

Poetry Series

**Seshendra Sharma**  
**- poems -**

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# Seshendra Sharma(20th october 1927)

Seshendra Sharma

An Indian poet Prophet

Visionary Poet of the Millennium

Rivers and poets

Are veins and arteries

Of a country.

Rivers flow like poems

For animals, for birds

And for human beings-

The dreams that rivers dream

Bear fruit in the fields

The dreams that poets dream

Bear fruit in the people-

\* \* \* \* \*

The sunshine of my thought fell on the word

And its long shadow fell upon the century

Sun was playing with the early morning flowers

Time was frightened at the sight of the martyr-

-Seshendra Sharma

Seshendra Visionary poet of the millennium

October 20th,1927 - May 30th,2007

Parents: hmanyam (Father) , Ammayamma (Mother)

Siblings: Anasuya, Devasena (Sisters) , Rajasekharam(Younger brother)

Wife: i Sharma

Children: Vasundhara, Revathi (Daughters) , Vanamaali, Saatyaki (Sons)

Seshendra Sharma better known as Seshendra is a colossus of Modern Indian poetry.

His literature is a unique blend of the best of poetry and poetics.

Diversity and depth of his literary interests and his works are perhaps hitherto unknown in Indian literature.

From poetry to poetics, from Mantra Sastra to Marxist politics his writings bear an unnerving print of his rare Genius.

His scholarship and command over Sankrit, English and Telugu Languages has facilitated

his emergence as a towering personality of comparative literature in the 20th Century World literature.

, Archbald Macleish and Seshendra Sharma are trinity of world poetry and Poetics.

His sense of dedication to the genre of art he chooses to express himself and the determination to reach the depths of subject he undertakes to explore place him in the galaxy of world poets / world intellectuals.

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Seshendra Sharma is a colossus of modern Indian poetry. He is recipient of the central Sahitya Academy Fellowship, the highest honor in the literary world of India reserved for immortals of literature. This site presents the essence of the millennium in poetic form. Seshendra's literature is a unique blend of the best of poetry and poetics.

In his 1840 feature entitled 'the hero as poet' Thomas Carlyle defines a poet's role gloriously. Carlyle maintains that the poet-prophet speaks to the noble, the pure; the type for all times and places. Seshendra sarma, the rebel poet of Andhra Pradesh is an example of such an Indian poet-prophets, the 'spirits Fierie', who drive the dead thoughts over the universe like withered leaves and quicken the birth of a new, better tomorrow.

Seshendra sarma, born in 1927, is a coastal Andhra product. A highly educated and conscious poet with a marked academic and bureaucratic profile. But it is not his visibility in seminar circuits and academic circles that has endeared him to the Andhriles-To Andhriles-and those other Indians who read him in translation-seshendra sarma is the Revolutionary Poet Prophet. His poetry celebrates the clarion-call of resistance.

Seshendra: Visionary poet of the millennium

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Seshendra Sharma is a colossus of modern Indian poetry. This site presents essence of the millennium in a powerful poetic style. Seshendra's literature is a unique blend of the best of poetry and poetics.

-MY COUNTRY MY PEOPLE-Modern Indian Epic

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MY COUNTRY MY PEOPLE-Modern Indian Epic is Seshendra Sharma's magnum opus. This long poem has given a new sense of direction to the contemporary Indian poetry. This Epic has placed Indian poetry on the world map of literature.

## A Poem: In Delphi (1987)

Here the sea is caught in the mountains  
and the wind in the olives  
the bird suspended in the sky of joy  
for a moment, like eternity

Here where the gods walk on the hills  
with their mighty legs set like  
temple columns  
we tracked our way my friends, into the myth  
the breath of time which whispered in our ears  
the fables of earth's childhood  
we walked on ruins  
which are stones and stories today

A poem was flowing down the cliffs  
of my mind  
I allowed her to flow  
to flow so slowly and softly  
that my life may not ebb away-

Seshendra Sharma

# Earth An Epic

Even by bloodshed, which is indefinably superior to gold  
Dreams did not become realities-  
Only fools do not know that  
evolution also is subject to evolution-

\* \* \* \* \*

When the earth is ploughed with a plough  
Only then it becomes a country  
When the earth is ploughed with a quill  
Then it becomes an epic  
If it is not ploughed either with a plough or quill  
It is merely just merely earth-

\* \* \* \* \*

24 hours of distance lies from sun to sun  
only two hearts of distance lies  
from human being to human being-  
The sky opening up its pink folds  
flying itself in the winds of dawn-  
Look! How many ruffles of distance lies  
From village to war-

Seshendra Sharma

## Gorilla-5

We enter a chapter in history when facing life  
Is a greater problem than facing death. And a still more  
Frightening problem that we should all join together and sing  
Laurels to the life doled out to us.

In my country a dead body narrates better about life than the living.  
What can a ship, moving on even keel upon the sea tell us  
About the depths and dangers of the ocean or the character of waves?  
We should only ask the wrecked ship, washed off to the shore,  
To know the real story-

-Seshendra Sharma

O poet, don't hang your so soon to the wall like weapons after war,  
Be ready with the biggest of your guns, the sikharini metre or  
Sardoola metre. Whet your words on the stone properly  
And keep them ready for singing the impending epic. Find out  
How many guns distant is your enemy's chest-  
If your voice thunders glasses and windows  
In his chest should rattle. These are not days when you  
Feed his dreams; these are the days when gorilla is  
Dreaming hungrily for him.

Though chains have gathered heavily around the feet,  
Flags have filled the sky in millions-

Seshendra Sharma

## Gorilla-8

My friend your sky is swallowed by Amasya;  
on the crossroads times is scattering its excrements on the statues;  
Atleast cover the bodies of those voiceless figures with your torn  
Rag, they are helplessly shivering in bitter cold-

Ganges was once a goddess, then became the road of boats,  
And finally an irrigation canal flowing into our fields. Your see  
In the hands of time even gods change their forms-

Brother, we may all be drowned today in the river,  
But remember a day is bound to come, when the river itself  
Will be drowned in the sea-

I know, another world is breathing in your brain, if your heart is good  
Books will blossom on your lips-  
If you should lift your foot, in what  
Countries you cannot set it?  
When are working do you know, how  
Beautiful your hands look,

The strength and beauty of how many ideals dazzle  
In your eyes. If you grow, all these palaces, assemblies, and  
Academies will not measure up to your waist;  
If you decide, you can unchain and leave all the canals  
Into those millions of hungry fields. You can release onto yours  
Country all those Apsaras that were imprisoned by the demon  
Kalidas in his pages.

I shall see that day with my own eyes  
And then one morning swallowing all the colours of the world,  
Die and fly becoming a little memory.

GORILLA IS SESHENDRA SHARMA'S MODERN INDIAN CLASSIC PUBLISHED  
IN 1976, WHEN INDIA WAS PASSING THROUGH THE CRUEL TIMES OF  
EMERGENCY IMPOSED BY INDIRA GANDHI

Seshendra Sharma

# The Burning Sun

I am the drop of sweat, I am the sun  
Rising from the hills of human sinews  
Hearts are my friends  
I live in the city of sufferings  
Although in my fist, I hold an ocean of history  
I sculptured man silently  
Wings that carried birds  
Did not bring them back  
I am drinking thick darkness  
In the haunts of those forests  
Which cry out in agony for the birds  
That did not return  
Clutching at the garment woven of memories  
I twine myself to the feet of my country  
Heads that were hanging to the trees  
Smile as flowers today in the branches  
Hearts that received the bullets  
Ring in temples of our land like bells  
Blood of theirs nights squeezed and offered  
By how many to bring forth this day  
They are hanging like icicles  
On the ridges of our roofs  
Look, it is an iron fist I have  
I shall excavate the flame of light  
From the rocks of time  
I will set fire to the sleep of resisting centuries  
To the rivers that run in passion after the sea  
I cry halt, command them  
To paint the colourless arid lands in green,  
Invite back the smile which fled away  
In terror from this land,  
To the butterfly trudging hungrily for a flower  
I shall give a garden  
Come children, eat  
Bits of nights dipping them in moonlight,  
I shall not allow the sun to cheat this sacred day  
If he wakes not on the horizon of this land  
I shall tear my burning heart  
And put it in its place



With the scarlet of my living flesh  
Illuminate the earth  
I am the drop of sweat, I am the sun  
Rising from the hills of human sinews

Seshendra Sharma

Seshendra Sharma

# The Curvature Of Mystery

Bereft of leaves, the naked branch  
That spreads onto our balcony  
Is the curvature of mystery  
Which poses the question eternally  
Its flame like twigs tiny, newborn, its branches of fruits that stop the wayfarer  
The cuckoos that sing in its cool shade  
The little blue rags of sky caught in its leaves and keep fluttering-  
Where are they! Where did they go!  
Now of course it is a naked branch,  
At its end a kite, like a tail of sankranthi  
That vanished into time like evaporating tear invisible-  
If I show you one visible posture  
I know you people devour the entire invisible world of my thoughts and feelings  
I know – that is why –I say it is naked but in that branch  
Time is flowing like electric current in the copper wire.

Seshendra Sharma

# Tree A Cathedral

Is the flower the Archbishop of a cathedral  
Called tree?

Squirrels, birds and insects visit  
Its branches like compelled consciences  
For a confession  
To unload their chest, of echoes  
Of the brutality they commit on fruits  
The innocent citizens of the vegetable countries  
The flower presides  
Over the winged and unwinged creatures  
Of creation and impart to their lives  
The aesthetics of silence  
Night is the contemplative mood  
Of the garden and the garden  
The dream of the night  
As the garden lies serene in sleep  
Under the stars  
Of the dark blue night  
It unfolds itself as a great civilization  
Of symbols  
Meadows of metaphors  
Float in the depths of the leafy dream  
Of a tiny bird gathered into its wings  
In the quintessence of the branch-  
In the hermitage of flowers  
All colors lead to the destination of the saffron-  
-Seshendra Sharma

ps: This is good Friday gift to the Christian brethren

Seshendra Sharma

## Turned Into Water And Fled Away-19

I am a wandering gypsy vulnerable to all beauties  
These beauties attempt to throw a net over me.  
Afraid that some nameless season of flowers might trap me,

I never stray into the garden alone.  
I lay eggs in volumes of books, I hatch my eggs in corners of pages,  
I am the cock that crows before sunrise.

I do not flee from loneliness anywhere.

Remaining in the midst of objects an  
engaging my soul constantly In search of their essence,  
I achieve my solitude-  
Where can the months escape? As long as I hold the moon in my hand.

While man runs to capture the peaks of life,  
Death runs to seize him by his hair. This very problem which  
Exists in creation, is the birthplace of the tear.

Even though you keep time in a gold watch; it will not stop  
From driving you towards the railway train.  
Death lives in the dropping leaves of autumnal trees.  
The first leaf that leaves the branch on its journey to earth  
Is the prologue of autumn for the coming rain of leaves-

My feet are parched with thirst for travel.  
Thirst is not quenched although I wander about  
Huddle and huddles of villages and towns-

As I travel making a railway train out of all sorts of things,  
Winds, clouds, leaves birds and so on.

Death tries to stop the train and arrest me; but none of them are those  
That will ever stop.  
They are perpetually in a state of flux, passing through endless chain  
States of visibility and invisibility.

My travel has neither beginning nor an end much less a destination.  
In this wild chase death meets only death.

If my book is in your hands, is it not as good as being in your hands?

Seshendra Sharma