

Poetry Series

Ramakrushna Sahu
- poems -

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A Beginning Always

I am not tired
Though walked a long long way
And the body have grown old with age
The end that never reached
Seems to be always near
Within the circle of my vision
Where the earth and the sky
Are immersed in kissing each other
Forever

When my roll was called
to be present here
Also at that very moment
The end was very much there
And also that silent action of love
And whenever I reached there
It opened a door for me
For a journey with a new beginning

There was no way of repetition
Every now and then
The road changes its direction
There was nowhere a chance
Of the screen being dropped
The scene goes on changing
From moment to moment

When my roll be called no more
And I will be forced to pass out
I am sure, I am damned sure
A door will open for me
Once again for a new beginning.

Ramakrushna Sahu

A Journey To Nowhere

The blood is boiling with desires
The eyes are searching beauty
To paint heart with rainbow
The ears wide opened are eager
To taste sweetest songs ever heard
Bigger than the universe
Is the thirst of the mind
never satisfied

It is just a movement
Knowing not from where to where
And for what and how long
Running from one corner to the other
From life to life having no rest

Through suffering
It celebrate breathing
Through tears and joy
It falls in love to rise to fall again
It moves around itsself forever

Every time the tears
take a different colour
Love reflects at different height
Joy takes pickup
Just before it comes to neutral
And at every death
Life takes a turn
With a new beginning.

Ramakrushna Sahu

A Moment

So what
If only a moment is left
Each moment has a birth
Before its death

In between the two points
A wave of life is raised
And the gap is filled
With a bliss liquidated

Blood runs and heart beats
Hopes whisper and dreams dazzle
And a moment is filled
With dance and music

So what
If only a moment is left
Each moment is a spark of life
Complete in itself.

Ramakrushna Sahu

A Morning Forever

Let's witness and enjoy
A celebration of a grand occasion
A masterpiece of a creation
Of time and space,
An inaugural ceremony
Of a new day to begin
With the songs of birds
And the colourful silence
And coolness of earth unveiled

It stops aging
And stops moving
Towards the land of darkness,
The childhood is recast
In the golden soothing sunlight
And the creator is visible
In the beauty of its every tiny part

With the sprouting of a time
Showering yellow pleasant light
A new life is born,
With flowering colour and beauty
The moment can become eternal
If it can be cast
In the open landscape of a heart
Unceasingly beating

Let there be morning for ever
A sun rising every moment
out of the sea of blood,
Let the rein be in the hand
Of a childhood,
Let the truth remain
In the clean unstained eyes
As a mystery unsolved
And a beauty raped never.

Let the immortality of morning
Be there all along

In the burning heat
of midday summer
In the sunset of a cold winter
In the darkness of a rainy night

In each and every moment of life
Let there be only sunrise
Sunrise forever.

Ramakrushna Sahu

A New Beginning

Tired of everything
Alone on a lonely river bank
Know not for whom I was waiting
To receive or to give myself up

The cool breeze was playing
My gray hairs with its
invisible fingers,
The morning sunlight
with my bare body,
The birds and the running stream
The dancing leafs of trees
Were encouraging me
to join the chorus

Time has not come for retreat
they said
But it was like a lullaby
Pulling me into a sweet sleep,
I was giving up myself
To become someone among them
A celebration in unreserved surrender

I was still there but not as myself
As if I am the song they sing
The smoothness of touch they give
I have lost my body and
The castle the mind built
It was not an end
But altogether a new beginning.

Ramakrushna Sahu

A Pair Of Eyes

The eyes that open up the wounds
Hidden in your heart
Out of which comes
The fragrance of flowers
To show what you look like
Are not mine

I am nobody,
I am just nobody to encroach
The world of your privacy
I am just a pair of eyes
To look on behalf you
Because you are in deep sleep

The eyes those see things
as they are
Are simply eyes but of nobody
The moment one identifies oneself
as someone
Is sure to become blind

The eyes are not mine
They are not yours either
And also not of any one
They are just a pair of eyes
Where man is reflected as God
And God as man.

Ramakrushna Sahu

A Poet In The Role Of Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Words are my wings
And the endless silence
Is the field of my flying.

I obey not any authority
Who direct my wings to collect food
Nor I obey who loves my flying
To paint my wings
With the colours they like

I am born to fly
In between the vastness of blue
Below the dancing depth
And above boundless mute

Flying is my food
And failure is my love
From high above the sky
Flying with a tremendous speed
To dive deep into death
And to rise again to see
That I am not defeated

Yes, I like flying as far as possible
Bothering not
What danger awaits me
I fly not for any praise
Not even for flying sake
But for mastering the speed
To reach there
with a moment's desire
Where no wing can reach.

Words are my wings
And the endless silence
Is the field of my flying.

Ramakrushna Sahu

A Portrait Of Man

Behind the mask of human
There are thousand faces of man
Inherited from animals
Hunted not only by physical hunger
But also by lust and desires of ego

As animals man is born
To kill and to be killed
By weapons more sharp
Than the animal's teeth
Of ignorance and hatred,
And the society has turned
Into a carnival forest again

Man is born a vegetarian
But turned not only a eater of man
But of all livings and non livings
The flesh of women
Whom he stores as mother
And sister and daughter
Like that of deers
Tastes sweetest of all
And the pure and the poor
All those live on grass
Are served daily
As delicious dining dish
To satisfy his hunger

It is very difficult to paint a man
Wearing all the faces of animals
He still takes an identity of his own
And so he wears the mask of god
But the nature remains the same
And the religious violence
Has been declared as a divine rule.

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A Portrait Of The Poet

He is not a messiah
To assure people
Freedom and bliss,
He is a man as good as others
Simple and ordinary but a wise one
Who not only lives a complete life
But in a given period of time
Lives the same life twice

He bothers not for others
Though people praise and see him
As a perfect image of God,
He doesn't have any third eye
To see far and beyond
Like a single ray of light
He is an one eyed man
Penetrating into the depth of life,
Who lives not for others
But for himself

Yes, of course he shares
What he lives with others
And thereby lives
The same life thrice.

Ramakrushna Sahu

A Runner's Appeal

I Do not stop. I can't stop
Though I have forgotten
The reason of my movement
I run faster in sleep
Than when I am awake.

As if I am put on a racing track
And kicked from behind to run
Neither a competitor nearby
Nor any spectator
All have left the field
Along with the whistle blower.

I don't stop because I can't stop
There is not a line of end
In the circular path of movement

Why am I put as a runner
On a track with nowhere an end?
Why am I not thrown
Into the sky like a cloud
To float and change and vanish?
Why am I not made a river
With dance and music
To submerge at last
In the silence of sea?

Ramakrushna Sahu

A Singer's Confession

I will return again and again
So long you will be waiting for me
To love to listen my songs

But in fact I am not a singer
I am just a medium, a flute
Dry, hollow with many holes,
Someone sings through me
And I feel myself glorified

I am not a singer
Only a servant to my master
fully surrendered
To serve you with his love
And inform him of your gratitude,
I am just a bridge
Joining both the banks of the river

The master is ever present
Here and now
And I am always in his hand
I am the song sung by my master
Without any interruption
For you to listen to attend his love.

Ramakrushna Sahu

A Story Never Read

In each one's silence
There is a story written invisible
With tears and laughter
Dreams and desires
Some fulfilled and many not
Washed away by tide of time
Leaving without a tress behind

One's effort to leave a footprint
On the surface of a flowing stream
On sand dunes or imprint on stone
To stick to present is in vain

Who knows the reason of
This unending blackboard work
Why the unending queue of faces
On a mirror once reflected
And never repeated again?

Does the writer know
Why he writes his story
On the pages of
Blood and bones and flesh
And only for himself to read?

Ramakrushna Sahu

A Traveller's Note

I don't take anything as mine
The pain and the pleasure
Even the luxury and the poverty
Of the body and mind
I am only a visitor here
Everything is served to me
Just for a taste of it

I enjoy, I suffer
I am pleased to have experience
Of both the opposites
Neither I impose
Nor I am possessed by anyone
I am a lover of freedom
Even of death

I am not a dweller but a traveller
I neither oppose nor propose
I love relationship
But not the bondage of a home

I am called to leave
Living fully the time and space
Given in a lease for a short period
And that I understand as life.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Across The Boarder

When I closed my eyes in silence
A new horizon opens
And I see myself crossing the boarder
From darkness to a zone unknown
Where I exist as light with freedom

That is what I really am though
Here I am a dark reflection
Of the same light
Moving like a lost ghost in a land
Where night rules forever

I am blessed that a path opened
For me to cross the boarder,
Whenever I wake up from sleep
And whisper my experience
Of escape for others to rise
They take me to be mad or a dreamer

The land of division is not the only truth
There is a state of nothingness
Where things exist as light
Beyond the boarder.

Ramakrushna Sahu

All Life Is Game

All life is a game
Sharing is the rule
And love the pleasure
Neither there is victory nor defeat
Search no meaning out of it

The space unlimited is the field
And time not fixed
Beginning unknown and the end,
All seems mysterious
And that's its beauty

To unlearn and forget is to enjoy
To know is to be clever
To learn is to play foul
That's not the spirit of the game

With the same spirit
You play with your new born baby
Play with your parents dying
As you treat your
 childhood and youth
Treat your death alike.

Ramakrushna Sahu

As It Is

Why should I be always critical
On anything else
Why should i present myself
In an actor's face
Shining like a polished boot
Why should I not appear
In a simple human face?

I have not come here for exhibition
Of my presence in a special way
Why should I compete
To sit on the dias with a mike
Why not listen what others say
Sitting in the common audience As ordinary and unknown?

Is it necessary to paint a flower
with artificial colours?
Is it necessary to wash clouds
with surf water?
To paint the sea and the sky
With a different shade of blue ?
It is necessary to make up
A human face with imagination
To be looked like a god ?

Let thing be as it is
Immense is its beauty
In its originality
Let's not disfigure human face
In the name of creativity
Let's not make anything critical
Let truth be a clean mirror
To reflect man as he is.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Beyond Expectation

It happens in silence

There was an unexpected firework
The darkness explodes
Sparkles of will
Takes over the charge
To manifest sound and fire
Into a beautiful garden of flowers
And thus world made visible
Like a bonfire.

In silence it happens

The self catches fire
And the heart is overflowed
with light
The shadow runs
From corner to corner to hide face
Rain walks on the roof
Heat and cold knock at the door
And man appears
Like a morning star
In the sky just opened

It happens in silence

There is no fear of being caught
In the under current of darkness
So the ego becomes solid
And desires take shapes
With teeth and nails
sharp and strong
And the roaring of hunger
Becomes louder

Now it happened not in silence
But in noise and chaos
But nobody could know
How it happens

And how it happened.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Birth Day

The little flower on a tiny branch
Of a small plant in my garden
Greeted me early morning
With its colour reflected
On my sleepy eyeballs,
Its fragrance exiting my blood
And its smile opening
The closed petals of my heart
Gave me the pleasure of
Taking a new birth

Birds singing on the branches
Cool breeze dancing with leaves
And the rising sun caring my garden
With its golden palms
Are all a birthday gift from nature

It is my first birthday
The morning was celebrating,
Till I reached sixty I grew
In the womb of my ignorance
To see myself taking birth

O mother nature! I pray
To bless me with a new birth
each morning
And to remain a child
through out the day
To die a child with every sunset.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Broken Heart

The fire of desire
To acquire and enjoy
Has burnt the flowers of heart,
The bond of blood is broken
The earth is fired in the womb,
The dead bodies of children
Are scattered all around
 in the playground

The sky raining blue is blocked
The air devoured by smoke
The forest and rivers are hijacked
At the anger point of hunger,
By the roaring of corpses's laugh

The throat of music is chocked

So strong is the darkness
Sprayed by man's blindness
That the sun has lost its path
And the life we called remained
As nothing more than a nightmare.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Bull Fighting

Looking back is not the rule
Running faster and taking risk
Gives pleasure in bullfighting

When I was learning to walk
My childhood kicked me
On my back to run faster
The fear of fall
Encouraged me to climb a tall tree
And all of a sudden
From the shoulder of my father
I was thrown into a rushing river

Furiously I beat the stream
With my hands and legs
And the river taught me
How to swim

Then I learned how to wake up
From a deep sleep
Like a rising sun out of the sea
And learned also to die
Like a setting sun
Smiling behind the hill

I love but trust not books
They inspire though but fall short
When a problem overtakes me

Standing on the head of Himalaya
When I shake hands
With the silence of the sky
I see life at its full vigour
When death stands just by its side
And very often it kicks on my back
To run faster
To see itself leggings behind.

Caught In The Heart

I can't sleep any more
It has caught me in the heart
Whomever I look
the eyes are full of love,
My name is written in each one's lips,
I am forced to attend each one's call

I was about to be killed
in the darkroom I have built
of my bone so strong as iron,
It saved me breaking the walls
and my heart starts singing
all those songs written
on the lips of my childhood

All those faces once looked
like of enemies
have been transformed
into the faces of my love,
I have no time to blink my eyes
to be deprived up its beauty,
I am saved of those thousands death
to come on the path
where I have forgotten my own self

It caught me in the heart
and the summer is gone,
Once again I am washed up
by the over pouring of tears,
Once again I am swept away
by the over flooded river of love.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Celebrating Defeat

We have heard, not seen
Information is exhibited
as knowledge
That is the tragedy
A defeat is celebrated as victory

The sunset is pictured as sunrise
The dead body of nature rehabilitated
On the white pages of books
Decorated with colours
Is exhibited as earth

We are moving no doubt
But in a vortex
Round and round and round,
We keep standing
But very often in a dream
Feel reaching the destination

A very few have opened up the sky
And peeped into its mystery,
We are thrilled of hearing
The journey of adventure
And blindly feel that
We have also reached.

That is our tragedy
A defeat is celebrated
Very often as a victory.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Childhood Return

Its unexpected return
Saved me from my immature death
It is as usual always on the run
Frequently taking up to sky
To pickup some stars
And to paint it's face blue

Sleep can't touch it's thirsty eyes
Flying over the paddy fields
Changing it's colour
from time to time
Where all meanings lost
Only beauty of mystery displayed

The shadows of flying birds
On the mirror of still water
The occasional jumping
Of tiny fishes and frogs
The silent laughter of lotus
We're the subjects taught
In the school of nature

Its return commands time
To take about turn
Once again the nature descends
On the pages of my picture book
With all its living faces
Painted in thousand colours

Thanks God
For being blessed with a childhood
Once again at the verge of my old age.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Earthen

Till the forest has caught a fire
And the earth is in the clutch of hunger
Till the mind is in danger of fear
And heart is choking of pollution
Where is the question of rest
And relief from the burning sigh?

I don't mind a great escape
Of all those seers to open
A secret path to a state above
But what about the poor earth
Where the weak are kept
As bonded labour?

The ship is broken and sinking
People are still not aware
and sleeping
Till the last passenger is saved
Where is question of my escape?

Ramakrushna Sahu

Enemy

Many a times
We have met each other
Perhaps in the horizons of
Some other unknown worlds
Crossing the border
With hand in hand

We played so many roles on the stage
Where darkness prevailed
We loved, we suffered together
Looked in each other eyes
The same invisible face

Sometimes we killed each other
But with no hate in hunger
Darkness forced us to ride
On each other's shoulders
To cross the line of horror.

The pure ignorance in our eyes
Were glowing as moonlight
But why this difference
In broad daylight?

Ramakrushna Sahu

Epidemic

The demon of greed
In the disguise of market
Has raised its head again
Sucking blood of poor
And eating hearts of rich

Thousands are its tongues
Made up of steel sharpened,
Kings are its servants
And armaments its puppets,
It has encroached
Forest, paddy fields, rivers
Drawing rooms and kitchens
And has almost entered
Into the bedrooms
Where life celebrates love

Everything is now displayed
In the shelves of shops for sell
The hearts and arts of men
Love, feelings and emotions
Honours and awards
Whatever you like pay and take

The whole earth has turned
Into a market place
The chairs in the offices
And in the hall of legislation
Even the law and order
And war and freedom
And the whole nation
Is salable, can be auctioned

All is a commodity with a cost
And the human life
Is the cheapest of all.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Farewell

The time to take farewell has come
Why still to stick to the seat
When the exhibition is over?
You have displayed your heart
And also your hypocrisy,
Why to reserve a seat here forever
When your prefixed meeting
With world has already been over?

You have played the part
of your role
We enjoyed and praised you
But now your role is over
It is time for you to leave the stage
For others to distribute their love

Life doesn't allow any reservation
It's a path to tread
And give others way to walk
When time tells you to take farewell
Take our love to leave
And wave your hands with dignity

If you are not satisfied yet
Then it is not possible
For another hundred years
Don't stick to your seat
Like a statute on the cross road
Hidden below the cover of dust
To be nested and forgotten.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Farewell Speech

Well, it is now evening
And I am asked to leave the stage,
The time still is fine
The sun still resembles
its rising face
But it is my duty to warn you
That the time coming
Is not good for my offsprings

I have eaten the earth
That was given for all
The children of future to come
And drank it's beauty
Left the rest polluted and poisoned
To be untouched even by death

I have used the light
To dig the earth for treasure,
To penetrate the mystery of sky
To find out the hiding of God,
I have misused all light
to satisfy my hunger
And left not least for love

I am sorry my dear friends
I lived a life with my eyes closed
And have planted darkness
For you to reap suffering
Through out the night
That never has an end.

Ramakrushna Sahu

For Whom Am I Waiting?

The trees are already laden
With green leaves
Flowers of many colours
And fruits of many taste
And from early morning
Birds are singing nonstop

Whom am I then waiting for?

The rivers are flowing
with dance and music
Mountains are exhibiting
their wealth and beauty
The sun in its vigour in the day
And moon and stars
Sharing their smiles in the night
All are blessed by the earth
with motherly love
By fatherly grace of the sky
All are happy and safe

Whom am I then waiting for?

All have gathered
Friends and family members
For a grand celebration
Of what I don't know
The festive mood is triggered and The fair is flooded with
Dance and songs of blood
Whom then I am waiting for?

I am still missing someone
Who is it?
Am I really present here?

*

Ramakrushna Sahu

Forecast

The sun is setting
The scenic beauty of earth
Is slowly fading away,
The darkness is descending
It is right time to speak out the truth
That what is going to happen tonight

Tonight there will be no stars in the sky
As it has turned into a cemetery
With dust and smoke released
By lust and hunger of man,
Moon has denied to show its face
As sun has refused to rise again

You have slept all day long
With your petty dreams
And now going to miss
The celebration of
a grand occasion,
Have a glance at the setting sun
O man! and wake up
Before the night falls forever
At least to realise
That you are the destroyer
Of this heavenly land.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Freedom

We have been forced here to come
And not been asked of our desires
Of what should be our life
But we have been allowed freedom
Of choice and making decision

The life we lead
Decorated with desires and dreams
The paths of left and right
Of love and violence
Of divisions and diversities,
All problems and effort to solve
Are not just thrust upon us
But are our decisions and choice

Why then the unknown
To be blamed and prayed
To light the path
When we still have closed our eyes
And trying to cool down the thirst
With the blood of our brothers?

Freedom is not individual
but collective
The moment I see myself as all
There will be no more problems to solve.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Going Beyond

Joy is pouring,
Spin like a Kathak dancer
And cover the length and breadth
of the stage
And leave to come back again
With a new face

Though it seems like
Not a stage but a path so made
To move on with dance and music
An invitation to enjoy adventure

You are not alone
What is earned is not your
Nothing is a part, all is whole
The peak you climbed
Is also a victory for the last one
To come on the stage.

It is so pleasant to be here and now
But going beyond
Is the rule, the fate.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Handicapped

Because I am an eye
With no hands and legs
So I seriously fall in love
with everything
And live on playing with words

Because I am not complete in myself
When a war is fought
I roar helplessly in anger
When on the ground
a teardrop falls
I explode like a volcano
And when someone in love
I play flute for my
Sixteen thousand listeners

Words are my life,
In brutality is reflected my love
When someone is killed
for no fault
I killed myself hundred times,
When an woman is raped
I order my faithful words
To rape me thousand times
And with smile of a flower
You can see my laugh
Brighter than a rising sun

In the four walls of words
I am a handicapped
I learn from you how to live
And what a surprise
You call me a poet!

Ramakrushna Sahu

Human Beast

Because of darkness
We couldn't recognise each other
The only fire that was giving light
Was of hunger and black in colour
We rode on our own shadows
And whipped them with hunters

The heart was thus broken
Into thousand pieces
Each piece having a different face
With the look of an enemy
And so the war broke out
Without a proper cause
Just to prove oneself superior
to others

Then lines were drawn on land
And men are trained as soldiers
To fight with each other
To guard the lines not to be deleted
Then inside the circle
Men were divide into
Caste and creed and religion
And to oppress each other
Money and power and knowledge
Turned into killer weapons.

We not only killed our brothers
But also our mothers and fathers
Thus the earth lost its green
And the sky its blue
We declared ourselves as winner
But our hands remained empty
Forever

Ramakrushna Sahu

Hunger

How far is the light
Seen so close and clear in a dream
Why it is seen
When the eyes are closed
And why not when
Eyes are open and searching?

Why I am not here and now
And always looking far and beyond
Can anybody tell me
What I am looking for and why?

Are my desires bigger than me
Or am I bigger than my desires?
Can anybody tell
Why I feel my belly empty
After each and every square meal?

The fire keeps me going
I am burnt and reborn
again and again
Neither the fire gets extinguished
Nor I turn into ashes
As if I am here
To eat and be eaten forever.

Ramakrushna Sahu

I Am An Open Door

My way is not of hiding
But of opening
To I welcome light and air
And the fragrance of flowers

I strip meanings from words
I hate makeup in twilight
But focus light straight on the face
I walk naked on the streets
It may pinch the eyes
Habituated in playing hide and seek

I am not aware of my actions
Intoxicated with my feelings
So dictate not words
for writing poems
I just hug them to sing for me.

There is nothing called secret
All is an open page
The earth, the sky, the universe
All livings and non livings
Except perhaps the mind of man
So I become one with the nature
And never separate myself
as a human being.

Ramakrushna Sahu

I Am Not In The Queue

I love, I learn
I am in and among all
But neither I follow
Nor I am in the queue

I never stand behind
Those who assure
To lead beyond across the boarder
I have no paths but only my foot
I have my own lonely journey
That starts from where I stand
And ends at nowhere

I have no ambition
Of leaving my footprints behind
I am that song of the bird unheard
That dance of the wild river unseen
That floating clouds
in the moonlit night
To be now and then not to be

I need not more
My palms are always overflowed
Not that I have a tiny palm
But the given is much more

I am not in the queue
I have no quest to quench my thirst
Neither I have boundary
Nor a face to reflect,
To sing, to dance, to die
Unheard an unseen
Is the path I tread
That ends from where it begins.

Ramakrushna Sahu

I Have Not Seen My Father

From birth till now
I have not yet seen my father
Not because he is absent
Or have escaped my vision,
Nor because as people say
He is only a dream

I have not yet seen my father
Not because my eyes are small
And incapable or afraid of
To look at his formless figure
But because of showers
Of the lullaby of his love
The pleasure of sleep
Has closed my eyes

When I opened my eyes
Sometimes with a nightmare
I see only the darkness everywhere
I suffer because I failed to remember
That I have no other place
To play, to rest or to die
Except the lap of my father

Yes, forgetfulness is blindness
The disease I am suffering from
From birth to death,
I am a poor blind begger
Of a father ever present
The richest of all.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Identity

It was in vain
We tried to introduced each other
Tried to come closer
To fill the gap that silence engulfed

We decorated ourselves
With so many colours
We wore on the chest a nameplate
We promised of unreserved surrender
And a path treading hand in hand
That expands beyond time & space

Such was our promise in vain
We tried hard to enter into
each other's shadow
But the heart was of bones
And the lips were of stones

In our faltering bond
Ignorance was the fault all along
All our identify is just a mask
In the beginning all is one
And the game of love
Was just a hilarious farce.

Ramakrushna Sahu

In Surrender You Get

We struggle heard
But missed most of the time
We fumble with eyes closed
And confused what is what

The trees, the birds
Search not, go not far
But get all needed with less effort
For them that is that what is given

Our walls are broken
To infinity our expansion
But we stick to a centre
And within a circle
We search for freedom
So we miss it
That is hidden within us

Go wherever you like
Fly high and dive deep
For the adventure
Of your imaginary child
But you will miss not
Only when you surrender.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Individual Is The Path

INDIVIDUAL IS THE PATH

There is no so called highway
Each one has a path of his own
To be found out and trodden
By himself alone,
But one must know that
One is already on the path
From the very birth prescribed

Follow not others
To get lost in halfway
Or reach a unknown station
Not destined for you

You have come a long way
Pulled and pushed in darkness
By a unknown force
And left alone in a lighted zone
Where there are no roads further

Don't follow others
Don't listen their calls either
Not even on the light outside
Inviting you,
Close your eyes and see
Your light is within waiting for you
With a door already opened
From where you have to make
A path of your own.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Is Silence The Answer

Whom to call to make a sketch
Of my face I have not seen yet?
Is there anyone behind the screen
Outside the shield auditorium
Or beyond the boarder
Where I can't reach?

Anything too much is tiring
Running on the circular track
Nonstop for day and night,
Is there anyone to show me
The way to step out the circle?

Whom to call and how to know
What is what and how long
and how far
And why and for what?
Except silence answer comes
from nowhere.

I am tired not only of my being
Of my flesh and blood and bones
Of my search and query
Of my fall and rise
and trial and effort,
How long can I dance and sing
Though audiences are asleep
Already tired of enjoying?

No one comes forward
Except silence to answer my call
To pinch me not to ask but to be
Is then silence the only answer?

*

Ramakrushna Sahu

It Is A Matter Of Loosing Oneself

When you try you fail
When you catch it slips away
When you identify yourself
it separates
It is not perhaps the proper way

Whatever you search or
try to acquire
Has acquired you
from the very beginning
So it is not a question of having
But of becoming

Let's not demand or command then
Let's not shuffle time
As to our desires
Let us flow with the current
And adjust ourselves
With the given space and time

What is made can't be changed
All effort of making is in vain
In name of creating an order
Things are put in disorder

When we react or protest
A war is triggered
A war is not a solution to war
By no means it can be justified

Let all of us surrender then
Like a river
Let life flow in its own way
Let words surrender to feelings
Without much effort
for a poem to be written.

Let it go then and let us be
Let's surrender to the stream

That leads to the sea

*

Ramakrushna Sahu

It Is Not All Finished Yet

It is not all finished
Though earth is half burned
And breathing hard to survive
Though sea is angry
Nails and teeth of air sharpened
And water vomiting poison

Still it is not all finished
Though nature has withdrawn
Seasons are misguided
Whether has become unpredictable
Man has become blind
And war is broken out.

It is still not all finished
The flowers have not yet
Lost their colour and fragrance
Birds are still singing
The earth is still tasty
And the the touch of love
Is still in the air

It is still not all finished
What needed is love
To breath again to revive.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Just A Medium

I will prefer to remain a mother
To reflect the light
That descends to my heart,
I will deny to become
A goldsmith or a carpenter
To make out of it a mask

Who am I to make or remake
To exhibit my caliber
I am just a hollow channel
For the unseen to flow through
And express itself

What is important is the 'is'
Not what I make out of it
Let not the colour of my eyes
Discolour the truth of the light

Accept if it pleases, reject if hurts
It is up to you to be or not to be,
But let truth be expressed
As it is without an envelop.

*

Ramakrushna Sahu

Life Line

Neither in rush nor in roaring
Without showing my face
I will reach you in silence
Close your eyes if you like
But keep your heart opened

Whatever you search and gather
in my absence
Are but garbage and wastes,
They would just serve you
an early death
Without giving you the taste
Of what you are

You don't have to go
Searching me here and there
I am there where ever you are
But you must be present
Not in your shadow
But in yourself as you are

In spite of being alone
When you feel
That you are the world
Then I, the highest of all peaks
Will raise my head in you
In the deepest depth of your 'self'

Ramakrushna Sahu

Living In Absentia

So long you are present
The earth is a reality
Real is its song and its beauty
And it makes your presence
So total to find yourself nowhere

The moment you see yourself
Standing at a center
So many circles are drawn
around you
Then everything becomes
topsy-turvy
Dreams descend in to the castle
Your imagination built in the air
The earth is lost
And as ghost you rule your dreams
Larger than yourself.

You make your night more beautiful
With so many colours of light
Painted on the walls of darkness
You make your silence louder
With dance and songs and music
And declared truth is not what is
But what you have made.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Living The Complete

Let not a little bit of life be left
Not being lived,
Whether pain or pleasure
Darkness or light
Let it pass through all opposites
Let it consume all that come
on the way
Not to regret for anything being left

Let life pass through hell & heaven
Here on earth
Not waiting for the life to come
As a result of the works done here
Let us live the reality
Waiting not for the imagination

Let not exit with dissatisfaction
for anything being left untested
Let us have the taste of
both nectar and poison
Let bondage of life
Give way to liberation.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Living Words

I pour blood into my words
I energise them
With the beating of heart
I fill the gaps in between them
with my love,
You may call it a poem
or by any name
But they are the breathing
of my inner silence

I am neither a goldsmith
Nor a carpenter
Words are like flowers
Sprouting with the fragrance
of my feelings
Words are the path of my living

Neither I have an ambition
Nor a destination of my journey
Words are just whistling a song
of my silence yet unborn
To keep me awake,
Words are my tears of joy
To reflect love for all.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Love

Whom shall I address now
And for what?
Time has expired
And all dialogues have come
to an end in between the words,
Silence descended all of a sudden
I lost my self in that silence
And we looked alike

Whom shall I address now
The game is over
But the resounding of joy
Is still there in the air
The listener has become one
 with flute player
And the flute player is gone
But the flute is still there
Raising waves of songs
In the silence

There is no need of any address
No need of any dialogue
It is like a blissful death
From where
There is no more return

Ramakrushna Sahu

Meeting

The meeting is fixed
Without prior notice
Totally unknown when and where
But the message has been sent
That it is fixed

Any day any moment
The door will be knocked
And you will be called for
To meet someone for whom
You are searching for lives together

You must remain present
And alert with ears open
To hear the knocking at the door
And eyes open to recognise
That whether
It is the same person or not
For whom you are searching
and waiting for

Each and every moment
You must remain present
To meet your love
Once the chance is missed
You have to wait for life another

You will be surprised to know
That the meeting is fixed
Here and now
And at each and every moment
And yet
The meeting is not cancelled
But being postponed for ever
Because you are neither present
Nor at present
But lost searching your love
Either in the past or in the future.

*

Ramakrushna Sahu

Meeting With Oneself

There was at last knocking
At the door of the unknown
Whom I was eagerly waiting for
But know not how to greet

My whole life was just a thirst
A preparation for this meeting
But with a fear all along
What would happen to my ecstasy
When I am called for

There was knocking at the door
But I didn't open
And I waited till dressed up
Practiced what and how to speak
Put on the light of my eyes
Wore smile on lips
And opened the door
To my surprise no one was there
Except my shadow mocking at me.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Miracle

All those faces painted by sunlight
Are but a dream
Rising out of darkness and
Again setting into the night.

And yet how foolish we are
Shouting at each other
For a shadow of a dream
Swallowed by an snake unseen
Called time

There is no land where we stand
All shapes are that of clouds
Unfathomable is the depth of darkness
Is not the flapping a miracle
Of the vanishing wings?

Ramakrushna Sahu

Moments Lived

Even a small moment
Whether it pinches or pleases
Caught in hand
Becomes a monument of time

I nail them on the wall of my heart
Blood comes out as tears in blue
And they become immortal
With their beauty unveiled

Each moment is precious pearl
When carefully hold
To grow in the womb of love
Each moment leaves footprint new
You can miss it if you look back
Searching that once you missed.

Life is not of things mind dreamed
But of living the time
from moment to moment
Rich with treasure of beauty
Of things unknown.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Mother's Care

When we have a way to enjoy
The extremes of all seasons
The have-nots have no way
except to endure,
The seasons have no fault
We have shrieked
To our individual 'have'
To divide man

The seasons are the caring hands
Of the mother earth to shape
And save her children
But how clever we the haves
To come under the hands
that secures
And left the other hand
For the have-nots to shape

That is why the haves
Are pushed to luxury to sleep
And have-nots are forced to work
To grow in to humanity.

Ramakrushna Sahu

My Face

For long years I didn't have a face
I had only a dream like head
On my shoulder sometimes there
And sometimes not

I didn't have a shadow either
Till a moon shaped light
Entered into my body
And from that very moment
I gained some weight
To feel my presence

I have not seen my face yet
But only its shape in my shadow
I don't know of what type it is
The honey of a flower
Or the fragrance of a poetry

Now it is all along there with me
Though I am present nowhere
Now I came to know
That whomsoever I face
It is me, it is me.

Ramakrushna Sahu

My Mother Is Dying

My mother is dying

My mother is dying
Of a fatal disease
And the cause of her disease
Is her own son

She caught the disease
When I was born to her
With ten heads on my shoulder
And my lust and hunger
When ten times multiplied

In her mid-thirties
She started shading her beauties
Like trees shading dry leaves
In untimely winter,
I sucked her breasts alone
And the perennial source of milk
Got polluted and dried up
And then I sucked her blood
Throwing all others aside

My mother is eatable
And I ate her flesh and bones
And all she contained inside
And now she is dying of old age
In her youth, while
I am still a hungry child

My mother is dying
And if you have not seen her dying
Then look at the bony diseased dog
Feeding her breast
To a dozen hungry puppies

Yes, Nature, my mother
Is dying of a fatal disease
Caused by a killer virus

A ten headed demon
And its name is man.

Ramakrushna Sahu

My Words Are Music Of Silence

My words are my words
They speak the thing I lived
They are no magic to attract you
But my spontaneous singing
Of the time I consumed

Believe not my words
They are the waves of my blood
And the warmth of my tears
They are mine not yours
Neither believe them nor follow
Listen the tune
And discover the source
In your own heart

My words have a music
But bear not any meaning
They may give out something
If you search to see
But you may miss the song
Coming simultaneously
From your own heart within

My words are my words
But can also become yours
If you can flow with the current
Of the music they create in silence.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Nature's Call

In the sunlight of a winter morning
In the late moonlit night of summer
On the bank of a still lake
under a clean autumn sky
Standing on silent green hilltop
Enjoying snowcapped heads
Of mountains on the horizon
I feel myself blessed
As a son of the Nature

The sons of earth
Are not so ugly as they seem
Playing dirty games in darkness,
Perhaps they have not yet heard
The motherly call of Nature
To be a living part of it

Blessed are those
Whose faces resemble the sky
And the eyes resemble the sea
The heads those of hills
And the body the earth with fertility

They are the sons worth calling
Those who inherit the beauty
And the love for giving
In return desire to get nothing

Ramakrushna Sahu

Night Is Not To Sleep

This is the right time
To live the unseen part of life
The right time to see
All becoming one
The sky and the earth
in each others arms
And your very lonely soul
Roaming on the vacant streets
With ample of songs and freedom

In night the stars are your friends
They are not faraway dreams of daylight
And the moon is so close
To enter your bedroom
to spray honey
In the night the centre
Runs on its circle
Freely dancing and singing

Night is the right time
To meet your own self
To write poem and play on flute
To draw pictures of your love
On the canvas of dreams
And to die happily alone and unseen.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Nightfall

The night has fallen since long
There is no sign of rising a sun
The stars looked tired of watching
And moon has caught jaundice
Because of sleeplessness

Man has not yet discovered himself
And depends on the light of others
To feel his presence
The dependence has covered up
The lamp of man burning within
The light of the inner eyes

Night has not fallen
Darkness is a creation of sleep
And the stars are just dreams
Night has not just fallen
It is the absence of a sun
And he has yet to discover himself
Who is more than a thousand suns.

Ramakrushna Sahu

No Question Please

The trees, the birds
The earth and the sky
Are all a mirror
To reflect you in their heart
Their gestures and simply presence
Speaks something sweet & pleasant
Ask no question please
Just open up yourself and listen
The easiest way to learn love

It is as simple as river flowing
As air blowing and birds flying
As natural as trees grow
And mountains maintain silence
It is as easy as breathing
But the question, the doubt
The need of a clarification
Makes things confused and clumsy

Ask no question please
For the silence
Pregnant with beauty and mystery
Is hurt by the arrow of words,
Drop it making no sound
In the depth of your heart
Like dry seeds dispersed
On the fertile lands
And wait to see how it unfolds
As easily as the petals of flower.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Non-Violent War

It is not to display
Deficiency or suffering
But nothing is allowed
without effort
Efficiency has to prevail
That is what it says

For need no war is violence
But for greed every action is a war
Animals are excused
For they don't complain
And there is no violence in their war
But how can man?

Defficiency is a creation of plenty
To push life forward
But men acquire and accumulate
Stick to plenty in order not to move
And defficiency becomes
A creation of human greed
So all his actions turn into a war

When the head is held high to grow
And the struggle to move forward
Towards light and knowledge
There is no violence in war
Against darkness and ignorance
But to stick to pleasure of death
Is more violent than a bloody war.

Ramakrushna Sahu

One Day Life

I am here not to compete
Not to join the race for a victory
But to play with everything, to live
For whoever comes on the way
Is always me

This very day from sunrise to sunset
Is enough to become all
Totally giving oneself up
To bid farewell happily forever

If one daylight is lived
With no complaint whatsoever
The dark light of night
Becomes a welcome to enjoy its beauty

I am blessed with a life
Of both black and white
And the truth revealed as songs
Of breathing and heartbeats.

Ramakrushna Sahu

One Man Show

Even in my opposite
I am the same one
Displayed with a different face
It's not a contradiction
but a complementary

I am here to see myself as many
With possibility of
innumerable dimensions
As a smallest part of the whole
A microcosm of a macrocosm
I enjoy each moment
In every atomic space
But not bound to the limitation
of birth and death
I am both the thing here
And the nothingness beyond

I enjoy not only my ignorance
But also suffer from my knowledge
They are the two ends
of my existence
From there I scold myself
From here I pray and praise
I enjoy my own beauty
I am surprised by my own mystery
The pleasure of welcome
The suffering of withdrawal
Are all a part of the game
With oneself without an end.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Poverty

Either we long for the lost
Or desire that which is not
But that which is slips
Like sands from our palms
And we remain always vacant

It is at present
At this very moment and point
The door opens to the whole
But every time we miss the chance
As our legs depend on a path
And the eyes are invariably closed

In longing for the lost
And desiring for the not
We are deprived of the available
We take the reality as a painting
And the painting as a reality
And thereby we miss
Both the painting and the reality

We are born rich
But our blindness
Makes us poor

Ramakrushna Sahu

Prayer

War and prayer are alike
Where war is killing others
Prayer is killing oneself

The other is the hell, they say
The other is the illusion
The son of ignorance
So I pray you to kill me O God!
As myself is other than you

Take everything that I call mine
My identity born of my earnings
My name and wealth and me
My self that falsely I declared
as supreme

I pray to kill me O God!
I would make myself the hell
So long remain the other
Make me poor and kill me soon
Prayer is the only way
To be one with you.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Prison Song

We all are allotted a death cell
Of flesh and blood and bones
To take birth in the prison
And the pleasure we need
Are all painted on its walls

We have also the freedom
To open the five windows of senses
Of the death cell whenever we like To pull the world in and
Through the big door of the mind
Go out for a flight
High in the sky above the prison

What more do we need?
Fight for food like an animal
And surrender for love like human
Till in the gallow of time
To be hanged defenceless

So long we are in need of prison
No question arise for a domicile beyond
Even no question arise
If there is anything called freedom.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Rain Of Colors

Though you are white
And sometimes black
You are that cloud
That rains all shades of colours

When you smile
Your lips spreads a wave of pink
And raises life above sorrow
To swing on the cradle of pleasure
From one horizon to the other

When you sing
Your songs paint rainbows
On the forehead of downtrodden
Under the weight of fate unknown
To make them dance like peacocks

When you dance
Your movement of eyeballs
Throws sparkls of lightening
That tear apart the veil
Of darkness of the blinds
To witness the beauty of earth
Painted with innumerable colours

And when you love
O my god! your eyes
Become blue and deep
Like the immeasurable sea
That reflects a sky above all
And distributes wings as gifts
of many colors
To lift up the earthen life
To a height called heaven.

Though in white and black
You are that cloud
That rains colours of all shades

Reaching The Hidden

All that is visible
Speaks something hidden beyond
The word leads its listeners
To the feelings hidden in silence
What is is not what really 'is'
Though both the seed and the tree
Constitute the whole

The fragrance of the flower
is not the flower
The taste of the fruit
is not the fruit itself
Essence always remains hidden
Beyond expression

It is not to leave a thing
And to reach another
But it is to be hold in totality
Both the ends at your reach.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Reflection

When I looked at the sky
It was minimised
And when I caught it in mind
It was totally deleted

The colour I used and the words
To make a reality out of a reality
Death intervenes
And a new life shows its face,
How small and impermanent
Are my eyes like water bubbles
That destroy all its reflections
within a moment?

Can a palm contain a sea?
But that effort is the beauty
Of a poetry written now & then lost
Like the a dead shell on its shore

Paint as many as you can
But in possession
There is nothing called perfection
Be it and sea that
You are the right reflection..

Ramakrushna Sahu

Retreat

The sweet song of the bird
Is not speaking of its presence
Here and now only
But of its eternal presence
Beyond time and space

Nothing is permanent here
The shadow is changing its shapes
The colour is changing its shades
With the frequency
Of the moving eyelids
Even the shadows and colours
Like clouds are there now
And then not

The earthen stage
And the role you played on it
With the desire to be immortal
Are all wastes
To be thrown into oblivion
The time has no space in it
Except blankness and silence

All words, forms, colours
All things are the expression
Of nothingness
As the tree is an expression
Of a tiny seed
To retreat into it again

Stick therefore not
To your dreams and desires
Cast on the screen of water bubble,
Like a flower with beauty
 and fragrance
Sprout and dry out with a smile
That speaks of eternity.

Sexualitu

It contracts, quizzes and kills
A centripetal force of a black hole
The peak of bliss where
death is blessed
The bondage of pungent pleasure
Of life rooted deep in earth

Sex keeps us duty bound
To move round and round
Around a centre
We are like ignorant children
Fond of same dolls and games
But never satisfied

That is why we can't fly
To a state beyond,
Can't climb to a height
Freed of all pressure

But we are born to be free
And lead all to freedom
Where one is complete in itself
Where existence needs
no procreation.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Small Things

We neglect them
As of no importance
And stretch our hands to pickup
Stars and moon and fly flags
Standing on high peak of mountain

We always long for the larger
And in imagination a heaven
But when it pinches
We shrink to a centre
less than its size
And it's touch of love
Gives the ecstasy of a flight
In a space without a boundary

The creation of the universe
Starts from the subatomic particles
Of things smallest of all
A small word a small gesture
Can pull out tears
And makes us laugh

We are given a small life
And blessed with small things
to enjoy and live
Miss them not you will miss
The reality really heavenly

Ramakrushna Sahu

Snake: The Churner

I am the root coiled below you
Seems to be asleep but aware
To support you to stand
And grow into a tree of
thousand branches
Holding head high in the sky

In the depth of my of silence
My desire to wake you up
Have surged its thousand heads
Once again

Avail the chance of churning
The sea of your sleeping mind
Let the gods and the demons
Come closer to work together
To bring out whatever hidden
And share equally
The nectar and the poison

I am just a thread of the game
The raiser of the waves
Not a part of the winner
Or looser of the game
Just a means to your end

It is upto to share with love
Or fight to snatch the gain
Fear me or hate me as you like
But I am always at your service
Though you call me a snake.

*

Ramakrushna Sahu

Spring Is The Only Season

Spring is the only season
Earth has ever produced
With many branches of richness
Of rain and cold and heat
And of many colours of beauty

All other seasons are unnatural
Within the four wall of mind and matter
The season of war and luxury
And lust and hate and hypocrisy
Are created by man
To show his superiority
To rule over nature

Spring is the only season
The season of a new birth
A beginning of a childhood
Of nature's purity
A season for celebration
of love and beauty.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Still Alone

Moments are flying over
Throwing its shadow on me
And I'm crushed under
so many incidents
I have caught few of their imprints
In my mind

Of them most prominent are
The memories of my dead parents
And of the face of my unborn son
Whom I didn't allow to come
Out of the darkness

Someday again in disguise
He entered through backdoor
As a flash of lightning
And laughed at the darkness
I had hiding and flew away

The walls of my bedroom
Are full of memories painted
A lot enter everyday
And goes out non
But it is vacant
As it was at the beginning
And I'm still alone.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Suicide

The shadows are spreading
Their wings of darkness
Painted with the colours of
 unreachable dreams
How foolish we are
To catch immortality
With the words gathered
Of praise and flattery
Faded and forgotten with time.

We the subjects of fear
For safety and security
Have built a castle in the air
With hopes and beliefs
 born out of blindness
But alas! we know not that
In the dark chamber of ignorance
We are already missing

Though beheaded
Our hands still held high
We have declared ourselves
As the son of God
Though we have killed Him
Long back.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Summer

When I was still enjoying the winter
Under the warmth of my woolen dreams
Without prior notice entered
The summer into my garden
And knocked at my door

Not only I fear but hate summer
But my garden with all preparation
Welcomes its return
With flowers of many colours
And new leaves sprouting
On the branches of its trees

I don't know why even the birds
Going to suffer under its rule
Welcome it with their chorus
And also pleasant breeze,
As if the spring is just a preparation
To endure the summer bite

I opened the door
And saw it standing in front
Reflecting my age-burnt face
In the mirror of its tearless eyeballs.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Summer Retreat

As the monkey's call
Warns the arrival of tiger
So the cuckoo's calling
Warns of summer' arrival
To go for a hiding
In the coolness of love

How cruel may be the
hard hitting of sun
We are protected by trees
Laden with dense green leaves
To whisper love under the shadows
To someone sitting close

From the hight of snow clad hills
The stream run below
To quench our thirst
Nothing can dehydrate
the love of earth
Summer is just a lesson
To learn for renewal of passion

While others are afraid of summer
It is the season of lovers
To turn the anger of sun into blessing
They spread their wings of fire
To fly to the height of
each other's heart.

Ramakrushna Sahu

That Is How We Became Blind

THAT IS HOW WE BECAME BLIND

The reflection of the beauty
of the earth
In the dazzling light of thunderbolt
Penetrated deep into the eyeballs
Before sense came out of its sleep
And suddenly caught
By the rush of innumerable colours

That is how we became blind

In the disguise of
Poets, seers and scientists
We declared ourselves as gods
And woven dreams of thousand
shapes and sizes
We forced truth to pass
Through the prism of mind
To be caught in the pieces of
Broken glasses scattered all around

That is how we became blind

We dared to dive
the depth of unknown
We dared to explore
the heart of silence
We dared to touch the sky
Standing on the peaks
Of the highest snowcapped hills
And suddenly forgot
The meanings of all these deeds

That is how we became blind

In the lust of knowledge
We split the centre of atom
To destroyed the earth

And in the search of freedom
We split all centres
Of human love and bonds

That is how we became blind
That is how we became blind.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Poor Rich

Speak not or less if you like
But live not less, keep your heart
Always overflowed with life

Life is not miser, it doesn't hide
It's all displayed and open,
It is up to you
How much you can collect
And grow crossing all your limit

We are born to richness of life
But with a begging pot in hand
And satisfied with a penny
Have failed to reach that end

Hold not somuch to rich to hoard
To reach your satisfaction,
For satisfaction is death
Keep it ever flowing
And remain always a poor rich
To collect more from life

Keep the door always opened
For others to take from you
To help you to collect more
To fill the vacancy of your house

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Call

From far far away
Breaking the blockade of noise
On the path of silence
A call of a bird is diving deep
Into the tiredness of my heart

It is more than a song
without a meaning,
I have not been able to sing
Such a song with all my emotions
Putting my hopes and desires
In it as its meanings
And thereby missing
The music of a creation

My song has not been transformed
Yet into a call to invite others
To share the throbbing of my heart,
I have tried
To impress and acquire others
But never given myself to them
Surrendered never

The moment I will transform
My song into a call
I know I will no more be there
But return as an echo of my song
Reflected on the heart
of my listeners.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Canvas

The sun rises only in dreams
With its golden vigour
Sometimes also the moon
Raining with its silver smile

There is no end to the night,
The purity of its darkness
Bears not only the earth
But the stars of the entire universe

See, all colours shine
And then fade away
But the burning colour of blood
Sticks to the darkness for ever

Yes, we have painted the darkness
With our multicoloured dreams
But blood is the only colour
That keeps the darkness alive.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Door Is Opened

The door has opened the path
For freedom and light
And a call is received to attain
The supreme delight
At the cost of earthly beauty

Shall I go out of the room
To meet my largest self?
But the attraction of the colours
Of the darkness is very strong
And how can I leave
its agony unsolved?

Shall I close all my five tentacles
To stay away enjoying the honey
Of the earth where I am born
As a son to to her?
Shall I leave my brothers to suffer
Of the bondage of darkness?

Shall I keep standing in between
The call of the two worlds
Where the offer of freedom
Becomes so strong a dilemma
But how long and why?

Which one to choose
The reflection of my thousand
faces in death
Or the dissolution of self
Where all faces loose identity
In the delight of freedom?

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Escape

How can the path be set
When mind is a state of sleep
Where senses are under
control of dreams
And life force enclosed in a room
And door not found in darkness

All effort is for freedom
From bondage of rotten pleasure
That matter manifests,
Lust and hunger transform love
Into war and violence
So long life immersed in sleep
All is just a matter of dream

There is no escape
From the ruling of dreams
For sleep is a truth of matter,
No light of mere words
Can drive away the deadly night
Even the hammering
Of death and suffering
Have not been able
To open the door for light.

Coming out of sleep
Is the only way of escape
To master dreams in daylight
Till taking farewell
From the clutch of time.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Evil

The door is now opened
For infinity and mortality to peep in
But the darkness still sticks
To the corners to hide it's face
The walls still stand
Blocking the path of light

In that corner hunger still plays
It's dirty game of hide and seek
It still refuse to vacate the home
With the entry of humanity

It is not a creation of reality
For light has no place
for darkness in it
It is just an absence of light
A bad dream in sleep

The darkness is there
Only because the eyes are closed
Wake up and see
That all is divine
There is nothing called evil.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Evil Of Tradition

All trends set have blocked the path
Have turned into a children game
Of fight for a broken doll
A masturbation of a futile pleasure
A wastage of work of words

We live something made out of life
That resembles it not
And call it a peak higher than real
We speak of the people
Though they are left far behind

A solid structure, a frame, a rule
A sticker are all a speed breaker
A tradition has a face backward
How can it tread a path forward?

Set not any trend
For there is no fixed path
Of a movement uncertain
All trends therefore be teared up
All traditions to be broken
To destroy is to create
To die is to take birth again

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Face Of God

God is crucified
The moment the path of worship
Intersects the path of war

When man is one
And paths are many
Then at every cross road
Man is bound to be crucified

Wars break out
Only when God resembles
Not of heart but of face of man
Because faces are many
But heart of all looks alike

There is no road to truth
Thing can't lead to nothing
How can man see God
So long he has not seen himself?

God remains a mere concept
When man is bypassed
Look deep inside, go not far
From the very beginning
He is already there.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Guest Of Treachery

We were guests here
Not only of honour
but also of love
Treated with all convince
and pleasure
But our hunger
made us an invader

The earth is our host
Her motherly love,
We the unfaithful children
Ate her flesh and sucked her blood
Drank a lot darkness
And fought mong ourselves
In the forest of Eraka

We the children of lost thread
Laughed at knowledge
And were cursed to kill ourselves
Kill our own father

That is how we spoiled
A grand occasion
Of a celebration of life
In a war for authority of ignorance.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Hanging Bridge

The wings of the mind to fly
The ray of light of the heart
Connecting both the banks
Of the green bondage of the earth
And the blue freedom of the sky
Has been transformed
Into a platform of showmanship

Below in the eternal current of time
With its crocodile's hunger
Threatening life to catch midway
Above the hanging bridge
Life celebrates without fear

Path is not for dwelling
But for treading,
Do whatever you like
Write poetry, learn martial art
But O travellers! move
Fix not a target, ask not to where

Move, stop not to exhibit
The fireworks of your calibre
In the night of your ignorance
With the overburden of your ego
Let the hanging bridge not fall.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Last Call

Kill me if you like
If my blood cool down your thirst
But it is just killing yourself
If I am finished.

When you surrendered to my motherhood
Without nose without mouth
When you have to survive
And to come out from darkness to light
It is I who fed you with my blood

Now I am forced to surrender
To your hunger undesirable
With my flesh you enjoy
On my bones you built your empire
You listened not my songs
And caught in the embrace of death.
Choose life or choose death
But except me
You have no other choice.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Last Step

THE LAST STEP

I am loosing hold on my body
And the body on me
Though I am nearing the coast
I am not afraid being thrown
into silence
Nor I have any greed and grip
Of the land on which I stand

Before I step into oblivion
Let me collect something more
To distribute among my mates
The beauty worth seeing
And the songs worth listening

I am simply an explorer
Of the path that never end
But there is a bignning
And an end to me
Le my friends come
And continue the further journey

Forget me
I don't want to be remembered
Don't even store my gifts
But keep their essence in heart
If it gives you light
And shows you the path
In darkness of the night.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Lightness Of Light

A pebble sinks but a boat floats
A stone on the path of river
Remain fixed to the ground
But a dry leaf of grass
Can reach the sea with stream

Don't gain weight,
The weight of intellects
Of words devoid of feelings,
Of concepts and theories of truth
Put pressure on you to sink
To the bed below to dream in sleep
Falsely called life

The lightness of love and feelings
Of experiences and visions
Allow you to float and blow and fly
The more the lightness
The more the pace of movement And its turn and swing

You become totally free
The moment you gain
The lightness of the light
Lightness is freedom
And weight is the bondage of life.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Mask Maket

He makes masks for others
But doesn't put on one himself
For he likes not to be looked
Like others than what he is

He is the one beyond all
And includes everything
He creates many
But breaks not himself in to many,
For each one he makes a mask
small but different
And beautiful and unique
But can't make one for himself
That is beyond all limits

Each mask with all contradictions
Speaks something of the maker
But is not its the sum total
He can't be included in all
But can of course include all

Each one who wears a mask
Becomes clearly visible
And becomes a part of the game
Enjoyed by the lone spectator
A game played with masks
Between the wearers
and the maker.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Master's Profile

All is his presence
Though he doesn't have a face
Nor even a body and yet
His truth of absence is false
Because he exhibits himself
With his shadows
in innumerable faces
Cast all around.

The mask is master's profile
Half in darkness and half in light
With two opposite poles
Creating illusion in his disposition
Both of god and devil

He is both a magician & a musician
Of love and mystery
But the rising and setting of light
Throws doubt on his profile.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Messenger Is The Message

It is the same one, the old one
Served to thousands everyday
Expected at any moment
Yet unexpected and a surprise
For one who is served

It is not a written message
The messenger is the message
Itself

Afraid are those
Who have not seen the messenger
Still while breathing
Have not made friendship with him
And not aware of his presence
Throughout the journey

He is the first friend when we start
And also the last till we end
He is the path that life treads
He is the full stop and also
The beginning of a new sentence.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Miracle Of Darkness

Darkness is a creation of miracle
Man like a magician have created
So many forms of light out of it
Such as different forms
And colours of flame
Sun, moon, stars and rainbows

Out of darkness he has created
Heaven on earth and castle in the air
And innumerable dreams
Painted with colour
of different pleasure
And also wings to fly

In fact all forms and colours
Are created out of darkness
To satisfy man in hell,
It is a creation of miracle
With a black mask on face
And like a magician
It leads man from one death to another.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Missing Thread

Can mere dates and incidents and
thirst and hunger of some king size monsters sucking the blood of people speak
the truth of a time and space?

Suffering and celebration of life
is missing in the extravagance of rulers. History to be rewritten anew for truth to
be discovered in the pages of poetry alone

It is not only a recording of the past but also a forecast of the future
by the seers and mostly a concern
of the present lived by the mass

The history of politicians is the history of hypocrisy. The history
of war is the history of blind men.
The history of religion is the history of ignorance. The history of philosophy is the
history of wise man

But where is the real history
The history of common men?
But where is the real history
The history of common men?

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Outcast

While they were fighting
for food and shelter
Killing each other & sucking blood
I stood like a statue
Looking at the sky with vacant eyes
And not being of their type
I was declared outcast

It's true that I will not be there
tomorrow morning
So what if I die of hunger today
Having no shelter
and people around me,
Is it not enough that
Here now I stand with head high
And my heart vigorously beating?

To feel my presence
even for a moment
I roared till blood overflowed
from my veins
I laughed till tears rolled down
from my eyes
I sang till silence choked
my throat

I didn't fight
And I didn't kill anyone
Even for a good cause,
I was declared coward and inhuman
And alone I died of hunger
But lived for a moment
A life to its full extend without fear,
Without a death and without a birth

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Painted Earth

In the endless blue
The beauty of fireworks exhibited
There smiled a sparkle of red
The future of earth born unnoticed

In the red was hidden the rainbow
And in the rainbow
Thousand shades of thousand colors
And in the thousand colors
The painted earth
The dream of a dreamer unknown

The green is her love displayed
Fully secured by mystery of blue
Her heart is golden and skin grey
And her face is the velly of flowers
The beauty of colors uncountable.

The shadow of the painted earth
Reflects in the heart of all
And shows its face
Only when love sprouts.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Pathless Path

No, the path is not lost
We are just held back
By the music of the river
And by the cool silence
Of the green hills
And by the touch of
The human flesh and blood

May be unknown and impermanent
But a dream is an occasion
of celebration
And the throbbing of heart
Speaks of the divine plan
O children of light
Why bother if the path is lost!

If there is no night
How can you dream?
And if there is no dream
How can you celebrate life?
O children of immortality
Drink the wine of death
That gives the taste of honey

The path is not lost
As pathlessness is the path
As silence is the music
As stillness is the movement
And the dream is the life.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Poor Rich

Speak not or less if you like
But live not less, keep your heart
Always overflowed with life

Life is not miser, it doesn't hide
It's all displayed and open,
It is up to you
How much you can collect
And grow crossing all your limit

We are born to richness of life
But with a begging pot in hand
And satisfied with a penny
Have failed to reach that end

Hold not somuch to rich to hoard
To reach your satisfaction,
For satisfaction is death
Keep it ever flowing
And remain always a poor rich
To collect more from life

Keep the door always opened
For others to take from you
To help you to collect more
To fill the vacancy of your house

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Road

The road is not plain and straight
It can't be and shouldn't be
For creativity is a difficult job
And the traders on this path
Must have a strong vision
A clean heart and a wise mind

The road has many turns & stiffs
It penetrates the primitive forests
Jumps over rivers, climbs hills
It passes through dangers & death
It is only for them
Who love adventures and ascend

The path of evolution
Is not a easy one

However danger and difficult
the road may be
It is bestowed with bliss and beauty
It is not for the weak and coward
But for the explorers
Who welcomes death
For the sake of self discovery.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Seed Of Death Sprouts Into A Tree Of Life

Neither the sun rises
Nor it sets
Only when I turn back
The ignorance engulfs my eye
And I take myself to be the darkness

Having no line of escape
I paint it with all hidden colours
Of sunlight
And turn the cemetery
Into a well designed habitat
Where a wave of pleasant pain
Blows like soothing air of spring
Where beautiful flowers
Of different colours
With their fragrance invite honeybees

I flow with the current of time
With dance and music
Rising again and again
In the painted darkness of the night
Till time comes to set at last
In the eternal daylight.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Selfish Buddha

People called him selfish
And I too
Also I am jealous of his selfishness

At last he was caught naked
With all his selfishness fulfilled
And people followed him
To have a share of his selfishness
Of boundless pleasure

Yes, I am jealous of his selfishness
And his escape
Who left the luxury of the palace
In search of a home of his own
Of without walls and roof
That could include
All livings and non livings
As members of one
undivided family

Also he brought freedom for men
To escape from their petty home
Darkened by war and sufferings,
A freedom from circle of identity
To a faceless humanity
Where he is just a limit less nothing
But blessed with divinity.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Song

Though you couldn't hear me
Here and now
Neither in the past
Nor even in the future
Yet I am there all along
As that sweet song unheard
Produced by the throbbing
of your heart
By the flowing of your blood
By your respiration while asleep
Yet unaware

I was there when time was not
And will be there
When things will be not
I am the very cause of existence
Where nothingness is simply a not.

Look at me, I am there where
The earth and sky meet each other
Where light and darkness
Are in the embrace of each other,
I am there
In the dancing leaves of the grass
In the blinking eyelids
of a dumb girl
In the whispering silence of the sky

Have you ever heard your silence
Composing a new song
At the time of your death?
Yes, I am there
I am always there.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Sunrise

Tearing apart the womb of darkness
A child of blood red was born,
Without any signs of labour
On the mother's face
An expansion of unrippled blue
Washed away all the wounds
From the face of the fatherhood

Light was overflowing
From the smile of the child,
There came an end to deathness,
Wings trembled to open
For the ecstasy of flight
The lips whistled songs,
And words fell in rhythms

All flew in the wave of song
There was no sign of sunset nearby
Perhaps far far away beyond imagination.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Trial

Only an effort
To get into or released?
Nothing comes in hand
Even a pearl is just a stone

We have been thrown
Out of emptiness
And will be pulled
Into it again

Don't hold
Just touch and go
Though nowhere is a destination
Don't stop, go
Or else you will be pulled
Into the darkness of a black hole

It is not just a game to play
As you think,
Everything you hold
Will be snatched away from you
Even your body
On midway
And in the middle of the day
You will be left naked
Empty and alone
Again and again

Just wipe out the darkness
From your eyes
And see that it's just a dream
And in that emptiness
You are full and complete.

Ramakrushna Sahu

The Wound

Yes, a wound is there
In the middle of the heart's delight
Like the face of a sleeping volcano
Yes, a wound is there
Dry and asleep

You can touch the wound
But with the touch of your finger
All petals of heart will open
The eyes will be cleaned with tears

Don't open the wound,
With the smell of death
Blood ooze out,
Take care of it
With soothing touch of flowers

Let again and again
The volcano come out of its sleep
Take care of the flowering heart
Till the lava turns into
The cold water of a brook.

Ramakrushna Sahu

There Is A Limit To Everything

All things are made like that
Within the limit of space and time
With a centre and a circle
For life to adjust within

But no one is satisfied
with the given
He needs a large, an extra large
And then a largest one
out of all size,
But one can't cross the limit
Breaking the centre and the circle

What do you want really?
You can't have the pleasure
of freedom within
And beyond the circle
There is just nothing

Yes, of course there is no limit
To nothingness
And to be nothing one must cross
All limits of things.

Ramakrushna Sahu

There Is An Answer

I have not been asked
Whether I want to come here or not
Where to enter and which way to go
I am pushed in naked
And forced to get out naked
My entry and exit is
Without loss and gain

If I am totally ignorant of myself
And my actions
Then why should I be found guilty
Committing a mistake I know not
And when I am used as a medium
Why my action to be treated
As a mistake at all?

If all decisions are not mine
No body can challenge my offence
Let God if at all he exists
Be summoned to the court of law
For all criminal activities of man

There is an answer
Hidden behind the ignorance
The moment man is created
He resembles the image of the creator
And responsibilities of making any decision
Has been put oh his shoulders

It is high time for man
To come out of ignorance
And discover god in oneself.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Thirst

Try not to fill it full
Or cool it down
Let the flame of fire go on dancing
For the heart to beat
And the blood to flow and sing

Let dream and desire
As two wings rest not
To fly from one corner
To the other corner of silence
In search of what is lost
And found never

That is how we are to survive
Without a meaning and an end
Roaming around for ever
Sometimes flying
And sometimes falling,
Failing each time
Just at the moment the hand
Reaching a star to pluck

A shore is a death
A full stop, an end of a journey,
Keep burning the thirst
Take the pleasure of swinging
In a cradle of a dancing sea
Let's welcome the kick of a wind
For waves to fall and rise.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Though We Have Closed Eyes

Though we have been forced
To play the role of a blind man
And crushing mother's breasts
Under our pathless foot
Things are still as they are
Blooming with the beauty of
Colour and smell and taste

Though we have closed eyes
The rainbow inscribed on forehead
With more than seven colours
Can be still felt on fingertips
And silent smile on childhood lips
Can be heard amidst the noise
Of our old shapeless dreams

We love dreams and that's why
We are given the role of a blindman,
A canvas of darkness
As large as the sky
To paint our hopes and desires
As much as we like

The screen has been dropped
Light switched off
And audiences have left
But the one act play of the blinds
Is transformed into a world drama.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Till I Live

The world that my vision
has encircled
All people near and far within
known and unknow
Those who have entered
into my vision
Will have no death till I live

The nature with the beauty
of my mother
The small river near my village
That taught me how to flow
All those birds who taught me
How to fly in my childhood
And the clouds to please me
Were following my imagination,
The shadow of the lonely mango tree
Where I was waiting for my love to meet
Are all alive as they were in me

All those faces who loved me
And whom I loved
Also those who hurt me in hate
Though some of them
Have gone for hiding
In the shadow of time
Are all alive in me

The earth and the life
That I have lived and imagined
Caught in my thoughts and words
Are and will be there with me
No death can snatch them
From my world of vision
Encircled by my love for life
Till it venture to overpower me.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Till Love Rules

TILL LOVE RULES

I know I will stay unheard
And I will leave unheard
Also I want to die unseen
Even I want to be forgotten
While still I am present

All my love expressed in words
And the agony of failure
In expressing my heart
Will remain stored in and as silence
Perhaps to be discovered
In someone's love more louder
Or perhaps to call me back
To repeat it once again

Even after death
My presence will beat
In all those hearts
Whose doors are open for love,
I will continue as those hands
Whose poems are their palms
Ever ready to give and help

So long the earth has a point
of ugliness
So long a single thought
Of human mind spray darkness
So long tears block
the path of vision
I will be there repeating my words
In the poems of all those poets
Who write not to earn an image
But to distribute their love.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Time To Rest Now

It is now time to rest
If possible on the breast of the sea
And on a bed of a
Thousand headed snake
Being served by a conscious sleep

It is now time to close eyes
And see the fate of my castle
That I have built in the air
The dreams I created
Out of my flesh and blood
And my name inscribed in the sky

It is now time to see
The closing ceremony of the play,
The game that was initiated
Just for playing sake
Now seems to be over
As the playground turned into
a war field,
As players are blind for a victory
And furious to face a defeat.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Today

Let me listen the songs
Of those who called me friend
And the snarling of those
Who called me enemy

Let me attend to the desires
Of my blood and bones
Let me hear the whispers
Of the past dead and
The future yet to be born
All absent but pleasant

Let me kiss the flowers
For tomorrow to be nowhere
Let me inhale the air
That may take farewell
At any moment unnoticed,
Let me kiss the earth today
That smells sweetest of death
The moment I take rest on her lap.

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Ramakrushna Sahu

Towards Being Complete

Have you ever felt the sweetness
Of the sky kissing on your lips
Have you ever felt
The warmth of the earth sleeping
on its lap as a naked child?
And in the loneliness of your mind
The coolness of the moonlight?

Have you ever felt the smoothness
Of the river's palm
Swimming in the current
Stopped to play with you?
Have you ever smelled
The fragrance of the grass
Decorated by dew dropps?
And listened the feeble song of
The secret water current
Below the green cover
of a paddy field?

I don't know whether
You have listened song of silence
In between the louder words
And the whispering love
Of your throbbing heart,
And have you enjoyed the pleasure
Of hugging by your own death?

Ramakrushna Sahu

Towards The East

There is no other direction
Except the east
And the journey is also fixed
Knowingly or unknowingly
Always towards the source of light

Sometimes someone fumbles
In the darkness cast by sleep
And found to be lost
But there is no step backward
And all paths are right
Because they are bound to
move eastward
And what required is a renewal of faces
With different shapes and colours
For you follow and are followed
By the light from the very moment
It begins

Remorse therefore not
O travellers! move
Make your journey a celebration
Of dance and music
And stop where you like
And see the east there
With the sun always rising within.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Waking Up To A Dream

The cool breeze of the morning
The sweet songs of the birds
The murmuring leaves of trees
The silent whispering
Of the lonely morning star
taking farewell,
All waked me up to a new dream
More beautiful and real
Than the dreams playing me
As a puppet in their hands
though out the night

I am blessed though
It is unimaginably larger than me
I can play it with my small hands
and decorate as I like
Even to some extend
I have a control over it

It has colours and solid shapes
Taste in touch and words in lips
Rhythms in movement
To be saved in memory for long
As if it is my own shadow
To my nature perfectly matched

Though I dance as a puppet
In the hand of my dream
I have been given the freedom
to dance as I like,
That pulls me secretly
To death unknowingly,
To hand me over perhaps
Who knows may be
To another dream.

Ramakrushna Sahu

War

Though not declared verbally
War has been broken out

What to speak of earth in day light
Even the beauty of the sky
In the night is spoiled,
Trees have been theft
And mountains are left with rocks
Rivers are smelling
Of drains and dead fish

Paddy fields are now used
to produce ash and iron
And air is poisoned
with smoke and dust
Human faces disfigured
with lust and hunger
Are covered up with masks
Of painted relations

Minds are filled with hate
and violence
But lips have put on smiles
It is difficult to recognise
Who is whose in a war field
All looks like enemies.

Though verbally not declared
With the advent of man
War against life
Has been broken out.

Ramakrushna Sahu

War In Love

See, think not
Ask not why for everything
Why impose a meaning on beauty
Let knowledge not kill mystery

Nature doesn't complain
Nor animals revolt
All are bound by the divine rule
Time and space move hand in hand
Heat and cold and rain
Never encroach others

You are free to dissect yourself
To unfold the mystery
But why lust for authority
O man! to break the order
For your own pleasure and safety?

It's just a play overnight
For a love story to be enacted
Why so much of fight O man
To meet with bloodshed
A premature end?

Ramakrushna Sahu

War Is The Enemy

As the fire spreads in the forest
As the over folded river
Devours the land and its dwellers
The hunger of ego flaps its wings
over humanity
With highly inflammable violence

It is the friction In between
The divided self within
In between the desires of egos
In between the boundary lines
Of the states at the boarder
It is the friction in between
Castes, creeds and religions
The oppressor and the oppressed
That gives rise to to the violence
The eater of life on earth and man

Have we promised to commit suicide
We the so called wise and intellects
Once the fire of violence
raises its head
It catches the heart of its raiser first
And then the near and the dear
Before it reaches far way enemies

War adds more fuel to violence
It is only the cool rain of love
That can put out its flame.

Ramakrushna Sahu

We Are Labourers

Joy is just a wage of our labour
To keep the earth beautiful
And to make divine will fulfilled

We all are labourers
With equal share of pleasure
One has to pay
Who behaves like a master
And demand for a undue major share

With a difference we are made
Of skill and strength
To separate not from each other
To quarrel and fight
But to add beauty to earth
Each from a different angle

We are not just to enjoy
But to know what for we are,
If a squirrel can add
Some sand particles to Setubandh
Why can't man to earth?

Ramakrushna Sahu

Where The Mind Is Without Fear

The bell is ringing far away
But heard very close
Within or without?
Sometimes resounding
Sometimes feeble
But always beyond reach

Darkness encircles
As wall after wall
Smoke of doubt smells everywhere
Black clouds of fear overhead
Block the path of light
And the wind of violence threatens
The flickering flame of love

There is no fear
Only when there is no mind
When the breathing is free
Of all authority
And when death is welcome
As the intimate friend of life

The mind is without fear
Only when you hear the bell tolls
In your own heart
And that resounds in all.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Who Am I To Arrange

The moment I arrange things
In a order as to my likes
The nature is disturbed
And cracks are carved on my face

That is how I invite suffering

I am here to accept as gifts
Whatever is given to me,
It is a privilege to be present here
But to stick to nothing on the path
To pass out without being touched

I am given the freedom of choice
Only to know and choose
A suitable path out of many
But not to dismantle anything here
And not to make one's own
To get lost for ever
In the virgin forest of death's mystery

who am I to arrange
For what I see as disorder
Is in order designed by the nature

Ramakrushna Sahu

Who Are We?

We are still not born
Our faces are still buried
in darkness unknown
Though we have painted
The black sky with blue
And the invisible stars
with dazzling light

We are trying to come out
Of the depth of silence
Of the nothingness called truth
We are sprouting as beautiful
as fairy dreams
But yet to be face to face
with ourselves.

The flowers spray their fragrance
In the soothing breeze
The birds with their songs
Play with the river streams
Trees embrace us with their
loving shadows
We are there in all
as their heartbeats
But we are yet to know
Who are we.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Who Knows What It Is

When the lamp was lit
A circle of darkness
was drawn around it
And on the canvas of darkness
Were drawn many faces of light

Only one was the lamp though
And the same the ray of light
But the reflections were many
Of different colors & shape & size

The flame of lamp
Untouched by the peripheral world
By the bandage of breathing
Was the silent spectator of the play
Of the faces cast as shadows
on the screen

The play was of love and fight
Of joy and suffering
With no end and any meaning
Who knows what it is
A melodrama, a farce or a tragedy?

Ramakrushna Sahu

Whoever Killed Is Me

Love sprouted in my heart
the moment I saw her
while sipping my morning tea
and the rising sun touching
my face with its worm fingers

She was not crying taking birth,
A colourful smile peeping
out of a delicate green envelop
was a great miracle

I couldn't move my eyes
from her entry into a world of noise
with an exploding silence,
With beauty greeting everyone
totally unaware of my love for her

She was slowly unfolding
her beauty on the caring palms
of the light and air,
Though a guest for a moment
she was an expression of a divine love,
Though a little spark of colour and fragrance
she was complete in itself like an angel

All of a sudden
a cruel hand of a demon
snatched her from her mother
to sacrifice her life
before a god of stone,
I was helpless to defend myself
as if it was my own death.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Why Are We So Crazy

Why are we so crazy
About leaving our footprints
On the sand dunes of desert
Where very often travellers are lost
And rivers are sucked?

Why are we so crazy
In exhibiting our face in the crowd
Does crowd has a face
To imprint in its eyes
Our image?

Why are we so crazy
To acquire and accumulate
Till the heart is crushed
Under weight of ego?
Till time exhausted
Why do we run after mirage?

Whatever we earn
Are thrown as waste
All that we decorate life as praise
Death drags all rewards to grave.

Why do we hold a flag of victory
Where the the earth
Is no more than a particle of dust
Where the universe is lost
In infinity.

Ramakrushna Sahu

Witness

Once, these eyes were shading
Drops of green blood
And in each drop was sprouting
A flower of love

Many stars have witnessed
That glorious birth of humanity
Now they have vanished
From the sky that has turned
Black from blue.

Now there is a lot of bloodshed
On the road and in broad daylight
And love has become a lullaby
On the lips of a lonely poet
To hide the shameless death
of humanity

Once there was no darkness
Even in the night
Now sun has covered up its face
With the palms of dust and smoke
Not to witness
The fading away of humanity.

Ramakrushna Sahu

You Are The Centre

There is no boundary, no circle
For there is nowhere a centre,
But you are there somewhere
In an expansion
Having neither a beginning
Nor even an end

You are there as a centre
And that is why
There are innumerable centres
And innumerable circles
Overlapping and intersecting
each other

In each centre there is a star
Big or small of different colour
Emanating light of beauty
And the existence of void
Is thus proved.

Nothing is negligible here
Even a subparticle of an atom
Death has no authority upon you
It's just a tool
To help you to renew.

You are the finest of an art
so far created
But have not seen your beauty yet
You still move in a circle
A life partial and peripheral
The centre is yet to be discovered.

Ramakrushna Sahu