
Be there precious jewels  
Or dirty black coal  
I dig out to show the world  
Their true colors  
And I rob you of your sleep  
If you are a hypocrite  
Or a crafty cat  
Bare you out in street  
And tell the rest  
To quit your kind of trait  
And lo! If you are a pious soul  
I low and bow before you  
Give my life in whole  
As an oblation to your ideals

After all I am a poet  
With a multipronged weapon  
In my strong hand  
I don't mind you call it  
A scalpel, a shovel  
A sword or a broom  
I call it a pen  
Sweeping and moping clean  
Dirty streets of my nation  
I even dare into whole world  
Every nook and corner  
And declare in valor  
"Poets have no barriers"

Sathya Narayana

# Weapon

They build arms  
To defend nations  
They war! To achieve peace  
They kill! To save populace  
They choose bloodbath  
To baptize the world's youth

These born-bellicose  
Are too callous to use  
One weapon that can defuse  
All the tensions on this Earth  
Love! The indomitable means! A boon  
The Maker had bestowed on humans  
That can conquer any domain! !

Sathya Narayana

## We'Ii Meet

One day sure, we'll meet  
No matter, how afar you drift  
Or to any distant continent you retreat  
Such is my instinct  
So strong, pure and infinite  
So is the inherent truth  
Whether you feel it or not, at present  
There is no power that can split  
Two, truly loving hearts

In the life you did opt  
In a romantic inertia, you are beset  
For a while just halt  
Your usual hustle and bustle  
To reflect for once at least  
At the desperate tinnitus  
Hinting at your hidden wants  
Coming straight from your heartbeats  
You suppressed too long in inadvertence

Wake up to look into your inner shrine  
Where you find my contour glow  
Like a burning river of lava in flow  
From a just burst out volcano  
Razing down your doubts  
About my love and passionate resolve  
Whence will open all fettering gates  
And on that day sure, we'll meet

Sathya.....

Sathya Narayana



# What A Feeling

What a feeling it is to say, "This is my own house"  
For one who lived years in a rented residence  
What a feeling it is to say, "I'm full to my neck"  
For one who starved for weeks, being out of work  
What a feeling it is to say, "This rag is so warm"  
For a half-nude hobo who lives under sky-dome

Small pleasures, yet great gratifications they are,  
For those grieving souls, in sheer indigence  
The poor are poor; but poorer are the ravenous rich  
Who can never reach these richer indulgences

Sathya Narayana

# What If I Die Today

What if I die this day, this v'ry minute?  
Nothing happens, nothing happens...  
some cry; some smile...some sighs, some tears...That's it!  
The time balsam relieves all pains.

How many die leaving no sign of them.  
Today's my space is just a phase  
that melts in ever churning time's, hot rhythm.  
Then what's in life to hunt or chase?  
Tell me, what if I die this day!

The past was once present with seeds of hope.  
I never knew no seed would sprout.  
What couldn't be reaped how can I heap? Nope, nope!  
It's fate, some lives weather but drought!  
Tell me, what if I die this day!

You keep going till comes that brutal day,  
when take a brunt your faith and love  
All strength and skills you could till then display  
one day you gath'r as broken boughs.  
Tell me, what if I die this day!

Sathya Narayana

# What Poets Want

A poet craves to transform the world!  
He tries to mow the human wiles away  
and sow new seeds of vibrant humane ethos!

What gifts, awards and honours  
can measure his dreams  
and great servic to the society? !

Sathya Narayana

# Where Are My Veggies?

WHERE ARE MY VEGGIES

I wish I can pen a poem  
that sounds funny like a cartoon  
or raise a deafening slogan  
like the opposition men.

But I couldn't laugh or bargain;  
neither could I protest nor defend  
when carrots challenged me at fifty  
and a bunch of coriander at twenty!

Like a voyeur at the veggies I leer.  
My tongue yearned for a tasty meal.  
But my wallet pleaded austerity  
and I returned home adding a little gravity!

Who turned the Green gardens  
into barren concrete yards? I wondered,  
soon we may have to learn  
how to eat bricks, cement and sand!

Who is responsible for this sin...  
converting the lively Earth into a dead machine? !  
Did the Mother consent to this mutation  
or has she changed her religion?

I flinch, as much as you do wince!  
Can one cartoon; one newspaper column  
or a poem alter this situation?  
Can they stir up the Govt. to its senses?

As an old saying held so well...  
'Of what effect is Sun,  
chill or rain  
on thick-skinned oxen! ? '

Sathya Narayana

# Who Is Less Evil?

The Indian moguls  
Throw their spit outs  
Over their compound walls  
For the poor to scramble,  
Fight and collect along  
With the street dogs

But our Super powers do it wise  
They wrap their dregs and debris  
In designer packets and sell  
In the super markets and malls  
Of the poor countries  
At prices ludicrous;

Tell me!  
Who is less evil?

Sathya Narayana

# Whose Reign Is It

When asinines reign  
Rule books become  
Ruthless weapons  
Slaying reason, vision  
And progression

Sathya Narayana

# Women's Day

Who said she's weakest of sexes  
and can wield  
only a light-weight rolling pin!  
When tries, can lift  
even a road-roller  
to crush man's  
ever-growing vanity hill!  
What all she needs  
is mind-muscle!

Sathya Narayana

# World War Iii

Syria, you fool  
you gave the scent  
and he's ready to hunt!

we saw black in white  
expected white in black  
it's white blackened black

don't waste money,  
come on, use those nukes  
before expiry.

be black or white  
he's just American  
blood-thirsty.

Bram Stoker's lucky  
born in America  
could find vampires.

spluttered his words  
slow, steady and nervous  
of ready salvo.

scent of chemicals  
growling uranium  
earth waits for blood.

stand up my friends  
observe two minutes silence  
no chance later.

come back brethren  
it's not oil  
third World's Blood.

wait for the spectacle  
deafening sounds and dazzling lights  
Hades wakes up.



Sathya Narayana

# Wrinkles

How many joys of past  
are concealed between  
crease and crease?  
how many pains were subdued  
behind those shivery wrinkles?  
Like whorls on wood,  
so are these folds on skin  
show not how old you became  
but how bold you grew!

Sathya Narayana

## Ww Iii

Syria, you fool  
you gave the scent  
he's ready to hunt

we saw black in white  
expected white in black  
it's white blackened black

don't waste money  
come on, use those nukes  
before expiry

be black or white  
he's just American  
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Bram Stoker's lucky  
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come back brethren  
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third world's blood

stand up my friends  
observe two minutes silence  
no chance later

wait for spectacle  
deafening sounds and dazzling lights  
Hades wakes up

Sathya Narayana

## You (Gazal)

The darkness comes, prevails and veils  
only till then thee come as dream to peel!

Thy hues at night I gather, pool  
and wait till day to make the flowers fool!

Thy whispers blue I save for Sun  
to make Him blush and feel a tickling fun!

The notes of thy seductive songs  
on lips my etch to warbles teach new twangs!

Be there a day, I wonder why  
when thou're my dream of night, be truth or lie!

Sathya Narayana

# You And Bonsais

## YOU AND BONSAIS

Hundred years seem to you  
a very short journey!  
In the time's whirlwind  
one day you drop  
like a tender bough  
feeling scant of the saps  
you sipped from the Earth  
and wait for a new life!  
May be many a life you need  
to slake your thirst fully!

Ignore my friend,  
those callous dwarfs  
with stunted brains  
who may feel complete  
even at young sixties!  
They are just bonsais  
at two feet from the floor;  
who keep making such tall claims  
of holding the boundless skies in whole  
with stars and planets  
in their two clumsy fists!

Sathya Narayana

# Youngest

'Welcome youngman! '  
A tender voice invited me.  
'So feminine...! ' I thought.  
Didn't try to turn my head  
and said 'I'm old, very old! '  
I guess she laughed...  
'You're the youngest  
in our world! ! '

Sathya Narayana

## Z - My Last Letter

I wish to write that day the last letter,  
when hear I the sonant clangs  
of closing bells of inner shrine,  
ringing unceasingly long, long;  
when smell I fragrant scents of my last twilight,  
when feel I warm presence of strange pleasance-  
that last letter- the Z- zero - nothing, the null  
as well the whole, that everything, that absolute!

I know my wizened hands then shiver not,  
nor fear to spill the last few drops of shiny blue ink  
on my last page, on the hazy jotted line of my dateless diary  
Yes...the Z, zero, the null and the whole...  
to end my longest trot, my weary trudge  
and my longest gruesome journey...  
when starts the beginning, an all new beginning!

Sathya Narayana