

Poetry Series

Ch J Satyananda Kumar
- poems -

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Ch J Satyananda Kumar(25-04-1955)

I am God fearing Christian. Have a very deep faith in Jesus. I like literature. My daughter initiated me into English poetry. I also do a bit of social work in the fields of consumer awareness, social issues, fighting for the under-dog. Interested in preaching. Also share the word of God with christian congregations. My wife and I live at Visakhapatnam, AP, India. We are blessed with a daughter, who is a post-graduate in English literature.

A Lie

(Oka Abaddham)

Telugu original: M S Naidu

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

oppamdAlu IEvu
Kalalaki, kaLLaki
drSyAlanni
nIvI, nAvE
muriSipOyi
chUsAm, palakarimchAm
vErveRu dArulni kalipE snEham
virabUse nidradE
rAtrE
AkAsamIO uMDadu
Yeduru paDavu
Kalalu, kaLLu
adruSyAlayyE
chitra chAyalnE nammAli
pravahimchE hairAnA jAgruta jagattulo
anniMTiki jarAmaraNAla SApAIE
avi yevari kalalu
yevari kAnukalu
kalala kaburlu cheppE
A mAyAvini pAripOkumDA paTTukOvAlani
yennO swapna mudralu
aDDu paDE jeevitamokkaTE
anuvadiMchinA anvayimchinA
aMtarArdhAla chikku muDulni vippEdevaru
odilocchina kaLLaIO
kalala kanneelIE

English Translation:

No accords
for dreams and eyes.
All the vistas are
yours and mine.
Exulted,
we glanced and greeted.

The friendship that unites different ways
is blooming sleep.
Night
not at all lingers in sky.
Never encounters
dreams and eyes.
Should believe
vanishing odd shadows only.
In the flowing troubled awakened world,
for everything, curses of births and deaths alone.
Whose dreams are they,
whose gifts?
To prevent, not to run away
that witch who narrates tales of dreams.
Many impressions of visions
intruding life alone.
Interpreted or inferred,
who will unknot the tangle of hidden denotations.
In the abandoned eyes,
tears of dreams alone.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Alas! God

(Paapam Devudu)

Telugu original: Ramu Vidhyardhi Veluri

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Paapam dEvudu

kOtlAdi samvatsarAlu Sraminchi

Manishini SrushtinchAdu

Manishi dwArA tana manusunu Avishkariddamani

kAni manishEm chEsaadu?

EkamgA tAnE dEvuLLanu srushtinchi

Tana manasu rangunu dEvullaku poosi

Prpancham meedaku vadilaadu

Ika choosukO

Appati nundi manishidE

eE lokam meeda pettanam

Alas! God

toiled for millions of years and

created the man

to demonstrate his mind through man.

But, what did the man do?

He straight away created gods himself,

painted the hues of his heart to gods

and left in the world.

Now see,

from then on

dominance on the world became man's monopoly!

(Telugu original posted on Telugu)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

As A Man, Afresh

Telugu Original: Dr. Bandi Satyananrayana
English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Telugu original:

Mrudula mrunmaya dehaani dharinchi
Tolisaarigaa,
Ninnu nuvvu darsinchukunnanta svEcchagaa, svacchamgaa
Kotta paata andukovaali

Nuvvu gaayapadadam maanEsi
Kshata gaatraanni vadilEsi
Samastaanni shaantiparachE
Kotta dehaanni kanukkovaali
Nee ananta prasthaanapu
ChEdu gyapakaallonchi
Ninnu nuvvu punarnirminchukOvaali

Ananta puraa vaibhava jaadallOnchi
Akhanda maanava parimalaaLLOnchi
Jeerna samskruthi jaadallonchi
Adrushyamaipoyina
Paata manishi lonchi
Atani maraNa vEdanalOnchi
Nuvvu maLLee kottaga puttaali

Yendaku yendipoyi
Vaanaku chivikipoyE manishi vaddu
Geetalu geesukuni
GOdalu kattukonE manishi vaddu
Gaaliki tegipoye bandhaalu
CheekatiLO kanipinchani snEhaalu vaddu

MattilO chaitanyaanni sravinchaali
Agnilaa jvalinchaali
Gaalilaa viswa vyaapitam kaavaali
Mahaa kaanthilaa taLukku manaali
Neelaakaasam kinda
Yeppatikee vaadani
Aakupacchani manishi kaavaali

KaalipOyina kaalam lOnchi
ChE jaarina swapnaallOnchi
Mahishi gaa, kotta gaa
Mallee janminchu
Kotta paata vinipinchu

(From Andhra Jyothi Daily, Sunday Supplement, 4 October, 2009)
English Translation

Get at humming a new song
As freely and as purely
When you viewed first
Your just born delicate clay body.
Stop getting wounded
Put down the injured body
And conceive a new physique,
That pacifies everything
From the morose memories of
Your unending odyssey.
Restructure yourself
From the shadows of bygone life's grandeur
From the gargantuan human fragrances
From the worn out culture's shades
From the vanished vintage human being
From his pangs of death
You should born again afresh.
No need of
A man who is shriveled in sun rays
And sodden in rain lashes
No need of
A man who draws narrow lines
And builds impeding walls
No need of bondings which shatter when wind blows
No need of amities, which are not scotopic in darkness
Consciousness should flow in sludge
And should blaze like flames
It should spread over the universe like air
Shine like super-nova
Under the blue sky
Never withered
Green human should evolve
From the burnt out epoch

From the mislaid dreams
Born again, anew
As man
Sing out a new song

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Awaiting

(Nireekshana)

Telugu original: Veerachari

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Kalala indra dhanassu meeda
Kanneeti boTlu raalutunnayi
Tupaaki goTTalu ahimsa
siddhaMtaalu vallistunnayi
pululu mEkalni kaastunnaayi
yErpAtuvaada vallkATiO
jAteeyata purudu posukunTundi
nEstam! idE praja swamyam
AcharaNa lEni siddhAMta jendAlu
AkaasamIO yegurutunnayi
aakalitO made Dokkalu
yelakshanla vaikunTha paaLiO
maMdu, maguva, Dabbu, dourjanyaala
sarpam vaata padutunnAyi
nijaanni tilakiMchE kaLLaIO dainyaM tappa
dhairyapu agnikaNikalIEvoo?
Araachakam neon bulbu laa velugutuMdi
ayinA, ninnaTi nuMchi nETilAga
nETi nuMdi rEpu puDutuMdanna
ASatOnE nireekshitunna prabhava kOsam

On the rainbow of dreams
Are falling tear drops
Barrels of guns are chanting
Doctrines of Non-violence
Tigers are tending goats
In separatist burial-ground
Nationalism is on labour pains
Buddy! It is our democracy
Non-compliant ideology flags
Are fluttering in the skies
In the hide and seek game of elections
Stomachs burning of starvation
Are becoming prey to the snake

Of money wine, woman, and violence
Are there embers of audacity except pathos
In the eyes gazing at truth?
Anarchy shines like neon light
Yet, hoping, as today took shape from yesterday
Tomorrow will also take shape from today
I await the coming year.

(From 'Prabhava', collection of poems edited by Sri T. Sri Ranga Swamy and
published by Sri Lekha Sahithi, Warangal.) [1987]

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Bapu, Don'T Come Back

(Today, is the birth anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi, the father of Indian nation. Born on 2 October,1869, he has brought Independence to India in blood less movement from the British rule on 15tAugust,1947 and had fallen to the bullets of an assassin on 30 January,1948)

^Bapu you have sown the seeds of freedom and liberty
But, we are reaping the harvest of anarchy and duplicity
You have planted a wine yard yearning for a bounty sweet democratic grapes
But, it has brought forth an yield of stinking sour chaotic wild grapes
In your bloodless revolution
Spearheaded to wipe out the British domination
You urged people to burn foreign wares
Today they are burning our own buses, public property and desecrating your busts in chaotic cheers
You preached them to utilize the weapon of civil disobedience
Today they are leading vicious campaigns to bring down governments in uncivilized dissidence and defiance
You organized hartals* to exhibit the mighty power of people
Today for every flimsy reason they are bringing the nation to a grinding halt with their meaning less bandhs* shouting from their rebellious steeple
You defied the mighty British with your Dandi march** to give common man, salt
Today they disregard the authority to drown the common man in illicit liquor and malt
Shunning power and authority you stayed away from the revelry on Independence Day
Cunning power brokers pretending to spurn position, are in fact calling the shots today
Dreaming of a new concept of education you did not send your sons to schools that day
Craving to make millions, corporate educationists coerce the parents to disregard state run schools today
Imposing your ideals and discipline, you subjugated your wife and children that day
Mad after money, they are bashing wives and burning their brides today
Not able to keep the hunger at bay, some more are selling their children today
To promote self respect and self-sufficiency you urged them to wear khadi*** that day
To flaunt their vulgar wealth and the shameless political power, a symbol has become the khadi today

Your birth day is a symbol of peace and sacrifice
But today slaughterers, murderers and marauders are being let free from
prisons given clemency citing your name
Bapu!
Seeing all this selfish disorderly anarchy
Pitiable and pathetic pandemonium
Mindless and menacing mayhem
Bloody boisterous Bedlam
You may wish to come back to reform the nation
But Bapu, for God's sake please don't do that, the country is in suspended
animation
These peace chanting power brokers
These ego-centric politicians
These malicious neo-rich millionaires
These brash profiteering bandicoots
Won't let you do any thing
They won't let you live
Countless number of Godses**** are waiting for you.
Bapu, don't come back, don't come back, don't come back!

^Bapu = literally means father is the title of Mohanchand Karmamchand Gandhi,
the father of Indian nation.

* Hartals and Bandhs are forced cessation of all official and commercial activity in
a city or country to express a protest

** On March 12,1930 Mahatma Gandhi set out on a march to a place called
Dandi to make salt in defiance of British government's orders.

*** Khadi is hand-spun cloth which Gandhiji urged Indians to make with their
hands and to wear, so as to avoid dependence on British and foreign made
clothing.

**** Godse (Nathuram Vinayak Godse) assassinated Gandhiji differing with his
principles.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Being Lost

Telugu Original : Mukunda Rama Rao
English Translation : John Satyanandakumar
Akaasam meDaLO
daMDalaa iMdraDhanussu
chUstunna kaLLannI
AkAsam tO yEmi cheppu kuMTunnaayO
Agi Agi urumutOMdi
Vellina vaaraMtaa
samudramtO yEmi morapeTTukuMTunnaarO
oLLaMtA vUpukuMTU
neeTi padAlatO maaTADutOMdi
vacchina vArikiddAmani
yEmi vedukkuMTuMdO
adE panigA
muMdukostU
venakki pOtU
nidra pOni raatri varshaM
yEmEmi rAsi pOyiMdO
pacchadanaM kOlpoYina Akulu
vaaDina pUlu
padavee viramaNa chEstunnAyi
nElakorigina pairu paMTa
udayaM vecchadanaMtO
taduchukuMTU lEstOMdi
cheekaTIO cheekaTi
velugulO velugu
niSSabdhaM IO niSSabdhaM
kOlpoTUnE unnAyi.

Around the neck of the firmament

Rainbow dangles like a stole

Perhaps all the staring oculus

Might be submitting woes to the welkin

She stops, pauses and rumbles

What might have they supplicated,
All those who went there.
Shaking all her figure
She converses in soggy lexis.
What might be that, she searches for,
To give those who visited her,
Repeatedly
Advancing forth
And receding back.
What might have scribbled down and gone
The night's rain which didn't slumber
The leaves which lost their verdure
And the desiccated flora
Are superannuating
The harvest which had fallen to the earth
Is rising-up
Drenched in dawn's warmth
Night in night
Light in light
Quiet in quiet
Are being lost and lost

Original Telugu poem 'KolpOtUnE' published in Andhra Jyothi Daily's Sunday supplement, February 14,2010

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Beyond Duality

(Dwandaateetam)

Telugu Original: Naarla Venkateswara Rao (01-12-1908 –13-03-1985)

Telugu Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Velugu venukane yirulu
Yirula venukanE velugu
Itu choodu!
Udaya sandhyaa sobha!

YendalOnE vaana
VaanalOnE yenda
Itu tirugu
Indrachaapapu sobagu!

Bratuku vennanti mruthi
Mruthi needanE bratuku
VinavEmi?
Puritinti kErinta!

Translation:

Gloom behind glow
Glow behind gloom
Look there!
Morning sun's grandeur!

Drizzles behind sunshine
Sunshine in drizzles
Turn here
Rainbow's splendor!

Death behind life
Life in shade of death
Why not listening?
Labour room's ecstasy!

(From the compilation of poems 'Udaya Ghantalu', edited by Telangana Rachayitala Sangham and published by Vishalandhra Publishing House,

Hyderabad 500 001)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Blind Beliefs Are For Beasts Alone

Telugu original: Narla Venkateswara Rao

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Goppa satyamaina guddigaa nammina
Kurchaledu kanti konchamaina
Guddi nammakaalu godduke tagunu raa
Navayugaala baata naarla maata

Lokamella kalasi yekamainanu gaani
Dheerudaina vaadu maara bodu
Dheera gunamu naruni divyuni jeyuraa
Navayugaala baata narla maata

Kannulela nijamu kanaka poyina
Nalka yela nijamu palka kunna
Medha yela nijam shodhinchala lekuna
Navayugaala baata naarla maata

Manchi chedda levo panchangamanduna
Kaana vacchunanuta kalla maata
Manchi cheddar lanevi manalone kalavu raa
Nava yugaala baata naarla maata

Gata vibhuti toda, mruta bhashatodanu
Jaati mundu ketlu saga galadu?
Arina diviteelu daarelaa choopuraa?
Nava yugaala baata naarla maata

Even a great truth, if believed blindly
Can't gather light even a slight
Blind beliefs are meant for beast alone
Modern times' way, Narla's sway

Even if all world is united as one
One who is courageous won't change
Courageousness makes a man divine
Modern times' way, Narla's sway

Why to have eyes when can't view truth
Why to have tongue when can't say truth
Why to have mind when fails to search the truth
Modern times' way, Narla's sway

To say, Good and bad would be found in an almanac
Is nothing but a vague claim
Good and bad are found in us alone,
Modern times' way, Narla's sway

With the past sacred ash and dead lingo bash
How the nation would march ahead?
How the unlit torches would show the way?
Modern times' way, Narla's sway

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Christmas Star

The star that appeared in the east
To the wise men 'magi' made an eye feast
And to see the baby Jesus, lead them fast
As the star was different and distinguished amongst the celestial lights
So is Jesus from other righteous men, shed his blood to take the sinner to
spiritual heights
In the dark nights of our hopeless life
He is the morning star who sheds light on our gloomy strife
The way, the truth and the life he is
As a moving star he leads us to peace with ease
He is the wonderful guiding star in the sky so high
Will come back to take us to father in a span of night
He, the shining star and beacon, appears from distance, sparkling and bright
His promise of salvation gives us hope for deliverance from the carnal plight
He assures us of everlasting joy and happiness being a star of hope
Giving us an escape by His grace from the Satan's snare and rope
Jesus the king of kings and the star of stars
Loves us day and night with no bounds and bars

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Come, Let Us Converse...

.Come, let us converse
(Matladukundam ra)

Telugu original: Kumar Varma
English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Come
Let us converse
Opening our hearts,
Naked.

Shall we play broom sticks game
Heaping-up the dreams
Hidden in oculus valley?
Or
Shall we defeat the Taj
With the love castle built with sea sand
At the edge of the foot?

Come buddy
Keeping your ear on bosom
Hearing my heart throbs
Like a phone made with boxes of matches
Through the sewing thread connecting them
Standing on this mountain cliff
If you sing at the height of your voice
I too yearn to join my voice
At this end...

Let the fragrance of this forest blooms
Covered with the moon-shine of your smiles
Spread out to the ends of the universe...

In order to dispel from me the envy
Of construing the smile is your monopoly alone
Let the scene of the moon bending down to
Kiss you on your brow
Be preserved in the abode of heart my buddy...

Come
Let us converse...

Telugu original:

mATADukuMdAm rA
manasu vippi nagnamgA

kanulalOyalO dAgina
kalalannI kuppabOsi
pUcika pullalATADuDAmA?
IEka
pAdam aMcuna kaTTina
saikata prEmamaMdiramIO
tAj ni ODiddaamA?

rA nEstam
gunDepai chevipeTTi
aggipeTTela phOn IA
daaram guMDA vinapaDE
naa lab dab layanu
I koMDa SikharAna
nilabaDi IOyaMtA
vinapaDETTu
neevu yelugetti
gaanam chEstE
neetO Sruti kalupudAmani
I aMcuna...

Nee navvula vennela
Paracukunna
I aDavi pUla
parimaLam
digaMtAlu
vyApticeMdanI...

navvu nI okkadikE
soMtamaidanna
Irshya IAIO
pOgoTTEIA
chaMDamAma
vaMgi nI nuduTa

mudduliDE
A druSyam
guMDe gUTiIO
padilam nEstaM...

rA
mATIADukumdAm

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Conversation

Telugu Original: Sudha Kiran

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Eppatikaina manam
Okarikoram ardhmoutamaa?
Asahanamto ragile nenu
Anumanamto kerale nuvvu
Avatli gattuki ande lopu
Asahanapu jadilo kulina vantenalu
Itu nunchi atu vaipu
Adugu padaneeyani anumaanapu agaadhaalu
Asahanamto kerale nuvvu
Anumaanamto ragile nenu
Repati paatalato nenu
Ninnati needalalo nuvvu
Tegatempulu kaani gatamto
Doboochulaade bhavishattu needalu
Repati velugula daarulalo
Ventaade gata kaalapu jaadalu
Repati maatalalo nuvvu
Ninnati ghatalapai nenu
Kalalato nadiche nenu
Jeevitaa vaastavamlo nilachina nuvvu
Vontari daarula digulu voobilo
Kooruku poni samooaha swapnaalu
Nelaku vorigina alala vodilo
Visraminchani kanneeti samudraalu
Egaresina kalala to nuvvu
Nidra pattani raatrula gurinchi nenu
Manam okarikokaram
Eppati kainaa ardhmoutamaa?

English Translation:

Can we understand
Each other, any time?
I, rousing in impatience
You, gushing in suspicion

Before reaching other coast
Bridges have fallen in impatient tempest
Even before crossing from here to there
Obstructing intractable wary chasms
You, gushing in suspicion
I, rousing in impatience

I, with tomorrow's serenades
You, in yesterday's silhouettes
With the un-terminated yore
Penumbra of future playing hide and seek
In the ways of tomorrow's glows
Lingering traces of the past
You, in tomorrows dialogues
I, on yesterday's episodes
I, walking in my dreams
You, standing in realism of life
In the quagmire of solitary paths
Un-drowned huddle of dreams
In the lap of waves plummeted on earth
Unwavering oceans of tears
You, with soaring dreams
I, about insomniac nights
Can we understand
Each other, any time?

(The original Telugu poem 'Sambhashana' was published in Andhra Jyothi Telugu weekly, Sunday supplement dated 31 January,2010)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Creation

(Shristi)

Telugu original: Kolakaluri Inaq

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

SmaSAnam

puDami marma sthAnam

SamAdhi

SrungAra chEsTa

Savam

Veeryam

Gaddi paraka

Kaalam molaka

Kaalam nANEniki

Shidhila shakthi borusu

Jeeva kaNam bomma

Necropolis

earth's secret spot

Tumulus

romantic act

Cadaver

semen

Grass blade

diuturnal sprout

For the coin of epoch

wrecked energy -tail

life cell-head

Dance At Night

NiSi rAtri varshamIA
Karaganeer sangeetaanni
Naalugu bhujAloo kalavaneer
Ooganeer ee chetlanneer
Mana dEhaalu hattu kOnnee
paaDanee janTa piTTalani
gontulu verrigaa aravaneer
rEganeer vennela dhooLini
kaaLLani yegaraneer yegaraneer
yenduTaakullo Manchu pogallo
paamu busallo keechu raaLLa kEkallo
raatrantaar raatrantaar raatrantaar
verrigaa verrigaa verrigaa
abbA adigO
nrutyam nrutyam nrutyam

Like the rain of dark night
let the music melt
let four shoulders meet
let all these trees rock
let our bodies cleave to
let the pair of birds croon
let throats shriek in craze
let moon light dust raise high
let the feet soar and soar high
amid dry leaves and misty hazes
amid snake hisses and cricket screeches
whole night, whole night, whole night
crazily, crazily, crazily
ah! there,
dance, dance, dance!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Death Is.....

Death is the placid resort
Where one can coolly relax
Away from the tumultuous toil of
Life's routine rigmarole

Death is the comforting refuge
Where one can take asylum from the
inevitable assault of adversities of life
enjoying an eternal blissful solace

Death is the strong citadel
Into which one can run and hide
To find the everlasting protection
From the invading aggressive strife

Death is the sweet home
Which one longs to reach at the dusk of life
After completing and un-completing
His secular chores for an eternal rest

Death is the enticing trophy
For which one prepares using all his talents
And runs fast to complete the course
To take it at the finishing point from the hands of the umpire

Death is not the hiss of a serpent
It is the kiss of the heavenly father given to those who repent
Death is not a state of swoon,
it is a splendid boon
Death is not a disheartening demotion,
It is a much awaited promotion
Death is not an inconsolable commotion,
It is a state of departing from emotion
Death is not an appalling notion,
It is an ecstatic heavenly motion
Death is not a dreadful rift..
It is a glorious gift
To enjoy that rapturous shift,
from this world one should inescapably drift

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Definition

If a poem is a child born of labour pains
A translation is its caesarean test tube twin
If a novel is a marathon run
A short story is a hundred meters dash

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Distant Shores

(Doora Teeralu)

Original Telugu poet: not known

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Kanna dEsAnni vadili, unna desAniki vastE
Unna vAllantA kAni vAlIE
Karu unnA kAsu unnA,
Vooru gAni vooru IO sukhaM sunnA
Karu AC, illu AC
Vollu mAtram vEDi vEDi
Vooru goppadi, pEru goppadi
Uniki mAtram uttadi
samvatsarAlu gA sahacharuLE
saMbaMdhAlu mAtraM arakorale
mukhaM chUDa suparichitamE
manishi mAtram aparichituDE
yeduru paDitE hAyi, bhAyi
yeppuDu kalavAli chEyi, chEyi
yeppuDu kAvAli bhAyi, bhAyi
ikkaDa ilLE baMdhikAnAlu
mUsina vAkiLLu, manasuku saMkELLu
bhAryA bhartalu kUDA, dUrapu baMdhuvule
yevari lekkalu vAriki yevari tikkalu vAridi
navvu krutrimam naData krutrimam
aMtA asahajatvam, amtA yAmtrikam
rOjamtA kaMpUTartOnE kaburlu
"nuvvu yaMtrAnivE" annaTlu daani visurlu
AtmIyam gA mAATIADe vArikOsam
AtraM gA chUDatam
Terachina vAkiLLa kOsam
Aluperagaka vedakaDam
alavATayina ee kaLLu
AlOchistAyi rEyiMbavaLLu
YentagA karasipOdAmanna
parAyi vADananna bhAvana
chuTToo vamdala mamdi vunnA
yevarU lEni omTari tanam
nA dEsAnni nAku dUram chEsina
nA roopAyi aviTi tanam

Translation:

When left the mother land and
Migrated to other land
People living there are just unrelated
Whether there is a car or there is cash
In a strange place, comfort is void
Car is air-conditioned, home is air conditioned
But the body is scorching
Great town, great name
But, the existence is futile
Companions since years
But interactions are inadequate
Face is familiar
But the man is unfamiliar
When meets, hello friend
Always to shake hand and hand
But, when will to become bosom friends
Here, dwellings are penitentiaries
Closed doors, shackled hearts
Even, couples are far-away relatives
Their own calculations, their own crazy notions
Smiles are artificial, manners are artificial
Every thing un-natural, every thing perfunctory
Whole day, conversation with computer
'You too a machine', it hints
Anxiously waiting for
Affectionate words
Untiring search for
Inviting open doors
These familiarized eyes
Think on day and night
However eager to mingle
The feeling of strangeness
Though crowds are found around
The loneliness of having none as own
The handicap of my rupee
Distanced me from my country!

(Telugu original published in the blog,)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Don'T Make A Futile Attempt...

Telugu Original: Vijaya Bhanu Kote

English Translation: John Satyananda Kumar

Don't ask me, what have I done to my country..

Don't ask, how many times I had pawned my day to day life to corruption

Either to liquor pored out to me by politicians, or the money doled out to me by them

How many times I sold off my nation's future for a hundred or thousand bucks, don't ask me

All that I know is only one thing

My life.. my day should pass peacefully without any problem!

All that I want is only one thing

Collecting the loose change thrown on me by government

What is society...don't ask me such great questions

Financial inequities... poverty, penury.. I don't care for

Corruption...anarchy are not visible to my eyes

Construe it as my selfishness or a torrent rain on a bison, I won't mind

I am an average Indian!

Country, society and scorching problems.., ask social activists about them

If about the future of the nation, ask the leaders who are confident that the government is theirs for the next hundred years

But, I always celebrate well the Independence day... because after flag hoisting it is free holiday

Mine are trivial mistakes...don't point out them

Look at the great robbing scams..., question the exploitation of fake godmen

Don't try to probe my offences... don't attempt to crucify me to the flag post

Don't goad me to dream of the reveries of social equality

Don't try to drag me out of the circle I have drawn around me

I won't change! ! !

Can you change me? ! !

Don't make a futile attempt! ! !

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Dream Forgotten Eyes

(Kalanu marachina kaLLu)

Telugu original: Sujatha Thimmana

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Kalalu marachina kanulu
Kanneeti kolanulayyayi
Aa kolanuIO snAnamAdi
sEda tErudaamanikondi
'manasu'
Aa uppu neeru gontu digi
Oopirandaka maraNinchindi

Dream forgotten eyes
Turned into pools of tears
Mind longed to relax
By bathing in that pool
That brine got into throat
Died of suffocation

(Telugu original posted on Telugu on 19, August,2009)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Efflorescing Tree

EFFLORESCING TREE

(pUla cheTTu)

Telugu Original: Kavi Yakoob

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(Kavi Yakoob, born on 2nd March 1962 holds a doctorate in Literary criticism from Osmania University, Hyderabad and holds the position of Head of the Department & Associate professor in Telugu at Anwarul Uloom Degree College, Hyderabad, Andhra Pradesh. Many of his poetic compilations and books on literary criticism have been published)

This efflorescing tree
Brought in a new world into our abode
Ever since it learnt blossoming
All are appearing like wonders
In its hind, cute little birds are
Greeting with their squeaks

Resonating fragrant air
Head swinging leaves
Humming of black bees
Festive excitement all over the home

Peeping into the dwelling
like an emissary from the back yard
This efflorescing tree
Introduces ourselves to us afresh

Telugu original:

I pUla cheTTu
mA inTIOki kotta prapamcaanni mOsukoccindi
adi pUlu pUyaDam nErcukunna daggaranunDi
annI chitraalE!
Daani venTa kicakica laaDutU palakarimcE
Cinni cinni piTTalu

saddu cEsi
parimaLa bharitamaina gAli,
talalUpE Akulu, tummedala roda
illamtA panDuga samrambham

peraTIOnci inTIOki rAyabaarilaa
I pUla ceTTu tongicUstU mammalni mAke
sarikottagA paricayam cEstumdi

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Enough

(Chalu)

Telugu original: Srikanth

English translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Marokka sAri jEvimchEMduku marokkasAri maraNiMchEMduku
Aa SiSuvu pAdaM tAkina pradESaM chAlu
MarokkasAri prEmiMchEMduku marokkasAri dvEshiMchEMduku
Aa stree tO gaDipina yEmeelEni samayAlu chAlu
VilavilalADutunna manushulatO spruha tappina ee dArini dATEMduku
VESavi isukaLO geMtutunna pillala ikilintalu chAlu
Dukhitulaina snEhitulatO dukhistoo prayaaNiMchEMduku
MadhuvutO vivaSamaina aMtaM kAni rAtruLLu chAlu
Rutuvula pATalanu samudrapu cheekaTIO nissaMkOchaMgA pADEMduku
NiSSabdhamgA musalivALLavutunna nA tallitaMDulu chAlu
NiSSabdhaMgA marO rOju muMduku sAgEMduku
ArOpaNalu lEKuMDA marO rAtri iMTiki vELLEmduku
AAvaraNaLO pillipillatO ADukuMTunna vEpAkula nEEDalu chAlu
AAkharugA bhUmi paTla krutaGyatatO ee maTTiLO kalasipOyEMduku
IppuDu ikkaDa ee kshaNaM bratiki vunnA nanE spruha chAlu
Marokka sAri maroka janma lEni mrutyuvuni hattukunEMduku
Ee padAlannee vrAsukonEMduku vuMchukunna tellaTi kAgitaM chAlu

To live once again and to die once again
The place touched by that child's foot is enough
To love once again and to hate once again
The futile moments spent with that woman are enough
To cross this comatose path with the quavering men
The giggles of children playing in summer sand are enough
To travel sharing the grief of saddened friends
The unending nights inebriated in wine are enough
To sing the songs of seasons in ocean's gloom without diffidence,
The patience of my silently aging parents is enough
To move another day quietly ahead
To reach home another night with out any indictments
The silhouette of neem tree playing with kitten in the compound is enough
Finally to merge in this dust with gratitude to the earth
The feeling that I live here this moment is enough

To cleave once again another reincarnation less death,
This white paper I set aside to write these verses is enough

(The Telugu original published in Andhra Jyothi Telugu Daily's Sunday
supplement
2 May,2010)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Fish

Telugu original: Dr S. Gopi

English translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(ChEpa)

raatiLO niSSabdham daaginattu
neelO nEnu
poolaLO gusagusaly kadalinatlu
neetO nEnu

prati dinam manalni manam
kAsta kAsta pOgoTTukuMTam
migilina astitvam
adE mana kavitvam

cheTTuku
mattu poolu poosinaTlu
veedhullo laiTlu velugutaayi
masaka veluturu
puppoDilA lEstuMdi.
Yenta tiriginA spashTata rAdu
lOkamanE mahA kAvyAniki
illu
vyAkhyAnaM lA vuMtuMdi.

Prati dinaM manalni manaM
koMta koMta poMdutuMTAm
perugU tarugula Madhya
O chEpa IdutuMTuMdi
vichitraMgA
ee chEpaku kavitvaM ardhaM kAdu.

English Translation:

Like silence hidden in a rock,
I dwell in you
Like whispers budged in blossoms
I live with you

Every day we ourselves
Lose little by little
The rest, is subsistence
That is our verse

Like intoxicant flowers
Bloomed on trees
Lights glow in streets
Dim light soars
Like pollen dust
Traveling any distance
No clarity is found
To the magnum opus called the world
House
Appears like a commentary

Every day, we ourselves
Win bit by bit
Between the ascend and descend
A fish swims
Surprisingly
This fish does not appreciate the verse

(Telugu original published in Andhra Jyothi Telugu Daily, Sunday Supplement 31
January,2010)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Flag

(jenda)

Telugu original: Raghusree

English translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Tana goMtuki taaDu bigiMchi
sthambaM uparitalaMIO uri teestunnArani
Uohimchi ukkiri bikkri ayyiMdEmO?
Jaati nEtala chEtullOMchi jArukuni
svEcchagA yegirMdi naa vannela jenda!
Santhosham gA, swataMtraMgA niMgi niMDA
(1987)

construing they might
tie a rope around her throat
to hang to death atop the flag post
she might have smothered?
slithered from the hands of national leaders..
fluttered unfettered... my colourful flag
Joyfully, freely, fully in sky!

(From 'Prabhava', collection of poems edited by Sri T. Sri Ranga Swamy and published by Sri Lekha Sahithi, Warangal.) [1987]

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Forlorn Childhood

Mom's lullabies
Grandpa's gifts and freebies
Collecting pebbles
Playing marbles
Flying kites
Star gazing nights
Listening to grandma's fables
Reading stories sitting before library tables
Indulging in gilli-danda and kabaddi*
Nurturing a sound mind and healthy body
An occasional swim in village pond
Enjoying the school visiting magician's tricks of magic wand
Climbing at times a mango tree
Asking the grocer a free bonus piece of jaggery
Learning lessons with pleasure
Enjoying ample time of leisure
The early days' memories are fun-fare and lore
The bygone delights of childhood of the yore

A baby's forlorn sojourn to a crèche
Working parent's first childcare hitch
Interview preparation for LKG seat
Sending child to school giving a bribe of sweet-meat
Unbearable burden of notes and text books
Unscientific teaching by under-qualified hicks
Cartoon networks in television sets
Wild computer games causing psychological razes and fits
Toy gun totting
Wry fun trotting
LKG to Inter, a mad.. mad rat race
An imposed itinerary to save the over ambitious parents' face
Eamcet and IIT preparation from class seven
Away from parents, gloomy hostel room is heaven
Study material, tests and un-ending revisions rigmarole
To make him a heart less doctor or a greedy engineer, its not a hyperbole
In today's ruthless materialistic world the precious life of the child is a pawn
The poor youngster deprived of proper sleep struggles with no time to yawn!

* Gilli-danda and Kabaddi are the traditional Indian childhood games.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

From Viswambhara

(This translated part is from the book 'Viswambhara' of Dr. C. Naryana Reddy, published by Visalandhra Publishing House, Hyderabad-1)

Telugu Original:

Aaramoosina kaLLaO Avirbhavistunnaayi
Chirunavvulu chekkukunna mukhaalu
Varaalu kuripistunna nEtraalu
Verapunu jadipistunna hastaalu
Muktiki moorti kattina paadaalu
RaaLLu paatukuntunnAyi
Rakarkala aakaaraalatO
Koyyalu kuduru kuntunnaayi
Kotta kotta roopaaLatO
Dikkulu mokkulandu kontuNNayi
Divvelu vinatulanukunnaayi
Archanalandukunnayi asthikalu
Aalayaalu kattukunnaayi kEsakhandikalu
SaLLakaddukunnaadu taanu tokkina mattini
Talapai challukunnaadu
Tana kaaLLu nilichina neetini
ChEtuletti mokkutunnaadu
Chekumuki chimmina nippunu
Tana batukki mudivEsukunnaadu
Taaraachandrula gatulanu
Alankarinchukunnaadu medaLO
Abhaya chihnaalanu
Addukunnaadu nudity pai
Aatmeeya viswaasaanu
Pai mettu yekki pOvaalannaa
Paga vaani tokki pOvaalannaa
Kattukunna rahasyaala mootalu
Pattubadakundaa vundaalannaa
Vaana raavaalannaa
Varada pOvaalannaa
Madi pandaalannaa
Odi nindaalanna
Aa manasuku yEkaika saraNam
AtiLOka samsmaraNam

English Translation:

In mildly closed eyes are materializing
Petite smile chiseled visages
Boon showering oculus
Fret frightening hands
Salvation idolizing feet.
Stones are gaining ground
With vivid profiles.
Timber logs are acquiring shapes
With diverse features.
Earth's four corners are accepting prostrations
Lamps are receiving supplications and petitions
Osseous tissues are accepting worships
Tonsured pilus have built for them temples
He reverently touches to his eyes, the mud he treads
He pours on his head
The water trampled under his feet.
He raises his hands to worship
The fire made by flint stone.
He entwines to his life
The modes of moon and stars.
He adorns in his neck
Strange symbols to dispel fears.
He applies on his brow
The religious convictions.
To climb-up upper step
To trample enemy stiff
To avoid being caught,
The secret wealth he wrought
To get rain
The flood to drain
To let the farm get harvest
To fill his lap with heist
That heart has only one refuge
Adulation of celestial powers.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Go Away, Go Away

Telugu original: Devarakonda Balagangadhara Tilak

Yevaru meerantaa yendukila vangina nadumulatO kanneetitO
Chedarina juttutO jaarina paitalatO
Ee samaadhula chuttoo vetukkuntoo tirugutaaru
Tallulaa, bharyalaa akkachellendraa meeru
YE naati vaaru yE veeti vaaru meeru
YE yuddhamIO chanipoyaaru mee vaaru yE dalam yennava nambaru

KurukshestramaitE krishnuni adugu
PaanipattaitE Peeshwaanadugu
BobbilayitE Bussinadugu
Crimea yuddham, Korea yuddham
Pradhama dviteeya prapancha yuddhaalu
Bismarck nadugu Hitlernadugu
Brahma devunni adugu

AyyayyO alla choodakandi yendina kallatO biginchina pallatO
YEdu inkipOyi yedaari rommulni choopinchakandi
Yem cheppanu meeku yevaru javaabudaari ani cheppanu

Cheekati padE vela
Chiruta pululu pasuvulni nOtakarachuku poyE vela
Paadu baavilo paduchu vidhavalu dookE vela
Chacchina charitra bomikala kosam kukkalu kotlaadukonE vela
Deyyapu marrichettu meeda deenamgA arustOO pittalu kallu tElavEsE vela
YedO bhayam bhayam
Chuttoo nuraga visham
Uraga visham mrusha visham baadha visham
Dukha visham porli porli pongi pongi vastunnadi

Ammaa velandammaa
Yendukilaa pongi pongi kungi kungi
Ee samaadhula chuttoo vetukkuntoo tirugutaaru
Savaalu matlaadavu
Smadhulu choopinchavu
Mrittika gurtinchadu
Mitti ki daya vundadu

Mee rodana meelOnE aNachukoni
Mee kallanu mere poduchukoni
Eelaadu eelaagu ee paamula putlammata
Ee mondi chetlammata ee koolina gatlammata
VeLLi Pondi VeLLipondi VeLLipondi.

(1966)

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Who are you who you are all
Why with bent backs and flowing tears
Disheveled hair and drooped drapes
Searching around these graves wandering around them
Are you Mothers? Wives? Sisters?
Of what time you are?
Of what land you are?
In which war died your man, which regiment which number?

If Kurukshetra ask Krishna
If Panipat ask Peshwas
If Bobbili battle ask Bussi*
Crimea war, Korea war
First and second world wars
Ask Bismarck, and Hitler
Ask the god Brahma **

Alas look yonder with dried eyes and stiffened teeth
Don't show your desiccated, dehydrated desert like breasts
What should I tell you whom should I make responsible and tell you?

Darkness is approaching
The time of panthers preying on cattle
The time when young widows jump in to the abandoned wells
The time when the dogs fight for the bones of dead history
The time when birds pitifully flutter for life on the haunted banyan tree
Some thing fearsome, some gruesome
Spuming frothing poison all around
Venom of grief
Venom of suffering
Coming down coming down swelling and surging

Women go away
Why do you grieve, mourn and lament?
And wander around searching in these graves?
Corpses won't speak
Sepultures can't lead
Cadaver can't identify
Death does not show mercy
Suppress the lamentations with in your self
Pierce your own eyes and
This way, in this trail go away, go away
Crossing these snake pits
Crossing these barren trees
Crossing these fallen bunds
Go away go away go away

* Bussy = Gen. Marquis de Bussi, the French general who attacked the fort of Bobbili in India on January 23, 1757.

**Brahma = God of creation in Hindu mythology

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Grow Silently In Life

(The popular song 'mounam gane edagamani' from Telugu film 'Naa Autograph' was written by Chandra Bose. Composed by M M Keeravani and rendered by Chitra, this song has given inspiration to many. Its optimistic message induced an Orphanage in Hyderabad to adopt it as its prayer song. My thanks are to Latha Ganti who has sent me the Telugu content of this song and encouraged me to translate it into English)

Telugu Original:

Mounam gaane edagamani mokka neeku cheputundi
Edigina koddi odagamani ardhamandulo undi
Apajayaalu kaligina chote gelupu pilupu vinipistundi
Aakulanni raalina chote kotta chiguru kanipistundi

Dooramento undani digulu padaku nestamaa
Dariki cherchu daarulu kuda unnaayigaa
Bhaaramento undani baadhapadaku nestamaa
Baadha venta navvula panta untundigaa
Saagara madhanam modalavagane vishame vachchindi
Visuge chendaka krushi chestene amrutamichindi
Avarodhaala deevullo aananda nidhi unnadi
Kashtaala vaaradhi daatina vaariki sontamavutundi
Telusukunte satyamidi
Talachukonte saadhyamidi

Chemata neeru chindagaa nuduti raata maarchuko
Maarchalenidedi ledani gurtunchuko
Pidikili biginchagaa cheti geeta maarchuko
Maariponi kadhale levani gamaninchuko
Tochinattugaa andari raatalu brahme raastadu
Nachchinattuga nee talaraatanu nuvve raayaali
Nee dhairyanne darsinchi daivaale tala dinchagaa
Nee adugullo gudikatti swargaale tariyinchagaa
Nee sankalpaaniki aa vidhi saitam chetulettali
Antuleni charitalaki aadi nuvvu kaavali

English Translation:

Implores the sapling to grow silently in life
Implies to be humble as you soar high in life
Where defeats have occurred,
There alone victory's call is heard
Where all the leaves have fallen,
There alone the new sprouts are seen
Don't fear my buddy that many miles are there to go
The paths leading to the goal are quite a lot too

Don't fret my chum, that burdens are heavy to bear
Following the agony, a bounty of smiles are there
When gods began churning lactic ocean, toxins surfaced at the outset
When they went on churning un-tired, they found nectar at last
Hidden in the isles of impediments are the bounties of bliss sans dearth
Those who cross the bridge of hindrances shall rejoice in mirth
If realized, it would be the truth
If thought of, it would be an easy path

When you sweat hard in life, go and change the course of your destiny
Don't forget, to you nothing is immutable
Clench your fist and realign your palm lines
Remember, there are no tales which can not be changed
Brahma writes the fate of all in his weighed thoughtfulness
You should re-script your destiny in your own convenience
Finding your courage, the gods should bow down their heads
A shrine should be built in your foot prints, to bring down the paradise
Not able to face your grit, the fate should cede and trounce
You should become the origin of unending histories and bounce

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Hand Shake

(A translation of Sri Kumar Varma's Telugu poem)

two hands
one facing the other
looking into
each other's eyes
a stream which induces
love, liking,
anguish, affection,
emotion
inexpressible sensation
and elation
perched in hearts
To flow from
One person
to another.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Her Intents

Telugu original: Vijaya Bhanu Kote

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Perhaps she wanted me to know!
Destiny played havoc with me and
Flung the final judgment
Unto the peripheries of cognition of life
And departed teaching me what life is!
Perhaps she wanted me to see!
Rainbow bloomed above my abode and
Carried me away into the vibrant world to enable for my pleasure walk
And departed manifesting before me the hues of life!
Perhaps she wanted me to listen!
The tempest wind brought along many melodies
Gesturing me to be swept away in series of imaginations
And departed after playing the tunes of life melodies!
Perhaps she wanted me to touch!
The moon scattered before me the flakes of lunar luminance
She heaped them up and shown me
As the reckoned total accumulation of the bounty of blessings
And departed after devolving the tome of eld

* For any meaning please refer ''

Telugu original:

nEnu telusukOvAlanukumdO EmO!
Vidhi cAIA ATalADimdi nAtO
anubhavAla amcullo
tudi tIrpU visirEsimdi
jIvitam amTE EmiTO nErpi pOyimdi!
nEnu cUDAlanukumdO EmO!
Imdhra dhanussu imTi pai virisimdi
ramgula IOkam IOki ettukupOyi viharimpajEsimdi!
jIvitapu ramgulanu nA mumdu AvishkarimcipOyimdi!
nEnu vinAlanukumdO EmO!
jhumjhumArutam rAgAlennimTinO mOsukoccimdi
bhAvaparamparaIO koTTuku pommani saiga cEsimdi

jIvana rAgAnni mITi pOyimdi!
nEnu sparSimcAlanukomdO EmO!
Camda mAma vennela tunakalni nA mumdu paricimdi
vATinE nA lekkaku tElina dIvenalannimTigA
rAsulugA pOsi cUpimdi
jIvita pustakAnni cEtikamdimpOyimdi

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

I Shall Write A Verse For You

(Mee kOsam nEnu padhyam raastanu)

Telugu original: 'Koumudi'

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

NElanu cheelchukuni
Aakaasaaniki namaskaaram chEsE mokaala
Meeku namaskaaram chEsE padhyam raastanu
Podduti poota nunchuni
Gaadhamaa kougilinchukunE toil suryakiranamlaa
Mimmani kougilinchukunE padhyam raastanu
ChaavudEmundi
Batakadam saasvatamaitE kadaa
Kshana kaalam batikinaa sarE
Parimalabharitamga batakadam
Chuttoo prapanchaani parimalabharitam chEyadam
Poola vanam vicchukuntunna savvadi lanti
Mee chiru navvivvandi
NavvadamE marachipOtunna
Sagatu manishi inti gummam pai padhyam raastanu
Padhyaani VoorEginpu teesi
Nadi bazaarIO jenda yegarEstaanu
EvvarO avva chEtulu chaachi
Kongu parachi padhyaani adukkundi
Naaku aakalEsinapudu
Maa avva sadupaara chanubaalu taapinchinattu gaanE
Aa avva padhyaaniki chanubaalu taapindi
NEnu saayudhamainattugaanE naa padhyam saayudhamE
Mee gaayala nundi stavisutnna
Maanaveeya aksharaannivvandi
Raajyam garuku pedavulapai sutaaram gaa sunntam gaa padhyam raastanu

English Translation:

Like a sprouted plant
That comes out piercing the soil to salute the sky
I shall write a verse in obeisance to you

Like the early sun rays

Which hug the dawn's dew drops
I shall write a verse to clasp you

What is there in death
As if life is eternal!
Live a fragrant life
Even when to live for a moment
Fill the world around with aroma!

Give your smile
Which is like the blossoming flower garden's lilting sounds,
On the smirk forgotten common man's threshold
I shall write a verse

I shall take out a parade of the poem and
Hoist the pennant in open market
Some old woman spread her sari's hem
Soliciting for a verse, when I was hungry

As my mother breast fed me filling my belly
The old woman too fed the poem her milk
As I hold weaponry, my verse too holds weaponry

Give me the humanist alphabets
Which flux out of your wounds
On the coarse lips of kingdom,
I shall utterly write a delicate poem

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Impaired Justice

Lion threw its paw at miserable mountain rat
disregarding the fact that it once saved him from hunter's net.
Jungle king ordered the mice and conies who are among those voted him to
power
to vacate their holes and burrows to accommodate his mighty mansion.
When the aggrieved humble creatures prayed for judicial relief,
The seat of justice declined to intervene, upholding ruler's privilege of
autonomy.
When bears and boars poached into the domain of hares and deers to harass
them,
the court rejected the plea for appointment of a commissioner to take note of
the gory situation.
The prowling panther filed a caveat petition praying not to pass any ex-parte
decree against him without hearing his humble contention.
When wild elephants created a havoc wrecking branches and tree tops in cozy
forest,
the averments of nest deprived unfortunate birds were ignored and status quo
orders granted favouring pachyderms
The maniac man-eater obtained a stay order on his impending execution filing a
mercy petition to dilly-dally the decisive matter
Cunning Jackals relishing on young chicks and cute kids, searched ways and
filed class action petitions to safe guard their interests
When ethics are on the fling of stork's meditation,
Fairness fainted not able to withstand the sultriness of black robes and
Justice suffocated in power starved dark court halls.
All the while the goddess of justice stood motionless
Holding the scales with numb hands since time immemorial
The black cloth tied around her eyes for ages
left her at the risk of acquiring ablepsia
Grieving over all this iniquity she set fire to her own manor
Having second thoughts, she however doused the flames with her tears
Thus she somehow saved the archaic edifice of justice from fall
But weighed down under the burden of procedure codes, penal codes,
countless volumes of statutes and pending case file dockets it faces the
imminent threat of crumbling down.
Who will save it from the pranks of ever-inventive lawyer's gown?

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Immersion In Alphabet

Telugu original: B Vijaya koteswara Rao

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(Akshramlo antarleenam)

Rendu aakrutula aalinganam kadu aksharam IO antharleenam
Akshraalanu hatthukontey anantha viswam parimalam
Aaswadistey prapanchamey sumadhura swapnam
Aksharalaku ankitamaitey pratee medhalO madanam
ManOnethramIO bandhisthey vikasisthundi vignaanam
Aksharamey kada ani alusu chEsteY avutundi Ayudham
Adi oka kramam, lekhanam, sahithi vinyasam
Aksharamoka achEtanam kaadu vEyi alochanala vasantham
Adi oka sisiram, nartincheY SitikaNTHam
Akshra rupam bhashaku bhavaniki madhye mArgam
Samata, mamata, manavatala samapaatham
Aksharam haddulu leni prapancha jeeva jAthula samparkam
Adileni jagam, sUnyam jAti nistEjam, nirjeevam
Aksharam neekoka varamaitey samastha prapancham pAdAkrAntham
AndukeY aksharamIO kAvAli andarU antharleenam.

English translation:

To be engrossed in a letter is not the embrace of two figures
If the letters are cuddled, it is the unending universal fragrance
If relished, the world would be a sweet dream.
If devoted to letters, cogitation in every mind
If captured in nous oculus*, Blossoms erudition
If it is disregarded as a mere letter, it becomes a weapon
It is an order, an edict, a literary acrobat
Letter is not comatose; it is a spring of thousand thoughts
It is a winter, a Terpsichorean** peacock
The shape of a letter bridges the mind and lingo
Confluence of liberty, affection, and humanity
Letter is the convergence of boundless universal nations
The world sans it is a void, human race, powerless and lifeless
If letter is a boon to you, the entire world is at your feet
That's why in a letter, every one should immerse and absorb

*mind's eye ** dancing peacock

(B Vijaya Koteswara Rao is a journalist, poet, author and a human rights activist. He had worked with Telugu dailies Udayam, Andhra Prabha, Vishalandhra and Vaartha. Presently he is holding the responsibilities as Associate Editor of Telugu-English Bilingual Educational, Political and literary monthly magazine "Priyadarshini" being published from Visakhapatnam. He is a close friend and well wisher of the translator also)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Immortality

amaratvam

vittanam canipOtU
panTanu vAgdhanam cEsindi
cinnaari puvvu rAlipOtU
chirunavvutO kApunu vAgdhAnam cEsimdi
aDavi dahinchuku pOtU
dAvAnalAnni vAgdhAnam cEsindi
sUryAstamayam cEtilO cEyivEsi
sUryOdayaanni vAgdhAnam cEsindi
amaratvam ramaNIyamayindi
adi kAlAnni kougalincukoni
marO prapanchAnni vAgdhAnam cEsindi.

English Translation:

Seed while dying
Promised of crop

Little flower while falling
Smiled and promised of bloom.

Forest while being consumed
Promised of forest fire

Dusk putting hand in hand
Promised of dawn

Immortality became beautiful
It embraced the time and
Promised of another world

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

In The Back Ground

(Nepadhyam IO)

Telugu original: Maha Kavi Sri Sri

English translation:

Nee moosina pidikitiLO
yEmunnadi kavee kavee
Aa daachina pallemLO
yEmtecchav sukavee
aA moolani sancheelO
yEmunnadi kavee kavee
Nee moosina gundello
yEm daacaav sukavee
Nee paadani paatalLO
Raapaadedi kavee
Aa kosalo needalalo
yE satyam sukavee
yE satyam yE swapnam
yE swargam sukavee
Maa kOsam nee kOsina
vE kaankala poolu kavee

In your clasped fist
What is hidden poet, poet?
In that concealed salver
What have you brought good poet?
In that corner in that bag
What is there poet! Poet?
In your closed heart
What have you hidden good poet!
In your unsung songs
That is chafing poet
In that end in those shades
Which truth there good poet?
Which truth
Which dream
Which heaven good poet?
Thousand gifts of flowers

Plucked by you, for us poet!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Introspection Of An Insignificant

I am not wise and a man of letters enjoying stardom
But, a rag-picker collecting debris on the dunes of the river of wisdom
And picking-up the bread crumbs at His table looking towards his kingdom
I am not a poet, author and Nobel laureate
But, scribbling the gathered truths on my tattered scrap book as a humble
literate
I never held power and coveted positions
But, embarked on every task and assignment as per His suggestions
I was never in possession of much wealth and fat wallet
But, was never in want, getting every need of mine sitting at His tuffet
I am not a towering personality and a giant
But a dwarf just started growing-up to the normal natural stature, not to be
quaint
I never enjoyed lavish feasts and multi-coursed dinners
But thank God, I was never starved and He kept me on the list of bread-winners
I am not sure of my place in heavenly abode
But, I earnestly venture to finish my course on my spiritual road
I am not an evangelist, apostle or mighty gospeler
But, I take pleasure to narrate the love story of my savior
I never sat on thrones and craved for powerful seat
But, I never carried the palanquins of the wicked and sat at unrighteous' feet
I am not an all knowing savant
But, by the grace of God, I am not yet a pedant
I am indeed not a saint
But, now I am a forgiven sinner, as HE considered my plaint!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Jasmine Garland To The Mother Of Telugus

This patriotic song was written by Sankarambadi Sundarachari in 1942 and it was rendered and popularized by Tanguturi Surya Kumari. Her uncle and the first Chief Minister of AP Tanguturi Prakasam Pantulu garu gave it recognition as state anthem of Andhra Pradesh.

(About 10 Crore Telugu speaking Indians are living in Andhra Pradesh their home state in India which was formed on 1st November,1956. Today is the formation day of Andhra Pradesh)

Maa telugu talliki malle poodanda
Maa kanna talliki mangalaaratulu
Kadupulo bangaaru kanuchoopulo karuNa
Chirunavvulo sirulu doralinchu maa talli
Galagala godari kadalipOtuntenu
Birabira krishnamma parugulidutuntenu
Bangaaru pantalE pandutaayi
Muripaala mutyalu doralutaayi
Amaraavati nagara apurupa silpaalu
Tyagayya gontulo taaradu naadaalu
Tikkayya kalamulo tiyyandanaalu
Nityamai nikhilamai nilichiyundedaaka
Rudramma bhujja sakti
Mallamma patibhakti
Timmarasu dheeyukti Krishna raayala keerti
Maa chevula ringu ringu mani maaru moge daaka
Nee aataLE aadutaam
Nee paataLE paadutaam
Jai telugu talli..jai telugu talli
Jai telugu talli

English Translation:

We offer Jasmine flower garland to the mother of Telugus
We adore our matriarch with propitious incense offerings
In her womb is hidden gold and in her glances is grace
Affluence in her smiles, showcases our mother

When the river Godavary flows in its placid course
When the river Krishna flows in its docile elegance
Golden crops will yield on
Pretty pearls will flow down

Amaravathi city's extraordinary sculptures
From the throat of Tyagayya, emanating musical raptures
Literary sweetness that flows down from Tikkanna's stylus
Which remain whole and eternal till unending times

Rudramma's chivalry
Mallamma's chastity
Timmarasu's brain and bravery
Krishnaraya's fame of gallantry
Till ring for ever riverberating in our ears
We shall dance and play your games
We shall chant and sing your songs

Victory to you matriarch of Telugus
Victory to you matriarch of Telugus
Victory to you matriarch of Telugus

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Last Night, In Rain

(Translation of this poem 'Ninna raatri varshamlo' is from the 1971 Central Sahitya Academy award winning Telugu poetic compilation 'Amrutam Kurisina Raatri' (The night when nectar rained) of eminent Telugu poet and short story writer Devarakonda Bala Gangadhara Tilak (1921-1966) . His collection of short stories include Sundari-SubbaRavu, Vuri Chivara Illu and Tilak Kadhalu.)

Telugu original: Devarakonda Balagangadhara Tilak

Ninna raatri varshamLO tadisi nee gummam tattinappudu
Nidura kaLLato choosi jaaligaa navvi rammnaavu
Naa kaLLaLLO tadisina cheekatla madhya chandra vanka virigi
Naa gundela nantukonna sharaayi meeda puppodi cherigi
NEnu siggupadi thalonchukoni nee kEsi choodakundaa
Gaba gabaa naa gadilOki veLLi talupesukunnaanu
Yekkadekkada okkaNNi tirigaanO raatri yEkaantamLO
Yenni deena nayanaalni yenni mouna niswaasaalni
YerukunnaanO chatukkuna naa sangeetam aagipOyi
Apoorvamaina sangeetaanni thecchi neeku kaanukagaa istaanani
Anantamaina naa prEma niropistaanani pratigya chEsi
Aa raatri veLLi pOyaanu nEnu
Alaa nagaraalaki nagaraalu daati adavulni daati
Aakaasa nakshatraalanu meeti ananta digantaalu vetiki
Yekkadekkad choosinaa deena nayanaala praSnalu
Mouna niswaaSala pilupulu baavurumanE gundela yEdpulu
Baadhala salasala kaagE bratukulu.

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Drenched in night's drizzle, last night I knocked your door
You looked at me with drowsy eyes, smiled piteously and asked me to come in
Crescent broke in the misty darkness in my eyes
Pollen withered on the flower dangling on my bosom
Bowed down my head in shame, I did not look at you
I went into my room in hasty rapidity and closed the doors
Where ever I wandered alone in night's solitude
How many pathetic eyes, how many silent sighs I gathered
My music ended abruptly,
I longed to gift you a collection of marvelous melodies
Avowing to prove my inexhaustible love

I went away that night
Crossing cities and cities, crossing forests and woods
Tuning the stars of the sky, searching never-ending precincts of the universe
Here and there I wandered alone, in the night's solitude
Where ever I glimpsed, the queries of pitiable eyes
Calls of silent moans, bewailing laments of hearts
Searing and scorching lives of suffering afflictions

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Lukewarm Heart Beat...

Lukewarm heart beat
(gOruveccani guMDe cappudu)

Telugu original: Vijaya Bhanu Kote
English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(Vijaya Bhanu Kote writes poetry in Telugu and English. She is a teacher by profession and lives at Visakhapatnam)

Like the lukewarm heart beat
Which changed her course
As if some cardiac pulse
Gulped down its own rhythm somewhere
As if born for me alone amid the sun rays
As if the eye's gloom given way to rays of light
As if the dreams awoke in soul's lap
As if a dense voice called near and took into embrace
All the crazy thoughts
The alphabets which departed leaving me alone
Have returned back in the way they departed
Sprouted hopes
Are smiling invisibly
Joy became a galloping wave
Surging ahead
Do you know what I am thinking of?
Perhaps I may swallow the ocean with much ease now
Perhaps I may soar high in sky with out any wings now
Look at me
All the fragrances of the blooming flowers are mine
All the fragments of the luminous moon light are mine
If I touch myself and see
All the singing tunes are, but yours.

Telugu Original:

gOru veccani guMDe cappuDu
tana gatini mArcinaTTu
ekkaDO EdO hrudaya spaMdana
tana layanu tAnE mriMginaTlu

ushassulu I madhya naa kOsamE puDutunnaTlu
kaMTi niSeedhi velugu rEkhalaku daariccinaTlu
Atma oDiIO kalalu mElkoMTunnaTlu
cikkani svaramEdO dariki pilici akkuna chErcukunnaTlu
okaTE picci aalOcanalu
nannu vaMTarini cEsi veLLipOyina aksharaalu
veLLina daarinE tirigi vaccEsaayi
ciguru toDigina ASalu
guMbhanaMgaa navvutunnaayi
saMtOsham uttuMga taraMgamai
egasegasi paDutOMdi
naakEmanipistOMdi telusaa?
aMbudhini avaleelagaa taagagalanEmO ippuDu
rekkalu lEkanE AkASamIO egaragalanEmO ippuDu
chUDu nannu...
viccukunna kusumaala sourabhaalannI naavE
vennela veluturula tunakalannI nAvE
nannu nEnu taDimi cUsukuMTE
palikE raagaalu mAtraM nIvi! ! !

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

More Of Vemana's Wisdom

Telugu original: Baddena (1220-1280)

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(1)

Aatma shuddhi leni yaacharamadiyela?
Bhanda shuddhilEni paaka mEla?
Chittashuddhi lEni shva puja lElaya?
Viswadaabhiraama vinura vema?

Why to follow traditions without purity of self?
Why to cook cuisine with out cleanliness of utensils?
Why to worship God without purity of heart?
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(2)

Gangi govu palu gantedainanu chaalu
Kadavadaina nEmi kharama paalu
Bhakti kalugu koodu pattedainanu chaalu
Viswadaabhiraama vinura vema?

Even a spoonful of milch-cow's milk is sufficient
What is the use of a pot full of donkey's milk
Even a morsel of food is enough if given with love and devotion
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(3)

Alpudepudu palku aadambaramu gaanu
Sajjanundu palku jalla gaanu
Kanchu mrogunatlu kanakambu mrOgunaa
Viswa daabhi rama vinura vema

Lowly person always boasts ostensibly
Good man speaks in a pleasing manner
Will gold gong like brass
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(4)

Veru purugu chEri vrukshambu cherachunu
Cheeda purugu chEri chettu cheruku

Gutsitundu chEri gunavantu cherukuraa
Viswadaabi rama vinura vema

Root rot infests and kills an old tree
Pest infests and kills the plant
Bad man reaches to spoil a good man
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(5)
Alpa buddhi vani kadhikaramicchina
Doddavari nella dolaga gottu
Jeppu dinedi kukka cheraku teeperugunaa
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

If a mean minded man is given power to rule
He will remove all good men
How can a sandal chewing dog know the sweetness of sugar cane?
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(6)
Yeddukaina gaani yEdaadi telipina
Maata delisi naduchu marmamerigi
Moppe teliyalEdu muppadEndlaku naina
Viswa daabhi rama vinura vema

If a bull is given training for an year
It will understand the word and act accordingly
But a fool fails to obey, even after thirty years of training
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(7)
Yeluka tholu tecchi yEdaadi yutikina
Nalupu nalupE gaani telupu raadu
Koyya bommanu tecchi kottinaa balukunaa
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

If a rat's skin is brought and wash for any time
It will remain just black, but can't become white
If a wooden doll is brought and beaten, will it say anything
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(8)

Paala neediginta groluchu nundena
Manujulella goodi madhyamandru
Nluva dagani chOta niluva nindalu vacchu
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

If one drinks milk sitting at arrack-seller's house
People will gather and accuse him of drinking liquor
If one stands in a wrong place, he will face all blames
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(9)

NeellaOna mosali nigidi yEnugu battu
Bayata gukka chEta bhanga padunu
Sthaana balame gaani tana balimi kaadaya
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

When in water, crocodile goes ahead and catches an elephant
When it comes out, it will be charged even by a dog
It is the strength of place, but not of self,
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(10)

Kulamu lEni vaadu kalimichE velayunu
Kalimi lEnivaadu kalimi digunu
Kulamuganna bhuvini kalimi yekkuvaraa
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

One who is low in caste, shines with his wealth
One's caste too lessens him, when he lacks wealth
More than the caste, wealth counts more in the world
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(11)

Uppu kappurambu nokka polika nundu
Chooda chooda ruchula jaada vEru
Purushulandu punya purushulu veraya
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

Salt and camphor look alike to see
When carefully tested their tastes differ

Among the men great men are different
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(12)

Alanu bugga puttinappudE kshayamounu
Kalanu gaanchu lakshmi kallayagunu
Ilanu bhOgabhaagya mee teeru kaadokO
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

A water bubble on a wave withers sooner it is formed
Wealth seen in a dream disappears in sleep
The way of wealth and affluence in this world is the same
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(13)

Tappulennu vaaru tandopatandambu
Lurvi janulakella nundu tappu
Tappulennu vaaru tama tappu lerugaru
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

Who find faults with others are aplenty
In the world faults lie with every one
Those who find other's fault, fail to realize their own faults
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(14)

Anaga nanaga raga matisayinchu nundu
Dinagadinaga vEmu teeyagundu
Saadhanamula panulu samakooru dharalOna
Viswadabhi rama vinura vema

By rehearsing more and more a tune becomes melodious
By chewing more and more, neem leaves become sweet
By practicing more and more, it becomes easy to do things
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(15)

Anuvukaani chota adhikula manaraadu
Konchaina nadiyu koduva kaadu
Konda addamandu konchemai yundadaa

Viswadaabhi rma vinura vema

Don't claim greatness in an un-favorable place
To remain humble never belittles
Doesn't a mountain appear little in a mirror
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

More Wisdom Of Sumathi

Telugu original: Baddena (1220-1280)

English translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(1)

VeyyAru nadulu jalanidhi
Tiybaka nanisambu galaya tiyyana galadA
Kuyyidu vaniki jnAnamu
Veyyi vidhambulanu delupa vrudharA sumathi

Even if thousands of rivers incessantly flow down
in to the ocean, will its waters turn sweet?
Even when wisdom is imparted in thousand ways
To a wicked, it is futile to reform him, oh man of fair mind

(2)

Videmu seyani norunu
jEdela yadharamruthambu jendani norun
pAdanga rAni nOrunu
bUdida kiruvaina pAdu bondara Sumathi

A mouth that does not chew betel leaves
A mouth that does not relish the nectar of women's lower lips
A mouth that is not adept at singing
Is worth a disused ditch filled with thrown out cinders, oh man of fair mind

Glossary:

(1) Veyyaru = thousands of, Jalanidhi = Ocean, Kuyyidu = Wicked (Telugu colloquial usage 'kuyya gadu' derived from it)

(2) Videmu = betel leaves (Sweet paan) Chedelu = women, Adharamrutambu = nectar of lower lip

Budida = ashes/cinders, Padu bonda = disused ditch (Dust Bin)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Mother's Eyes

Telugu original: Mahe Jabeen

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(Amma Kallu)

jeevita saMbaMdhaM tegipOyaaka
baMdhaalannee baMdhanaalae

kalala Saaluva kappukoni
naannatoe aeDaDugulu naDacinappuDu
ammakaLLu svapna nikshaepaalu

chekkiLLaloe valapu vasaMtaalu paMDiMchi
doesiLLatoe amRtaanni vaDDiMchae
ammakaLLU pikaasoe varNachitraalu

moggalu vicchukunae
rahasyaanni choosina arudaina kshaNaallaa
ammakaLLu adbhutavalayaalu

ippuDu
amma chuTToo aaMkshala saMkeLLu
mounaM aame sahavaasi

vaMTiMTiki jeevitaanni aMkitaM icchina vaeLa
pogabaarina
ammakaLLu adhivaastavika roopaalu

naalugu goaDala madhya
sajeeva samaadhi ayinappuDu
ammakaLLu niSSabda jalapaataalu

aksharaalu telisina amma
nirdaakshiNyaMgaa gaayapaDinappuDu
ammakaLLu bhaashakaMdani bhaavaalu

English Translation:

When the relationship of life is severed

All bonds are mere bondages only

Draping the shawl of dreams around her shoulder
When she walked seven steps with father
Mother's eyes were treasures of dreams

Harvesting springs of romance in her cheeks
When she served cupped hands full of nectar
Mother's eyes were Picasso's paintings

Floral buds bloomed
Like the rare moments which viewed secrets
Mother's eyes were wondrous circles

Now
around mother
Chains of restraints
Silence alone is her companion

In the moment she dedicated her life to the kitchen
Mother's smoke filled eyes were
Surrealistic images

When she remained alive in her grave
Between four walls of her house
Mother's eyes were silent water falls

When well lettered mother
Was felt ungraciously wounded
Mother's eyes were expressions beyond language

(Telugu original published in AMdhraprabha daily September 13,1993)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Mourning A Leader

When a popular leader demised
His fans and admirers amongst the common men lamented grief stricken
They could not forget his help
The ration cards
Emergency ambulance services
Free medical aid
Meager loans on low interest rates
Scholarships to their children
Not able to come out the shock
Hundreds of them died of heart attacks
Tens of them committed suicides
Their deaths found an disinterested inconspicuous mention in media
Their loss of life found scant coverage in remote corners of tabloids space

When a popular leader demised
His pals and followers mourned his loss in the glare of camera lights
They reverently digested his largesse
Coveted cabinet berths
Longed legislature seats
Privileged party posts
Lucrative project contracts
Gainful industry licenses
But not even one of them died of heart attack
None of them even remotely thought of committing suicide
Exhibiting a borrowed grief they issued press statements
Which found prominent coverage in national media
And their crocodile tears dazzled the TV screens all the day

When a tsunami comes
Only the poor and slums on the shore are washed away
But, not the millionaires and mansions facing the shore

When a cyclone occurs
Only cattle, poultry and street dogs die
But, not the pet dogs and thorough-bred stallions

When an old tree falls in forest
Only the squirrels and rabbits get caught and perish
But not the lions and tigers

Poor are the epitome of gratitude
Rich have a bland syndrome of egocentric attitude!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

My Little Friend Is Missing

My little friend is missing
Have any one of you seen her?
My friend since the days of my childhood
Is no more found in my neighbourhood
I search for her every where
But I found here no where
In search of her
I went in to Churches, Temples and Mosques
To look for her
I searched mansions manors bungalows cottages and huts
I went to offices, schools, colleges, barracks and law courts
I found her now where
I no more found her on tree tops, on sea shores, on river banks and hill tops
My friend who was a frequent visitor to my house and my neighbours' places
Has suddenly disappeared
Despite my anxious pursuits and quests she was found no where.
My perky and bustling friend, who was always seen, mingling with finches in the
fields
Has all of a sudden disappeared from my sight
Born in the Mediterranean and traveled all over the world
She was very sociable and often seen in the company of her friends singing
merrily
She was known as Goraiya in Hindi belt
As Kurivi in Tamil Nadu and Kerala
Pretty Pichhuka of Telugu people
Gubbachchi of Kannadigas
Chakli to Gujaratis and Chimani of Maharashtrians
The chirping Chiri of Punjab and Chaer of Jammu and Kashmir
Charai Pakhi of Bengali Babus and Gharachatia of Odiya gudiya
Chirya in chaste Urdu and Jhirki of Sindhis
Yes she is none other than our dear House Sparrow whom scientist called *Passer
domesticus*
She is no more seen dancing in window sills
Her nests are no more found on verandah grills
She is no more found dancing in air with her wings with lovely frills
Chemical pesticides killed her prey in paddy fields and she has starved for food
Increasing predation by crows and cats forced her to run for her life
Modern buildings and disappearing gardens made the world uninhabitable to her
The indiscriminate progression of civilization has shot her with a noxious arrow

Its final death knell was sounded by Cellular towers which is a matter of sorrow
Alas! The children of future generations may not hear its melodious chirps
tomorrow

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

My Master Is A Carpenter

My master is a carpenter
He transformed this lumber log in to a carved chair to be kept in his royal court
My master is a big fisherman
He caught this worthless fish to be kept in his splendid aquarium
My master is a good shepherd
He made me to lie down in green pastures and lead me beside the still waters.
My master is a skilled baker
He gave me the bread of life to enable me to enjoy his eternal bliss
My master is a high skilled potter
He shaped this dirty clay in to his chosen vessel to store his gems of wisdom
My master is a kind husbandman
He tended this unyielding tree with his care and made it give fruit in plenitude
My master is a benevolent banker
He redeemed all my sinful encumbrances and gave me a wealth of grace
My master is a physician and healer
He shall heal all my diseases and lift me up from the pangs of death
My master is a merciful high priest
He himself turned sacrificial lamb to atone all my sins
My master is the highest judge
He sorts out sheep from goats to judge the good and bad
My master is the valiant warrior
He will come down on his white horse to vanquish satanic legions
My master is the king of kings
He will descend with his hosts of angels to take me to his kingdom!

(Written after seeing a car with a sticker which displayed 'my master is a carpenter')

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Nail Sized Flicker Of Lamp

(This lyric written by Dr. C. Narayana Reddy is from the Telugu film 'Gorantha Deepam' (1978) directed by Bapu. Composed by K V Mahadevan, it was rendered by SP Balasubrahmanyam and P. Suseela.)

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

gOranta deepam konDanta velugu
chiguranta aaSa jagamanta velugu

nail sized flicker of lamp gives mount sized light
A shoot like hope makes the world glittery and bright

(1)

kari mabbulu kammE vELa merupu teegE velugu
kAru cheekaTi musirE vELa vEgu chukkE velugu
mati tappina kAkula rodalo mounamE velugu
dahiyinchE bAdhala madhyana sahanamE velugu

when dark clouds are gathered, a ray of lightning gives light
when deep darkness is hovered, the morning star gives light
In the cacophony of crazy crows' cawing, silence is light
In midst of scorching afflictions, perseverance is light

(2)

kaDali naDuma paDava munigitE kaDa daakA eedAli
neeLLu lEni eDAriLO kanneeLLaina tAgi bataKAli
ae tODu lEni nADu nee neeDE neeku tODu
jagamantA dagaa chEsinA chiguranta aaSanu chooDu

when boat sinks in mid sea, one should swim till the end
in waterless desert, survive swallowing even tear drops
when there is no one as cohort, your shadow is your escort
Even if the whole world cheats you, perceive a sprout like hope

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Nanos

NANO is a micro-poetic genre introduced in English in 2005. It is also gaining popularity in other Indian languages and especially in Telugu.

NANOS

young men

cinema

old men

enema

rosy lips

dental clips

fancy chips

fashion tips

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

New Song

(Kotta paata)

Telugu original: Bhaskarabhatla Krishna Rao

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Ika

NE paata paatE paadanaa!

Tirigi

NE paata aatE aadanaa! !

LOkulantaa vollumarachi

LOkamanta sullutirigee

Ningi nundi phellu phelluna

Nippu kanikaly visarutuntE

Paata paatE paadanaa

Paata aatE aadanaa! !

Dappiyantee dalladinchee

Aakalantoo alaminchi

SOshapOvuchu, srukki tEIE

Maanavaalini marachipoyi

Paata paatE paadanaa!

Ika, nE paata AtE aadanaa! !

LokamantE IOtudeliyani

VeluturantE velugu teliyani

Maata yantE mamata teliyani

Maarumoolala mraggipOyi

Tirigi,

Paata paatE paadanaa

Ika, nE paata aatE aadanaa! !

LOkamanta kallu terachee

LOkulantaa vally virachee

Parugu paruguna paruvulettutu

Pagalu rEyee payanamavutE

Ika, paata paatE paadanaa

NE paata aatE aadanaa! !

Chetta pattaal pattukoni

DEsadEsaal vellutuntE
Naadu dEsamu nadakamarachee
Alasi solasee toolutuntE
Tirigi
Paata paatE paadanaa!
Ika, nE paata aatE aadanaa! !

English Translation:

Now
Should I still sing the same old song
Then
Should I still do the same old dance
When all the public forgetting themselves
All the world swirling in whirls and
Throwing from the skies
Those thundering balls of fire
Should I still sing the same old song!
Then
Should I still do the same old dance! !

Forgetting the humanity which is
Worrying and crying thirsty
Crying wryly being hungry
Panting and fainting down
Should I still sing the same old song!
Then
Should I still do the same old dance! !

Forgetting the humanity which
Knows not the depths of the world
Knows not the glow of the light
Knows not the affection of mother
Which languishes in remotest lanes
Should I still sing the same old song
Then
Should I still do the same old dance

When the whole world opens its eyes
All the people flexed their muscles
And run as fast as they can
Traveling around all the day and all night

Yet

Should I still sing the same old song and
Should I still do the same old dance! !

Holding the hand in hand

When all the states are marching ahead
When my nation has forgotten to walk and
Staggered fretting and fuming

Yet

Should I still sing the same old song!

Then

Should I do the same old dance! !

(From the compilation of poems 'Udaya Ghantalu', edited by Telangana
Rachayitala Sangham and published by Vishalandhra Publishing House,
Hyderabad-1)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Our Gandhi

Telugu Original: Basavaraaju Appaa Raavu (13 Dec.1894-19 Jun.1933)

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(This Telugu song 'Kollaayi gattitEnEmi' was very popular during the days of Independence struggle. Basavaraaju Venkata Appaaraavu, was a contemporary of dEvulapalli, nanDoori, raayaprOlu and other well known 'Bhaava kavulu' of Telugu literature) .

Telugu original:

kollaayi gaTTitE nEmii
maagaandhi
kOmatai puTTitE nEmii? ||kollaayi||

venna poosaa manasu
kannatalli prEma
panDanTi mOmupai
brahma tEjassu ||kollaayi||

naalguparakala pilaka
naaTyamaaDE pilaka
naalugoo vEdaala
naaNyamerigina pilaka ||kollaayi||

bOsinOrvippitE
mutyaala tolakarE
cirunavvu navvitE
varahaala varshamE ||kollaayi||

cakacaka naDistEnu
jagati kampincEnu
paluku palikiitEnu
brahmavakkEnu ||kollaayi||

kouSikuDu kshatriyuDu
kaalEda brahmaRushi
nEDu kOmatai biDDa
kooDa brahmarshiye ||kollaayi||

English Translation:

What if he wears a loin-cloth
Our Gandhi
Even if he was born in trader caste?

Butter like heart
Mother like love
On his ripen face
Divine magnificence

Four locks of tuft
Dancing tuft
Four Vedas' grandeur
discerning tuft

When opens his toothless mouth
It is a pearly first rain
And if he gives a little smile
A shower of gold coins

If he walks at fast pace
The world trembles
If he utters a word
It is creator's oracle

Koushika of warrior's caste
Had not become a great sage?
Today a trader's son
Is too a great saint!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Out Of Tune With The Nature (Haiku)

forgotten
borassus leaf fan
stifling summer curse!

summer heat
parched throats
where is water pot?

palmyra leaf hut
long forgotten
cozy cool shelter

Taravani*
discarded summer beverage
of modern telugus

*Taravani in Telugu or 'Tara Amlakanjikam' in Sanskrit is a spirituous beverage prepared from rice gruel. It is useful in fever control and curing hard motions which are the common ailments of summer. It also helps in healing oozing wounds. It combats the intense heat of summer. Taravani is prepared by keeping rice gruel in an earthen pot for few days. In olden days every Telugu home used to have a Taravani Kunda (pot) during summers. Ancient Ayurvedic text 'Charaka Samhitha' and Kautilya's 'Arthasastra' lauded its usefulness.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Pedant

(Chaandasudu)

Telugu original: Narla Venkateswara Rao

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(1)

Kaasta pilaka pettu kraaphingu tO paatu
Pancha katti, kOtu paini todugu
Chaandasametu pOvu sciensu chadivinaa?
Navayugaala baata naarla maata

Put a little tuft along with cropping of hair
Wear dhoti and put on a coat there upon
Despite studying science where will go his pedantry
Modern times' way, Narla's sway

(2)

Vacchi kaaru lOna, phEnu kinda nilachi
Maiku pagulagotti maatalaadi
ChandasOttamundu sciencunu titturaa
Navayugaala baata narla maata

Comes in a car and sits under fan
With his rage of speech, breaks the mike
The greatest pedant criticizes the science
Modern times' way, Narla's sway

(3)

Chandasundu pekku scinesulu chandivinaa
Grahaala shanti koraku ganga munugu
AndhudEmi joochu addaalu pettinaa?
Navayugaala baata naarla maata

Though pedant studies several sciences
He bathes and dips in waters, to pacify celestial bodies
What a blind can see even when wearing glasses
Modern times' way, Narla's sway

(Narala Venkateswara Rao, renowned journalist, writer, rationalist thinker and intellectual had also written Sataka poetry in modern times, though the genre

became popular in 13th and 14th centuries with the advent of the works of
Baddena and Vemana)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Politico

Telugu Original: Narla Venkateswara Rao

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(1)

Panasa tonala kante, pandu maamidi kante
Paanakammu kante, paala kante
Panchadaara kante padaviyE teepiraa
Navayugaala baata naarla maata

More than sheaths of jack fruit, more than ripe mango,
More than sweet syrup, more than milk
More than sugar political position is sweeter
Modern times' way, Narla's sway

(2)

SaanasabhalOna aaseenudainanta
Maananeeyudaina manuvu kaadu
Yeddu nekkinta eesudu kaaduraa!
Navayugaala baata naarla maata

For just being seated in legislative house
One can't become a respectable person
One who mounts a bull can't be the Lord Shiva
Modern times' way, Narla's sway

(3)

Mantrula kedurEgi, mallepoolanu jalli
Pooja sEyanEla, pogadanEla?
Mantrulanaga yevaru? Manaku bhrutulu kaare?
Navayugaala baata naarla maata

Running fast to meet a minister, showering jasmines on him
Why to worship him and praise him?
Who are ministers? Are not they our servants?
Modern times' way, Narla's sway

(4)

Chetavaata kaani chimbOtukainanu
Chanduvu sandhya lEni chavatakaina,

Mantri padavi yanna manasentO putteraa
Navayugaala baata naarala maata

Even for an otiose he-goat, or
For an ignorant and unlettered stupid
The chance of minister's posting so coveted
Modern times' way, Narla's sway
(From Naarla Satakam)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Prayer

Prayer is...

The one to one communication between man and God

A hot line connecting the believer and the Almighty

An umbilical cord uniting the carnal children with divine creator

A distress call for deliverance

An emergency indent for providence

Jesus set an example by beginning and ending his ministry and mission with a prayer

He prayed for forty days in the wilderness soon after he was baptized

He prayed at Gethsemane the final night before he was crucified

He went to the mount to prayer every morning

To save the sinner from the carnal yearning

Prayer empowered him

To heal the sick and lepers

To expel the deadly demons

To feed the starving thousands

Prayer is a time spent alone with God

It is a supplication submitted to God to forgive and spare his rod

It is a petition made for the provisions from heavenly Dad

A prayer is a consultation with God concerning our crucial events of life

A prayer is a cry of the helpless for divine intervention in times of strife

Prayer strengthens the spirit of a dejected neighbour

Prayer tows the ship of life from troubled waters to safe harbour

Prayer ensures respite to all those laden with burdens who jabber and blabber

Prayer gives confidence

Prayer gives obedience

Prayer gives endurance

Prayer gives deliverance

Prayer can be done any where, any time in any state

It has no protocol

It does not need a roll call

It is not a cumbersome rigmarole

Nor a religious hyperbole

It is very, very simple rather

As simple as a child speaks to his/her father!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Rape Of Nature

God created people to be virtuous, but they have each turned to follow their own downward path.

— Ecclesiastes 7: 29, OT, The Holy Bible.

God created man as righteous

But he turned gluttonous and avaricious

He is not just content with fulfilling his need

He turned coveted and craves for everything out of greed

He kills his own brethren with grudge

He fells the trees to make his sledge and hedge

He kills the birds for pleasures

He hunts the animals to while away his leisure

He pollutes the air out of greed

He defiles the water for his creed

The hills, the forests

The brooks, the creeks

The sky, the air

On every thing he sets his ugly eyes and laid his demonic hands

Proliferation of his cars and mo-bikes surging out halfburnt hydrocarbons

Fridges and ACs for his cool comfort emitting hot chlorofluorocarbons

He doesn't care if earth's temperature soars and perforates ozone layer

Advocating for dangerous BT crops, he metamorphosed into their supporting lawyer

Shunning organic manures, he uses chemical pesticides

They killed not just sparrows, but also cause passive genocides

Discarding his traditional cloth bag, he makes polythene hand bags in no dearth

Piling up plastic waste, thwarts ground waters to percolate into earth

He invented computers, mobiles and a plethora of electronic gadgets

Carelessly dumped silicon and nickel cadmium wastes sadly turned for him deadly dragnets

Radio frequencies of his cell towers drives away honey bees

Humanity may have to starve for food due to the lack of pollination freebies

Indiscriminate tapping of ground water by him for industries, beverages and colas

To promote noxious industrial progress, his banks are vying with loan melas

Only concerned with his economics, he has over looked ecology

With his degraded mentality and morality, he thinks not of bio-degradability

Felling trees raping forests

Selling dwellings displacing harvests

Billowing smoke from factory chimneys

Burrowing mines in green woods and hills

Choking ore and coal dust in port city window sills

Millions of cigars and cigarettes coming out of tobacco mills

Unchecked flow of toxic wastes in to water bodies, as he wills

Un-rained clouds, razing cyclones

Rising levels of mercury, parching throats

Failed crops, starved souls

Polythene bags eating cattle

Unchecked sale of liquor bottle

These are the indelible marks of his unforgivable wrong

Oh Man! don't harm the nature any more, or else it will boomerang!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Row Of Ants

(Cheemala baaru)

Telugu original: Potlapalli Rama Rao

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

OhO! Meerekkadiki
O chinni cheemalaara
E seemaku meerEgeda
Ree teeruna baaru gatti?

Ekkadiki! Ekkadiki?
EE samoohamekkadiki
Kayyanika, viyyanika
AyyarE! MeerEguta?

Okarivenuka okaru migula
OrimitO pOyedaru
YevarOyi mimu nadipedi
Ingitagyulinta ghanulu!

EvadO oka nEta IEka
Inta kattudittamugaa
ManushulamE naduvalEmu
Mari mee pOkada chitramu

Panipaatalu nEka meeru
Praalumaari tiragarahO
Yekkadik ee dhaanyamu
Yevarillaku ee yegumathi?

Madi maanyamu IEdu meku
Mari dhyaanyam samakoorturu
KaLLamu koka ginyaina
Kaave kollalu, kollalu

YE yE polamula tirigi
Ee dhaanyamu goorchitiri
Yevadu choope kadu durgama
Maina brudukubaata meeku

Ee vivEka mee podupu
Yeta nErchiro kaani
Ee sikshana manishikunna
Ika IEmulu yekkadivi?

Yevarivadda chadavakanE
Ee viddetu nErchitiri
KOti vidhyalaina tudaku
Kootike gada maakainanu

YEmEmo nErchadalachi
YetaketakO pOyedamu
Kallamandu yepudu tirugu
Ghanula kaavaIEmu gadaa.

Look! Where do you head for
Oh group of small ants
To which land are you going
This way marching in a row?

Where for! Where for?
This massive force is heading
For a quarrel or an alliance
Listen here! where you are heading?

One after one, with utmost
Tolerance going on
Who are they, leading you
This much great, wiser ones!

Without some leader
With this much exactitude
We men, can't even go on
Then, your ways are amazing!

Without any work and cause
You are not of that kind to move aimless
Where do you carry these food grains
To whose abodes are these exports?

You hold no field, nor paddy

Yet you get hold of grains
Even a grain per a thrashing floor
Won't become much so much?

Visiting how many paddy fields
Collected this much of grain
Who has shown this much hard
Way of life to you?

This wisdom, this savings
Where have you learnt, but
If men have this much training
Where shall there be the lacking?

Not learning from any one
How have you learnt these skills
Even to us, acquiring crores of skills,
Is just to get a morsel of food at last

To acquire diverse talents
We go near and far
But we can never become
The great creatures always move before our own eyes

(From the compilation of poems 'Udaya Ghantalu', edited by Telangana
Rachayitala Sangham and published by Vishalandhra Publishing House,
Hyderabad-1)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Sage

(Rishi)

Telugu original: Aarudra (31-08-1925 – 04-06-1998)

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Paapaala kubusam viDichina
Paamu laanTi vaaDu Rushi
Paripakvamaina anubhavaale
Atani paDagameeda maNi

Sage is one who gives-up sin
Like a serpent which sheds its skin
His ripened experiences hem
Like cobra's hood gem

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Sea Change

Sweet smile
Adoring look
Inexpensive gift
Red rose
Romantic hum
Love letter
The aids of an old time lover those days

Accosting
Intimidation
Black-mailing
Acid bottle
Knife stabs
Mail hacking
The arms of new age lover these days

Male chauvinist derives devilish delight these days
Chasing and tormenting innocent girls in several ways
Oh Lord, as long as this epidemic remains unabated
Please block the word 'love' the from humanity's lexicon in your hold

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

She

Telugu original: Dr Bezwada Gopala Reddy
English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(1)

Aame kESa baMdhAlu
Cheekati vaagulu
Kurula vuMgarAlu alalu

Her plaited tresses
Dark streams
Hair curls, waves

(2)

Sagamu jaarina koMgu
gaalilO yegurutOmdi
manmadhditO rAjIki
yettE tella jendAIA

half fallen sari hem
dangling in air
like the white flag hoisted
for truce with cupid

(3)

hatASayaina nateemaNini
okanAti aMdAla rANini
aMdarikanna minnaga nuMDina abhimAna tAranu
jeevitaMu
yendamAvula maidAnamani
iMdradhanassula AkASamani
sAle purugula sannani gooDani
yennaDu anukoni vuMDa IEdu
Ame

I was a distraught actress
Yester years' beauty queen
An adored star greater than all.
Life
A plane of mirages

The firmament of rainbows
A thin web of spiders
She never might have pondered

(From the poet's Telugu book 'Sahitya Sundari' published by Andhra Saraswatha Parishat, Hyderabad in 1980)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Sing On Oh Indian

(The famous song 'paadavoyi bharateeyuda' from the Telugu movie 'Velugu Needalu' was written by Sri Sri and was rendered by Ghantasala and P. Suseela)

Telugu original:

Paadavoye Bhaarathiyudaa
Aadi paadavoye vijaya geethika
Nede swatantrya dinam veerula tyaga phalam
Nede navodayam Nede Aanandam " Pada"
Swatantryam vachhenani sabhale chesi sambarapadagaane saripodoye
Saadhinchinadaaniki samtrupthini pondi ade vijayamanukunte porapaatoye
Aagakoye Bhaarathiyudaa kadali saagavoye pragathi daarulaa " Aaga"
Aakaasam andukune dharalokavaipu adupuleni nirudyogam inkoka vaipu,
avineethi
Bandhu preethi cheekati bazaar alamukunna nee deesam yetu digazaaru
Kanchavoye neti dusthithi edirinchavoye ee parishtithi " Kancha"
Padavi vyamohaalu kulamatha bhedaalu bhaashaa dweshaalu chelarege nedu
prathi manishi mariokadini dochukune vaade, tana soukhyam tana bhaagyam
chusukune vade.
swaardhame anardha kaaranam adi champukonute kshemadaayakam
sama samaaja nirmaanname nee dhyeyam sakala janula sowbhaagyame nee
lakshyam - 2
Lokaaniki mana bhaaratha desam andinchunu le subha sandesham _ 2

English Translation: .

Oh Indian sing a song
Dance and sing a triumphal song with a bang
To day is our independence day
Fruit of freedom fighters' sacrificial sway
Today is a new dawn of jubilation
Today is elation
It is not adequate to rejoice celebrating the hard earned freedom
It is not correct to be content with the triumphs random
Don't stop oh Indian, go on and march in the paths of progressive fathom
Sky rocketing prices are on one side
Uncontained unemployment on another side
Corruption, nepotism and black-marketing
Are stooping down your nation, where it is heading?

Excogitate today's pathetic plight
Combat the hitch with a valiant fight
Power hungry political shifts
Caste and religious rifts
Lingual abhorrent parting ways
Are raging rampant these days
Every one exploits his own fellow human
Seeking his own comfort and riches in mad selfish run
Egotism is frantically chaotic
To over come it is blissful and altruistic
To the world should give our India
A gospel to abhor selfish mania!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Sing On, Spinning Wheel

(PaaDavE RaaTnamaa)

(With the clarion call given by Gandhiji many intellectuals and poets plunged into Indian freedom struggle. As part of strategy to discourage the use of foreign goods, Gandhiji encouraged Indians to wear the home spun cotton (Khadi) . This song was a popular song written by Kavikokila Duvvuri Rami Reddy, glorifying the khadi and spinning wheel)

Telugu original: KavikOkila Duvvuri Raami Reddy(1895-1947)

Telugu translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

poddu poDupoo chukka poDichindi raaTnamaa
gooLLaIO pakshulu koosEnu raaTnamaa
aruNakiraNaalatO aaTalaadeEnoolu
tammikaaDalalOni tantulanTEnoolu
manciniiLLallOna maRagipoyyEnoolu
saaliiDupOgutO sarasamaadeEnoolu
gaalitaragalalOna tElipoyyEnoolu
vaDakavE raaTnamaa vajraaladoodi
naDapavE raaTnamaa nakshatraviidhi,

poddu poDupoo cukka poDicindi raaTnamaa
gooLLaIO pakshulu koosEnu raaTnamaa

muddulolke paaTa mutyaalapaaTa
paruvunilpEpaata bangaarupaaTa
mattumaapEpaata madhurampupaaTa
nidralEpE paaTa niddampu paaTa
kaDupu nimpEpaata kanikarapupaaTa
paaDavE raaTnamaa Baavi Baaratamu
aaDavEraaTnamaa aandhra naaTakamu

poddu poDupoo cukka poDicindi raaTnamaa
gooLLaIO pakshulu koosEnu raaTnamaa

kaTTa guDDaaleka kaTakaTaa paDucu
kuDuva kooDoo lEka goDu goDanunu
daasya vaaraaSiO darigaana lEka
bedari bedarii coocu piriikipandalanu

aatmanindala tODa naDalU bElalanu
purikolpa SanKambu poorinci lEpi
tippavE raaTnamaa dESa cakrambu
vippavE raaTnamaa vijaya kEtanamu-

Translation:

morning star appeared, Oh spinning wheel
birds in nests chirped, Oh spinning wheel
the cotton thread that plays with the rays of dawn
the cotton thread which looks like the fiber of floral stem
the cotton thread that gets boiled in water
the cotton thread that caresses the spider's web strand
the cotton thread that floats in waves of the breeze
spin Oh spinning wheel the gem like cotton
haul on Oh spinning wheel in celestial street
morning star appeared, Oh spinning wheel
birds in nests chirped, Oh spinning wheel
lovely song, pearly song
status keeping song, golden song
stupor expelling song, melodious song
slumber driving out song, sturdy song
stomach filling song, compassionate song
sing on Oh spinning wheel, of tomorrow's India
perform Oh spinning wheel, Andhra's stage show
morning star appeared, Oh spinning wheel
birds in nests chirped, Oh spinning wheel
with no clothes to wear, singing distraught
with no food to eat, lamenting with grief
not able to find the shore, in the sea of slavery
startled and scared looking towards
simpletons languishing in self blaming
to stimulate them, to get up and blow the conch shell
twirl Oh spinning wheel, the nation's wheel
unfurl, Oh spinning wheel, victorious ensign

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Sparks-Dews

(Spulingalu-Tusharalu)

Telugu original: Dr. Bezawada Gopala Reddy

English translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(1)

prEma gulAbee theevalO
yenni mettani rEkulunnayO
anni moraTu mulloo unnaayi
yenni kavvimpulO, anni nishEdhaalu

On a branch of love rose plant,
As many soft petals,
Those much crude prickles.
As many provocations, those much proscriptions

(2)

kOta cheekatlu
nallani mrOkulatO
suryuni tErunu
venukaku lAgalEvu
lakshala chali kaalaalu
Amani rAkanu ApalEvu

Trillions of dark shadows
Holding black ropes
Can't pull back
Chariots of Sun.
Millions of winter seasons
Can't stop the advent of spring

(3)

astamiMchadaanikE udayistAdu suryuDu
vaadi pODAnikE poostAyi poolu
samasipOvadaanikE lEstuMdi ala
chacchuTakE pudtAdu manishi

Only to set in dusk, rises Sun
To wither only, blossom flowers

To plummet only, rises wave
To die only, takes birth a man

(4)

yEnugulu yekkina yElikalu
pallakeelu yekkina pattapu raaNulu
kaarulaO kekkina kOteeswarulu
nara bhujAlu yekki aMtima yAtra chEstunnAru

Emperors saddled on elephants
Queens journeyed on palanquins
Millionaires traveled in cars
Are at last, climbing men's shoulders for their funeral procession!

(ada Gopala Reddy (August 5,1907– March 9,1997) was a politician and poet. He was Chief Minister of Andhra State (28 March 1955–1 November 1956) and Governor of Uttar Pradesh (1 May 1967–1 July 1972) . These poems are from his 'Sphulingaalu-Tushaaraalu' [Sparks-dews], published by Andhra Saraswatha Parishat, Tilak Road, Hyderabad-1 [1984])

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Story Of Flute

STORY OF FLUTE

(Ye swasalo cherite)

Telugu original: Sirivennela Sitarama Sastry

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(Song from the Telugu movie 'NenuNanu' (2004) , rendered by K S Chitra and composed by M M Keeravani)

ye shwaasa lo cherite gaali gaandharvamavutunnado
ye movipai vaalite mouname mantramavutunnado
aa swasalo ne leenamai
aa movipai ne mounamai
ninu cherani maadhavaa.. aa.. aa..*

1.

munulaku teliyani japamulu jaripinadaa.... muraLI sakhi
venukaTi bratukuna chesina punyamidaa
tanuvunu niluvuna tolichina gaayamune tana janmaki*
taragani varamula sirulani talachinadaa
kRshnaa ninnu cherindi ashTaaksharigaa maarindi*
elaa inta pennidhi veduru taanu pondindi
venu maadhavaa nee sannidhi

2.

challani nee chirunavvulu kanabaDaka kanupaapaki
nalu vaipula naDi raatiri eduravadaa
allana nee aDugula saDi vinabaDaka hRdayaaniki
alajaDito aNuvaNuvu taDabaDadaa
nuvve naDupu paadamidi
nuvve meeTu naadamidi*
nivaaLigaa naa madi nivedinchu nimushamidi*
venu maadhavaa nee sannidhi*
raadhikaa hRudaya raagaanjali*
nee paadamula vraalu kusumaanjali
ee geetaanjali

English Translation:

By engrossed in whose breath, air transforms into the tune of gandharvam
By landing on whose lip, silence transforms into a divine chant

By immersed in that breath
Let me become the silence on that lip
Let me reach you Madhava

1.

What prayers had the flute made
which were not known even to the sages
Is it the good deeds done in her past life,
that made her to construe the holed bruises chiseled all over her body
as the undiminished bounty of boons in her life?
She reached you and turned into a chant of eight syllables
How could gain, a bamboo stick such great riches
How could she attain a place before your divine presence

2

If your cool soothing smiles are not found
wouldn't a dark night be encountered in all four corners?
If the sounds of your foot steps are not heard by heart
wouldn't every inch in body tremble in anxious vexation
This is the foot which you made to walk
This is the moment, I offer my heart as tribute
Oh Venumadhava in your holy presence,
this song of Radhika's heart
is the floral tribute showered on your feet
this song.. a singing tribute.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Sweet Sugar Lolly Doll

Telugu Original: Chandra Bose

Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(This is the translation of Telugu lyric ' panchadaara bomma bomma..' written by Chandra Bose which was picturized in super hit Telugu movie 'Magadheera' as a duet between the hero and heroine. The much popularized duet was sung by Anooj Guruwara and Rita and the music composed by M M Keeravani)

Telugu original:

Panchadara bomma bomma
PattukO vaddanakamma
Manchu poola komma komma
Muttukovaddanakamma
ChEtinE taakoddantE chentakE raavaddantE
YEmavutanamma
Ninnu pondetandukE puttane gumma
Nuvvu andaka potE vrudhaa ee janma

Puvvu paina cheyyestE kasiri nannu tittindE
Pasidi puvvu nuvvani pampindE
Nuvvu raaku naa ventaaye
Puvvu chuttoo mulluntaay
AntukuntE mantE vollantaa
Teegapaina cheyyeste titti nannu nettindE
Merupu teega nuvvani pampindE
Merupu venta urumantaa
Urumu venta varadantaanE
Varadalaagaa maaritE muppantaa
Varadainaa varamani bharistaanamma
Munakaina sukhamani mudEstaanamma

Gaali ninnu taakindi nEla ninnu taakindi
NEnu ninnu taakitE tappa
Gaali oopirayyindi
NEla nannu nadipindi
Yevitantaa neeloni goppaa
Velugu ninnu taakindi
Chinuku kooda taakindi

Pakshapaata menduku naapainaa
Velugu daari choopindi
Chinuku laala posindi
VaaitiOna pOlika neekElaa
Avi batikinappudE tOduntaayamma
Nee chitilo tOdai nEnostaanamma

English Translation:

Sweet sugar lolly doll
Don't say hold me not
Snow flowers like my gal
Don't say touch me not
When you deny me to touch you with my hand
When you prevent me to come near oh my heart
What will I become at last
I was born to make you as my wife
If you are not in my reach, waste is this life

When I laid my hand on flower, she cursed and abused me
Describing you as a golden bloom, she sent me away from her

Don't come after me
Thorn strewn around flowers
If you dare to touch it, twinge will creep all over your body

When I laid my hand on a creeper, she cursed and threw me out
Describing you as flash of lightning, she sent me away from her

Thunder follows lightning flash
Thunder followed by rain lash
It is perilous for you, if it turns in to a torrent
I shall deem it a boon
Even if it is a surging rain
I shall find solace in drowning
To tie the knot, oh my darling

Breeze touches you
Earth touches you
If I touch you what is wrong?

Breeze turns into breath in my life

Earth leads me in my strife
Tell me what is great in you?
Light touched you
Shower too touched you
Why is this prejudice on me?
Light shows me the way
Shower bathes me
Why to compare you with them?
Those will be with only when you live
I shall follow you even in your pyres, my dove.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Telugu Haiku

(I intend to introduce Telugu Haiku to members of PH. In Telugu, Haiku denotes both Haiku and Senryu. While writing Telugu Haiku, poets attached more importance to the expression of thought than the prescribed technicalities like conforming to kigo and writing the verse in present tense etc. Telugu Haiku is a budding literary form and here I endeavour to translate some of the verses of the active Telugu Haiku writers)

(1)

KonEru KaMta
KaluvalatO mustAbu
PriyudevarO

Pond maid
Adorn lotus flowers
Who is lover?

(2)

Ponchi vuntundi
needallE maraNam
jeevaM venukE

Lurks
Death like shadow
Behind life

(Talathoti Prithvi Raj)

(3)

AaTaIO
OdipoyAnu
aA pasivAdi navvu chUdAlani

In game
I accede defeat
To see boy's smile

(B. Venkata Rao)

(4)

Tallulu mugguru
aMduvallE rAmudu
Eka patnE vratudu

Three mothers
So Rama
Embraced one wife

(5)

ArtisTO
ScientistO taruvAta
Mundu nuvvu manishivi kA

Artist or Scientist later
First you become
Human

(6)

Viswa mAnavuDu
Porugu vaadito
nityaM tagAdA

Universal man
With his neighbour
Always quarrel

(Dr. Kasala Nagabhushanam)

(7)

Kalam kAgitam
Kalala nEstAlu
Ivi kalustE kAvyAlu

Pen and paper
Friends of dreams
When they meet....epics

(8)

Raitu kashTam

monnaTidAka yendiMdi
nEDu munigiMdi

peasant's toil
till day before dried
today drowned

(Duvva Ratnakar)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Telugu Warrior, Arise!

Telugu veera levara)

Telugu original: Sri Sri

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Telugu veera lEvaraa... deeksha booni saagaraa
DEsamaata svEccha kOri tirigubaatu chEyaraa
DaaruNa maaraNa kaandaku talladilla vadduraa
Neethi lEni saasanaalu nEti nundi radduraa
Nuduravaddu.. bedara vaddu... ningi neeku haddu raa

Yevadu vaadu..yechati vaadu...itu vacchina tellavaadu
Kanda balam, gunde balam kabalinchina dundageedu
Maana dhanam, praana dhanam dOchukonE donga vaadu
Tagina saasti cheyya raa... tarimi tarimi kotta raa

Iee desam iee raajyam naadE ani chaatinchi
Prati manishi todalugotti, srunkhalaalu pagulagotti
Churakattulu paduni petti, tudi samaram modalu petti
Simhaalai garjinchaali
Samhaaram saaginchaali
VandE maataram.. vandE maataram
Oh..swaatantr veerudaa
Swaraajya baaludaa—alluri seta rama raja
AndukO maa pooja landukO raja
Tellaa vaadi gundello nidurinchinavaadaa
Maa nidurinchina pourushanni ragilinchina vaada
Tyaagale varistaam, kashtaale bharistaam
Nirbhayamuga.. nischayamuga.. nee ventE nadustaam
Nee ventE nadustam...Nee ventE nastaaam

English Translation:

Telugu warrior, arise
Take the vow and march ahead
Crave to liberate mother land and
Make a rebellious revolt

Don't stagger yielding to the vicious deadly deeds

Dissipated statutes shall be interdicted from today
slumber not..
stumble not
Sky is your limit

who is he?
Where from he?
The white man who came here.
The scamp who gulps down
Our strength of muscle and heart!
The robber who filches our
Wealth of moral fiber and spirit of life
Give a befitting retort
Drive him away in revolt

This country
This nation
Proclaim that it is mine
Every man fling a challenge and
Unfetter the manacles
Sharpen your daggers and
Embark on final battle
Roar like lions and
Raze the enemy lines
Hail mother land
Hail mother land
Oh! warrior of freedom
Child of Freeland... Alluri Seeta Rama Raja
Accept our adulations.
Oh! the one who slept in white man's heart in mutinous manner
Oh! the one who rekindled our snoozing valor
We shall embrace sacrifices
We shall endure sufferings
Indeed, intrepid, we shall walk behind you
We shall walk behind you.
We shall walk behind you.

(Sri Sri composed this song for the Telugu patriotic movie 'Alluri Seetarama Raju' produced and acted by Hero Krishna)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Thanks

(This Telugu poem 'Thanks' written by Paatibandla Rajani was published in Telugu Daily 'Andhra Jyothi' Sunday literary suppliment 'vividha' 21st September,2009 which is translated into English here)

Telugu Original: Paatibandla Rajani

AntE nantaavaa Aarya putra?
Ante ayyuntundiE
Kuracha dustulu vEsukunnandukE
Raavnudalaa seetanu mohinchi vuntaadu
Droupadi swim suit choosina taapaanikE
Keechakudu chera patti vuntaadu
Ardha nagna vastra dhaaranatOnE ahalya
Surapati mati pOgotti vuntundi
Ante ayyuntundi
Antaku minchi yEmannaa—
AbhandamE antaavu nuvvu
Yugayugaalugaa perugutunna magadanaaniki
Kaavali kaastunna manu dharmam
KOdali aatma gouravam maatE marachi
Atta kottadam nEram kaadani selavicchina vela
Tripatnee pariveShtitudaina naayakudi kaalmokki
Kumaaritam shOdhana pErita
Antarangika gataanni talkO cheyyi vEsi
Tavvi pOstunna ee nELapai
Rendu chevula Madhya nunnadi kaaka
Rendu kaaLLa Madhya kendramE disaa nirdhesam chestundagaa
Maanavatvaaniki vEsE Uri
Magasirigaa murisE vayagraa nEraa!
MEka pilla yE neeru taaginaa
Yeguva neerE yengilayyE pravaahaalu
Mee medaLLaLO inkaa jeeva nadulugaa vunnayani
Aritaaku mulloo tummeda madhuvoo
Padabandhaalanu mindhi
Visruta moutunna maanava sambandhaala nunchi
Aksharmainaa nErvalEdani
Nuvvu niroopinchaaka koodaa
NikamE!

Yenni kodavaLLani padunu pettagalam baaboo?
Okka vEtuku veyyi maanulu narikE
Kotta aayudham kanipedataam gaani!

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Is it so, offspring of Arya?
Perhaps that may be so
For, she was clad in diminutive garb
Ravana might have hankered after Sita
In the bated hot breath of finding Draupadi in a swin suit
Keechaka might have attempted to enrage her modesty
In her half naked get-up Ahalya
Might have blown off the mind of the king of heavenly gods
That might be correct
If I say anything more than that...
You would accuse it is a mere blame-game
Manu dharma which is on sentry duty of preserving
The fattened male chauvinistic hegemony soaring high since ages
Disregarded the concern of the daughter-in-law's self respect
And ruled out that mother-in-law's thrashing is not a criminal offence
In this pious land where the feet of the Leader who shamelessly flaunts three
wives are respectfully touched,
Each one dares to lay a hand to dig out the confidential antecedents of
womanhood
In the name of virginity test
While the thing between two legs alone sets a direction
Instead of the one between two ears that ought to be
The gallows to the humanity
Is indeed the viagra that is bragged as virility!
If the myths are still flowing as perennial rivers in your perverted mindset
Portraying that the upward stream currents get defiled
Even if a kid drinks water down stream
Even after you proved beyond doubt that
You can not learn even an iota from the ever expanding human relations
Beyond the archaic similes and metaphors of Banana leaf-thorn, black-bee and
booze
Yes, it is true,
How many sickles can we sharpen oh man?
Except inventing a new weapon
Which can slash thousand tree trunks at one go!

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Vemana's Wisdom

VEMANA'S WISDOM

Kumaragiri Vemareddy (1352-1430) popularly known as Vemana was a 14th century Telugu poet and social reformer. His poems were written in the popular vernacular of Telugu, and are known for their use of simple language and native idioms. His poems discuss the subjects of wisdom and morality. He is popularly called Yogi Vemana, in recognition of his success in the path of Yoga. The following are the English translations of few of his Telugu poems)

(1)

Kallalaadu vani gramakarta yerugu
Satyamaadu vani swamy yerugu
Bedda tindibotu bendlaamenrunga
Viswadaabhirama vinuravema

Village head knows the ways of a liar
God identifies the man who is truthful and fair
Glutton's wife can alone gauge her hubby's appetite
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(2)

Anni daanamula kannu anna daaname goppa
Kanna talli kannu ghanamu ledu
Yenna guruni kannu yekkuva ledayaa
Viswadabhi rama vinura vema

Among all generous things giving food to the starved is great
None is greater than the mother who gives birth
When compared no one can be found above the teacher
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing everything

(3) Champa dagina yatti shatruvu tana cheta
jikkini geedu seyaradu
posaga melu chesi pommanute chalu
viswadabhirama vinura vema

When an enemy is captured who deserves to be killed
Let him not be harmed

It is better to do him good and let him go
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing everything

(4)

Vittamu gala vani veepuna pundaina
Vasudhalona jaala varta tecchu
Bedavaani inta bendlayina nerugaru
Viswadabhi rama vinura vema

A mere wound on a wealthy man's shoulder
Becomes a great news in the world
But even a marriage in a poor man's house goes un-noticed
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing everything

(5)

Cheppulona rayi, cheviloni joreega,
Kantiloni nalusu, gali mullu
Nintiloni poru nintanta gaadaya
Viswadabhi rama vinura vema

A piece of stone in sandal, disturbance of gad-fly in ear,
A speck of dust in eye, thorn in the foot
Discord with spouse at home are indescribable woes
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing everything

(6)

Tirumalaku bova duraka dasari kaadu
Kasi kega bandi gajamu gaadu
Kukka singamagune godavariki bova
Viswadabhirama vinura vema

Going to Tirumala, a muslim can't become a Vishnu devotee
When gone to Kasi, a pig can't become an elephant
Will a dog become a lion when it visits Godavary river?
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing worldly lusts

(7)

Paraga rati gundu bagula gottaga vacchu
Gondalanni pindi gottavacchu

Kathina chittu manasu karaginchagaa raadu
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

Even a hard rock can be broken
Hills also can be pound into dust
But, a hard hearted man can't be mellowed down
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing worldly lusts

(8)

aapadala vela narasi bandhula joodu
bhayamu vela joodu bantutanamu
pedavela joodu pendlaamu gunamu
viswadaabhiraama vinura vema

In the times of distress and need, see the real affection of relative
In the times of danger, one's real valour can be found
In the times of penury, wife's real love can be found
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing worldly lusts

(9)

mrucchu gudiki boyi mudivippune gaani
posaga swamy joochi mrokka datadu
kukka illu jocchi kundalu vedukada?
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

When a thief goes to a temple, he plunders the offering box
But he does not worship the God with devotion
When a street dog enters a house, it just searches the pots for food
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing worldly lusts

(10)

antarangamandu naparadhamulu sesi
manchivaani valene manujudundu
itarulerugakunna neeswaruderugadaa?
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

Committing sins and transgressions in heart
A man pretends to be a good man
If others fail to realize it, won't God realize it?

Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing worldly lusts

Vemana's Wisdom (3)

(11)

gaaju kuppelona gadavaka deepambu
dettulundu gnana mattulundu
telisinatti vaari dehambulanduna
viswadabhi rama vinuravema

As the flame burns steadily in the glass dome of a lantern
Wisdom and knowledge also indwells placidly
In the flesh and soul of wise men
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing worldly lusts

(12)

Talliyunnappude tanadu gaaraabamu
Lame povadannu narayurevaru
Manchi kaalamapude maryaada naarjimpu
Viswadaabhiraama vinura vema

When mother is alive the child gets love and affection
When she dies no one caresses him
When good times exist one should earn respect
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing worldly lusts

(13)

Adugakardhamicchunatadu brahma gnaani
Aduga nardhamicchunatadu tyagi
Aduganeeyaleni yatadu penu lobhi
Viswadaabhiramma vinura vema

One who gives largesse even before one requests, is divinely wise
One who helps others in response to a request is generous
One who does not heed to the request of needy is a great miser
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing worldly lusts

(14)

Appu leni vaadu adhika sampannudu
Tappuneni vaadu dharani leru
Goppa leni buddhi konchemai povura
Viswadabhi rama vinura vema

One who has no debts is the wealthiest
One who errs not, does not exist in the world
Thoughts that are not lofty, makes one ignoble
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing worldly lusts

(15)

Bahula kaavyamulanu barikimpagaa vaacchu
Bahula sabdha chayam balukavacchu
Sahana mokkoatabba jaala kashtamburaa
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

It may be easy to read many literary texts
It also may be easy to speak many things
But it is not so easy to acquire forbearance
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing worldly lusts

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Vemana's Wisdom (5)

Telugu Original: Vemana

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(1)

Mruga madambu chooda meeda nallaga nundu
Baridhavillu daani parimalambu
Guruvulaina vaari gunamu leelaaguraa
Viswadaabhirama vinuravema

When musk is seen, so black it appears
But its fragrance spreads in four corners
Magnitude of the learned men too spreads in similar manner
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(2)

VEmu chakka dinna visa rOgamulu pOyi
Dehakaanti kalgu dridhata kalgu
Tinaga tinaga nadiye teeyaga nunduraa
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

If Margosa leaves are consumed with relish, all diseases are cured,
Radiant skin and much strength are too gained
If eaten again and again, it becomes so sweet
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(3)

Pappu lEni koodu parulakasahyambu
NappulEni vaade yadhikabaludu
Muppuleni vaaade modati sujnaniraa
Viswadaabhirama vinura vema

Food with out cooked pulses is not savored by guests
A man without loans is the strongest
One who avoids dangers is the utmost wisest
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(4)

Anna maruga natani kannambu pettina
paaravEyu daani phalitamEmi
dhanikunaku nosagu daanamulatuvale
viswadaabhiraama vinura vema

If food is given to one who suffers indigestion
What is its use, he shall throw it away,
Largesse heaped on a rich man is of similar way
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(5)

Gunavantunaku mElu gOranta chEsina
Konda yagunu vaani gunamu chEta
Kodayanta mElu guna heenuderuguna
Viswadaadbhi rama vinura vema

Even if a little help is done to a great man
It becomes great to him, due to his decent traits
Will a mean person know the value of great help
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Vemana's Wisdom(6)

Telugu original: Vemana

English translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(1)

Ramudokadu puti ravi kulamidErche
Kurupathi janiyinchi kulamu jeriche
Ilanu bunya papa meelagu kaadokO
Viswadaabhiraama vinura vema

Born in Surya dynasty Rama brought fame to the clan
Hailing in Kuru dynasty, Duryodhana brought disrepute to his kin
Sacredness and sinfulness prevail in this world in that manner!
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(2)

Praapti galugu chOta phalamicchu daivambu
Praapti IEni chOta phalamu IEdu
Praapti IEka pasidi paramaatmu dicchunaa
Viswadaabhiraama vinura vema

When destined to be blessed God gives the fruit
Where it is not destined to be blessed, it won't fructify
When not destined to be blessed, will God give Gold and riches?
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(3)

Nindu nadulu paaru gambheeramai
Verri vaagu paaru vEgaborli
Apludaadu reeti nadhikundu naadunaa
Viswadaabhiraama vinura vema

Full rivers flow in a profound solemnity
Gushing gutter flows with rumbling noise
Like a scoffing fool, a great man can live?
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(4)

Chippa badda swathi chinuku mutyambayi
Neeta badda chinuku neeta galise
Brapti galgu chOta phalamEla tappuraa?
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

Rain dropp fallen in oyster shell turns in to a pearl
Rain dropp fallen into water drains out in the swirl
When destined to be blessed, how can one miss the fruit?
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(5)

MEdi pandu chooda mElimai yunduni
Potta vippi choodu purugulundu
Biriki vaani madini binkamElaaguraa
Viswadaabhi rama virunravema

When fig fruit is seen it looks so beautiful
When opened and seen in, worms are full
In a coward's heart, how there can be courage?
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Vemana's Wisdom(7)

Telugu original: Vemana

English translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(1)

Palu todavalu¹ vEru bangaara mokkaati
Baraga ghatamulu² vEru praana³ mokati
Araya tindlu vEru yaakali⁴ okkati
Viswadaabhirama vinura vema

Various ornaments¹ are different, but gold is same
When pondered, vessels (bodies) ² are different, but spirit(life) ³ is same
To satisfy hunger foods are different, but hunger⁴ is same
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(2)

Anuvu¹ lOna nundu nakhila jagambulu²
Anuvu tanadu lOna adagi³ yundu
Manasu nilpu narudu mari mukti⁴ chEruraa
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema

In an atom¹ is hidden life of all the worlds²
Yet the atom remains meek³ in herself
The man who minds his thoughts would attain spiritual deliverance⁴
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(3)

Eruka lEni doralu¹ nennaalu golichina
BratukulEdu vatti bhraanti² kaani
Goddutaavu³ palu goritE cEpuna
Viswadaabhirama vinuravema

Serving apathetic masters¹ for any number of years
Won't give any source of life, except mere delusion²
If a barren cow³ is asked for milk, can it oblige and give
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(4)

Paalu neeru galipi pasidi¹ kammu narudu
Vani vEru yEyu pakshi yokati
Araya narulakanna² naa hamsay^{E3} minna
Viswadaabhi rama vinuravema
Water is mixed in milk to earn golden¹ gains
But a bird can separate water from milk
When pondered, that swan³ would look better than human²
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

(5)

Vemu¹ paaluposi premat^O benchina
chEdu virigi teepi chendab^{Odu}
Ogu² nOge gaka yuchitajnu³ detulaunu
Viswadaabhi rama vinura vema
If a margosa¹ tree is nurtured by pouring milk instead of water
It won't get sweetness shedding its bitter taste
A wicked² remains wicked, but never can be righteous³
Listen Vema, who attained bliss by renouncing every thing

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Visionary

(SwaapnikuDu)

Telugu original: Dasaradhi

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Pandulu vindulu chEsukunE choTa
naMdi vvardhanaM poolu poostaayata
durghaMdam durbharaMgA unna chOTa
sugaMdha maarutaalu veestaayaTa
rEpu meeda viSwaasaM unna nEnu
nEdu yelA unnA bharistaanu
muruki kaaluva prakkana kUrchunna nEnu
sura nadee parisaraalu Oohistaanu
kuTrala krutrimaala ukku chaTram
kooli mukka chekkaloutMndani nammutunnaa
satya, dayaa, SaMtaala dharma chakraM
nityaM paribhramustuMdani viswasistunnaa
GoMgalee purugulaa vikaaramaina pEdalu
raMgula seetaakOka chilakaLLA vikasistaaru
kalaM balaM tO jeeviMchaalanukunna vaaru
kala nijamayyE rOjulu choostaaru

Where swines dine
There Jasminum blossoms will bloom
Where pungent stench is horrendous
There whiff of sweet breeze will blow
I, who have faith on tomorrow
Will tolerate today, how worse it may be
I, who squat beside dirty gutter
Will visualize surrounds of divine river
I believe, the steel frame of sabotages and artificialities
Will crumple down and shatter into splinters
I trust, the just wheel of truth, kindness and peace
Shall veer for ever and ever.
The poor who appear hideous like caterpillars
Will metamorphose into colourful butterflies
Those who wish to live by the strength of stylus
Will perceive their dream realized days

(Daasaradhi Krishnamacharyulu (1927-1987) is a popular Telugu Poet and Writer. A recipient of Sahitya Akademi Award for his poetic work book Thimiramtho Samaram (Fight against Darkness) in 1974, he was chosen as Aasthana Kavi (Poet laureate) of the Andhra Pradesh Government)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

What Is The Caste Of Breeze?

(Famous cine song 'gaaliki kulamedi' from the NTR starred Telugu movie 'Karna' released in 1964 was written by Dr. C. Narayana Reddy. Composed by MS Viswanathan and Rama Murthy it was rendered by P. Suseela. I thank my literary friend Ms. Latha Ganti, who emailed me this Telugu lyric and encouraged me to translate it)

Galiki kulamEdI
gaaliki kulamEdI yEdi nElaku kulamEdI
gaaliki kulamEdI
gaaliki kulamEdI yEdi nElaku kulamEdI
mintki marugEdI yEdi
mintki marugEdI yEdi
kaantiki nelavEdI
paalaku okaTE aaa aa aaa
paalaku okaTE telivaraNam idi pratibaku kaladaa kalabEdam
veerulakenduku kulabhEdam
adi manasula cheelchedu matabhEdam
jagamuna esamE
jagamuna esamE migulunuleE adi yugamulakaina cheddaraduleE
daivam neelO nilichunuleE
dharmam neetO naDachunuleE
dharmam neetO naDachunuleE

What is the caste of breeze
What is the caste of breeze
Come show, what is the caste of earth
What swathes the bright sky
What is the source of light ray
Milk bears only white tint
Does merit differ in talent
Why warriors lack caste amity
That is heart rending faith-hostility
Fame alone remains in the world
That can not be shattered for ages forward
Almighty indwells in you
rectitude shall saunter with you

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Will You Give Me A Boon Of Sweet Smiles?

(This song was penned by cine lyricist Vennelakanti and rendered by S P Balasubrahmanyam for Telugu film 'Chiru navvula varamistaavaa', which could not be released till now for different reasons. But the song has become a hit and a favourite anthem of Telugu youth who extensively make use of it in their love missives and Valentine day greetings. The first four lines have become a trendy SMS message for lovers)

Telugu Original: Vennelakanti

Chiru navvula varamistaava
Chiti nunchi bratikostaanu
Maru janmaku karunistaavaa
Ee kshaname maranistaanu
Pagalu neevu reyini nEnu
KalasukOni janta idi
Pagalu neevi segalE nAvi
Manchu lOna manta idi

Oohalannee sidhilaalaitE
Oopirunna silanu nEnu
Kallu lEni manasuna marigi
Karugu tunna kala nEnu
Pagulu tunna hridayamidi
Padamatinti udayamidi
Yeda pramidaku netturu nimpi
Yedyru choochu deepamidi

REpu lEni rEyini nEnai
Cheputunna veedkOlu
AashruvulE aksharaalugaa chEstunna chEvraalu
Nippu chivara nivuruntundi
Valapu chivara vagavuntundi
Ningi jaarchu kanneeti dhaaraLO
NEla tadisi pulakistundi

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Will you give me a boon of sweet smiles?
I will come resurrect from pyres

Will you show mercy in next life?
I will die at once with no strife
You are day and I am night
A couple that can never meet
Day light is yours
Flares only are of mine
Blaze in the fog is this

If all thoughts are crumbled
A breathing rock, I am
Boiling in an eyeless mind
A melting dream, I am
Shattering heart is this
A sunrise in western nest is this
To infuse blood to the heart mud lamp
An expecting lantern is this

.
Being a night sans morrow
I bid you this goodbye
Crafting my tears as letters
I append my signature
Embers dangle to the tip of fire
Grief looms at the end of love
In the tears showered down by the sky
Earth gets doused in a stimulus reflex

(After reading Vennelakanti's article in the Sunday supplement of Eenadu Telugu daily dt.13-09-2009)

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Wisdom Of Sumathi

Wisdom of Sumathi

(Telugu poems from Sumathi satakam)

(The following are the English Translations of Telugu poems written by 13th century poet Baddena (1220-1280) which are popularly known as Sumathi Sataka padhyalu. Like Vemana, Baddena's poems also deal with wisdom, morals and ethics in a simple style)

(1)

Maataku praanamu satyam
Kotaku braanamu subhakoti dharitrin
Botiki prnam maanamu
Cheetiki braanambu vraaalu siddham sumathi

Truthfulness is life to a word
Legion of soldiers is life to a fortress
A woman's life is her sexual morality
Signature is indeed life to a letter, Oh man of fair mind

(2)

Laavugala vaani kantenu
Bhavimpaga neetiparudu balavanundou
Graavambanta gajambunu
Maavati vaadekkinatlu mahilo sumathi

More than a mighty man of strength
A righteous man is more powerful
As an ordinary mahout is mightier than
A mountain sized elephant, Oh man of fair mind

(3)

Balavantuda naakemani
Paluvurito vighrahinchi palukuta mela?
Balavantambagu sarpamu
Chali cheemala cheta chikki chaavade sumathi

Is it good to be proud and talk vainly with all, claiming
that no one can do anything to me as I am so powerful?
A mighty serpent dies indeed
when caught by ants in a formicary, oh man of fair mind

(4)

Neere praanadharamu
Nore rasabharitamaina nuduvula kiravun
Naare narulaku ratnamu
Cheere srungaramandru siddhamu sumathi

Water is the source of life
Mouth is the resource of sweet and wise utterances
Woman is the gem of mankind
Sari is so beautiful indeed, oh man of fair mind

(5)

Navvakumee sabha lopala
Navvakumee talli tandri naadhulatodan
Navvakumee para satito
Navvakumee vipravarula nayamidi sumathi

Laugh not loudly in an assembly of people
Don't make fun of parents and the master
Don't try to giggle with other man's wife
It is good not to snicker the priests, oh man of fair mind

(6)

Dhanapathi sakhudaiyundina
Nenayanga sivudu bhiksha mettagavalasen
Danavarikenta kaligina
Dana bhagyame tanaku gaaka tadhyamu sumathi

Though the God of wealth (Kubera) was his close friend
To feed himself, Lord Shiva had to go for begging
Though one's kith and kin are so flourishing

He should be content with his humble chattels, oh man of fair mind

(7)

Naduvakumee teruvokkata
Guduvakumee satruninta gurimi todan
Muduvakumee para dhanamula
Nuduvakumee yorula manasu novvaka sumathi

Never walk in a lonely path
Never dine with an enemy by showing love
Never covet and steal your neighbor's money
Never speak hurting your neighbor's heart, oh man of fair mind

(8)

Tana kalimi indra bhogamu
Tana lemiye sarvaloka daridyambun
Dana chaavi jagatpralayam
Tanu valachinadiye rambha tadyamu sumathi

His wealth is his heavenly pleasure
His penury, he deems the highest suffering of entire world
His death is world's deluge
His loved dame is indeed the celestial beauty, oh man of fair mind

(9)

tana kopame tana satruvu
tana santame tanaku raksha, daya chuttambou,
dana santoshame svargamu
tana dukkhame narakamandru tadyamu sumathi

His anger is his foe
His composure is his safeguard, kindness his kin
His happiness is heaven
His sorrow is indeed hades, oh man of fair mind

(10)

Karanamu saadai yunnanu
Gari madamudiginanu, baamu karavakayunnanu

Dhara delu kutta kunnanu
Karamaruduga lekkagonaru gadara sumathi

If the village head is not hard-hearted,
Elephant loses its strength, snake ceases to bite,
Scorpion fails to sting
People seldom care for them in the world, oh man of fair mind

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Wisdom Of Sumathi (6)

Telugu original: Baddena

English Translation: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(1)

Vari panta lEni yUrunu
Dora yundani yUru, tOdu dorakani teruvun
Dharanu bati lEni gruhamunu,
narayamgA rudrabhUmi yanadagu Sumathi

A village with out paddy fields,
A town where the ruler not resides, a journey without the company of some one,
A house sans the presence of husband
Can be equated to a burial ground, oh man of fair mind.

(2)

Varapaina cHenu dunnaku
Karavainanu bandhu janula kada kEgakumi
Parulaku marmamu seppaku
Pirikiki dalavAyi tanamu bettaku Sumathi

Don't plough a field in drought
Don't approach relatives even while starving in famine
Don't reveal the secrets to others
Don't commission a coward as a commander, oh man of fair mind

Glossary: (1) Vari pairu = Paddy field, Teruvu = journey, Rudrabhumi = Burrial ground

(2) Varapu = drought, Dunnaku = Don't plough
Marmamu = Secret, Piriki = Coward,
Dalavayi = Commander

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Wisdom Of Sumathi(2)

Telugu original: Baddena

English Translations: Ch J Satyananda Kumar

(1)

Thalanundu vishamu phanikini
Velayangaa thokanundu vrushikamunakun
Thala thoka yanakanundunu
Khalunaku niluvella vishamugadharaa sumathee

Snake has poison in its head
And the Scorpion in its tail
Not just in head and tail, but
In entire body a bad man has poison, oh man of fair mind!

(2)

Kanakapu simhaasamuna
Sunakamu goorchundabetti subhalagnamunan
Vonaraga battamu gattina
Venukati gunamaela maanu vinaraa sumathee

If a dog is made to sit
On golden throne on an auspicious time
And coroneted in veneration
Shall it give-up its old habits, oh man of fair mind.

(3)

Yeppudu sampadha galigina
Nappudu bandhuvulu vathhu radhi yetlannan
Deppaluga jeruvu nindina
Gappalu padhivaclu chaerugadharaa sumathee

When one gets wealth
Then only kinsfolk will surround him
As the village pond fills to its brim
Frogs multiply in tens of thousands in it, oh man of fair mind

(4)

Upakaariki nupakaaramu

Vipareethamu gaadhu saeyu vivarimpangaa
Napakaariki nupakaaramu
Nepamennaka saeyuvaadu dhanyudu sumathee

If help is done to a helpful man
It is not extraordinary, if considered carefully
But one who does help to a harmful person
Without any reservation is indeed a good man, oh man of fair mind

(5)
Piluvani panulaku bovuta,
Galayani sathi rathiyu, raju gaanani koluvun
Biluvani paeramtambunu,
Valavani chelimiyanu jaeya valadhura sumathee

Doing unsolicited help,
Romance with un-consenting wife, service not recognized by king,
Attending a function un-invited,
in-compatible friendship should not be done, oh man of fair mind

.

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

Yamuna Dunes.....

(This translation of the lyric is from the Telugu movie 'Anand'. Written by Veturi Sundara Rama Murthy, it was rendered by Hariharan and Chitra)

Telugu original:

yamuna teeram, sandhya raagam
nijamainaayi kalalu, neela rendu kanulalo ...
niluvagane tenello poodaari, yennello godaari merupulato
yamuna teeram, sandhya raagam
nijamainaayi kalalu, neela rendu kanulalo...
niluvagane tenello poodaari, yennello godaari merupulato...
yamuna teeram, sandhya raagam ...
praaptamanuko ee kshaname bratuku laaga
pandenanuko ee bratuke manasu teeraa
sidhilanga vidhinaina chesede prema
hrudayamla tananaina marichede prema
maruvakumaa anandam aanandam, aanandamaayeti manasu kadhaa
yamuna teeram, sandhya raagam ...
okka chirunavve pilupu vidhiki saitam
chinna nittoorpe gelupu manaku saitam
sisiramlo chali mantai ragiledi prema
chigurinche rutuvalle viraboose prema
maruvakumaa anandam aanandam, aanandamaayeti madhura kadhaa
yamuna teeram, sandhya raagam

English Translation

*Yamuna dunes
morning tunes
Dreams realised, in twin azure eyes
To stand in sweet nectar flowery way
In moonlit glitters of *Godavary's sway
Befallen this moment to drag the life's nerve
Fructified this life to the desire of cute heart's verve
Love is that turns into ruins even the dreaded destiny
Love is that which can forget even herself in mind's mutiny

Forget not, the cheerfulness and happiness
The sweet story of heart that ends in gladness
One little smile can give a call to the fate even
A slight heave, can give a victory to us even
Love is that blazes like bonfire in chilled winter freeze
Love is that blooms like a sprouting in spring breeze
Forget not, the cheerfulness and happiness
The sweet story of life that end in gladness

* Yamuna and Godavary are the rivers flowing in India

Ch J Satyananda Kumar

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(Thanks to my good friend Nimal Dunuhinga)

The Old Tree

- -Nimal Dunuhinga

["People don't love each other at our age, Marthe—they please each other, that's all. Later on, when you're old and impotent, you can love someone. At our age, you just think you do. That's all it is."] ? Albert Camus, A Happy Death

My flowers are not scented
and the strong odour butterflies don't like.
That's why I think they flew away.
My fruits are not ripen
and the bitter fruits birds don't like.
That's why I think they flew away.
My root is not so deep.
That's why the wind came
and fell me to the ground.

For Dave Tanguay..... affectionately.
nimal dunu

