

Spring of Thoughts

(English Version of My Poetry)



Bharat Bhasha Bhushan

Dr. Ketavarapu Rajyasri

Deputy Secretary to Govt. (Retd.)

Hyderabad.

Translator

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Spring of Thoughts

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Dedication



Siromani Dr. Vamsee Ramaraju

Founder Vamsee Art Theatres International
Community Service Awardee

TANA, ATA, NATA (USA)

Dr. Tenneti Sudha, MA, B.Ed, Ph.D, PGDCJ

Deputy Director (Retd.) – Telugu Academy

Writer & Member Film Censor Board



The Husband & Wife

Conduct National & International,
Cultural & Literary Events
Since the Last Four Decades...

It's a Feast, what they do,
To the hearts of umpteen
Cultural Lovers, the World Over...

They are gentle, they are hospitable,
And they are credited with the upbringing
Of Budding Artistes
To International Fame...

Custodians of Sincere & Altruistic
Service to the under-privileged,
They run Rehabilitation Units
For the Differently Abled and
A home for the aged...

Their lives are a strife and struggle
To bring these children's talents
Into limelight for the World to
Watch...

Over the decades of incredible service,
They have been Selflessness -
personified

And their Dedication to Culture –
Undaunted
Truly, they are a synonym for
Culture...

It is my privilege
To Dedicate
“Spring of Thoughts”
To this Universally Acclaimed
Couple of Culture...

- **Dr. Ketavarapu Rajyasri**

My Word

I am grateful to my Father Late Mahakali Venkat Rao & Mother Smt. Prabhavathi, who were the inspiration behind my poetry and my overall success.

I am very happy that my poetry got translated to English by Dr. Revuru Anantha Padmanabha Rao Garu, a great literary man. Till now my poetry is known by Telugu people. Now, it is open to the literary favourites throughout the world.

Actually I am introduced to Padmanabha Rao garu by Dr. D. Madhusudan, the famous E & T Surgeon cum literary man. He encouraged me saying that “your poetry deserves an universal applause - you get them translated into English so that the world literary personalities know about you and your poetry”. I thank him for rendering lot of help and encouragement.

In a very short time Dr. R.A. Padmanabha Rao garu translated them along with his foreword. The words said about my poetry heart touching golden words. I am very much grateful to him for nicely translating my Telugu poetry into English & his sweet words about me and my poetry.

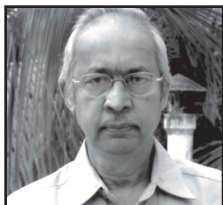
I am thankful to Vamsee Ramaraju garu Smt. Sudha for releasing my book under their Vamsee banner.

I thank to T. Rajendra Prasad for getting it printed at a very short period.

Above all I specially thank my better half Er. K. Madhava Rao for his help and co-operation.

I hope that this reaches the heart of literary personalities.

- Dr. Ketavarapu Rajyasri



Dr R A Padmanabharao
Additional Director General
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Poetess with Creative Talent

Having served the Government of Andhra Pradesh, for over three decades Smt. Ketavarapu Rajyasri has seen the world to the full extent. She has seen quite a number of people with different mentalities in her career. The way she was born and brought up in a traditional flavour gave her the insight into worldly MUNDANE activities. “Ravi ganchani cho Kavi ganchunu gada” is the popular saying in Telugu. The poet has the insight to see the world clearly compared to the sun. She has rich experience to her credit and she read several scriptures. She has the passion and love for poetry.

In spite of her busy schedule as Deputy Secretary in the Secretariat, she could pen poems with literary Zeal. She has published 12 poetry collections of her own during the last decade. She got several awards to her credit.

The present English version of her poems from two collections- “Voohala vasantm and Truptee neevekkada?” were translated by me. I enjoyed translating them. I had the opportunity of translating stalwarts like Mulk Raj Anand and Amitav Ghosh from English to Telugu and got Central Sahitya Academy and Telugu University Awards.. While translating Rajyasree’s poems I felt the same emotional affinity with the creativity in the poems.

She has the inherent creative talent imbibed from her illustrious father Late Sri Mahakali Venkata Rao, a scholar, a spiritual thinker, and above all a humanist with cultural values. The subjects she has chosen for composing poems vary. About 60 pieces are translated from these two collections for convenience sake of making into a book form. Most of them are published in leading Telugu dailies and weeklies. Some of them are written for special occasions.

They are the natural happenings in every day life, but the way she portrayed them is different with a social responsibility. Her love for parents and family life, her cultural out look, and sensitivity for happenings around her gave a VIGBOYAR colour to the poems. The words come from her heart and not from her lips.

It is a rich collection of her Telugu works into English. We will enjoy reading them.

- R. A. PADMANABHA RAO



Bharat Bhasha Bhushan

Dr. KETAVARAPU RAJYASRI, M.Com

Deputy Secretary to Government (Retd.)

Writer, Stage Artist, Free Lance Journalist, Anchor, T.V. & Radio Artist

Veena Player, Social Worker

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Phone : 040-2765 0267, Cell : 8500 12 1990

- Hobbies** : 1. Writing 2. Spiritual Reading
3. Kavitha Goshti 4. Playing Chess
- Books Published (14)** : Writings in all the latest Kavitha Prakriyalu
1. Vachana Kavitha Prakriya - 3 : 1. Oohala Vasantham
2. Trupti Neevekkada?
3. Akasanni Mingalani
2. Aadhyathmika Rachanalu - 3 : 1. Neeloki Nuvvu
2. Adhyatmikata Vrudhulakena?
3. Rekkalo Geethamrutham
3. Naanila Prakriya - 2 : 1. Chiru Savvadulu
2. Gunde Chappullu
4. Rekkala Prakriya : Vennala Metlu
5. Vyanjakaala Prakriya : Bomma-Borusu (Record as first lady writer in the Prakriya)
6. Mukthakalu : Akshara Kethanam
7. Mini Kavithalu : Cicindrulu
8. Hykoolu : Kalakoojithalu
- Compilations** : **Five (5)** Books
- Other Writings** : Stories, Essays on Social Events, Aadhyathmika Rachanalu, Published in Reading Magazines.
- Awards** : 1. **BHARAT BASHA BHUSHAN** (Akhila Bharatiya Basha Sahitya Samelan, Bhopal)
2. "VEDANTA VAKTA" by Yoga Vedanta Vignan Samsta, Hyd
3. 'TANGUTURI PRAKASHAM PANTHULU' Award
4. 'VANGOORI FOUNDATION INTERNATIONAL'
5. "PRAGNASRI" by Sri Kiran Samskruthika Samaakya
6. "STREE SHAKTHI" (Kalanialalam, Hyd)
7. 'MOTHER TERESA AWARD' (She Foundation, Hyd)
8. 'SAHITYA SRI' (Akhila Bharatiya Basha Sahitya Samelana, Bhopal)
9. 'BHASHA SEVA PURASKARAM' (Bhava Tarangani, Machilipatnam)
10. 'PRATIBHA PURASKARAM' (Thangirala Memorial Trust)
11. 'UGADI PURASKARAM' (Vaishnavi Arts)
12. ANDHRA SARASWATHA SAMITHI, Machilipatnam
- World Telugu Literary Conferences:**
1. Felicitation - TELUGU ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA (TANA), USA
2. Felicitation - A.P. GOVT. WORLD TELUGU Conference, Tirupati
3. '4th WORLD TELUGU CONFERENCE, UK London'.
- Other Activities** :
- President** : Lions Club of Millinium
- Honorary President** : "Chetana" Sachivalaya Saraswata Vedika
- Advisor** : "Adarshavani", Bala Bata' Monthly Magazine
- E.C. Member** : Ashok nagar Welfare and Cultural Society
- Judge** : For many Poetry compitition conducted by Cultural organization
- Life Time Member** : 1. Sri Tyagaraya Gana Sabha
2. Akhila Bharatiya Basha Sahitya Samelanam(Bhopal)
- Founder President** : Andhra Pradesh Secretariat Women Employee Welfare Association
- Others Achievements** : 1. Conducted Seminars on Environment Protection
2. Conducted 'Kavisammelanam' in Alayavani Web Radio
3. Participated in Bhakti Kavisammelanam in "Bhakti TV"
4. Participated in **Teluguvani Lodon Radio** in Telugu Bhasha Sahiti Programms & Ugadi Kavi Sarmmelanam

Hail of Motherhood

I still cherish the rich memories
My mother feeding with her
Sweet warm affectionate hands
They are the foot steps I climbed in my life
Each morsal being a foundation stone
No degree or doctorate to match
Her abundant knowledge of science
Her cajoling words still linger in my ears
Evergreen in my memory
She used to feed me the first morsal
Garlic piece mixed in plain rice
Appropriate medicine for appetite & digestion
She narrates a story
Fondily feeding me with
A morsal of dall rice for physical fitness
Adding fresh ghee
For nourishment of mental capabilities
She fed me bitterguard
Making it taste sweet with her words
Meant for ruining worms in bowels
Leafy vegetable sambar
Feeding with juicy freshners
Best for purification of blood
Chopped citras slice for taste
Feeding with care
Improving immunity against diseases
Sweetie curd rice
With sweetish tell tales
The best for nourishment of bones
Mixing banana for nutritive values
When I resisted with full stomach
She fed me the left over cream of curds

In the dinner plate
With her pampering words
“The last morsal contain the eternal nector”
She cleansed my mouth
With warm water
Wiped with her upper saree ends
More soothing than a mukhmal cloth
She could add nector
To the fighting forces of all six tastes
It is the ram of motherliness
Combined with her sweet heart
Mother is incarnation of God
Sent to Earth as his representative
My heart bow before her
Present these words of poetry
Drawn from my heart
She is the personification of
Pure Love



My Favorite God

When I reach you uttering
Nadha! Sai Nadha!
You embrace me with affection
“Don’t fear - I am here” with assurance
A place in your heart
More precious than gold
You showed the path to salvation
Requesting for alms
You protected the frog
From the clutches of Snake
Who are enemies from previous births
You gave salvation to a tiger
Who came near your divine feet
You lit the lamps in the mosque
With water gargled from your mouth
Taached a lesson to the merchants
Refused to spare oil for lighting lamps
You brought Ganga Yamuna
To your lotus feet
Made Dasaganu to take a dip in it
Made him write Devotional prayer on you
You are the pure form of Agni (Fire)
Burn our sins in Dhuni
The mosque was transformed as Dwaraka
Brought Hindu Muslim unity
You abolished Hindu Muslim enimity
Always it is wealth
To wear your vibhuti
Uttering of your name
Is end for all ailments
Sai! Sraddha Saburi
Are ways to reach you
Baba! your way of life
Path to attain Salvation

The Earthly Heaven

Heaven the abode of Apsaras
Excellently beautiful
It is told that hunger and thirst
Are unknown to them
Thus do not ever know
Old age
Always taking the divinely nector
They are youthful for ever
They are in playful mood
Enjoying their lives
Man always enthusiastic to
Reach the Heaven
With eagerness
But, what enjoyment is there
Without birth and death
The Pure childish nature
The youth with sweet dreams
The married life a combination
Of sweetness and bitterness
The pleasure of
Nurturing the children with affection
As parents
The satisfaction
In fulfilling the life
As grand parents
Old age spent with
Spiritual thoughts
A sweet mixture of these
The human way of life
The earthly heaven
A boon to mankind
Given by God
Not known to heavenly Daitees

Mind Assilates...

Some how my mind is disturbed
When I closed my eyes
The strained body
Went into deep slumber
I got a dream
It vibrated my heart
With sweetness
His shoulders
Embraced me with love
I never felt such protection
In my life
He kissed my forehead
Lifted my chin
I never felt such warmth
He looked straight into my eyes
He showered the nectar of love
I never felt
Such a magnanimous love
Exemplary shivering
Which my body never experienced
Safety in his embrace
The feeling of my mind
Flying in the skies
Bhagavan!
I could understand
That glowing figure
It is none other than
“You”
Stable, Healthy
Ever blissful figure
Mylife
Is fortunate enough
I woke up before
I could preserve the feeling

The Bed Sheet

After a day long hectic work
I Finished my dinner and
Shared the bed sheet
Of my mother
It was so warm
She hugged me with love and affection
Gave kisses
Narrated tell tale stories of moon
All of a sudden, that day
She said that I am matured
Asked me to sleep separately on a mat
I wept covering my face
In the fold of my bed sheet
For the unkindness of my mother
My friendship with the bedsheet
Started from that moment
I shared all my feelings with it
About the prince of my dreams
When I was married without
Any consideration to my feelings
To a bridegroom of their choice
My tears of grief were silently absorbed by it
The fear of leaving my mother's place
Starting a new life in in-laws house
As a deer which lost its place
Loneliness between new faces
The bed sheet cajoled me in its lap
It kept all my agonies in her heart folds
Which I cannot share
With my parents
The Wounds of Labour Pains
The horrible bloody torture

It rapped up with its white spread
Which gave lot of consolation
The desperateness of old age
Vanished in its embrace
It brought the lifeless body
Rapped up in its fold
Which is like my mom's cool lap
She kept her word of friendship
Lived with me till the end



Album

The old photos
In the album
Sweet reminiscences
Entering into the soul of childhood
Enlived with affection and love
While explaining the
Memories of yester years
To the colleagues
Showing photos
Unexplicable joy mounts
It is like the rich taste of
Mixing mango pickle
In the curd rice

Again to sprout

On the flowery mind
It spread the small sticks
One by one
It lit the fire slowly
To enact the hypocritic
Family life
Of coloured flowers
In the fight for
Presitege
Burning
Silently
The desire
Waits without an end
Hoping to sprout Again
If a sprinkle
Of love is shown



My Office

Secretariat
My Office
A mixture of sorrow and happiness
It is a place for unending menial service
Even then, not even a single word of praise
We console ourselves
When the boss scolds
We celebrate the occasion
With tea and biscuits
When he showers praises
We grouse for the absence of a colleague
Since it increases the workload
When returns from leave
After convulsing from fever
We give free advice
Two more days rest
With the same tongue with double standards
We share the happiness and sorrow
We share the money when needed
We attend the meditation class
After quick lunch
We check up our health
In the health camps arranged
By the Employees' Union
We conduct literary meets
We honour the colleagues
Retiring from service
Coming back to seat
We struggle with
R.T.I. Act
Cabinet note
Court notices and
Public petitions

We are always under tension
For the pressure given by the officer
We forget everything
When orders passed on files
We provide moral support
To savitri suffering from family problems
We respect the elderly
Kameswari who offers
Timely advice
Subbalaxmi, a showy type
Aliveni, who is always late to office
Rama, who is ever alert
Hema, bulk of pride
Gita, talkative woman
Roja, ever laughing
All are dearer!
Whether it is a birthday
Or a marriage day
The happiness is when
We distribute sweets in office
Our office is a place of consolation
For the suffering minds
It is a house of love
Sharing difficulties and happiness



Betrothal

I looked discretely
At him with full of shyness
Glittering Gold ornamments
Worn by me
The dowry offered
By my father
His looks preparing
An estimate for the
Foundation of his future
My self respect
Shivered like
A Bird hit by an arrow



Spring of Ideas

Spring
Personification of
Telugu new year festival
Mixed with six tastes
The bitterness of tender mango
The murmuring sounds of cuckoo
The rejoicing of children for summer holidays
The comfort coolness of jasmines
The home town travel of housewives
The juicy tastes of pickles
The cricket games of youth
The evening shires
Spread of cots in the backyard
I recollect many sweet memories
Of olden days
But,
This spring
Emerged as skillful at a tender age
Even before the arrival of 'Ugadi'
It crossed the bench mark of
Tender mango converting to ripen fruits
It resembled old age in spring time
The throat of cuckoo
Stuck up for the fear of
Unquenched thirst
The rejoice of children became dumb
With summer schools in holidays
Jasmines smelling hot
With roaring prices due to VAT
The special coaching classes in summer
Put an end to playing cricket by youngsters

The readymix powders
Curtailed the fresh fragrance of pickles
Doordarsan Pictures
Swallowed evening shires
The cots in the open lawns
Not to be seen
With mosquito minace
I cherish the spring
As a sweet memory
Of yester years
Which keeps me ever fresh



Resemblance

There is a
Close resemblance
Between
Cine heros and
Polititians
Always try
To catch the
Headlines of
News papers
Want to
Continue as leaders
Though they are aged
They need the support
Of public
Become
Zero watt bulbs
In the absence of it

Rambha

The youth
Is wasted
In search of
A wife like "Rambha"
He got Baldhead
With despair
Compromised by
Marrying
Another
Bald headed lady

The Cry of a Seed

I am a seed!
I settled down playfully at the portico
Of that house along with
Cool breeze
After the labour pains of
Mother earth
I sprouted
As a tender plant
I gazed around the world
With happiness and exclamation
The small Kid in the house
Became my first friend
As the kid grew up became lovely girl
I also grew lovely
With lots of fruits and full of leaves
The house wife
Spree with her gentle looks
While plucking the flowers for
Worshipping God
The girl who got married
Narrated all the stories
About her husband to me only
The head of the house
Shared sufferings and happy moments
My life flourished
With full of joy
Due to their
Love and affection
They treated me
As a member of their family
With eagerness to build
Castles in the air
The Son of the house owner
Brought one carpenter

To chop off me
As my existence
Appeared obstacle
To fulfill his greed
I used to feed them
With my fruits
And a shelter to the house
I didnot shiver
In bitter cold
But,
Trembled with the
Words like thunderbolt
I never expected that
Such a day will come in my life
I was never depressed
Even when remained
with worn out leaves and coarse
I waited for the spring to dawn
But today
He threatened my existence itself
Unable to find a person
For consolation
Trembled with fear
Fell on the lap of mother earth
Wept for a long time
My tender body became pale
Merged with the soil of earth
Where I got
My permanent solace



Youth

In fond hope of ideals
For the sake of higher education
The youth of India
Travel abroad
Leaving the motherland
They are far away
Leaving their native place, beloved
The charm of festivals and ceremonies
The youth on the foreign land
Sweep, cook, and
Wash the utensils
And the dirty linen
For the sake of high standards
They eat stored food of previous days
Do part time jobs
To meet both ends
They perform Ashtavadhana
For the sake of foreign degrees
Suffer from fever
Even without an attendant
To administer medicine,
They swallow their grief lonely
For the fear that
Their parents will get worried,
They undergo many difficulties
Even then, with undaunted courage
Brave for ups and downs
Attain number of degrees
They enter into hitech jobs
Our youth on the foreign land
Understand their responsibilities
Build golden future for them
Bring laurels to their parents
And to their birth place
Prove themselves in a foreignland
Proved citizens of Motherland

The Essence of The Book

There is a close relationship
Between a book and the life
The book opens the
Windows of ambitions of life
The books enables
Enjoy the fragrance
Of childhood
Like the feather of peacock
In the middle page of notebook
Spend the daily life
Enthusiastically
Like reading the
First page of the book afresh
Treating the odds in life alike
Without a blemish
Like white paper
Like an open page
Without any evils
Beyond malice and envy
The last leg of life
Like last page
Dedicate to the Lord
Live purposeful life
This is the essence of a Book



Standing as a Witness

Perhaps
He didnot have good sleep
He woke up with
Reddish eyes
Paiting the sky with red
Poor sun!
No holiday, nothing
Work even on sundays
If he wishes to
Wake up a little late
Tired with heavy work,
And does not ring morning bells
Even the temple doors
Will not be opened
The Temple Daitee will not have
Offerings of
“Dhoopa, Deepa, Naivedyalu”
The trees
Wait to have photosynthesis
The birds eagerly wait
For his arrival
To leave the nests
And to fly happily
The public life
Depends purely
On his time maintainance
Bored with routine duty
If he wants to play
Hide & Seek with moon
For a while
It is treated as eclipse

Worships and Fastings
Bathings and repeated
Chanting of mantras takes place
Besides this hangama
The birds return back with sounds
To their nests thinking
That it is already dusk
Thinking to close
This confusion to mankind,
Peeps from behind moon,
The earth heaves a
Sigh of relief
Again he gets ready for
His regular Journey
That is the “Sun”
The witness for
All the movable and
Immovable world



Garland of Clouds

Oh! Bluish garland of clouds!
Moving on the sky with joy
You feel happy with the cool breeze
Sprinkle fresh rain
You make the disgusted feel happy
You make the barren land to sprout
You bring forth the cool breeze,
Warmth from crops of village
You treat the old and young
On the same pedestal
You sprinkle the cool breeze of humanity
In your dictionary
Rowdies and Ramayyas are no bar
Equality of all is your breath
Your arrival gives life to entire nature
Lord Shiva protected the Earth
Consuming the poison
You consume the hardships of pollution
To sprinkle beautiful rain waters
You purify the earth
Polluted with political bloodshed
With your nectar in the heart
Pour cool, peace rain waters
On the burning hearts of "Mahan Bharat"
Suffering with Terrorism



Sahasravadhani

(A Multi Talented Woman)

When she visits government hospital for delivery
The baby will be kidnapped
After profuse efforts
When the baby was found
Even it she cries mentioning
That the baby is her own
The doctors dictate that
Baby will be handed over
Only after DNA Report
When she wants to embrace her with affection
In-laws treat her as a culprit
For giving birth to a girl child
When a complaint was lodged
Against ragging harassment
The management avoids
Mentioning it never happened
In their college premises,
When justice was urged for the alleged rape
Judges question for witness
When a report was made
Against sexual harassment of
Women employees
The official band given
“loose charactered woman”
When a report is made against
More dowry harassment
The police register a case of brothel
And arrest her
Though the Bill for equal share of property
Is in force,
Own brothers keep her away

With the fear that she may claim property
When one feels relief after
Marrying the daughter,
Call comes from America
to nurture the grand children
When she feels comfortable
On the arrival of daughter-in-law
Sons scold mothers
For not serving
Daughter-in-law on par with daughter
“You admitted us in kiddy home
When we were kids
There is no wrong
If we keep you in old age home”
Claims the great sons
“You alone pampered the children
Now you have to repent for it”
Husband points out his finger
Making her responsible for everything
If the husband passes away before her
Kith & Kin trouble with social customs
In case she leaves the world early
Children count their share
To perform her last rituals
In spite of all these hurdles
“She”
Omni present, Sahasravadhani
Excelling all odds
From earth to heaven!



Karma Tyagi

Oh Lady!

You enact all the roles
Starting from servant maid
To Rambha at bed

Oh Chamanti!

It is your splendor
Whether you clean the roads
Or walk in the sky

Oh Flowery Woman!

It is your resolution only
Either to remove the sexual posters
Or to get Justice to Ayesha

Oh Flowery Woman!

It is your photo an cover page
Either for Santoor soap
Or for Bagpiper Whisky

Oh Lady!

You are the theme
Either for social writings
Or for TV serials

Oh Woman!

You are the support
For dancing steps in Pubs
Or Bhajans in temples

Oh Lady!

It is your struggle behind
The closure of beltshops
Or for getting drinking water

Oh! Beauty!

You are instrumental
For showing humanity
Or becoming a human bomb

Oh woman!

You are the target for vote
Either for Deepam scheme
Or getting loans at cheaper rate

Oh Lady!

You only protect
The future generation
And the ancient Indian Culture

Oh Woman!

You are the pioneer of
All these happenings
Go on doing things in your way
Never wait for applause or laurels

You are Karma Phala Tyagi



We are Child Labourers

Though there are number of Laws
All of them are convenient to owners
The law on bonded labour prevails
But there is no salvation for labour in Bungalows
We never had handful of meal
We never knew sufficient clothing
We are the child labourers
 We are the destitutes
 We compete with street dogs
 To fetch the thrown out Biryani packets
 We search for waste papers
 Throughout the day time
 During the nights we spend time
 Along with the street dogs finding small place
 Besides the dust bins with fear throughout
 We sleep inside the jute bags
 Without even stretching the legs
We are the destitutes
We are the bonded laboured
The crimes conducted by rich
Are alleged on us
We are forced to accept
By third degree methods
For the simple reason of
Eating their left out food
We bear the punishment severely
Though never knew pick pocketing
Except slavery
 We are the destitutes
 We are the child labourers
 We does not know our mother
 We never knew our father

We only know the quenching
 Thirst for hunger
 When we carry heavy loads
 To fill our hunger
 Under the child labour Act
 We are deprived of our food
 We donot have any support
 We are the destitutes
 We are the child labourers
 We go to Government Schools
 Under the impression that
 They serve the midday meals
 And study with care
 We were thrashed like animals
 For the simple reason
 To take care of buffalos
 The school authorities punish us
 For not coming to school
 Since he may loose his jobs
 For lack of attendance
 We were confused
 To go to school or
 Do odd jobs
 We are destitutes
 We are child labourers
 Though we suffer a lot
 They have potrayed us in right direction
 In the film 'Slumdog Crorepati'
 To declare that there are intellectuals
 Among us like diamonds in earth
 Entire intellectuals of the world
 Astonished when we the destitutes were honoured
 with Oscar Award



Our Strength is Our People

In a country - Bharat
After 60 years of independence
The tricolour flag -
Haisted with the protection of AK 47
Filled with Kith & Kin
The democracy resembles
The age old kings dynasty
The country which is
The backbone of agriculture
Became a den
For suicides of farmers
The people disgusted
with continued fights
On regional, linguistic and communal basis
Drudgery to vote
Since it is irrelevant
Who wins the election
The dearness allowance
Goes on increasing
With inflation
We get handful of groceries
With bag full of money
with imported diseases
People are touching the death bed
Innocent people are scape goats
For the attacks by national,
International raffians
We increased our population
To 60 crores
within 60 years
We forgot Gandhi

Who did 'Salt Satyagraha'
We support "Godse"s
Who sell red gram at the rate of Rs. 100
Where lies the fault?
What is our duty?
Come! Let us move unitedly
We cleanse the political system
With the vote power
Let us pledge for a society
Without communal hatred
Let us proclaim black marketing
On the cross roads
Let us strive hard
For control of prices
And not for wage hike
Let us drive away
"Swine flu" with the
Medicinal value of 'Tulasi'
Let us put an end
To criminal 'Kasabs'
Our population
Is our strength
With the preachings of
Father of the Nation
For peaceful movement
We will be the driving force
For peace in the world



Glory of Sankranti

The Goddess “Sankranti” entered
It has pushed back the cold tiger
It fought against darkness
It was galore with the fire of Bhogi
It welcomed the sun who was covered with fog
Tearing off the early dew
The colourful ornamental figures
At the doorstep
Haridasa greeting in the
Early hours with praise of Lord Hari
Chanting - “Hari Lo Ranga Hari”
The fine tunes of clarionet
of ‘Du-du-Basavanna’
They bring forth the festive mood
Along with cool breeze with ecstasy
It is a happy galore
In the house of a farmers
His heart filled with joy
When the crop has yielded
The conversations of woman folk
At the back yard
Pounding the fresh rice
To prepare sweet dish (Arise)
The noise of youngsters
On the upstairs flying the kites to competition
The streets are filled with
Cock fights on the streets
Father composed in dignity
Exposing his happiness behind the mustash
Swinging in the easy chair
Mothers serving
Hot hot fresh dishes

Mixing love and affection
Lunch served extravagantly
Teasing words of newly wed
In-laws in the house
In the evening
Warding of evil eyes
To the children
In the name of 'Bhogi Perantam'
Arrangement of 'Doll Show'
Reflecting our culture
Brought down the old dolls
From the loft of the house
Adding a newly purchased
Doll of Sita & Ram to it
The women's wearing
Silk sarees
Bringing galore to the festival Sankranti
Wondering here and there in happiness
But,
We in search of jobs
Migrated to towns
Leading a busy
Routine, mechanical life
No time to think
Culture and traditions
The galore of Sankranti
Vanished in blues
With Hitech jobs



Absolving From Hell

I wrote a will
with great affection
The house site
Given to me as dowry
In the name of my son
A big house was built on it
With the plea that
Both the couple have
To earn for the smooth
Running of the family,
My son brought
An employed wife
I nourished
My grand children
Till their young age
I am nearer
To the last leg of my life
I was a queen of my house
He made me confined to
Part of old store room
Treating me as old furniture
I have to reach dining table
When both of them have completed
To eat the leftover food
When I complain of ill health
They cazole me
Saying that sitting idle
Brings problems
If I feel sharing my problems
The door is locked
Not allowing me to step out

Even though he urinated on the bed
And spoiled my sleep
In his childhood
I embraced him with love
When I was unable to move
For nature calls
“Joined me in old age home”
Loneliness
Without affection
I am Nobody to my own son
When he heard of my unattended demise
He completed all his routine works
Came down making all the arrangements
At the burial ground
I thought of him
That he will absolve of hell
After death
He showed me the life of hell
Even when I was verymuch alive
For a person like me
Who nourished him
Feeding with breast milk
Was deprived of
Two drops of tears
From his eyes
On my dead body



Coo Cooo! Sing Along

Oh coocooo; sing the first Telugu sing
Oh coocooo; sing to inform that
Telugu new years' day has arrived
making all the people feel happy
People celebrate January first
Festivities and celebrations
mixed with greetings
They forget their existence
In the uproar of groups
In the hearts of Telugus
Who celebrate 'Ugadi' as a formality
Oh coocooo; you inform
Them with your humming
The real celebrations of new year are
To sprout the affection towards mother tongue
Along with the spring
Oh coo cooo sing the first Telugu song;
It is the occasion for
Tender leaves fragrant flowers
Bitterness and sour of
Unfructified mangoes
Are the pleasure of life
The Ugadi chutney with six tastes
Is the essence of life
Sing along oh coocoo
Is the speciality of Telugu almenace
The details of Raashi
The future of the state
The income and expenditure balance
Kandaya phalas,
Honors and dishonour of oneself

All the movements of stars
And daily routines
Sing a song oh coo cooo
The fragrance of Jasmine
The fineness of mango fruits
The auspicious days for marriages
The playing of clarionet in the front yard
Ugadi is the beginning for all these good signs
Sing a song oh coocoo
For pleasant travels in summer holidays,
For the pleasure of children
Resisting the hot sun
For cool drinks
For mild winds
This is the inspiration of Ugadi
Sing a song Oh! Coo coo!
The modern age
Did not forget vastu
The traditional values
Though the science has touched the skies
We do have faith on astrology
We did not stop celebrating
The full moon day in “Kartika” month
Similarly the age old Ugadi
Is celebrated with reminiscenses
Let us celebrate with gaiety
Oh coocooo! sing along
Oh coocooo!



Rupee

O Rupee! Rupee!

O Rupee! Rupee!

Your name is sweet - your friendship is sweet

Your thought is sweet - your presence is sweet

Life without is unbearable

Immediately after a look at you

The eyes of the beggar glow

The heart of Billionaire trembles

Youngsters mind ascitates

Shines in the face of old

You are far away to lazy person

You are the destiny for hard workers

The intelligent owns you

You are the bridge between human & the Divine

All these are one side of the coin

The otherside -

You will allow a person to forget

His motherly affection

You will portray the cautionsness

Of the Father as pevish mentality

You will turn a friend to a foe

You will convert the dearer to a stranger

Turning aside the humanity

Shakles to affinity

Make the mother of ten children

To share her in old age

Thinking she is a burden

You! you alone is responsible

To make the children

Contribute for their parents' funeral

You made your own creator a slave
Made him to beg before you saluting
While the earth moves round the sun
The people dance round you
Why all this
Money makes many things
But,
Oh Rupee!
There is one
That is the MOTHERHOOD
That is the MOTHERHOOD
Which never bows before you
You can never estimate her price



The Pretended Smile

Festival has come
Festival of Inam has come
It brought difficulties
To the housewife

To the servant maid,
Milk man, washerman, Sweeper,
Garbage cleaner
'Inams' to all

Festival has arrived
Festival of Inams came
It brought difficulties
To the working woman

To the Gardener, Postman
Attender, Driver
Room Sweeper, Toilet cleaner
'Inams' to all

Cycle to the little daughter
Moped to the beloved son
In her dual role
Housewife come employee
Increased pocket money
For her husband

Where is the 'Inam' to the woman
Who does not know
To get the things done
Except give away
Increased kitchen work on a festive day?

In making the budget adjustments
Having an ordinary saree?

OR

Inviting the guests
With a tiresome "smile?"



Mother

Softer than an cream
Sweeter than honey
Cooler than snow
Purer than milk
The love of mother

Enjoying the motherhood
Feeding the
Crying little kid
With breast milk

Even it the child
Wets the bed
Spoils the sleep
She hugs the child
With love

When the child comes
After tiresome play
She mixes the cream of love
Feeds with care
With her sweet hand

With her soft saree ends
She wipes out the mouth
Make the child sleep
With lullabies and stories
That is mother

Compared the wealth in the world
To the tune of crores
The happiness one gets
Sleeping on the
Lap of mother is
Incomparable



My Childhood

My childhood
Dear to me
Still its gives me breath
The impressions of these playful days
We never had heavy load of books
We never had homework full of tiredness
We ran at a stroke
When the school is closed
My grandma
Waits for me in the verandah
To let me read
The letter written by my uncle
Number of times
To her satisfaction
I used to bring ration helping my mother
In the evening I play 'Ice boy' game
My grandma never allowed me to play
When it is dark
She says that it is time
For mother earth to sleep
The immense pleasure
During Srirama Navami festival
Harikathas and Burra kathas
In the temple of Hanuman
The chit chats on the temple steps
The bristles after witnessing
Dance and Music programmes
At Sri Thyagaraya Gana Sabha
Accompanying my father
To participate in the poetry gatherings
At Sri Krishna Devaraya Andhra Bhasha Nilayam
The literary taste enjoyed innocently
When the examinations are over
The children of my parental aunt

Used to come
We intensified the heat of summer
With our playful noice
In a big kitchen resembling big verandah
Some one arranges dining plates
Some one water glasses
Where father settles down
Silently and with discipline
We finish our lunch
If there is a good movie
We were sent along
Our uncle escorting us
There is only a single fan
In the entire verandah of the house
We arrange all the beds in a line
Slept talking about cinemas
Whether one gets that happiness
Sleeping in A.C. rooms
Is a questionmark
Though the house is small
We have open hearts
The childhood which never
Think of the future
Always playful with innocense
Reels fresh in my mind
It laid stepping stone
For my personality development



The Nightingales

My house is full of rainbow
With playfull mood
It was a spring song
In our wearied lives
With the arrival of grand children
We collect all our youthful strength
To happily spend these three months of summer
The carrom board and chess board
Kept on the loft
Get ready with cleaning
We prepare jointly delicious dishes
Sweet dish-Arisa-enjoyed by grand daughter
“Jantikas” enjoyed by grandson
We refresh their rich memories
While my husband helps me
I cook them and store in tins
We hire these three months
The mango seller
The Ice cream boy
We enjoy eating along with them
As small kids
We play with them
Forgetting our old age
We spend full time
Playing with them
In this SUMMAR also
We awaited their arrival as nightingales
We got a letter from our dear son
I hurried my husband to read it fast
His face became pale while reading
In this summer
“The children are trained
In higher class syllabus
It they miss, it will be difficult to attain rank

They were joined in
Swimming and painting classes also
With your pampering during holidays
They became worthless without discipline
Hence it is not possible to make a visit for holidays”
This is the essence of the letter
Our strength drained completely
They are the buds
Shackled in the name of discipline
We are the rotten fruits
With advancing age near to burial ground
For the sake of us
Their future should not suffer
Though our mind knew the reality
Grief rolled out in the form of tears
To console ourselves
We took of each other’s help
To settle down in the sofa
Then only we came to know that
The Summer is too hot to bear



Salutations to Father

The glowing memory lights in rows
Seperation from the dew of time
Unable to keep
My little foot in your footwear
You gave me your supporting hand
I still remember!
The way I held your hand with fear
When you gave new slate
Handing over me to the school teacher
I remember the way you patted
“My lovely daughter will
Have higher studies to bring
Name and Fame to me” -
You encouraged with these words
You kindled literary flavour in me
When I accompaigned you with
My little finger in your hand
To the literary meets

It has become torch bearer today
For the hidden literary search
The sound of your arrival
Lead me to handle the book
That is the foundation
For my courage and
Standing on my own feet

You made me to climb
The steps of aims
When you defined
Taking rest in a different way
Tired after moving along with writings
Working different to routine
That is the rest according to you

You turned down the loss of love
Which I enjoyed throughout my life
With your warm looks
Even when you are on
Your last days
Like a withering leaf

You are the light house in my path of life
With your mark in every walk of my life
Your personality development
Inherited by me
Makes me to walk
All these years
The priceless reminiscences
Are glowing in my tears



Friendship with Nature

Porch is needed for Jasmine to glow
Friendship is needed to share thoughts
Pure friendship is a mirage
In a society with devalued standards
That is why!

I made friendship with mother Earth
Enjoying the smell of wet soil
After the sprinkling of monsoon

Made friendship with
The pretty sounds of the birds
Walking along the paddy fields
In the mild drizzling in early hours

Made friendship with
The sprouting paddy
When the paddy field
Rejoiced with drops of rain

Made friendship with
The wind sharing joy
Spreading the fragrance of
Winds across the flowery garden

Made friendship with
The sky showing the path
With brightness of evening
While the cattle and birds
Return back to their places

My friendship with nature
Is evergreen fragrance with purity



Alphabets

Book is a
Pregnant woman of full month
Bearing the burden of ever living alphabets
Immediately after giving birth
Some alphabets laugh mildly
Some speak loudly
Some shed tears
Some alphabets
Open the windows of aims of life
Some of them throw light
On excellence of science
Some alphabets converse intimately
Few other
Stand by our side
When we suffer loneliness
Some lead us to spiritual path
Few of them show the
Path to reach the Almighty,
They enliven the freshness of “Navarasas”
Silently pumping them into mind
Enlightening the brain
Makes us to serve others
As ultimate goal
“The Alphabets”
read and utilised them
To make our lives purposeful



Satisfaction! Where are you!

I am a born well to do man
Wealthy cars and bungalows
Servants to serve with devotion
Wife entering my life with wealth
Children who upgraded my status of father
A golden hand in business
All is well in my life
But,
Unexplained dissatisfaction at the
Corners of my mind
Eagerness to achieve something more
The desire to be the emperor
Spreading my business
In the path
Along with the fragrance of roses
Many a thorn pricked
Wealth without even
A moment of leisure
March without knowing leisure
The tired body and mind
Turned back needing rest
Suddenly I remembered the house of Oasis
I quickly retreated home
The little children embraced my legs
Running with joy
The looks of my wife
Mildly spoke to me
Combined with affection and anxiety
When I kept my head on her lap
She cared me with mild touch
Felt a heartfelt solace
Entire fatigue disappeared
I never experienced such
Tranquility
Mind is full of rejoice
Compared to all my achievement in life
This satisfaction
Overweighed like a leaf
With conquer

Modern Mother

Even when we explain
Mother in several dimensions
Still we lack words
Mother wakes up
Along with dawn
Incoronates in several farms!
The incoronations start
With the run for milk pocket
Before the little kid
Start his musical cry
She is a servant maid
Cleaning the house of front yard
Makes the utensils shine bright
She is a cook
Preparing delecious dishes
She is an Iron woman
Getting ready the
School uniform ironed
She is an interior decorator
Keeping the house in order
Which was in Jig Jag manner
After children leave the house
She is a doctor
Administering First Aid
When the children cry
After a fight while playing
She cajoles them
That it is all in the game
She is a teacher
Who make the children complete
The home work without mistakes

She is mother Annapurna
While serving morsals of food
Mixed with love and tales
She is a brave lady
Who making the children to sleep
Stories of brave heros
She is the personification
Of affection
Who never knew about tiredness
Lord vishnu
Had one incoranations
In one era
But the mother
Plan ten roles
In a single day
That is why
Bramha Lord
Could not create
A Substitute to mother



Affliction

Attending book releasing functions
At the invitation of friends
Bringing new arrivals to my house
Was consoling my affliction
Towards poetry
I gaze at the Title page
Touching it mildly
Though the entire house is mine
I donot have my own place
To keep them safe
A mournful smile on my lips
When I does not find time
To read the piling books
I arranged neatly some of the books
I opened a book with affliction
Before the vigils of cooker
It engulfed me like
A circle of light
It torched lights of alphabets
In my mind



A Complete Woman

Oh Heart! Hail you
You consoled me
Several times
With advises like soothing balm
To the wounded heart
You made me to settle down
When he came in a drunken mood
Started abusing me and my parents
Heavily in rubbish words
With the advise of
Not to spoil family relations
You advised me
To bow down with silence
Even though
My boss admonishes me
For no fault of me
You gave me the advise
To compromise with times
With worldly nature
Where my son rebukes my shade
Who moved along with me
In his childhood
You told me to save
My dignity without
Going to streets
When my daughter in law
Asked to prepare food for her
I waved my head
Like a goat
Burying my individuality
With tears falling

That is the reason
Today they praise me
In and out
Making me a “complete woman”

Every Heart to Resound

If we have sound sleep
Without any botheration happily
It is the blessings of
Brave Jawans
Protecting our country at the border
They are the dedicated workers
Pledged to save the country for ever
They are involved in their work force
Whether it is
Sunami, earth quake
Or atrocities of terrorists
They are the humanists
Who give life to the living corpses
Suffering from natural calamities
Even though they are suffering from hunger
Distributing food packets
Their eyes are Xrays detecting, agressions
Their hands are dynamites in the heart of enemies
Even their heart is malfunctioning
They want to throw light in the hearts of all
“Sare Jaha se Accha
Hindustan Hamara”
- This slogan vibrates
Till their last breath
These are the heros who
Dedicate their lives for the Nation
That is why
Every heart has to vibrate
with Jai Jawan, Jai Kisan

The Great Actress

Mother is a great actress
Created by Lord Bramha
She had a mixture
Of astonishment and happiness
When she embraces
New - born babe
Forgetting labour pains
“O My dear! Babe!”
She exclaims with cheers
It is hide and seek game
She plays in happiness
When the baby cries
She offers her breast milk
Flewing with grace
The kindness over flows
When she converts her lap
As a craddle
Lord Brahma’s action
As creator
Stands next to Mother
For her roles of motherhood
Oscar award is less



Loneliness

Oh! Mother!
The loneliness you got
Saints cannot attain
The sages go to forests
In search of loneliness
But, you have a feel of it
In the midst of all
The Goddess Mother
Who runs this whole nature
(EKAKINI) is alone
You should not feel bad
Who pray Goddess “SRIMATA” always
For a person
Who spends all the time
In search of eternal soul and spiritualism
Why do you feel for the past?
“We came alone - we leave alone”
You spend time like a dew on lotus leaf
That Goddess thinking of
Taking you farther in meditation to fructify
Or to make your journey to salvation
Or to give much better next life
Make your path happier for salvation
Making lonely life for betterment
Wishing you with full life
And happiness



Hanging

The noble tree feels happy
Waving its head
For the cool breeze
If recollects the past
Waiting for the return of birds
Along with the dusky darkness
How many porches of feelings
In its shade
The hide and seek games of children
The sweet conversations of lovers
The heavy feelings of old aged
The chit chat politicians
Standing as a witness to all
Satisfaction as the elderly person
In the mean time the news like thunderbolt
It is understood my existence was lindrance
To far road widening
My breath wavered
Like a bird hurt with an arrow of hunter
I spent all through my life
Helping others
I withstood from hot sun and heavy rains
My entire body plundered
I fed this village with my fruits and passers by
Even if I become stale
I am useful as wood,
Firewood and for house building
Is it justified to cut me
Without shouting any pity?
Perhaps it is possible only to man
To count the poles of the roof
But, I am not feeling for myself
In case all the trees were cut off
I am afraid
The future generation
Will suffer from
Thirst for greenary

I am Afraid of a Book

I am afraid of a book
They gave me the bag full of books
When I was in playful childhood
to attend school
I was breathless
With class work and home work
Even without a minute of rest
I am afraid of books
Which has stolen my playful life
Oh! God!
When I thought of finishing my schooling
Again books in college
I thought that there won't be books in the job
They told me to read books of rules and regulations
When I got married
The responsibility of
Teaching the children
And completing their home work
Again the books!
When I was relieved of
All my family duties and feeling happy
My husband
Brought books before me
With the advise
"No to waste time idle
Better to read
Ramayan or Bhagavat
For the betterment in other world

Tank Bund

I went for a shire
To Tankbund on evening
For fresh cool breeze
So many scenarios
If you have the mind to witness
The fresh lighting
Sidelined to make way for darkness
Hussain Sagar is full of noise
With boat shikars
And happiness of children
The lake became waves of
Full darkness
Before the enlightenment of Lord Buddha
The ploys made by youngsters
To attract the attention of teenage girls
The love pair conversing
With the fear not to
Disclose themselves to known persons
The peanut seller nearby
The newly wed couple
With murmers of tales
Walking with pride
Great demand for Jasmine seller
Parents playing with the child
On the cement bench
The middle aged couple
Relieved of all burdens
Walking in for time pass
The old aged enjoying see my
Their grand children's playfulness
Lord Buddha with his gentle face
Spreading happiness shining in flood lights
With moving vehicles
Like stream of ants
In heavy lights
Tank bund appears
Wearing a necklace
Which stands **highlight** to city