

Poetry Series

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR
- poems -

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR(29/03/1959)

Started composing poems at the age of eleven. My first poem was a rhyme on an old couple. First poem was published in a 'School magazine'. Mainly I compose poems in Bengali Language. I have written more than 250 short stories and 16 Novels and some essays. In all I have composed nearly 25 thousand poems and lyrics.

"I Left You Forever."

Trees in the garden are littered about,
Flowers fallen on the mud and trampled;

The sky getting dark at noon..

Standing in the dark solitude
Cast a glance in the sky..

Written in star language,
"I left you forever."

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

'can't You Be Speed? ! .'.....

What a snake? Cobra?

There is a secret room in your apartment.
Interest increased.
Something special
Which is quite lucrative hidden there !

'Trying' makes everything possible.
One day got for what searching for.

Intruding there found a lot of things
Do not know whether lucrative to anyone
But for menot at all.
Only mentionable that some baskets full of pulps.
As if coiling dead snakes.

At night appearing in dream
The great great great great grand Father said,
'Those are useless orbits with corpses of stars-suns.
Asleep dreaming of speed.

Making me bewildered coming you stand face to face
And ask, 'Can't you be speed? ! .'.

What it is?
A question?
A comment?
A desire?
An expectation?

Could not find appropriate words.
Bewildered raising tail run away...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

'sriranji Aratisankar', A Good-For-Nothing Fellow.

I don't know who I am?
Of course locally I'm known as
'SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR.'
A good-for-nothing fellow.

But whenever I try to speak
My lips can't utter any word
Only stones, no merely stones at all!
Tombstones, epitaphs of dead the stars
gushed out...from my mouth.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

'strolchen-Meter.

Every one stepping on the bridge
Some one coming some one going..

I'm a 'Strolchen-meter.'

Keeping account of cogitation, ecstasy of thought,
Association of ideas and idealism, mood, concern,
Magnanimity, attitude, realm of mind, language
Prosody, rhyme, style, speed, vigour, variability....

My only aim to assemble of selective human walks
Some day when those would be coagulated,
Condensed like a ball..

I roll it across the afferent current.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

'tamashi'..

Overspreading night-lake
Dark water calm
Only shadow few stars boating
In the offing perhaps on the shore
Two 'Aja-shringee' trees dimly seen
Stretching legs on the top of those two trees
Cimmerian 'Tamashi' standing
And with a long pole lowering down
The branches of the aeon-tree.

'Tamashi'...The primeval dark lady Who was self-primigravida
the mother of the Universe.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

'the John-Keats-Disease.'

I know Mrs. Misery
She lives alone by the side of a fire-river.
The river is far extending.

Through out the night
Sitting on the wharf she longs for a boat.
Neither boat nor boatman come.

Night ended.
Mrs. Misery saw morning-girl come vomiting blood
and making the stratus crimson red.

As she suffering from 'the John-Keats-disease.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A

A tune -Bangal Vairab - not necessary Komal Risav
A consciousness - a clumsy old ox havinng long neck
A subject - colourful poisonous sea of happiness, sob
A boat - floating on incessant flow silenced uncheck.
A question- white answer-sheet no mark of ink illusive beck
An answer- falling 'Bramha' from the beak of forget-me-not gob.

Komal Risav > Third soft note of musical scale in Indian musical tune.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Blue-Calling Rolls On As Wheel

A blue-calling rolls on as wheel
On every one's chest
Only a few can feel.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Black Immovably Stone Of Words.

Bending down I walk
Nodody knows
Carrying inward
A black immovably stone of words.

Whenever be it unloaded
High coefficient sets fire to my exercise book.
If unloading kept on earth
It would be flattened and powdered.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Blue Chalk

Satyanarayan Samui now a shadow-boy;
He was a jubilant boy of blood and flesh
Nearly 43 years ago.

We scuffled over a blue chalk;
Thereafter I was not on speaking term with him;
After summer vacation he never attended school.
He was translated into blue bird...

Just by the window of my bed-room
Standing a seven-leaf tree
Extending its branches
Transmits a massage of friendship;
At some pitch-black night
Stricken by rain-storm and thunder,
A bird made of blue light
Alights on a branch of that tree;
Keeps looking at me blankly...

Is it Satyanarayan?
Still searching for that blue chalk?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Blue-Man

My complexion is blue.

A blue-man.

None knows

Only I know

Why the sky is blue in colour.

The sky once bitten by a snake of love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Boat Made Of Heart-Fire Floating

Flower, flower and flower
So much flowers in the garden
Yet shower shower and shower
of fire in my heart

Bird bird and bird
So much birds in the woods
Yet a dark snake sleeping coiled
in the hole of my heart

Now why do you show
variegated colours to startle me?

Water water and water
all pervading deep dark water...

A boat made of heart-fire floating

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Boat On The Evening-Water

I float a boat made of my own corpse
On the evening-water
Some day must would cast anchor
On the wharf of the farthest off star...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Branch Of 'Lodhra-Kusuma'

I give you a love-throne to sit on...
Give me a river to boat on
All day long I only cross and recross
Whimsically only float a branch of 'Lodhra-kusuma'

*'Lodhra-kusuma'...A kind of flower blooms in the Spring Season in West Bengal, India. Required to worship the Goddess 'Saraswati'. Hindu Goddess of Learning, music, painting etc.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Broken Wheel

A broken wheel leaning against the wall ;
All day long thinks over the way crossed,
How giz-path, how zag-path, ditches, bumps, dust, clay
Now sees wheels running on the way, none cares.

At night the wheel gets back movement
Rolls to the nearby pond down
Whirling in the water ;

Then it's circumference emits sparks.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Cat And A Ball

The cat jumped off the table.
A ball lying on the floor.
The cat playfully pushed the ball towards wall.

What it is!
The wall going off.
The more ball rolling speedily
The wall more retreating.
By no means whatever
The ball not able to get at the wall
the ball as if urged importunately must thrust the wall.
Intensified the speed,
Till not able to reach...

Whenever close my eyes see a dark wall going off
Far.. farther..farthest..
And a tenacious ball rolling after it;
And a snow-white cat Is also following...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Charcoal Never Afraid Of Burning

Hi heartless haughty Hearth;
Why try to frighten me?
A charcoal never afraid of burning.
Your constant endeavour marred.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Coincidence

In the days of yore a girl and a boy
Stood face to face by the edge of a deep dark ditch
They are too much quarrelsome
flew into a rage provoking about to throw stones.

Behold! behold! yonder they threw big black stones
Aiming at to hurt each other.

What a coincidence!

Thrown up two stones flying collinear
With uniform motion collided at concurrent
and exploded and broken into pieces.
Scattered blazing scarps fell into the ditch
in whirling motion.

The girl and the boy clapped in joy.
Those blazing scarps still falling into the ditch whirling
The girl and the boy still keeping watch on cheerfully
Their newly invented miraculous supernatural game.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Colossal Blunder

Knowing how to swim a colossal blunder
The water makes it clear;

Floating throughout life;

Not felt tactile pleasure of abysmal

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Cursed Poet

So long whatever I convince,
Given notice, written, said...
All motivated, erroneous, full of blunder..

I'm cursed,
Burnt to ashes whenever I touch a lavender.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Dream Of Shoe

I didn't do on my shoe not willingly
Rather they refused to bear me
Walking no jumping ahead fast
Rest a while; rest; didn't pay heed my words
Walking across the shadowy path; dark forest
Passed jig-jug whirled round the mounting up
Fatigue extremely fatigue yet running and running
Suddenly I dreamt the shoe turned into bird
Flying and flying; the trees are keen to shelter
They ask to sit on the greenish brunches
The shoe flying and flying wouldn't like to sit
But must sit questing cheek
So called gentle men's cheek to be sat on....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Ferocious Old Beast

In the colour tuned east; -
A ferocious old beast.
Peeps at in the morning;
Rings the bell of warning.
Poor or rich no disparity
Crunches everyone's longevity.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Fouler And A Poet

O Bird couple...
Sitting on the branch of the noon-tree
I know for whom you waiting:

A fouler and a poet.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Futile Poet

A cracked head of a futile poet carved on stone
laid under transparent water;
Covered by moss,
On the eyelid aquatic saplings produced
Fair forehead where dejected oysters laying eggs
Water briny water pervaded
Thirsty tip of the lip shaking like an aspen leaf...

The indiffrent readers engaged in household works
Not bother to peep.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Ghost

A ghost standing by the window
Just standing for a few moments gained a lot
being frightened shadows run away
But neither you perplexed nor afraid of me
Rather you thought the matter is jocular
Thought a mask-wearing man
Weakness of your faith is my power,
My advantage
You take it for a funny game
Give indulgence to me
I bid my time, the opportunist try to be most intimate
Chance to Enter into your room

What a room! made of light;
I am astounded
My shadow-figure broken into pieces...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A House Made Of A Word

A house made of a word
Behind the house a far extending lake
full of blue wavy water
In front of the house a row of palm tree
On the right-hand side an old fir
And on the left-hand side crop harvested such filed
Doors and windows are closed
Who resides in that house?
A man coming knocked at the door.
None responded.

Only whirling wind shaking the branches of the trees
Flying dried leaves
Raising wave in the lake
Burst into laughter..
Light got dimmed little by little
Old yellow rising
A fleeting shadow seen climbed the ridge of that house
suspected it is the shadow of a poet
The word-house shaking itself
Lifted up
Swinging
Going upright
Blue light sparked
The house as if beryl-sphere moving in the sky
Spinning
The shadow-man got fainted...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Kiss Begets A River

A kiss begets a river
Wavy river, a crazy,
Brimful...

A peacock-boat floating on the current
Floating and floating forever..

Far-off ghat fanciful;

Where the river would go
Does not know...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Lipographical Blunder

While God composing a poem
made a lipographical blunder;

I' am that unfortunate word.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Man Roars On The Stage

A man roars on the stage
Having nails and teeth fallen of at home

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Memoir

She left me long ago
She left me forever
She gradually disappearing by the bight
Dazzling Golden sun-light bedaubed her

A picture is drawn
A picture everlasting picture

A memoir
I keep the gem in my Volt.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A New Sidereal System

The passionate talented flower of life taken out
from the flaming funeral pyre;
Commenced transition periodical game
Now I'm the father of a new sidereal system.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Novel

This fellow is a fountain-pen
Sucked black-night ink.

The sky is the new exercise book
First page opened...

A novel of the morning would be composed.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Peerless Art.

Cooking up is also a peerless art.
As usual it is noticed, be it so..
The civilisation and the society
Stood on the extremity of that crafts

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Petty Case.

Suddenly lopping the branches
Of the darkness-tree
Violating convention
The new star why become so benevolent,
Can some one explain the preface?

No hog-palm,
Rather esculent root
Having with the smell of mango...

So passionate outburst,
To pay the transcendental rent
Men go
A petty case...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Piercing Needle

Laid down on your bed.

Dormant.

A piercing needle.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Plank Believes In Fate

A plank believes in fate
never blames nail or hammer
known they are just gewgaw
puppet.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Plate Of Eclipsed Sun-Flesh.

I slept before solar eclipse.
At what time level of water increased?
When crossed the danger-line?
When water adulterous became my bed-companion?
Before realizing I immersed under deep water,
Painting-like water-village;
A group of beautiful mademoiselles welcomed me
With a bouquet of colourful death-flowers
And offered me a plate of eclipsed sun-flesh.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Poem Of Hamlet

Said sleeping hamlet by the side of a river
Said trees, birds, cattle, cow-boy and his pipe
Said partridge-cooing shadow under mango-grove at noon
Said hoot of owl and howl of jackal at mid night
Said temple of Lord Shiva, snakes and bats infested
Said straw-thatched cottages and the myrtle-bower
Said moonlit-bathted forest land ghostly calling
Said Lodhra-kusuma in the month of Saraswati
Said Shyama-kadambini in the festival of clouds
Said he learnt the alphabet blooming flower
Said formation of words prefixing dawn and evening
Said parts of speech of morning sun-shine.
Said formation of sentences with waves of pond
Said a poet composing poems in silent language.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Poem On Rhinoceros Skin

A poem on rhinoceros skin
As far as is not yet written in any language
That point of view this poem is a mile-stone

Why not written is not difficult to guess
In fact every one has ample idea about that
So composing poem nothing would yield
new knowledge or understanding or erudition...

Who likes to play dram made of own skin.

All Foundry-made only flesh-blood, no back-bone.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Poet And A Goat

Summer-field.
Hot wind making marry.
A poet is searching for shadow.

In the middle of the field a small tree
standing as if a coast guard.
Withered leaves scattered here and there.
The poet reached there
Amazedly saw a branch of the tree
full of new green leaves
as if incarnate protest against the summer-ruler....

Just after gleeful poet's leaving the place
A goat appeared
And lopped the leaves.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Poet's Hand

A hullabaloo heard; what is the matter?
Everybody running towards the river.
A river nothing but a name
Only a dead river-line full of sands
Once flowing flowed gloriously
A dreadful roaring sound heard.
I too ran after the mob.

Everybody standing on the bank
Saw the river flowing brimful
But not water, wavy flow of blood.
numerous corpses and skeletons
beheaded bodies, headless demons
bones, entrails, eyes, separated legs,
hands, pulp of fetid flesh floating away....

Suddenly I noticed a separated hand
floating gripping a verdant branch
of blooming 'Lodhra-kusuma.'

A grand old man of our neighbourhood told,

'It must be hand of a poet.
It must be a hand of a poet.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Portrait Of Man

Drawing of boat yet to be finished
Water level raised rippling
O what a speed!
Flowing getting stumbles..
to this shore to that curvature;
The unfinished boat reached to the swamp;
calmly floating..

As soon as drawing of mountain
With snow-covered peak finished
The morning light stands atop gloriously..

When to draw a portrait of man
Colours faded..

Spreading wings evening alighted...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Report

An armed clumsy fellow raped
And murdered a girl of thirteen
The poor girl asked for help
None dared to approach.
However that lascivious caught in red-handed
And sentenced to death throwing stone.

Reported, the place of execution
So over crowded, more than 100 spectators
Trampled die under foot and about 1000 wounded.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A River And A Man

like a river
A man too follows sand-culture.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Rope And A Snake

Once a rope and a snake lying side by side. Gossiping.
Rope told, 'It's a matter of great regret, none afraid of me.
How horrible you are! you have a hood and fangs; venomous.
All honour you."

Snake smilingly made a comment, "Listen, gesticulation is all.
Rather I'm afraid of everybody, now and then, could not go out of hole
Common men hate me. Rather you are lucky, have neither hood nor fang
yet man sometimes hallucinate you snake at dim light or in dark..
Never you have to face fear of death,

Your best opportunity playing role as halter.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Saga

Darkness craving hungry blue darkness

A Sharp brad-awl errant

Let it be drilled

Let it be drilled

Waiting to be appertained

After millions of years

Your elegy would be carved on my body made of sand-stone

A saga be sung by the queen breeze

God smiling sitting on the cupola of the last earth.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Shadow-Figure And A Dark-Water Pond

Dark forest around a dark-water pond
At midnight a flute of death-signal played.

Who plays?

A shadow figure spear-pierced comes
Jumps into the fathomless pond.

Who jumps?

The stars twinkle
Some of them drop down.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Shadow-Rope Hanging A Shadow-Girl

A flowering tree as if a fort in the jungle
Innumerable branches overwhelmed
with colourful flowers all the year round
Only a branch flowerless, from which
All time a shadow-rope hanging a shadow-girl.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Simple Question

How many earths are there?

Why in every morning a new earth born ?

When an earth falls into the jaws of death?

You all scholars, vastly learned, all-knowing
versed in all sacred scriptures, jack-of-all treads
and poets...

Would you answer?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Simpleton

Walking on the way; never look back
Whatever get stone-chips pebbles, straw,
Collect carefully and keep in the knapsack

Which is needful? which is not useful?
Never apply perception of difference;
Even getting a touchstone keep myself cool.

Home-minister things me a simpleton
On account of this unpardonable guilt
losing bottle-washer job, got emancipation.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Stag Hopefully Purchased

A stag hopefully purchased
The shares of love
Market down..

Lost all.
Is it?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Story Of Sharp Reed And A Cow-Boy

Telling a story of sharp reed and a cow-boy
Who was a whimsical king in another birth of life

The reed was a sword too in another birth of life,
A slave of that capricious king
Who now and then, beheaded any one..
Whenever wished
Once the king cutting trees
Standing on the bank of a river
where the water was deep and calm ;

The king noticed the reflection of flying birds
And sun on the still water;
Wished to behead the birds and the sun;

Jumped into the still water.
The courtiers shouted ah! ha! alas!
As the king didn't know how to swim;
However the reflection of birds vanished
And the sun broken into thousands suns
The king blustering and driving sword like a mad
Water got wavy drew the king into the bottom...

Thousands suns dancing on the tops of fickle waves...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Tearful Blue Calling

Immersion of the image of *'Ma Lakshmi'

A procession with a band of musicians ahead

And a thousand of drum-beaters playing drums behind.

Far behind Goddess Ma Lakshmi walking alone slowly..

The moon peeps at through leaves of white oleander

A tearful blue calling walking behind 'Mother' morosely.

*'Ma Lakshmi'.. Hindu Goddess of wealth and prosperity.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Wild Beast

Just a few moments ago
Biting my neck with sharp teeth dragged me
in a shadowy shrubbery.

Sucking blood, gulping flesh
and crunching my bones left me there...

Lo! see there gradually disappearing
oh! it is gone! crossing the west-river
mingled with the twilight.

My amour, a wild beast
Foredooming me left me forever....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A Wild Beast, The Misunderstanding

A wild beast, the misunderstanding;
Goring the fence broke into your garden,
Chewing audibly gobbled
The foppish flowering plants.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

A.A.

An eye-specialist knows
A man never loses sight.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Abandoned Sensible Pregnant Queen

Abandoned sensible pregnant queen of recollection
In such a place where no trees, shadow, fruits or stream
The king now sucking thumb and suffering from gnosticism fever
In a state of delirium saw the intercept point and intercourse dream.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Abortive Attempt-Current-Course

Abortive attempt-current-course;
In course of flowing
Thrusts to a curvature..

Fairy tale written

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Absolute Zero Syllabus

Full to the brim the world current.

Merely watching torrent

Yet to complete the Absolute Zero syllabus.

Undergone less than

.000000000000000000000000000000000001 per cent.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Actually Setting A Trap

I am loitering with all famous rivers
keeping in my palm.
Not at all munificent;
Motive is not distributing water to passer-by...
Or sprinkle trees with water or deluge dry land;
Even not to hold the bluish face of the sky..
Or showing ripples of water, wavy-arts...entertainment..
Suffice to say,
Such foolish poetic fabrication absolutely meaningless.

Actually setting a trap ...
Aiming to get all the new boats floating on my current.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Adjective-Law

Bursting into flame glistening
Crowded all around
Neighbourhood gone mad
Nobody has own lustre. Attributed.
Scattering the light of publicity
Is the adjective-law...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Adlof Hitler Was Illiterate

I believe definitely
Adlof Hitler was illiterate;
Never read the Geetanjali.

- A collection of poems composed by Rabindranath Tagore.
- For this works he was awarded Nobel Prize in 1913 A.D.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Aesthetics

Suffering from thirst-fever of beauty
Drawn hundreds of beauty-lines haphazardly
Never could touch the elegance.
It's beyond my imagination and artistry
One day just at noon, the sky overcast with clouds
Dark-green Night came full of youth and beauty.
Out and out naked.
Flashing of her celestial sphere dazzles my eyes
Infatuated what I could but dive in
unrevealed latent matchless darkness ...

Only an introspector is learned in aesthetics.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Affliction

Ho seductress; O pretty...
Neglect me; Tread down me;
Trifle me Desired to be in tranquillity...

Nay nay; misconceived; huge gap
Thriving with the quality of miscibility
Can't infer this humble chap

You have to feel must
When you chew food
Stealthily mingled
I'm everlasting dust...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Affluence

White is welcome
Black is also welcome
All colours are welcome
But going beyond limit cumbersome

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Afraid Of My Shadow

I'm the ghost; though not past;
Afraid of my shadow.
Never go out in the sun,
El Dorado.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

After My Death

The world and me equal in age
It is growing up as I growing up
It is alluring only for me...
In every morning appears before me with a new look
After my death no longer it would exists.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

After My Departure

After my departure
The earth would spin around the Sun?
I'm not so sure,
The sky is overcast with the shadow of doubt...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Airs

One scene ever painted with one color
All assets of the bankrupt unostentatious.
Just wanted to get some leads to sorrow,
Not very subtle joke.
To the extent that there is already too much
Terminable at the start of the drama.
The people sitting in the wine-joy
Life is filled with the fragrance of its recession

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

All Day Long

All day long game of blue-dark cloud,
Wind is not playing pipe of palm-leaf;
All day long my mind is silently aloud,
Only the memory-tree blooming deep grief.

All day long blazing fire in the oven,
Combustible firewood turned live coal.
All day long a wreath of dream woven,
Only walking neither path nor a goal.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

All Day Long Only Loitering

All day long only loitering here and there
Loitering on account of follies of youth
Loitering in alphabetical order flowering outward organ
An attributive compound, reposed, depressed...
At noon sat on the throne of fire
In search of the jewel
On the chest of Vishnu day drawn to close..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Almost All Poets Are Liar

Almost all poets are liar but searching for thuth;
All truth-loving liars are not poet.

Liar as well as truthful

And believer of verisimilitude are also poet?

Determined yet.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Alone

Wander the whole day long restless
As soon as eye avoid the known face
Often hoaxed and also hoaxing
I'm stupid fellow but befooling.
Colourful clothes body ulcerated
I'm an embers search for cloud-like shed.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Already Crossed The Noon-River

In the morning I inviting bolt
My name was Flaming;
(Don't take for the famous cricketing captain)
People said to some extant insane.

Then whatever I touched
Turned into gold.

Already crossed the noon-river
Now the people say a stone
dump as well as cold.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Am I Water-Born?

As often as I see
My reflection on the mirror
Semblance differed
Am I water-born?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Amiability Up In The Sky

Amiability up in the sky
Exaggerated lustre commenced
Beneath on the leaves on the trees
On the leaves on the trees
On the forest-bed laid maiden-shadow
Absolutely mad;
Her repentance ornamented with glittering of fire-fly
glittering.. glittering...glittering...
The contender sky too inaugurated star-talent-show.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Amicable Settlement

The sleeves are too short.

Amicable settlement.

Commensurable to one sleeve

A hand is shortened.

Commensurable with one hand.

A sleeve is shorten.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Amorous Sport

In the evening seen
The tree lean and thin and dirty
Waking up in the morning
Saw flowering hale and hearty.

My soft snow-white bed
As if solitary love-stick canvass
Line of painting pell-mell spotted
And certain the root was the brush.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Amour

As cool as a snake a word, 'amour'.
Raising suddenly dazed the celestial sphere...

The stars dropped down like dead birds.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

An Absolute Wrong Idea

Usually container is bigger than the contained.
Greatness of the sky is an absolute wrong idea;
My eyes hold the sky.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

An Elastic Wheel

Somehow I don't like myself
I always feel,
Leaning against a broken wall
An elastic wheel.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

An Elephant And A Tortoise

Floating quarrelling
An elephant and a tortoise
On the curvature of river-gloom;

The sky is curious
When death-flower will bloom...

Note:

In the epic Mahabharata wrestling between a demon 'Gaja'(elephant-figured demon) and 'Kachhapa' (tortoise-figured demon) indicates keen long term rivalry.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

An Evening In July

I am not Neil, my arms are not strong at all
So needless to say I could not be Neil Armstrong
Tell beforehand once, long ago (in July,1969)
I tried to imitate the man to set foot on the moon

A girl faultlessly beautiful came to our neighbour's house
On the occasion of chariot-festival of Lord Krishana,
We a group of boys and girls
went to visit the fair on the bank of a river...

It was July after-noon,
drizzling, enchanting dark blue shadow
Friends were loitering aimlessly, some of us detached
Buying a flute made of leaf palmyra tree
I was playing in joy sitting under a blooming kadamba tree
On the bank of the brimful river, none was there
Suddenly saw that faultlessly beautiful girl
coming out of the fair alone
I tried to draw her attention making a signal with the hand
She put on a flaming-fire-red frock,
moist gentle July breeze blowing indolently
enamoured being playful and inquisitive exasperating her
and playing with her curled hair and long forelocks

knitting the brows, she cast a bashful and timid glance
as if a streak of lightning and coming by slow steps
coming and coming and coming...as if endless way....

My assumption was wrong,
Actually she didn't take notice
Rather carefully observed a lamb as white as snow grazing
On the wavy verdant meadow
The girl started running after the lamb
in a funk running at high speed
And disappeared on the far-off mysterious bushy curvature...
Seemed a full moon running after a divine rabbit...
Next morning learnt that the girl left our neighbourhood..

Since then I haven't seen her,

Even her name also not known;

I name her moon

Now when I stay alone, closing eyes, can see

The sky is a river a far-extending blue river

There on the bank a blooming Kadamba tree underneath

deep blue shadowy July evening alighted spreading wings

A far-extended meadow,

The lush verdure of the July valley veritable

There a faultlessly beautiful moon girl

Running after a rabbit as white as snow

Running and running and running

But not disappearing.....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

An Evening Of 8th June

An evening of 8th June
Long twenty five years ago
Though the sky was cloudy
Wind whirling with a tremendous go...

Yet the moon
Bloomed chrysanthemum
With boon of silvery lustre...

That was maximum
That was maximum...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

An Evil Star

I cast a look on love whenever
It's head separated;

I, the Saturn (Satan?) an evil star.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

An Extraordinary Home

Running out of breath
Searching for such an extraordinary home
Not seen before.
At last found something special indeed.
Architectural views no doubt eye of feast
Only there no windows or doors to enter.

So what?

Collecting a ladder firmly established right of occupancy.
Staying there a few seasons panting hard.
Blueish and tender darkness
As if python pulverizing me all over...

Bitterly cry for coming out.

The ladder left outside.

Shouted 'help me, save me, " no response.

Strike repeatedly my famous head on the dark dumb walls.
Blood, brains coming out from the cracked head.

Imagined outside of my home
The world-passer-by walking through rainy-winter-spring way..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

An Image Having Half-God And Half-Goddess

A little has been said
And what has been said
All fabricated
Even slight not been said,
What is the truth,
What is light;
what is shade
What is rapture
what is ruth
The transcendental
Now let me say,
Never can be said
Any thing about natal
That is to say
Beyond articulation,
Beyond conception
If one can try
Can eye
An image having half-god
And half-goddess
Yet half-expressed...
Full?
Only expects a fool...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

An Important Notification

Learnt from the reliable sources
Supply of light will not be available
for next 1000 earthly years (approx)
for routine checks up; supervision;
and aeonic reconditioning of the sun.
So the microcephalous human beings
are informed if think light inevitable
Then keenly practise to be auto-lighted.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

An Ode Of Love

To write love easy.
To speak love easy.
To draw love easy.
To describe love easy.
To buy love easy.
To distribute love easy.
To fabricate love easy.
To launder love easy.

To realise love difficult.
To get more love difficult.
To love most difficult.
To get over love impossible

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

An Offing

The spring-prince would come today, let all roads be off
Cleared dust-mud-sand-pebbles and garbage, and Ray-hind
Dead fire, cool fire, corpse of fire laid on a girl's heart
The winter-man bewildered, sad, even too doubtful wind.

Why the lass far looking vacantly? it is she herself an offering
Crowned with kurubak-spikes yellow dot-adorned forehead
What could be if the spring-prince come? beyond imagination
A colourful stream flowing insidiously, her face expounded red.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

An Old Clumsy Ox.

Climbing politics-ladder crossing the fence
Making marry at best shrewd godlike fox
No unity, no key, no money and power; hence
Watch folding eyes I'm worthless an old clumsy ox.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

An Operative Art

A lot of opportunities
cover the eyes with black sun-glass;
An operative art;
Objects can't feel whether they noteworthy
So not on the alert.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Anger Is An Animal

Anger is an animal, no soul
With sharp horns and teeth and nails;
Fire emitted from it's nostril,
Brains full of live charcoal.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Animals In Indian Culture

In Indian culture

All animals and birds given due honour;

Lion is honoured as the carrier of Goddess Durga,
Goddess Jagadhatri and Siddheswari,
Ox is honoured as the carrier of Lord Shiva,
Rat is the carrier of Lord Ganesha,
Owl and Elephant are the carriers of Goddess Lakshmi,
Elephant also treated as the carrier of Vishakarma,
Swan is the carrier of Goddess Saraswati,
Cat is the carrier of Goddess Sasthi,
Donkey is the carrier of Goddess Sitala,
Peacock is the carrier of Kartika,
Goat is the carrier of Saturn,
Snake is the carrier of Goddess Manasha,
Crocodile is the carrier of Goddess Ganga,
A fox is the follower of Goddess Kali.

Even a buffalo is worshipped
during the worshipping of Goddess Durga.

In India particularly to the Hindus 'Cow' is sacred,
As it is treated the carrier of Supreme Mother of the world.

Dog is also representative of 'Yama'

Dog and God
Sameness is the universality.

Note:

Durga.....the wife of Lord Shiva. Most powerful Hindu God
Jagadhatri...Mother of the world
Siddheswari..Goddess of Success

Lord Shive....One of the tro (Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva)
Ganasha.....God who grant success, Son of Goddess Durga and Lord Shiva
Lakshmi..... Goddess of wealth, Daughter of Goddess Durga and Lord Shiva
Vishakarma... An engineer God
Saraswati....Goddess of learning, music art etc.
Daughter of Goddess Durga and Lord Shiva

Sasthi..... Goddess of child-care
Sitala.....Goddess of removing pox
Kartika.....God of war, Army Commander
Manasha..... Goddess of snake
Saturn.....An eveil God
Kali.....Goddess of destruction darkness
Yama.....God of death and religion

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Another Name Of Death

Living to some one only
Another name of death
licking others' legs gleefully;
Success; Inveterate faith.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Answer

Scarlet dawn
Right answer of the night-question.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Any One Can Be My Companion

The morning-birds flying over the cloud
Towards the picnic-spot beyond the horizon
I must would reach there prior them
And waiting as edible worm...
Any one can be my companion.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Apex-Inquisitive

Water-level raising
Raising more..
Raising more..
The world drowned..

Is it Apex-inquisitive ?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Appears To Be A Poet

Drag and drop images drawn draw - bookies?
Apart from who makes rhymes arranging love and dove
Appears to be a poet.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Appetite

Unbearable appetite eating pebbles, sand...
The Earth within the reach of my hand
Appears as if a sweet colourful pulp

Voraciously I gulp.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Arbor

The eyes see of all,
 But not it's eye-ball

One can't see back-side without mirror.

Even the writer does not know the denouement

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Are You Really Sanguine

Are you really sanguine
That pelagian penguins
Never use any pen
Even have no penchant
Wearing any pendant
Never drink shampain.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Aristocracy

Poor condition, under pressure
Crackling hodgepodge repenting
But everybody pays dues and taxes
Though I'm a sword made of wood
Asleep in a colorful ornate case.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Aristocracy-2

Coat totally torn
And Patched,
Yet crease of iron
Not subsided.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Artist

Pipe is made of bamboo-rod
To a boorish merely bamboo
 To a piper god.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Artistic Hoodwinking

Artistic hoodwinking

Glimmering land, booster fine

Blissful Angles in the sky-line

Cherubs playing drum

Beneath besotted world benumbed

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

As I Know

I too burn myself
If a colourful ornamented furnace is available.
As I know a bird coming of my funeral pile
Flying beyond the sky-line.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ascetic

Trees on either side of the alley
A few branches with blooming flowers bent down
Intently trying to touch
You loitering slowly
Creeping after you shadow-spy
Just now trample down a yellow fallen leaf
Apathetically not eyed
Cross the noon-river wearing sun-crown...
You would never know the leaf you tread upon
It was I

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Assupmtion

She seems in love.
Whenever she looks at the sky
Her face illuminated with azuring rays.

Nobody till doubts
I'm the sky.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Asylum

They are in the sky, the sky shelter of the stars
Stand down trees, trees, soil protection
Trees, birds, trees, birds, harbor
Fish swim in the water,
Water shelters fish
The river flows down the sea,
The sea, river's, harbor
At the end of the road, home,
Home shelters the passer-by
Chignon anxiety-complex, in the heart shelter concerns
Flambeau of fire,
Conational conflagration content of my heart

I have no refuge anywhere....

Stretching hands standing at the door hypnotic death
Brunette!
Bucolic enthralling
Comedy color black
Says whispering, 'I lull; I aliquot; alleviated alley; buddy not bubble
Though bramble but leafy greenish croton. '

Your asylum your asylum ...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

At Any Time Can Be Started

At any time can be started;
But from which point?
Circular way-line, shadowy-prime.
At any time can be started;
But from which point?
Incessant billowy passage of time
At any time can be started;
But from which point?
Bit by bit getting old the sky sublime.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

At Last He Made Himself His Meal

He was hungry.

Given enough food.

Ate voraciously with zeal;

Not satisfied.

Ate up dish, bowls.

Ate up waiter,

The cook,

The invitee.

Yet not satisfied...

Ate up the dining room,

The whole house,

The neighbours,

The neighbourhood,

The country

The world,

The moon,

The sun,

The universe..

Nothing left.

At last he made himself his meal.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

At Least Think Once What To Be Done...

My fire-coloured calling is rolling on..rolling on..rolling on...
Standing by far-off window you are enjoying the sight;
Rolling on..rolling on..rolling on..fallen into a fathomless ditch;
Silence for a few moments...absolute stillness prevailed;

Though you are indifferent yet completely relieved of anxiety,
Suddenly a death-scream as sharp as lightning come out
And integral calmness broken down like the house of cards;
The stars dropped down like hail-storm, the sky disappeared;

Now what will you do? Now what would you do?
Think what to be done...at least think once what to be done...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

At Once A Deep Blue Sea Begotten

She waved her hand.
At once a deep blue sea begotten,
Artistic waves bubbled up
My house-boat floated dancing.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

At Some Other Time

Long way to go. Flaming Zeal;
We, intimate friends walking, gossiping,
laughing, making merry;
Watching bloomed belle-tree trying to woo;

In course of time stock of water used up;
Once stock food all spent too.
Now we each and everybody waiting for opportunity
To kill each other and make meal

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Atavism

When I'm alone in a room
When I stand in front of a mirror
My shadow is not reflected
But mysterious atavism.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Attire

Discussion going on
Relating to embellishment;

Some look graceful while dress;

Some without attire
Appear fully armed all time...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Autobiography

Then slight is my income
Procrastination of torrent deceased
Only sand left...

Way-line hidden
Inside the evening-shadow curvature
Whom shall I tell my autobiography!

Tell myself

Proclamation of circuitous Begin,
'My another name is End.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Awakening Of Sense

Stand against the thunder-strom
Falls off the cluster of lanterns.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Baking Pan Getting Heated

Baking pan getting heated;
Oh! delicate water,
Come..
Or
Oh! Alluring,
Bake hand made bread...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Balance Food In Time

Balance food in time,
Makes a doctor mime.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Balcony

All on a sudden leaping a frog appeared on my balcony
Raising shadow shoulder the frog dancing on my balcony
The floor of my dwellig house now full of turbid water
Frog making eyes at me jumped into water with a splash
Water level raised, stirred and over flooded my balcony
I'm drowning little by little, there is no sign of balcony

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Beautiful And Ugly

Really ugly is always ugly;
Is it so?
Really beautiful is always beautiful?
Is it so?

Sometimes ugly looks beautiful ;
Sometimes beautiful looks ugly;
Is there anything which is really beautiful?
Or really ugly?

Sometimes far-off things look beautiful;
While getting near appear ugly.

Sometimes somethings look beautiful at night;
In daytime appear ugly.

Something looks beautiful in the morning,
The same thing looks ugly in the evening.

That is on account of difference of outlook.

This world is created by God.
God is beautiful.
So His creation must be beautiful.

Some of us ugly; some of us beautiful;
All of us creation of God

Apparently which looks ugly is also beautiful.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Beauty

Sometimes I think the world is beautiful
Then it appears really beautiful.

Sometimes I think the world is ugly
The it appears really ugly.

Is there any real beauty?
Is there any real beauty?

I'am blind.
I'm deaf.
I'am dumb.
I have no sensation of touch
I have no sensation smelling.

If beauty is eternal,
If beauty is truth,
If beauty is 'joy for ever'
If beauty is divine,

How can I enjoy beauty?

The beauty of morning, noon, evening
The beauty of spring, winter, summer
The beauty of sunny day, cloud-coloured day
The beauty of moonlight night,
The beauty of colour, pleasing-grove
The beauty of warmth and coolness
The beauty of tranquillity
The beauty of murmur of brook
The beauty of chattering of birds
The beauty of silent mountain
The beauty of love, affection, respect
The beauty of speaking, singing
The beauty of gentle breeze, north-wind,
The beauty of tempest, eddy
The beauty of fragrance of flower
The beauty of imagination, poem
The beauty of art, culture

All appear meaningless to me.

May be meaningful to others.

So what?

To me there is no existence of beauty.

But If I think beauty is there

Then beauty is there.

Beauty depends on me

Just on me, upon me...

Within me...

On my mind,

On my eyes,

On my thought,

On my strength, broadness, taste,

On my hearing power,

On my speaking power

On my feelings, perception,

Realisation, experience,

Comprehension, emotion

Learning, nature, conception,

Connection proximity,

consciousness, sub-consciousness....

Beauty depends upon

Time, place, sequence, condition,

Attention, reason, establishment,

Attitude, state, desire, tendency,

Habit, introspection, training,

practice.....

And

Inner look

And outlook.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Beauty That Beauty Does.

I cast a glance on her
I'm reduced to ashes...

Beauty that beauty does.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Bed

Lie in a bed
Night after night
The bed never raised any objection;

One day the bed became antagonistic
Lay on me...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Begin & End

Begin

End

A serial

Spinning on the route of ecliptic

Power of action zero.

let them sexually united

Let see what is evolved...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Beheaded Day

How passed the day,
That story-blood scattered on the west horizon;
Murder-weapon gone in hiding a pond
Covered with water-hyacinth...

Beheaded day;
Body lying on the evening-tableland;

Writing a ballad of cremation
Rather preferable
Than composition of a poem of little value..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Behold! Corniculate Horned Day

Behold! corniculate horned day
Thrusting me running away lifting tail
I'm turned upside down
Oozing blood
Profusely oozing blood
Night falling
Far-off peak of the mountain putting on
Golden crown;

My blood scattered
The stratus of western horizon
Smearred with my blood...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Beseemed

Like white, black, good,
Very useful color
Excessive! ?
Hoax.

Color dais
Cast
Beseemed...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Birdie Flown

Birdie flown,
only nest prop,
friends give me the bird...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Bird's Eye View

Drawn out the eyes.

Eye-eggs.

Kept those in a nest.

That bird would incubate.

Would hatch two chicks.

Eye-birds.

Some day they would fly

High up in the sky

and view the lower world.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Birth

Birth is dreaming,
Awakening from dream is death.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Birth- 2

Birth is flourished wave,
in time evanesces.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Birth- 3

Birth water-mark,
Obliteration is natural.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Birthday

Nither light nor darkness
Nither day nor night
You born.

On which day observe your birthday?
Tell me,

Oh! Infinite!
Oh! Bottomless!

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Birthday-Present

What would be appropriate present on my birthday?

You think much over it.

I say:

Gift me only one such eye which would be a boat
and row on the current of your blood.

I eagerly intend to cross you.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Bit Of Meat Of Power

Body of a dead cow
On the place for carcasses
Bit of meat of power
Carnivorous birds on the trail in time
Taste success.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Black Water

Black water
Black background
Only a dim lantern
walking away

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Blind Love Will Be Produced.

Carefully planted an egg-plant.
Some fellows come to teach my grandmother to suck eggs;

I know well be pesticide ever so used
Blind love will be produced.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Blood Anointed Sharp-Edged Horns

Blood anointed sharp-edged horns
Regularly washed with water carefully
Even crows and birds haven't got
An inkling of my bloody horns till now
Since birth concealed by stratagem
My malevolent piercing fang-like horns
Sinister motive some day perforating
The world with horns would be missing...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Blue-Blood-Thirst

Raining. not as usual rain.
Sprinklins stain of deep blue dots
on the leaves and plants,
On flowers, grass...

Tearing off the throat of Sky
I quenched my blue-blood-thirst..

Standing around the corpse of Sky
The bereaved stars twinkle...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Blunt, Languid Cool Partner

Not responding;
Entirely one-sided affair
Blunt, languid cool partner;
Rubbish!
Corporeal fire;
The side-pillow burnt to ashes.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Body Is Full Of Electricity

Body is full of electricity
Waiting for some one's touch..

Popular saying:

Touching blooms flowers.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Body-Separated Head.

Yesternight I dreamt laid at bed
In the sky-play ground
A team of Star-players
Throwing up and catching the earth
playing basketball.

Was it real?
No, rubbing my slumbering eyes
noticed the ball with they playing
Was my body-separated head.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Bogles Crunching Me

Raining reinless on the darkish boscage
Bough quavering
Dark asphalt dark the leaves bedaubed standing over-river
No passer-by, mysterious boulevard
Cap-a-pie camouflage
The far away peak of the mountain
The ship cruising beyond behind the brush-wood
Blue bight the assignation dimmed
Betrothed as if antipodes

The contour decrescent
My home is bastille
O ! Brunette!
Oh! pretty Brunette! ! where you are?
Where you are?

Bogles crunching me

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Bones

The edge of deep green far-off woodlands
A narrow overwhelmed mysterious river
Wearing chaplet made of wild flowers and leaves flowing
As if a painting of an artist,
Apparently natural, nothing unusual..

On the valley full of thicket
Lying human-shaped stones
And stone-like whitish bones appear
Patella, femur, ulna of a giant..
Or some giant-like huge man;

Cow-boys avoid the valley adjacent meadow;
Villagers and wayfarers too as far as possible
avoid the place...

Many believe those are bones of 'Baka'
A famous giant who was killed by Bhima
In the epic of Mahabharata..

Some old villagers say heard from their ancestors
At moon-lit night, on the solitary valley sometimes
Two giants scuffle (Probably Baka and Bhima) .

Sometimes those bones move;
The valley filled in with rattling sound
Frightened jackals howl; Owls hoot night birds fly away
Narrow river flooded with blood...

If any one see them fighting turns into stone
It is reality If any one visits the place by day
Can see numerous stone-men lying there

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Book

Laid down on the bed
Kept the Book on breasts
Doves in the mango-grove gloomily coo
Turning pages one after one go through me
At hot summer noon
Although not at all unputdownable
But you...
Do you think? consider?
Ever thought?
I go through you too!

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Boorish Cook

Subject-flesh,
Boorish cook;

Termination fluke.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Bow Sleeping

Bow sleeping;
Arrow feels positivism of speed
Proximity reddening the horizon.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Box-Dweller

I live in a small way. I live in boxes.
I have to live. No alternative.
Innumerable boxes around me.
I have to live through in those boxes.
No box is commensurate with my length and breadth.
Some are too big, some are too small.
When I have to enter into a big box
then proportionately balloon myself.
My thoughts, idealism changed into gaseous state.
When I have to enter into a small box
then I condense myself as solid crystal.
My feelings, love. dream cemented hard.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Breaking News

A thief broke a window.
Neither entered nor stole.
Rather the broken window and a view
broke into his heart.

The Thief could not brush off...
Rather bit by bit transformed into a window.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Bride Earth Going Father-In-Law's Home At Last

A palanquin is going on in the sky;
Skeleton bearers stepping forward fast
Humm na... huhumm na...hummm na huhum na...
Bride earth going father-in-law's home at last.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Broken Ore Boat

Broken ore boat, wretched boat
Fallen prostrate boat
Lone lying on the sand..
All day long watches burning pyre
Sometimes intends to be burnt
meaningless existence...
Roots of Saplings and weeds
little by little assert permanent right..

Boatman has left him long time ago
playful boys too forgot
Only a few snakes and worms live in his heart
No body keeps in touch

Only in the rainy season raising waves coming
thrust and remind the youthful wavy days...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Broken Waist But Dogged

Broken waist but dogged
Looks harmless, but a rogue
Whimsical friend
Follows wind-trends
Waiting silently calm cogged.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

'Broken-Tree'

You are afraid of the word 'Broken.'
Leaving that word on the dust of the path escaped
I carefully collect the word 'Broken'
And sow under the rough surface of the earth,
Summer, rainy, winter spring boats
come near one by one and left,
Again and come in cyclic order
One fine morning surprisingly saw
The 'Broken' sprouted to a tender sapling.
Rain-girl came and sprinkled water.
Season-pedestrians coming make inquiries.

Now the young 'Broken-tree' blooming gloriously.
Where are you? Please do come.
I say
'Broken' is the part of the whole.
Nothing is divided.
Nothing can be divided.
Apparently appears divided.
As everything is under the completely spherical universe.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Brother- -1

In the morning two brothers
start walking on the way hand in hand
At noon path bisected

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Brother- -2

Sometimes between brother
and brother-in-law
Brother gets less importance

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Brother- -3

Flowering of brotherhood
Depends on social land,
Social air and light
It is very common
Brothers are engaged in bull-fight.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Brother- -4

It is rare
A sky
Shared by
Two brothers

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Brother- -5

Black and brown
Up and down
Night and day
Fire and hay
Straight and crook
Desert and brook
Death and birth
Walker and path
Flower and thorn
Eater and corn
Possible and impossible
Divisible and indivisible
Justice and injustice
War and peace
Potent and impotent
Relevant and irrelevant
Strong and weak
George and peak
Weal and woe
Friend and foe
Certainty and bother
Can not be brother.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Burried Corpse

Burried corpse under sandy land
When forest by the river bedimmed
When darkness swooped down
When everybody sleeps
Removing sand stands upright
Digs a series of graves..
Then loitering in the locality
In search of a live corpse.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Bushes Of Poems

Bushes of poems
Awful shadowy,
Elves play games
Oh! jargonic joy.

Beat about the bush
Mode of the day;
The words ambush
The readers at bay.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

But Always Transgresses Rules Of Nature

Putting on dress
Braiding hair
Shaving the beard
Paring the nails
Brushing teeth
Contrary to nature

In fact man though innate,
but always transgresses rules of nature

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

But No, You May Not Yourself

Yes, you may.

You may sky,

You may light

You may sun,

Even You may the universe

But no, you may not yourself.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

But Real Arrengers A Few.

Every has been written, said, nothing is new
Millions of poets are engaged in creation
But real arrengers a few.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

But You For Me

This benevolent Earth
That Blue firmament
That sun
The moon
The stars
Days nights,
Mornings evenings..

The Paradise
The amaranths emitting divine aroma...

Only for you.
All for you.

But you for me
Perpetually for me....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

C.P

Change is strange,
Primal range.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Calendar

Aye gone, all gone.
No one is keeping the news
Pass of bewitchment ahead...

Bevy of sea-birds fluttering over the cloud

The south-wind bickering with the Aspen

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Calling

The sky-scraping indigo coloured calling
A wild brook afferent calling
A drenched blooming branch of Champaka possessing calling

Ignored..mercilessly ignored...

You get down in the water
Dark-blue endless water
Disappeared

Since suppressing pain standing on the shore lonely...
Theory of ferrying not accomplished. Now my calling conceived.
Some day would give birth devastating black fire.....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Can You Identify?

A river flows under my words; zigzag alley /..
None can guess the velocity of the weaves ...
On the other side of the river high hilly valley
Can you identify the fellow? who lives in the cave?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Can You Imagine

Can you imagine?
A day without the sun!
Motionless Wind?
And sea without water?

Imperturbable calm blue.
No tree or life
Although the birds
But do not sing songs...

Bengali and Bengalee exist
Not Yet Tagore!

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Canopy

A smudgy tree no grace and shape by the road-side
Coming and going common passer-by, street beggar,
Man of the street, fellow-traveller, villager, nomadic,
utterly destitute, young lady. lassie, old clumsy fellow...

None cast eye on that tree.

The poet standing far by the window
noticed the winkled leaves of the tree blazing...

The canopy of the sky caught fire.
The stars falling down like dead birds.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Can't Anticipate

Poison-tree

Colourful blossom

Stood underneath

Can't anticipate the bottomless bottom.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Car

C stands for care,
A stands for attention,
R stands for reflex.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Cars Running Away

Cars running away;
Flying high
Cleaving the highway...
Under shadowy calmness
Dormant far-off neighbourhood
Only skyscraper apartments
licking the sky...
Off and on comes
Reverse wind raising hood
Small and large branches trembling...

Whose father has ability to say!
Whether the time is the evening or the morning?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Castle In The Air

An old deserted palace,
At mid-night gets wings
Flying high over the star-knit cloud
Builds castle in the air.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Casual Connection

You certainly not in a good mood,
So the morning-lustre beclouded;
Even the trees never shedding hoods
Also shrouding all the roads shed.

You certainly not embellish yourself
The day as if an anaemic patient;
How poor! crunched, gobbled by elf; -
Leaving hole too come out serpents.

You surely not open your lotus-eyes;
At high pleasure dancing shadow-witch
Flapping wings blood-sucker bat flies...
The world rolling towards the ditch.

You haven't read any composition;
The poets lost zeal of writing poems...
The heavenly bodies stopped motion;
Scattered on the dust despised gems.

You certainly not stepped forward...
The coiled roads now in hibernation;
lying down torn bed dreaming cowards,
The house itself would reach destination.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Causality

Everybody infatuated; wavy brisk water;
But not welcomes the role of wind-wayfarer.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Change

Change is not alteration

Not variation

Not mutation

Not modification

Not conversion

Rather supreme father of universe

Father of birth and death.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Chicago

Narendranath Dutta was born in Calcutta
Chicago brought forth Swami Vivekananda.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Children

Children are languages and metre,
Epics can be composed with them.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Chit And Chat

Chit and chat crossing a bridge slothfully.
A gushing of waves
Thrown them into the swift current.

Working ants on the basin
Resting for a while akimbo
saw them ducking.

How funny! Clapped.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Chromatic Life

A lie-tree overwhelmingly blooms true flowers,
A cluster of falsifying cloud pours real shower.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Circular Way

Circular way..thoroughly overwhelmed darkness..
A dead world-tree my carriage.

Who is the driver ?

On the branch a nest made of withered thunder and lightning.
Tranquillity, the black flying-fox layed eggs and hatching

Breaking the shells coming out cosmic kiddies one by one.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Civilisation

civilisation is transgress of law of nature

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Civilisation Is An Animal

Civilisation is an animal coming out from cave
Keeps walking on a circular way;
Circumambulation is about to finish.

Getting preparation to enter into the cave again...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Civilization

No shape; No name
Only lumps of flesh
Only hunger; gaping mouth;
Rolling fast,

Ascending to the peak...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Clever Fellow

Some seem to be grave thoughtful but impostor;
Pretend overcoming the incomprehensible;
Some seem to be habitual shadow of 'Bodhidruma'.
Clever fellows follow the custom pierce unknowable.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Coat Of Love

This coat of love does not fit me.
Went to the market to buy another;
All shops are closed.

On the footpath shop-keepers catching the buyers
Selling flesh and bones of their own corpse
At low cost.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Cock-And-Bull Story

Word-Street; dark lanes by lanes; circuitious;
Here and there ditch, open man-hole, bumper...
The daily-story-passer-by gone astray;

Behold! Behold! the poor fellow
searching for a cock as well as a bull...

Blind lane ahead.

Suddenly heard a kind shadow of hemp-tree calling.
A flying cock sat on it's branch,
A bull also climbed up;

The daily-story-passer-by heaves a sigh of relief;

Happy journey of cock-and-bull story stats.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Cock-And-Bull Story-2

Long ago a cock and a bull lived in a jungle.
What a plot!
Though they were different in all respect
Yet intimacy grown up.
One day Cock said to Bull, 'My dear friend,
please find out, what is common between us.
I think something is there, otherwise,
how are we tied on account of friendship? '
Bull answered, 'I do consider.
But unfortunately nothing traced out.'
They asked the other animals.
They also failed to find out
any similarity between them.

A fox said, 'Once I heard a saying,
'A bull in a story, climbs up tree.'
So brother bull, you can try to do so,
if you get success that would be
an ideal similarity between you.
Another thing also be proved,
human beings are not lying animals.'

Bull tried, but all in vain.

Cock told, 'I carefully noticed almost all
quadrupeds are blockhead.
Think of a man who to make similar with me
made you climb up tree. What a foresight!
Only a biped can find out the analogous identity.'

A frog came jumping and said to Cock mocking,
'Wrong, wrong, absolutely wrong,
All bipeds are by nature
very weak, wicked, wanton, and wrangling animals.
let me say in what way you are similar.
You both feel hunger, eat,
both sleep and wake up; right?
both of You have nose with two nostrils,
both have eyes and watch; right?'

both of you have legs.....'
Cock told, 'But I have two, while bull has four..'
Frog said, 'we are superior than the biped, so..
however both of you have a head each..'
Cock told, 'But on head I have a beautiful wattle,
while bull has two horns...
Frog said, 'Wattle? superfluous.
however, both of you have mouth..'
Cock told, 'But I have beak, while bull has teeth...
Frog said, 'I know you mourn for that, poor fellow,
however both of you possess tail
Cock told, 'But my tail looks colourful, gorgeous,
while bull's tail as if a broom.'

Frog finally said, 'Bull's tail fly-driver,
yours only show,
however, both of you think, that you are friend.
That is the ultimate similarity.'
Bull told, 'Right, but why? '

Suddenly a man appeared there.
Watching the man Cock told Bull,
'Friend let us question this biped,
what is the similarity
between us for which
we are tied on account of friendship? '

Listening the question, the man said to them,
'Our king Highly Majestic,
Lord Butcher only can find out
the similarity between you. Let us visit him.'

The king trapped them in a slaughter-house.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Colour Of Love

Oh Mr. what is the colour of love?

Who in love, ignorant.

Who is far ignorant too.

I'm born colour blind

Hoping to dig out it's root

Climb to atop

Even to smell it's flower.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Combustion Also An Art.

Taken for stone? be it so stone...
Malady-perilous overwhelmed inert
Birds also not care
Grasshoppers think fragile, just wood and hay

Better be brunt to ashes
Fire would receive cordially, attach importance.
Combustion also an art.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Coming

Hush! Somebody coming; famous coming
The colour of her coming as black as cloud.

In her coming thunder-storm laying eggs.

Let me sit on those eggs in hatching
Let me be proud.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Comment

After finishing the syllabus, the prosody of wave
The great Insane made an expert comment:

'The water born of a family of maddening.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Composition Of Poems Superfluous.

A miraculous supernatural circle of cyan beryl-flower
Cyclic around words
Whose heart is full of that radiant glow
Knows composition of poems superfluous.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Compound Interest

My whole body besmeared with fetid slush
Not to care a straw or fig for entered directly
into your drawing room an impudent fellow...
Easily felt your uneasiness, for goodness' sake
could not drive me out; rather shown courtesy;
Pouring costly liquor into a costly cup, offered me.
The cup tumbled, the costly carpet on the floor
got dirty and the tea also wasted...
Yet you smiling. Yet you feigning nothing.
Though I'm sure inwardly raging and storming
Only for goodness' sake could not shoulder me out...

I encashed your annoyance-amiableness and crafty smiling
and deposited in my savings Bank Account.

My principal. My only earnings. That's all.
Now let me earn compound interest forever.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Conditions

What is?

Is not...

let's just see eyes...

The gentleman that adhere to these conditions.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Confined

I jumped into the water.
Small water circles raised one by one
Getting extended seriatim.....

Crossed the limit,
Another limit,
Beyond the limit...
The territorial force confined me in a point.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Congenital Idiot

Congenital idiot
Full-grown he-goat
Love what to be done with it?
To be eaten?
Or smeared?
Puzzled, boarding on a boat
set forth in search of moonlight-fountain.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Consequence

Showmanship of fire.
As usual Hay-girl fell in love.
What next?
Consequence?

Dark deep concern.

The poet burnt to ashes.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Contemplated Fire Is Extinguished

Contemplated fire is extinguished
Inherent attribute of wind has come
to fly ashes blowing out
The fact is fire was slumbering
Suddenly stretches the body...

A boat was there,
On the other shore standing flowering trees,
Calm village like a painted picture
Corn-field, acrostic, blue sky-canvas
Spectral fire gone over

Crossing the limit of fatigue of journey of
Long-thirst-way-propriety-contrariety-
Force of repulsion, restraint-custom...
drew caustic curve..
Who would dissuade?

Who does obey?
If does not obey what if?
At any cost accepting hospitality
makes the mission successful...

Self-satisfaction componendo
Reagency of reality

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Conventional Simpleton

Binding-prejudice; isolation
Real emancipation;
Man unrealistic,
Conventional simpleton.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Corpse Of My Love

Laid down beside me at dark night
Cold as snake;

Corpse of my love;
Whenever I put on the lamp
Appear all fake.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Cosmic Birds

The leaves of the windows of my house wings;
One day noticed a strength incident.

I woke up hearing flutter;
Realised my house flying over the clouds..
Over the horizon; over the apex of the sky..

At last folding wings sat on a branch of the sun-tree;
There made a nest; laid eggs and hatched.

After a few universal years
A few colourful cosmic birds winged into the greater sky.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Could You Be A Furnace

I never die
whole body anointed
with corrosive poison;

Could you be a furnace?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Couldn't Be My Pyre?

My bones moving here and there
In search of fire.

Couldn't be my pyre?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Counter-Signing

The dark-blue cloud in the sky
Anointed with your shadow;
I laid down neath counter-signing
well spread out greenish meadow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Couplet- 1 (Funny Men)

The politicians are the greatest funny men,
Think themselves fox and public cock-hen.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Couplet- 2 (Funambulist)

A funambulist is funny,
Selling death earns money.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Couplet- 3 (Funny)

Usually a man who is funny
Simple, amiable and sunny.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Couplet- 4 (Kiss)

Sometimes kissing is fishy, sometimes holy shower,
Sometimes kissing is tree blooms multi-colour flower.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Couplet- 5 (My Sorrow Is A Surrogate Mother)

My sorrow is a surrogate mother at bay
Begets offspring for other's spring day.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Crazy

None is there who not crazy;
Craze comes a blind current,
Floats even an imbecile, a lazy,
Craze glamour highly divergent.

Some are crazy about woman;
Some are crazy about money,
Some are crazy about pan;
Some are crazy about honey.

Some are crazy about power,
Some are crazy about fame;
Some are crazy about bower,
Some are crazy about game.

Some are crazy about religion,
Some are crazy about cast,
Some are crazy about rebellion,
Some are crazy about past.

Some are crazy about happiness,
Some are crazy about sorrow;
Some are crazy about grace,
Some are crazy about morrow.

The world is crazy about speed,
The sky is crazy about infinity.
God is too crazy about breed,
Unity is crazy about diversity.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Crime-Free Zone

The world would have been crime-free zone
If men were born-blind, deaf and dumb.

Is it?

Isn't?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Crossed The Conception...Then...Then...

Crossing over burnt sky-land, crossed
Crossed corpse of stars one after another
By leaping over
Eddy of boundless black water crossing
Crossed over swimming
Piercing the absolute zero pierced
Falling or rising beyond conception
Crossing conception
Crossed the conception...then...then...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Crossing

Boat made of leaf
Coo! forsaking...boarded gentian belle
High speed stream of fire
Invisible shore smoky
Would she disembark safely?
Would she disembark safely?

The poor feeble poet worried,
Deeply concerned.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Cross-Recross

The boat crosses and recrosses the river
One day the river decides she would cross the boat
The sloping clouds and evening twilight
Watched an event of drowning-boat with a great pleasure.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Curiosity, Sport And Debate

Curiosity, sport and debate
Quarrelling on the shore;
'Whether I sink
Or water duck me.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Current Oh! Current

Current Oh! Current flow to the bend
Tell the story of mystic shore.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 22 (Uncanny Sense)

Uncanny sense
cut motion,
Canopied place
protection?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 23 (Self-Defence)

Self-defence
chatter-box;
Hole-loving
Clumsy fox.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 24 (Love-Lending)

Love-lending
Bad practice,
Snake-bite
Makes bluish.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 25 (Don't Be Sick)

Good looking
Parrot's beak,
For favour
Don't be sick.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 26 (Self-Seeking)

Self-seeking
middle-aged,
Bee flower
sees at gaze.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 27 (Wherever Go)

Wherever go
No helpmate;
Love heirloom
How forget?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 28 (Composed Poem)

Composed poem

Hemistich;

All equal

Mountain ditch.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 29 (Spring-Day Up)

Spring-day up
Get message;
Tree of stone
Bloom in rage.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 30 (Only Down)

Only down
But quixotic,
green plantain
Arithmetic.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 31 (What Is Love?)

What is love?
Chemical?
Lightning says
Electrical.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 32 (Holy Fig Tree)

Holy fig tree
Black shadow;
Light cow-boy
Green meadow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 33 (Human Bomb)

Human bomb
Made of God;
This may be
divine mod.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 35 (Easy To Read)

Easy to read
liveliness..
But I am
A lost case.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 36 (Love Disease)

Love disease
Epidemic;
Death medicine
Eke chromatic.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 37 (Love An Eel)

Love an eel
Fugacious
Or fossil of
Dinosauros.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 38 (Self-Employed)

Self-employed

Detective

Flower arrest

Objective.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 39 (Raising Wave)

Raising wave
silly joke;
renowned wind
sportive folk.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 40 (Our Spring Days)

Our spring days

Fantasia..

Suffering from

Dementia.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 41 (Love Is Curdled)

Love is curdled
Cold summer..
No problem
Have hammer.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 42 (Morning Birds)

Morning birds
Your calling
I'm tree leaves
Light falling.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 43 (Thought Of Stream)

Thought of stream

Vacillate wave

Float your boat

If you brave.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 44 (Love Contagious)

Love contagious

Get thee gone

Wooing love

Mobile phone.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- - 45 (My Paradise)

My paradise
Pigeon-hole
Hang the world
Selfish soul.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 1 (I'm Firewood)

I'm firewood,
Only burn;
Boat-girlhood
Overturns.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 10 (Morning Light)

morning light
golden name.
plays at noon
flaming game.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 11 (A Daft Fool)

I call her
Beautiful;
She calls me,
A daft fool.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 12 (I Am Thread)

I am thread;
She needle.
Nothing sewed,
Big riddle.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 13 (Rising Moon)

Rising moon,
Laughing ox.
Rabbit seen;
Jumping fox.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 14 ('want Cat's Eye')

'Want cat's eye'
Lady's gnat;
Baught cat's eye
With a cat.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 15 (Swimming Goose)

Swimming goose;
I am dam.
Though dabbling
Thinks me damn.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 16 (Her Liking)

Her liking
Daffodil;
But my choice
Fried krill.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 17 (She Gives Blow)

She gives blow
Bashfully;
Think it joke,
Basically.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 18 (She Willing)

She willing
Dichotomy;
Soggily agreed
Vasectomy.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 19 (Wild Stream)

She zigzag
Wild stream;
Floating boat
Merely scheme.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 2 (Suffering From Insomnia)

Suffering from
insomnia;
Heard you too
nymphomania.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 20 (Can't She Be)

Can't she be
Shady tree?
I could take
Rest with glee.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 21 (Poetic Diversity.)

972/21

(Her) metrical

Irregularity;

My poetic

Diversity.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 3 (In Show-Case)

in show-case
brick-a-brick...
why arrange
makes me sick.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- -34 (Highwayman)

Highwayman

On the way..

Pedestrian

April, May..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 4 (Dictaphone)

long long time
I'am alone
friend her note
dictaphone.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 5 (Grass-Skirt Worn)

grass-skirt worn

bliss solitude...

life brimful

God, gratitude.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 6 (Know No Shower)

know no shower

nephology

wind winding

psychology.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 7 (Summer Vacation)

summer vacation

mango-grove:

day-dream horse,

happily drove...

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Dactyl- 8 (Classical View)

classical view
your face
lost myself
yet no trace.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dactyl- 9 (Beating Drum Calling You)

beating drum
calling you;
drum is old
sounds new.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dancing

Death lady's-maid put on garland made of my heads
Held of my hand
Let us dance
In the circle beyond circle
On the edge of a day and its light beyond light
At night beyond night beyond darkness
On the edge of that darkness
On the current of the eternal stream beyond steam
On the wave of beyond wave
Let us dance
Dancing beyond art, beyond existence, non-existence...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Darkening Is Destined.

How cold is the day! Day died.
No ghost of chance of survival;
Premature death.
So far known it's a case of suicide.
A group of persons
so called civilised enlightened
Advanced vulgarized him.
Withdrawing light concealed within.
Speaking otherwise his materialistic
Symbiosis devalued, neglected.

Now darkening is destined.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dawn's Golden Birds Alight

Great, greater, greatest;
Who is great?
Who is grater?
Who is the greatest?
Fight
Conflict
Dark ditch
Wind, fire, land sandwich
Day's despotism
Tyranny of night
Beyond controversy
Dawn's golden birds alight..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Day And Night My Two Wings

I, a self-created automobile bird,
Fly carrying on back the Aeon.
Day and night my two wings;
Unceasingly fluttering on.....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dear Writer

Dear Writer,
Congratulation for your 'Epic Novel'.
Your linguistic and literary skill beyond dispute;
You too write extremely good hand.

Yet to tell the truth, beg a pardon,
In your Novel have done a mistake,
In a word a great blunder.

The word 'world' is wrongly used.
Rather can be said causeless, misuse...
In a sentence of time the word, 'world' is not inevitable
You can easily drop it.

There would be no change of meaning.
Thank you.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Death

Death is beautiful and as graceful as shower
This universal truth concealed within flower.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Death Is A Lone Wolf

Death is a lone wolf
getting hunger-struck
makes a long arm....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Death A Mysterious Hungry Stone

Death a mysterious hungry stone
Rolling behind living beings.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Death Beyond Death Beyond Border

Death beyond death beyond border..
Abysmal black water beyond water..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Death Is A Boat

Death is a boat
floating on the river of life..

Who plies the ore?
Not known;

Not known
When brought alongside the shore!

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Death Is Mortal

Death is mortal.
To glorify it
The livings pay due honour.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Death Is Not In A Good Mood

Death is not in a good mood;

Almost everybody blames him,
To him it is a matter of regret.

None finds any positivity in him.
None spends a single panegyric in his favour;
Everybody is benumbed with fear
as if he is a ferocious animal.
Everybody thinks he is an intricate,
wicked, rude, crooked by nature,
hypocritical, winding, mean,
vicious, deformed, vile,
deep dark coloured...a curse...

Nobody thinks he is play of waves, bliss,
He is calyx in divine flower
He is result
He is peace in disguise
He is knowledge of life
He is means of deliverance
He is plentitude, primordial nature,
He is anther of life-flower,
He is beatitude
He is ruling principle in life
He is differentiated balance of power
He is another name of suspend sleep
or sleep-pragmatic;

Lamenting, Death remarks:
'If I retire from service,
The world would become slow,
discernment will be increased.
I am solution,
I equilibrate between the beginning and the end.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Death Sighing

Infatuated with beauty
standing on a peak
Deep dark ditch encircled

Death sighing

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Death-Bed

Death-bed;
A bed made of bones of death;
Instead of wood or other material
The bones are too greedy
To suck blood and crunch bones;
Even when one laid down for trial;
One day death himself laid down
And breathes his last breath.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Death-Hunter.

In each bush death waiting like a beast of prey
Perhaps the poor fellow doesn't even guess
I'm a death-hunter...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Declared Victory, Spring

Declared victory, spring
'Kingshuk' blooming...
This is the time
To stand on the bank of wild stream;
Transparent sun-ray-gauze scarf
let it fly with the wind winding..

Note:

Kingshuk.. a kind of tree bearing fire-red flowers known 'Kingshuk'
..... or Palash bloom in the spring season in India.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Decrepitude

Decrepitude,
The second childhood.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Deep Well

Deep well.
Enchanter well-head;
At the bottom hungry wavy water.
Just I stoop down gulps me completely.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Deficit

My thought is not spherical;
Even on the sloping way
not rolled on smoothly.

Yet to hear,
Harmony of the spheres.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Demand Of Shoes

One day I bought a new pair of shoes.
At night while falling asleep heard
a clattering sound stopped by the side of bed
Rubbing eyes saw the newly bought shoes.
The shoes said, "You intend
removing your old torn pair
to use me, that can't be.
If you abide by a condition
than I go with you.
Either you have to move your route
or remove your old legs.
If you can change the both,
It would have been the best."

I'm not mastered of such technology by which
can change the route as well as legs.

Waking up in the morning discovered
The new pair of shoes vanished.

However my family members thought
The newly bought shoes had been stolen at night.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Depression

When mind is weather
a forecast of depression is there
raining a few days
storm tussles for sometime flying hays
then the sky again clear

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Design, Sprouted Design

Design, sprouted design
Apparently looks graceful...

In the long run
O Sweet-smiling
you will feel to the backbone..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Destiny

Two lines, not parallel or straight
Running towards the infinity
Some day they must intersect
No power can restrain from, even the deity.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Determination

I'm made of flesh only flesh
Weighty but no bones;
Very soft..tender-looking
Can't walk fast;
Elephantine gait;
'thap..thap.. thap...
Folding twisting round by pressure
As well as condensing
Make me a sphere and roll down
Let the world watch...

I can also trample
The thorny bush and shrubs,
coppice, Weeds, stones, sands...
Old palaces..birds' nests
Devil's workshops...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dfst

Decay begins

Fear begins

Stepped forward

Triumph begins

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Diamond-Nib Fountain Pen

Diamond-nib fountain
pen;
Benumbed
Made of platinum;
Inkling no ink remain.
What I say all jargon.
I'm Jonah, useless burden;
Keep aloof from me the bygone;

Say them, say them, say them...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dividend

Her habit blooming by the side of the way
An unknown wayfarer I'm..
A vagabond,

Casting a little look on my dividend

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Divine Quiescence

Holi-fair by the side of the River Silabati.
A huge concourse.
Flutes, drums, pipes, bells, horns played
Marry-go-round whirling about
Circus Show, magic Show are fully crowded
Jilibi sellers, pop-corn sellers, are busy
Thousands of people wearing multi-coloured dresses
Laughing, talking, gossiping, making merry, singing,
sneezing, shouting, fussing noisily, gadding about,
Friends assembled loitering after young belles;
Old men and women listening 'Padabali Kirtana.'
Romantic pairs taking chance be alone in the crowd
The Temple of Srimati Radha and Sri Madhaba
Teemed with a vast multitude of people
The priests quarrelling for fees reciting wrong hymns;

Srimati Radha and Sri Madhaba grasping for breath
As they are over garlanded, inner cabinet of the temple
Fully incensed, candled, covered with fume, with all articles,
Fruits, sweets, honey, milk, clothing for offering in worship.

Srimati Radha and Sri madhaba left the temple.
Came walking slowly by the side of Silabati, far from the fair
The full moon peeping behind the leaves of flowering kingshuk
Moonlit bathed forest background appeared to be a dreamland
Thousands of moon-boat rowing swinging on the waves
Sweet note of patridges heard, fire-flies drawing circle of lustre.

They sat on the bank.
Srimati Radha eyed over the river
When Sri Madhaba took out his pipe for plying
Srimati said whispering "No, only look at me
And tune your looking with divine quiescence
and float it as a boat on the wave, let it be gone far far away."

Holi..>>> The Hindu feast of commemorating the throwing of red

powder

at one anotherBy Krishna (Sri Madhaba) and the milk-maids enamoured of Him.
It is also Hinhu Spring Festival of spraying coloured water.

Padabali Kirtana...>>> Songs sung tuning vaishnava lyric poems.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Divinum Risus Collection

Once a fellow lived in our neighbourhood,
Dashing; my dear; social;
That fellow had a strange hobby
'Divinum risus Collection'
(Collection of divine laughter.)

He sowed the seeds of laughter in his garden.
Looked after all year long.
Those seeds sprouted and become grown up trees.
Yielded a cluster of laughing flowers.
Wind filled up with aroma..

Morose people sat under those trees
Got back their lost laughter; lost days.

One day that man by chance come by
A communicating bewildering instrument.
That magical instrument swallowed the man.
Forgot to look after the laughing trees.
Alas! All withered.
Now his hobby is only talking.
A garrulous man with cord in ears but talks himself.

Gone mad?
Who knows?

Oh! forgot yet to mention his name.
His name Mr. Mobilephoneghost Laughterkiller.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Do I Act Blindly?

A sweet home.

Surrounded with colourful flowering trees.

You coming out smiling.

What it is?

What it is?

Do I act blindly?

A home coming out from you

Getting wings flying away over the trees,

Over the river, over verdant forest,

Over the mountain...over the horizon...

On the ground shadow fallen.

You running after the shadow raising hands

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Do Something Different

Do something different
Do something different
The same old story
The story of a day with three chapters..
Morning.. noon.. evening
Do some thing different
Suppose time beyond time
Neither day nor night
Neither darkness nor light
An eon beyond time and space
Beyond stability beyond instability
Beyond elasticity beyond inelasticity..

The old story not to be written in new language
Do new language, new theme, new style..
Understand? or beyond comprehensible?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Do You Like Hodge-Podge?

Do you like hodge-podge?
Well; Call me vagabond
Call me mandragora tree-man;
Or can call me glaciation...

However keep in mind,
I can dribble, I can dodge..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Don't Be An Uncanny..

Saying today frankly;
Bath with reserved water
Not at all relishing.
At least Do something.

No need of flowers;
Want flower-bower.
Do at least something.

Seldom appear as dew
Sparkling anew.
Do something at least.

Though you know
I'm hot summer noon
Make special room
Do something; if any
Don't be an uncanny..

Get on; get on...

Go at me
Go for me...

Go at me
Go for me...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Don't Forget I Can Too Behave Wickedly

Now the dust-coloured time is beyond season
Holding a string of red beads
Why she didn't come?
Now my dry skull has achieved
The retaining capacity of furious night-acid
The day would be burnt to death..

Don't forget I can too behave wickedly

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Don't Put Me More Shame

Don't put me more shame;
I have a little room.

Where shall I keep them?

Rather sow them on the circle of horizon;

Some day crimson-red colour flowers
will come up to those trees.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Don't Utter Such Thing

Don't utter such thing...

If those fallen into water
The water will be reduced to vapour;

If those scattered into the sky
The sky will be rolled up as a sheet;
All stars will go out within in a moment.

If those fallen on the earth,
The earth will be broken in pieces...

Even time will come to a dead stop..

If you have perforce to utter
Then counsel privately
As I am hard of hearing
Rather can be said stark deaf...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dormant Oven

Only charcoal, full of ash
Just the wealth of the oven.

Dormant.

Dreamt flash.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Draw Again

What I see..
All nothing but the pictures;
Will hold forever
And draw again;
Bedaubing mystery and love...
With colourful fever
Light and shadow
Remember the past
Rainy-spring-winter....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dream

She is a river of light.
I'm a boat made of darkness
waves greedy of prosody
No sooner would forsake the wharf
than drowning is inevitable fate
Yet dream crossing...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dream Of Love, A Deep Blue Tree

Dream of love, a deep blue tree;
New sprouts and twigs swinging in the morning sun

Waiting for a bird to come
and make nest on a branch.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dress

Applying you always I myself show;
Even not ever doubt joyfully swallow.
Though closely attached but friendless;
Dress.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Drizzling Of 'shayam-Kalyan' Rain...

Frightful Sound.

Dormant thinks sound of thunder,

The awe- light: light but not.

Instant darkness-increasing light

-enhancing power..!

Who raised hands in the immense darkness?

A close girlfriend?

Wrong idea,

Who broke the door of the blocked sky?

Millions of stars treampling;

The sky is overcast with the extra large cloud of ignorance

However tatters

Drizzling of 'Shayam-kalyan' rain...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

During The Leisure Hours Of Rain

During the leisure hours of rain,
Dust dreams to be floating cloud.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Duryodhana

Hero of the Kaurava, Duryodhana
(In The epic Mahabharata) was
An authentic English man
Original name was Deon Jordan.
If not, what would
Such vigor?

Opined another English expert Deon Jordon.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dust

Closed windows and doors
No gap-opening
No lacuna...
Unresisted, unrestrained
Unscrupulous, unseen
Stratifying...tenacious...just
Stratified bit by bit
I'm dust.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Dyspeptic Eaten Up Complex Gale-Sentence

Dyspeptic eaten up complex gale-sentence
Tough extremely tough to control the momentum

Running blindly running...

The long and short of the event:

In broad day light purging...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Earnest Request Of A Divergent

Prepared seed-bed myself
Removing weeds, shrubs and bushes
sowed seed myself.

Newly sprouted tender sapling
keeping abreast of the wind.

Now I have another duty to glorify
the glowing stone of the west-tomb.

Earnest request of a divergent:

'Water the plant.'

'Fence the plant.'

'Manure the plant.'

'Let the wind blow easily.'

'Let the sun shine freely.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Easy

Easy tender leaves on branches
Easy blowing sweet south-wind.
Easy waves on the flowing river
Easy sun-shine aloft determined.

Easy dandelion blooms overwhelmed
Easy fragrance scatters in air
Easy newly spikes dancing in joy
Easy Aurora cheerfully shares.

Easy stream prosody of waves
Easy birds flutter over the horizon.
Easy deep blueish myrtle-bower
Easy spring-summer-winter season.

Easy forest verdant all year long
Easy moonlight on the valley.
Uneasy bewildered lone way-farer
Uneasy zigzag crooked alley.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Eat Me Up

I'm the edible, waiting
Come Hungry, come on...
Eat me up;

I too feel hungry.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Eating Fire, Break The Mirror

The mirror burst into laughter when I stood opposite
And stealthily I put a wig to hide my bald shining patch;
Though I'm not senile, but already earthly bank deposit
little by little imperceptibly, don't know who how snatched.

When I walk alone slowly through spring-thoroughfare
Youthful row of trees tossing branches crack vulgar joke;
I hesitate to stand under the enchanting shade and fear
same aged friends cast a side-glance to this senescent folk.

No doubt it appears I'm senescent but not at all really senile
When raining I like be drenched beside gay and sprightly jasmine;
Though I know have to suffer from cold drenching a little while
Yet I'm about to respond the drizzling, grand daughter gives me beans.

At mid-night I stand by the window see moonlit-bathed far-off land,
Colourful playful shadow of the nymphs fabricate beryl-magic
I hoist bamboo-pole with stoker flag and play sensible inner band
Eating fire, break the mirror, with a blow of wish-yielding stick.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ecdysis

Wave arranged

Fascinating equipment

Only a few are snob, nimble

Greater part is savoury treacle

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Educational Institution (School) Of Mr. Shark

Educational institution of Mr. Shark;
The students come for admission in companies.

Mr. Shark is the principal
As well as only famous teacher of the institution.
He practically and theoretically
Teaches the student how to hunt,
How to crunch the prey.

He demonstrates
Hunting the student and crunching their flesh and bones.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Either Take It Or Leave It

Either take it or leave it.

It is not fair to keep standing
on the bridge over taking and leaving;

I have invited the swelling of water
so that the bridge is wiped out..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Elegy: To The Dead Sun

Let him sleep;
The sky necropolis.
The darkness very deep,
Hush! silence please.

Combustible radiant;
All life feverish,
Malady flamboyant...
only self-sacrifice.

No more morning
let him only sleep;
No more mourning
The darkness very deep

No any star flower;
let rest him in peace,
beyond timeless hour...
The sky necropolis.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Empiric Medicine

Raw love is a tenacious disease;
Is not easily curable.
I know the empiric medicine;
Very simple for Adam and Eve,
Only required a few nettle leaves.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Emptiness Laughed Boisterously

Standing on one leg for long time
Where shall I step the next?

Emptiness laughed boisterously.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Entrance Test Of Iilr

The answer of darkness-question

(Entrance Test)

Written in the star-script.

O Chancellor of IILR

(The Inter-universe Institute of Luminosity and Research
Deemed University/ Almamater)

O fond of dolce far niente !

O sleeping grace!

Would you allow me to be a student of IILR?

I have some extra curricular activities.

I know the techniques

How to metamorphose love to light
and vice versa.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Envy

You and your sweetheart
sitting side by side under a generous shadow
of a grandfather tree humming

I furious sandstorm
Suddenly at a blow uprooted the cheeky tree...

The other trees swinging branches
Started poking at me.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Epigram-1 (The Lovers Love Beloved)

The lovers love beloved,
The objectives to be loved.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Epigram-10 (A Beast Of Burden)

Man is a beast of burden,
Shoulders ghost's garden.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Epigram-2 (The Right And The Wrong)

The right standing before a mirror,
Sees the right is left;
The wrong standing before a mirror
Thinks mirror is not perfect.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Epigram-3 (The Cat's Regret)

The cat told the rat,
'It is unfortunate, you can't find likeness
Between the hole where you live in
And a hole that is on my face.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Epigram-4 (The Morning Laughs)

The morning laughs,
Hiding a knife;
Regular habit,
Cuts span of life.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Epigram-5 (Man And Dress)

Man puts on dress,
Dress puts on man.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Epigram-6 (The Summit's Trump-Card)

Man gets up the summit,
Working hard;
To separate from base,
The summit's trump-card.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Epigram-7 (Nothing Is New)

Nothing is new;
Forgetfulness makes renew.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Epigram-8 (Wood-Eater's Intent Goal)

Wood-eater's intent goal,
Passing night-soil as charcoal.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Epigram-9 (Faggot, Pyre, Water And Fire)

Faggots love pyre;
Water loves fire.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Epitaph Of James Gower

The poem is my home...
That poem is my tomb..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Equipoise

You aged 19 years or 599529600 seconds.
Notionally I gift you equal number of cohesive trees
Situated on the same line...

Synchronise the roots, the isomorphism.

I shall be waiting another
599529000000000000 seconds for equipoise..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Esoteric Object

Rowing the night-boat had sudden sprung a leak;
Black crooked wavy water raising quickly high...
The only satisfaction the boat would not overturn,
Just it would be drowned, in fact, the boat is a spy.

Esoteric object to find out the mystery of deep;
And the ruse crowned with success in the long run.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Estimate

Comprehending ?

A lot of trouble....

So trying all in vain,

Easily Assumed

Who is blunt and who sharp.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Eternal Morning-Brothel

Leaf, leaf, leaf
float on my current of blood
Be floating...reporting...
Not found port?
Pass the loop-hole,
The cape of good darkness...

Eternal morning-brothel

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Evening Is Falling

Evening is falling;

Looking back..

The day rolling down
towards the valley of false light.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Evening: 5th March,1983

Evening is falling
On the wings of birds
O evening tell
What colour do prefer?

Evening on the way
Alone star walking
O evening tell
Where is he going?

Leaves of the evening tree
Dancing twilight
O evening tell
whom want to charm?

Evening black water current
Shadow boat floating
O evening tell
taking whom across the flow?

Evening garden alluring
Fragrance of shadow
O evening tell
Is it amaranth?

Far-off evening land
Disappearing land-scape
O evening tell
Who is the painter?

Evening with claps palms
Intemperate water
O evening tell
Whose thirst is famous?

Evening cloud of dust
Why such fumigation
O evening tell
Is there great dancer Shiva?

Darkness-girl lying
Mysterious face veiled
O evening tell
Can I be a mirror?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Every Day My Birthday.

Dawning

The darkness diluted

I come of again.

Every morning I am evolved.

Every day a new world born.

Every day my birthday.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Every Man Has A Stone

Every man has a stone;
The stone holds fire.
But it is left unknown
Live forever with fear.

Almost all think just
Only best of burden...
Internal sky overcast,
Black cloud, no rain.

Waking in the morning
And Sleeping at night.
Their shadow fling
Plesed in shadow-fight.

A huge blow is required
For becoming a bolt;
Any sky can be shared
Becoming millions volts.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Everyday A New World Born

Every day in the morning a new world born;
World committed suicide recurrently
jumping into the last night-abyss;
Delightful death indeed! Why shall I mourn?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Evil And Gentle

Inauspcious days collect revenue forcefully
Slow movement; makes the passenger late
Bad man thinks God is wicked.
Evil thoughts make morning sun flickering

Gentle breeze brings the fragrance of flowers

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Exchange

Give touch.

Take fire.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Exchange-2

The axe chops me up
Flew into a rage..

Examine, ha ha..ha..ha...

It is now blunt the edge.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Existence

Yes it is there; Yes it is there;
Easy to prove the existence...

Non-existence is the most perfect proof of existence.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Face

Famous face slovenly with moss, lichen,
algae and water-hyacinth, though
In bosom water as transparent as eyes of a crow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Faggot

A live faggot was taken from off the oven;
Since the faggot annoying me;
Why I let him not burn completely.

In the mean-time the oven inimically extinguished;

Having no other course to follow,
I transformed myself as an oven.

The nagging faggot is still burning within me.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fall

Thought doesn't run in a straight line
Sometimes fussy, stands on the edge of a ditch...

Flabbergasted, loses footing
No sound of fall heard.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Falling

Laid in the bottom of a abyss
Just regained consciousness.
On the edge of the abyss
Standing undertone tumult;
Standing curiosity;
But afraid of stooping more
because of falling.
Which I have already overcome.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Famished

My hunger knows no bounds
Eaten up the roots, stem, leaves,
branches and flowers of
human succession of progeny
Eaten up liquefied sun
Yet famished....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Far-Off Morning-Days

Far-off morning-days
Dormant in the grave.
Coming out.

Ate up twilight.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fate

Whenever I see a trumpet

Desire to kick the bucket

But the net

But the net....

Twenty seven star-spangled fate.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Favourite Game.

Large, small, smooth, uneven, even, long short
Stones of different size, having without name
Of different colour, of different weight
Scattered pell-mell in on under above my thought..

All day long turning those stones upside down
My favourite game.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fear

I'm...

Not afraid of pyre
Not afraid if curse
Not afraid of strom
Not afraid of fire.

Not afraid of lightning
Not afraid if night
Not afraid of darkness
Not afraid of king.

Not afraid of snake
Not afraid of fate
Not afraid of fall
Not afraid of earth-quake.

Not afraid of future
Not afraid of terror
Not afraid of gun
Not afraid of torture.

Not afraid if present
Not afraid of past
Not afraid of reality
Not afraid of current.

Not afraid of knife
Not afraid of human-bomb
Not afraid of death
Not afraid of life.

Not afraid of sorrow
Not afraid of brutality
Not afraid of fight
Not afraid of arrow.

Not afraid of elf
Not afraid of fake
I'm afraid of mirror

I'm afraid of myself.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fear-2

Lest anything lost, far-off or near
The only feeling begets fear

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fear-3

Consciousness is the father
Sensation is the patron
And knowledge is the care-taker of fear.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fear-Man

'Fear' is a terror-stricken man
Getting frightened wrap me round.

Woe is me!
Though I'm a dare-devil dangerous fellow
Common people take for me a timid hound.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Feather

Written my name on a multi-coloured flying feather
The feather would be going to the flower village
The feather would be going away drenching
The feather would be going away bedaubing light and shadow
The feather would be going touching the 'Kurubak spikes'
The feather would be going crossing the night-river..

The feather would be laid down on the morning-shore
for a few moments...
Then flying again piercing the Paradise-mortal world-inferno.
Then
Then
Then....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fiancee My Beloved Former Fiancee

Usually you out
From your residence
An umbrella awning your astral head with aureola
That the sun can't touch
So that gloating rain could not touch

well....

Other aspects of the danger that may come with
Perhaps you are not aware of that
Even could not guess
In fact you don't know
I am the sky grumpy with tempestuous thundering cloud
And could break up into pieces scattred
And fallen
Fiancée my beloved former Fiancee
Now you forgetful of prosody of love

Could an umbrella save you?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fidget Of Instigation

Now not upright,
Uppish;
Rather slack...
Bliss;
Though increasing
The possibility of insanity;
As long as '9'
Fidget of instigation;
When '6'
Then?
God knows the tricks.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fie! Fie! For Shame!

Fie! Fie! For shame!

Flower dropped on the dust.

The branch vying with the south-wind;

And though the flower fallen from the stalk laughing.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Final Game

Run.. run.. run..

Running at a stretch from the morning point

reaching on the bank of twilight-lake

Stared at back...

Background grey with dust

Villages, towns, habitations

covered with cloud of dust.

Path-line implied..

Looked ahead; a sloping valley;

What it is?

My mornings as colourful balls

Jumping leaping rushing towards rolled down

My bright noons with shadow

under mango-groves taking a plunge rolled down

My azure myrtle-bower rolling down...laughing

Watching everything with haggard face

Suddenly noticed a large tree over the valley

Neath the gnome sky sat with black star-scar-mark

The skeleton of 'Brahma' hanging from a branch;

Swinging....

The chromosphere whirling round

Scuttled into the deep..deeper..deepest...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Final Realisation

In my childhood days I loved my parents,
Grandfather, grandmother, brothers, sisters,
Uncles, aunts, cousins, schoolmates...

In my adolescence I loved my parents,
Grandfather, grand mother, brothers, sisters,
Uncles, aunts, cousins, schoolmates,
A few friends and female friends.

In my youth days I loved dream, idealism,
Country, truth, man, animal, nature, society,
Culture, game, music, literature, fine arts,
Tradition, revolution and her.

Then my eyes were full of amorous look,
I floated on the ocean of love, tied of love,
Fascinated by love, full of love (fool of love?)
Always meditated my beloved idol of love.

In my elderliness days I loved my wife,
My son, my daughter
Philoprogenitiveness knew no bounds.

Now at present in my decrepitude
When the western horizon adorned with twilight
When the boatman tying his boat returning home
Through shadowy alley ...
When far forest concealing last glow behind the leaves
The dim sunshine about to commit suicide jumping
From the far mountain peak
When the lengthening shadow
Eliminating itself bit by bit

I realise, I love only myself.
None but only myself.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Find Out The Lotus-Smelling...

I have taken a fancy to the thing;
What is the thing?
None can have a clue;
Neither day nor night has any idea,
Neither begin nor end has any idea.

Only one who seated on a world-lotus knows..

If anybody is interested
to have the clue about the thing,
Find out the lotus-smelling...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fire And The Poet

Fire is in grip
Fire is under feet
Fire is in heart

Fire is food
Fire is drink
Fire is smeared fire
Fire bed-companion

Fire is boat
Rowing on the fire-river
fire is crossed
Fire crosses

On the shore of the fire river
Standing fire trees
On the branches of those trees
Sitting fire-birds singing fire songs

The sky set on fire
The stars fallen off

Firey valley
Cremation ground seen
Bed of the funeral pyre prepared
The fire ascended the funeral pile

Funeral fire burning
The winding wind playful with pyre-smoke

Who is cremated?
Who is cremated?
It is corpse of fire..

Fire burnt to ashes
From the ashes of funeral pile
Again fire evolves

Who is fire?

Who is fire?

The poet's father, mother relative
The poet's ancestors
The poet's son, daughter
The poet's beloved, girls friend
The poet's friend, partner
The poet's foe, murderer
The poet's present,
the poet's past, antiquities,
The poet's future, agnosticism
The poet's day, the sun, the universe
The poet's vesper, morning
The poet's evening star, moon, glowing-worms
the poet's night, darkness, howl of fox
The poet's paradise, amaranth flower
The poet's hell, point of fall
The poet's happiness, laughter, fun, rapture
The poet's sorrow, pain, depression
The poet's language, metre, world-alphabet,
The poet's imagination, passion, idea, thought
The poet's silence, sound, inner wave,
The poet's life, quotidian,
The poet's death, twilight..ocean of time...

To tell the truth...

The poet himself is the fire...

The primordial fire...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fire Is The Only Medicine

The 'Yes' keeping a branch of off season 'Lodhra kusum'
Standing over the fence made of thorn
The body of the noon bent down
As the burden of the corpse of the outlying morning unbearable
I am a physician not cavard
I know fire is the only medicine
The fence in no time be converted into ashes.
And the morning will stand smiling on the body of the dead noon.
And 'Lodhra' flowers certainly bloom.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fire Is Within Me...

I can not walk any more;
I am bound to sell the way to a bush-woman,
I am bound sell my legs to a stone-woman,
I am bound to mortgage my speed to a pawnee-woman.

Now I am transformed about to a stone little by little;

However, here, I tell beforehand
It is beyond imagination of the stony;

Fire is within me...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fire-Mart

Day night open. Fire-mart;
All welcomed buying fire
Exchange of burnt heart.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fishing

red herring is a a good fish
to fish in troubled waters

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Flamboyant Sky-Show

Flamboyant sky-show;
Love flaunting rainbow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Flow Of Darkness

Flow of darkness
My heart is brimful
Now you can float
Your peacock-shaped boat of light.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fly-Paper

I
Fly
You are
Fly-paper.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Food Items

The sky-pan

Meat of the sun cooked

Spicy delicious.

Star-fry

Planets-butter masalla

Light condiment

Moon-light yogurt funny to test

But gulping 'Rosogolla' the earth

Above all the best.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Foolhardiness

Foolhardiness is a sprinter
Would have been a Gold medallist
in the Olympic Games...

The bugger can't sprint in a straight line
Runs blindly all around..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

For My Childish Whim And Importunity

For my childish whim and importunity
Climbing the top branch of seven-leaf tree
Grandfather breaking the nest
Gathered three bluish eggs of wild green pigeon

That was the first letter of my seduction-alphabet

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Forgetfulness Is A Deserted House

Forgetfulness is a deserted house
with a garden of withered flowering trees;

At night fairy-spring plucks flowers.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Fourteen Worlds

Whenever she cast a glance
A shiver ran through me..

is it an art to show fourteen worlds?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Friendship Of A Sly

An axe without handle befriending with a candid Tree
One day Axe asked the friend to lend him a branch.
For the sake of friendship as soon as the simpleton lent

Axe cut the stem of his friend at one blow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Frigid Snake Coiled Waiting For Figuration.

Jumping running at a stretch
Leaped over peaks after peaks...
Gloomy wall ahead
Now foamed
Frigid snake coiled waiting for figuration.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Frog

A strange frog taken shelter in my quotidian pond
How fast swims all day long
Till the tail not fallen off
But accustomed to hunting.

Breaking the quiescence of still night
Suddenly jumps into the water
Growing water circle hits the banks...
The circle crossing the banks extended..
Goes beyond the sky-coast-line.

The sun, the moon, stars extinguished.
The outer space overcast the cosmic dust...

That quaint frog drowning into deep water
touches the bottomless bottom of my pond
Raises slime, silt, mud...

Transparent water becomes turbid.

Thereafter Graceful morning-face not reflected.
On the water of my pond.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

From The Peak Of Absolute Zero To Another

From the peak of absolute zero to another
dipping down time whirling
On the bank fallen bark and dry leaves
Rootless Macrocosm-tree
A boat made of light tied with rope..

Untied..

Infinite Darkness-water...

My head-separated body
plying the ore...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Funeral

Ashes getting wings flying
The leaves of the trees under thick ashes
In the sky floating clouds of ashes
The wind is playful with ashes
The current of the rivers flowing ashes
The corn-field, grasses, bushes
the forest, the mountain peaks, valleys
villages, cities all covered with ashes

The fire is also under ashes
Ash-coloured light oozing

The funeral ceremony going on...
Love is burning...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Gee! Hi

Gee! Hi

I

Awry

Guy.

Nay

High

Hi-fi.

A pie

My

Eye

Sky...

Hie

Fly

Dye.

Shy?

Why?

Am I

Sly?

Lie?

Justify..

Sigh.

Die

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Gem-Crowned Head

Indwelling internecine conflict?

Self-contradiction?

Gem-crowned head

Bladder in the jaw full of honey-coloured poison - -

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Genius, The Ruby

Famous Composer and singer R.D. Barman

Sang: 'Mone Pore Ruby Ray...

Kobitay tomake ekdin kato kore dekechhi..'(1969) _

(Recall Ruby Ray how much calling you in the poem...')

That was a different story.

Ruby Ray, topper in the Intermediate Examination of Bihar Board

Answering a question told,

'prodigal science (Political Science) is about cooking.'

Ruby is absolutely correct.100% correct.

The reporter could not realize the inner meaning of her answer.

Political Science is nothing but 'Prodigal Science."

Politics and prodigality inter-related.

An election means devil's dance wearing garland of money

Virus in antidote

Obsequial rites of father of a ghost.

And Political Science is really a subject deals with cooking.

Political Leaders, the great political personalities no doubt all skillful cook

They cook dreams, hope, future of common people and serve.

They cook the country, society, individuals.

And crunch

And lick,

And suck

And drink

And digest

And snore

And sleep

Though many of them blockhead, uncultured, illiterate, unrealistic

But they skillfully cook education, culture,

And reality, blue-print of development, laws and orders, economics.

Literature, tradition, custom even religion....

So, what is wrong with the answer of Ruby?

Genius the Ruby

Extraordinary her Answer.

It is beyond intelligible to so called intelligentsia.
Perhaps RD recalled her in his song long 47 years ago.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Get Flowers Free.

On the earth-tub
Sprouting life-tree;
Sprinkle love-water...
Get flowers free.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Get Those Human-Shaped Worms

The earth, our earth,
As beautiful as garden of paradise
A few anthropophagites made it hell
Made it polluted
Get those human-shaped worms
populated the society, each country...

Spot them
Pound them
Pulverise them,
Powder them
Squeeze them
Fight..
Stand face to face fearlessly ...
End the night.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Gibberish-Game

What goats feed on?
Saying everything
Wrong; absolutely wrong idea.
The goats dislike feed on poems
Better bleating than gibberish-game

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Giddiness Whirling Round In The Death-Blue Forest

Giddiness whirling round in the death-blue forest
A bell hanging from its neck; storm concurrent
Though always concealed in the shrub and bush
But ringing of the bell makes a sign its movement

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Give Me Some Shares Of Your Pain

Give me some shares of your pain
Those be entered on the credit side of my account
Maintained with internal stock holding corporation
Don't bother about the amount payable
And the amount actually paid
no doubt there is rise and fall in the market
I shall be waiting for high price
In time you will get
Receipt and payment account

Only deduction:
Arrears in rent for past years.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Goats' Amazement

Goats are bewildered
watching the fussing of man for flowers.
Chewing flowers realize tasted nothing special.
Rather inedible.

Yet a stupid fellow called in name as 'goat'

What a paradox!

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

God And Man

God has created the world.
Man has created God.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

God And The Poet

The poet is just after God
Others lagging behind millions of light-years away...
God is the Architect of the world-palace;
The poet is mason as well as pod.

In the Amaranth Garden sings as divine jay.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Goopy

Goopy knows the sun rises in the east in the morning;
Woke up middle of the night went silently as mouse
Knows Sun-flowers bloom in around the sun's house;
When sleeps fairies of light come dancing
Saw bedaubed darkness fizzing deep darkness outside
To see Mr. Sun Goopy took a lantern in one hand
Crossed the river-side black forest and deserted land
Gone to the Castle of Panchthupi he himself his guide.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Graduation

In the university of love,
Undergoing graduation course
is very difficult,

Sometimes syllabus detoured...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Grass

Trampled unknowingly sprouted grass
you the far-reaching pedestrian
Not eyed emerald dew drop atop
Wearing the sky with the sun.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Great Poet

Main road: cart-carraiges run fast

Vast empire: the emperor do's whatever likes.

Great heat: Street dogs out their tongue panting hard.

Tall talk: 'Much cry and little wool.'

Great poet: Composes poems and tears up manuscript;

Print but little.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Great Problem

Whatever I tell is translated
What is not told is also translated.
Great problem;
Beyond told and untold I have no words.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Greatness-2

Everybody knows you are Satan,
demon, Eblis Mephistopheles, a beast
You too know your great qualities.
But you say you are God, an angel, great
Everybody says you are God, an angel, great
Everybody says means bound to say
Frightening you make them say.

After death if you could lend your ears hear
almost all talking over your cruelty and bestiality.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haihu- 358 (Blooming Sun Flower)

blooming sun flower
facing towards rising sun
saw parrots coming

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haihu- 359 (A Rat Peeped From Hole)

a rat peeped from hole
saw moon sat on nearby stand
moon pounced upon

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haihu- 360 (Shadow-Boat Rowing)

shadow-boat rowing
face of the boatman unseen
twilight passenger

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haihu- 363 (Night An Epic Composed)

night an epic composed
in language of darkness
morning conclusion

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -451 (Night Is A River)

night is a river
on the bank thousands star-trees
flowers bloom and drop

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -452 (All Flowers Were Stars)

All flowers were stars
Recalling another birth drop
Silently laughing

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -454 (The Boats Cross Re-Cross)

the boats cross re-cross
a tree watchs enviously
death makes it a boat

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -455 (`day Is Unnecessary)

'Day is unnecessary
Only night inevitable'
Howling a fox said

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -456 (A Dead Man's Skull Lying Down)

wind comes curiously
a dead man's skull lying down
plays the tune of shy

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -457 (A Mutual Killing)

a mutual killing
day kills night, night too kills day
time indifferent

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -458 (Land Of Mid-Day Moon)

land of mid-day moon
the sleeping sun is dreaming
of golden morning

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -459 (Manuscript Of Sky-Poem)

manuscript of sky-poem
the poet making changes of words
yet to be published

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -460 (Wearing Coronet)

wearing coronet
made of snow mountain waiting
to be garlanded.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -522 (Secret Words Scattered)

secret words scattered
summer gone break of monsoon
new sapling sprouted

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -523 (Festival Of Swinging)

festival of swinging
the world alone swings in the sky
why? why? why? for whom?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -524 (Hawk-Cuckoo Peu Peu)

hawk-cuckoo peu peu
snow-covered corpse of dream-land
summer arranging pyre

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -525 (Spring Night Is Fainted)

spring night is fainted
a lovelorn cuckoo calling
the moon making merry

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -528- -[Night Is A Princess]

night is a princess
never shows her charming face
curled hair cascade seen

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -529 (Midsummer Blue Night)

midsummer blue night
star-girls playing hide and seek
is the cloud swindling ?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -534 (Spring Days Yet To Come)

spring days yet to come
horizon elegant with fire-trees
are they red amaranth?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- - -536 [On The Bank Of Pond]

on the bank of pond
a palm tree standing alone
calm water-mirror

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 344 (Rain's Avocation)

rain's avocation
light and sound-game show
the earth spellbound

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 345 (Hide And Seek)

through green bush and shrubs
the zig-zug thoroughfare
playing hide and seek

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 346 (Eventual Sky)

eventual sky
time in a fathomless hole
herpetologist

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 347 (Universe A Boat)

universe a boat
infinite of current
where to cast anchor

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 348 (Deep Dark Cloud-Tree)

deep dark cloud-tree
the overspreading shadow
covered my mind

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 349 (Male-Cuckoo Calls Spring)

a female-cuckoo
manages domestic affairs
male-cuckoo calls spring

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 350 (A Real State Honour)

old leaves drop down
making room for the new leaves
a real state honour

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 351 (Love Invisible)

love invisible
conceptualist foresees
it's omnipresence.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 352 (A Misogynnist)

a misogynist
such ungrateful and fool that
Forgets his mother.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 353 (Thou Deep Black Night)

Thou deep black night
self-forgetfulness is bliss
evolved as an owl

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 354 (Time Is Too Unable)

who, which or what born
can't keep account of own age
time is too unable

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 355 (Copy Of Night Paper)

copy of night paper
glowing-worms draw and work out
geometry-problems

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 356 (Bumble-Bee Humming)

bumble-bee humming
coming In my room at noon
felt flowery aroma

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 357 (What Is The Motive?)

sloaping paddy field
morning light and breeze come
what is the motive?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 361 (A Butterfly Knows)

a butterfly knows
flower is the source of food
no object of love

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 362 (Wind Can Not Play Pipe)

wind can not play pipe
blowing practice and nature
clump of bamboos feels

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 364 (Hi Cuckoo Now Coo)

hi cuckoo now coo
though it's a rainy season
spring sets in my poem

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 365 (Winter Very Cuddy)

winter very cuddy
firewood wants to be inflamed
but poor hag fears fire

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 366 (Rainy Day-River)

rainy day-river
some one plying ore splashing
the boat is unseen

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 367 (Tonjon Going On)

tonjon going on
originally straight horizon
bent like bow to honour

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 368 (Lone Date-Palm Standing)

lone date-palm standing
at noon asking for shadow
summer came to her

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 369 (Cloud Calls Roaring)

cloud calls roaring
nobody responding him
spying lighting torch

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 370 (Scorching Summer Noon)

scorching summer noon
who is on shadowy grove?
is she my rain-friend?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 371 (Prepared A Nest)

prepared a nest
the bird refused staying there
now waiting for storm

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -372 (Mother Suspects Me)

mother suspects me
as I stand by the window
at night moonlight comes

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -373 (At Noon The Tired Girl)

at noon the tired girl
sat under cool blue shadow
if I would be tree

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -374 (Mirror-Like Water)

mirror-like water
far-off sky watching his face
pond turns blue in joy

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -375 (Calyx Of Flower)

calyx of flower
the emotional cloud left
few drops of his love

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -376 (Know Inflorescence)

know inflorescence
then why? then why? all flowers
wither in my grove?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -377 (Love Possesses Me)

love possesses me
having power over evil spirits
at least do something

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -378 (Come In The Full Dusk)

come in the full dusk
I have got into a scrape
no balance of light

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -379 (Watch-Tower)

far extending wood
a heaven-kissing mountain
Is it watch-tower?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -380 (A Shadow Reality)

solitary moonlit night
bushes assume form of man
a shadow reality

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -381 (No Doubt Light Is True)

no doubt light is true
the greatest truth is darkness
the stars are islands

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -382 (Yellow Mustard Flowers)

yellow mustard flowers
mock the morning sun-shine
darkness laughs in sleeve

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -383 (I Know Only You)

I know only you
but the why and wherefore
do not want to know

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -384 (I Hope You Are Well)

I hope you are well
goodliness of world depends on
your stability

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -385 (History His Story)

history his story
high gooey and histrionic
her story extinct.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -386 (Wheel Of A Cart)

wheel of a cart
leaned against broken wall
at night rolls on

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -387 (Spring)

the trees in winter
get naked shedding old leaves
Spring is fond of new

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -388 (At Full Moon Night)

at full moon night
wild stream turns into a snake
crowned with moon-stone

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -389 (Night Is A Stone)

night is a stone
rolling down in a breath
to morning valley

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -390 (World Floats On Melody)

popularly known
athermancy plays soothing note
world floats on melody

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -391 (Yogia)

da drum ta na na
humming a tune on Yogia
morning begetter

Note:

- Yogia is a classical note in Indian Music
- - - - sung in the morning.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -392 (Puria)

last-light boat floating
spectral Puria plying ore
the world shady tree

Note:

- Puria is a classical note in Indian Music sung in the evening

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -393 (Brindaboni Sarang)

Brindaboni Sarang
a shadow photometer
of hermit summer

Note:

** Brindaboni Sarang is a classical note in Indian Music
sung at noon in summer season.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -394 (A Solitude-Trodden)

deep green banyan tree
solemn and grave contemplative
a solitude-trodden

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -395 (Far-Off Solitary Field)

far-off solitary field
peasant returning home
long shadow following

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -396 (Bats)

crooked light at last died
spreading wings as if dark night
bats came out of cave

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -397 (A Bridge On River)

a bridge on river
the wayfarers come and go
both shores eager cross over

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -398 (Moon Light Alluring)

moon light alluring
mental affliction scraps mingled
appears silvery mirage

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -399 (Painter Glowing-Worm)

painter glowing-worm
draws the sketches of the image
elegance of darkness

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -400 (Sindhuvairabi)

red glow of morning
a tune of classical music
known Sindhuvairabi

Note:

Sindhuvairabi is tune in Indian classical music
sung in the morning.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -402 (Lustre-Boat Floating)

lustre-boat floating
an endless ocean of darkness
the world lone passenger

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 403 (Branch Full Of Flowers)

branch full of flowers
seen bent down on the way
willing to touch her?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -404 (Humble Tamarind Tree)

humble tamarind tree
offer a leaf to discernment
request to share it

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -405 (Flower Is A School)

flower is a school
laughing and fragrance subject
is taught free of cost

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -406 (How The Birds Cry And Repent)

has anybody listened
how the birds cry and repent
singing there language

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -407 (The Storm Again And Again)

the storm again and again
has destroyed man's habitation
yet not destroyed

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -408 (A Footballer Thinks)

a footballer thinks
that the world is nothing but
only a football.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -409 (In Childhood Days)

in childhood days
world is an abode of fairy
dawn lasts all day long

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -410 (In The Days Of Youth)

in the days of youth
the world is full of nymphet
full moon shines at noon

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -411 (In The Middle Age)

in the middle age
the world is a big market
profit-loss oriented

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -412 (In Decrepitude)

in decrepitude
the world is a pit in hell
dawn appears evening

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -413 (Can Not Be A Bee)

one can taste honey
willingly can be a fly
can not be a bee

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -414 (Woods At A Distance)

woods at a distance
looks deep green and thickly set
a man resembles?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -415 (By Nature A Stream)

by nature a stream
crooked whimsical, impractical
cares breaks in rhythm?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -416 (Could Not Spread Shadow)

could not spread shadow
a tree as all leaves fallen
blasted by lightning

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -417 (Look Her With Fixed Eyes)

always a blazed cow
draws attraction of cow-boys
look her with fixed eyes

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -418 (She Is Blind Turning)

she is blind turning
driving car at a quick pace
accident occurred

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -419 (Chiaroscuro)

chiaroscuro

she is painted by Rembrandt

I'm affected by effect

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -420 (I Am Not Deiform)

I am not deiform
rather can be said deformed
natural degradation

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -421 (Dreamy Dreary Tree)

dreamy dreary tree
blooms only blackish flowers
none plucks for worship

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -422 (Oh! Fantabulous)

Oh! fantabulous
people praise her gracefulness
I'm a born blind

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -423 (I Go Go Too Far)

I go go too far
even now nobody built a dam
am I responsible?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -424 (Heath Lying Long Time)

heath lying long time
venomous snakes' free zone
can you break solitude?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -425 (Pettifogging Poet)

pettifogging poet
composing haiku monoku
desires a poet's fame

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -426 (Twilight Sky-Lake)

twilight sky-lake
a paper-made boat floating
is it childhood?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -427 (Night Rolling On)

night rolling on
from the rim of the wheel
star-dust raising up

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -428 (The World Tortoise)

the world tortoise
never shows original form
concealed in the shell

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -429 (At End Of Night)

at end of night
everybody gets a happy news
dawn-paper published

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -430 (Put Reliance To)

put reliance to
I must score at least a goal
with the world-football

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -431 (Gloominess Disease)

gloominess disease
doctor laughter prescribes
herself: medicine

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -432 (Light Born And Died)

light born and died
the darkness is soul lustre
ageless immortal

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 433 (Deep Blue Bamboo Bush)

deep blue bamboo bush
the north-wind yet to appear
then why so treambling?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 434 (At Full Moon Night)

at full moon night
a fig tree flies into sky
Is it lunatic?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 435 (Real Beauty Spot)

extending meadow
only a white cow gazing
real beauty spot

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 436 (A Pipe Floating)

A pipe floating
Wave is famous teacher
Teaching prosody

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 437 (Birds Flies Against Wind)

bird flies against wind
the Nest built on the branches
Broken by tempest

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -440 (Hot Tempered Woman)

hot tempered woman
forest-fire kills birds and snake
without a trial

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -441 (Poets And Non-Poets)

poets and non-poets
the world divided into
two unequal halves

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -442 (Light Passed Away)

light passed away
darkness ghost of dead light
founds an empire

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -443 (Learning Fire Is Well)

Learning fire is well
But the best of all to learn
the morning light

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -444 (Vespertine Tune)

vespertine tune
a floating boat in the sky
stars are passengers

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -445 (Communism)

communism is
a corpse of bird without wings
dreams to touch the sky

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -446 (Meditative Woods)

meditative woods
crooked brook solitude breaker
sure divine harlot

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -447 (Light Writes Novel)

light writes novel

morning noon evening three parts

night conclusion

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -448 (Array Of Clouds)

array of clouds
floating in the sky-river
searching for some one

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -449 (A Road On The Shore)

a road on the shore
apt to imitate current' role
a substitution?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- -450 (Raining Good Reader)

raining good reader
without discrimination
reads all books of world

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku- 527 [Sitting On A Branch]

sitting on a branch
a squirrel folding two hands
greeting morning light

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....453 [Extending Corn-Field]

extending corn field
in the day time only laughs
tells story at night

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....461 [Arrow Missed To Hit]

arrow missed to hit
miss burst into a laughter
case yellow jaundice

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....462 [Existence Of Ghost]

existence of ghost
not at all fabrication
it is I a proof

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....463 [Day-Night Oxymoron]

day-night oxymoron
time does not care light-darkness
fool's imagination

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....464 [Birds Never Sing Song]

birds never sing song
discuss quotidian fix
fight for existence

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....465 [None Of The Same Form]

man innumerable
born, will be born in future
none of the same form

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....466 [Grand Forest Opera]

grand forest opera
sky enjoys music of roots
story of the old earth

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....467 [Flowery Valley-Poem]

flowery valley-poem
fragrant metre colourful words
solitude is reader

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....468 [Wind And Dried Leaves]

wind and dried leaves
whenever meet talk mock each other
flubdub language

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....469 [My Mind Is Hedgerow]

my mind is hedgerow
whenever spreads daring branches
hard-hearted axe hedged

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....470 [Blue Covered Sky-Book]

blue covered sky-book
pages are full of misprinting
specially world chapter

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....471 [Oncoming Winter]

oncoming winter
biting cold wind is bridegroom
will wed dried leaves

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....472 [Stem Of Plantain Tree]

stem of plantain tree
fallen in love with elephant
first time could not jilt

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....473 [Extinct Volcano]

extinct volcano
yet its ghost runs at all time
still man gets frightened

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....474 [Cluster Of Bamboos]

cluster of bamboos
each bamboo can not be pipe
wind makes no difference

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....475 [Water-Hyacinths Float]

water-hyacinths float
all time face of water veiled
Is it love or grudge?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....476 [Western Sky-Forest]

western sky-forest
a pack of cruel lions roaring
the earth is laughing

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....477 [Who Calls?]

who calls? who calls? whom?
the earth was lying dormant
awakened saw raining

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....478 [Far-Off Swampy Land]

far-off swampy land
a dot of light is moving
night knows the mystery

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....479 [Swelling Of Water]

swelling of water
on the shore trees are trembling
friend wind is too foe

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....480 [Tailor-Bird Can Earn]

tailor-bird can earn
sewing dresses for the birds
but all wear born-cloths

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....481 [No Picture Is Lost]

no picture is lost
carefully preserved forever
the sky is album

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....482 [Got A Magic Stick]

got a magic stick
nature brought into subjection
abracadabra

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....483 [Mind Passed Above The Clouds]

mind passed above the clouds
now charged with electricity
don't expect rain-drops

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....484 [My House Now House-Boat]

my house now house-boat
water rose above danger mark
would you be boatman?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....485 [Artificial Flower]

artificial flower
expectation sweet fragrance
a fool repining

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....486 [The Nature Trapped Man]

the nature trapped man
yet by a clever artifice
prating be triumphant

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....487 [High Articulacy]

high articulacy
in the long run mare's nest
washed away by raining

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....488 [arsenal In Poet's Den]

arsenal in poet's den
artwork of imagination
who is the artisan?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....489 [Heart Is Too Arctic]

heart is too Arctic
hovering for temperature
in the long run slight

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....490 [Calm Elegant Arcady]

calm elegant Arcady
old sun's struggle for existence
archetypical

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....491 [Composition Poem]

composition poem
poet's bacillary dysentery
all day discomfort

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....492 [Civilisation Raised]

civilisation raised
highly adorable language
but poem backsliding

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....493 [Backdrop Of The Woods]

backdrop of the woods
the sun striking the light tent
the moon encamping

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....494 [Biosphere Under Threat]

biosphere under threat
for the featherless bipeds
jaws of death laughing

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....495 [Cesspit Is Paradise]

cesspit is paradise
hoodwinking man unable to
separate wheat from chaff

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....496 [No Doubt Skillful Cook]

no doubt skillful cook
but absence of condiment
dishes are spoiled

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....497 [An Inimical Man]

an inimical man
often intoxicated with pride
calls only own fall

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....498 [Beauty Sometimes Dazzles]

beauty sometimes dazzles
one beyond perceptiveness
feels original

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....499 [Love Is An Artwork]

love is an artwork
only a man out of wits
thinks replicable

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....501 [Look Touch Kiss Union]

look touch kiss union
syllabus of applied romance
true love is Gestalt

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....502 [A Hermaphrodite]

a hermaphrodite
sometimes fabricates the clothes
without wrap and woof

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....503 [Interminable]

interminable
spinning following the orbit
the earth forbearing

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....504 [Wind Sticks Like A Leech]

wind sticks like a leech
known she not under the lee
no deliverance

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....505 [Lecherous' Philosophy]

lecherous' philosophy
current sexual reservation
should be null and void

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....506 [Made My Dream A Boat]

made my dream a boat
floated in her wild river
it's kick in the teeth

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....507 [Love Is Morning Light]

love is morning light
shadowing cloud malicious
beryl-coloured sky

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....508 [Listen It's Raining]

listen it's raining
feel His fragrance colourful
let us be drenched

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....509 [Sorrow Is A Stream]

sorrow is a stream
boat on its spiral current
be alongside the shore

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....510 [Shadow Pursuing]

shadow pursuing
Miss light walking through alley
pleasing to the eye

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....511 [Handy-Dandy Game]

handy-dandy game
the world-coin in my grip
not known in which hand

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....512 [Sense Inflorescence]

sense inflorescence
dead wind lying in night-grave
none carries fragrance

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....513 [Smiling As Flower]

smiling as flower
the sky turned upside down
Is it evil genius?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....514 [Dove And Light-O'-Love]

dove and light-o'-love
both by nature all the same
seldom caught in net

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....515 [Horizon-Wiper Night]

horizon-wiper night
now let us stand face to face
just with nothing on

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....516 [Day-Tree Leaves Filemot]

day-tree leaves filemot
evening fire is flaring up
after that darkness

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....517 [Wood Is Midnight Blue]

wood is midnight blue
some stars lying in ambush
hunger-coloured light

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....518 [Solitary Shrubbery]

solitary shrubbery
suddenly severe shuddering
sushs! snake? a springer?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....519 [A Rejected Oven]

a rejected oven
never expects that some one
will rake out a fire

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....520 [Electromagnetic]

electromagnetic

A flash of her devine smile

prepared my grave

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....521 [She Collection Of Lyrics]

she collection of lyrics
Myrtle-bower of summer
I'm not-partinent

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....547 [Far Extending Land]

far extending land
fennel composing poem
yellow language

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....548 [Illusory Evening]

illusory evening
moon landing in the forest
plucking mayflower

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....554 [Moonlit Night Of Nights]

moonlit night of nights
thousands of moon-boat on waves
where cast the anchor

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....556 [Light Is Off Duty]

light is off duty
darkness ruling over dark law
brought into force

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....563 [Water Was Afire]

water was afire
actually love story
conclusion raining

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku.....564 [Hunter A-Hunting]

hunter a-hunting
only jungle knows the truth
hunter too hunted

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku....401 (Some One Playing Pipe)

some one playing pipe
colour of the tune deep blue
is the sky piper?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku....438 (Moon-Light Wine)

moon-light wine
silvery intoxication
blood oozing from heart

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku....500 [Civilisation]

civilisation
now dancing as a stripper
an oxymoron

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku...569 [Transition Of Age]

transition of age
deadly venomous snake
eel time-keeper

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku...570 [What Thing Will You Eat]

what thing will you eat
traditional whitewash
of course can try death

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku...571 [Assembly Of God]

assembly of god
a bill introduced on time
zeitgeist cheating

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-1

Man passes away
Everybody mourns
Flowers laugh.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-10 (Bending Moment)

Bending moment

Holds

Coral Island

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-100 (Love Makes Blind)

Love makes blind
The eyes see everything,
else see not itself.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-100 (Palm Leaf Slightly Trembling)

palm leaf slightly trembling
calling some one intently
So lightning responds.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-101 (Evening)

Shadow of the tree crossed the river
No birds on the horizon
The last light committed suicide.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-102 (Indifference)

The boat crossing re-crossing
River indifferent
Maintains no accounts.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-103 (Life)

A skeleton is rattling
Searching for flesh, blood, marrow
Life is crying.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-104 (Memory)

The bird flew away;
Low sweet song
Still left.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-105 (A Herd Of Words)

A herd of words
Crossing the river entered into the forest;
I'm the abactor followed in disguise.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-106 (Colour Of Her Returning)

Colour of her returning
Stood on the far-off peak;
My inner world covered with colourful shadow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-107 (Only One Sky)

Only one sky;
All day long decorate with light and shadow,
At night decorate with moon and stars.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-108 (You Are Solely Dependant On Me)

My existence
means your existence
You are solely dependent on me.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-109 (I Play Pipe)

I play pipe;
Your glory of tune
Explicit.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-11 (Trainer)

She is trainer.
Lightning learns from her
How to touch.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-110 (Supernatural Sight)

Flax flowers blooming;
supernatural sight;
attainable by meditation.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-111 (I'm Your Creator)

Beyond dispute
you are the creator of everything;
I'm your creator.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-112 (I Shelter Beauty)

I cast my look
Everything looks beautiful.
I shelter beauty.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-113 (A Far-Off Boat)

Boundless water
A far-off boat
Getting little by little.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-114 (Leaning A Ladder)

Leaning a ladder
against the evening-star
Going up

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-115 (Once Tranquil Again.)

A stone dropped in the pond
Spherical waves got up one by one
Once tranquil again.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-116 (Weaver's Workshop)

Weaver's workshop

Draftsmen draw artistic designs with colourful fibres;

Neither draftsmen nor fibres but the designs draw the attention.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-117 (Fire Is Dead)

Wintry evening
Dry branches and leaves piled up
Fire is dead.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-118 (The Earth Too Circled Like The Ox)

An ox tied with a long rope to a peg
set up in the middle of a meadow;
The earth too circled like the ox.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-119 (I Don't Know When She Came)

I don't know when she came
fence of the garden pulled down
Flowers with branches dropped on the ground.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-12 (My Underground Stream)

My underground stream
Expects a boat
Be floated on the current.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-120 (In The Country Of Blindness)

In the country of blindness
Having eyes is serious offence
Keen eyed is advised to wear blinkers.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-121 (Sieve Seated On The Throne)

Sieve seated on the throne
Hush! silence!
The needle is under trial.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-122 (Flowers Hide Their Faces)

Flower-garden, bemusing majestic colour;
You appear...
Flowers hide their faces.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-123 (You Are Summer-River)

You are summer-river;
Everybody calls me
Rainy season.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-124 (If You Lose Way In The Way)

If you lose way in the way,
Ask the way ;
Way would show you the way.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-125 (I'm Wayside Tree)

I'm wayside tree.
Waiting spreading out shadow
For you, tired out with walking.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-126 (Let Me Sit At Your Feet)

Let me sit at your feet,
I promise
Would never touch your feet.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-127 (I'm Love-Hunter)

I'm love-hunter
You're another
Tame love-beast.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-128 (Venomed Love)

Venomed love
Eaten up
Since then the sky is blue.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-129 (Teach Me Cloud-Language)

Teach me cloud-language
Promise to pay
Green remuneration.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-13 (White Paper)

White paper

Indigent

Is in the clutches of a poem-writer like me.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-130 (Love Is Also An Instrument)

Love is also an instrument;
Reconditioning is necessary
For smooth running.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-131 (Winter Setting In)

Winter setting in
If you have a live charcoal of love
Give me.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-132 (Ghost Of My Love.)

I often hear at night
Someone moving about in the next room
It must be ghost of my love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-133 (Now My Love Can Stand)

The rains have set in;
Now my love can stand
under the blue shed of kadamba tree.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-134 (Love Is Characterless)

Love is characterless;
Lash,
to teach a lesson.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-135 (Suffering From Moonlight Disease)

Suffering from moonlight disease
Dr. Miss chrysanthemum
prescribed moon-pill.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-136 (Head Is A Basket)

Head is a basket
Wherein a poison-fanged snake
lying dormant.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-137 (Tit-Bits Salt Strewed About)

Ulcerous body,
Tit-bits salt strewed about;
That's enough.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-138 (Biography Of The Day)

Twilight

Biography of the day,

Written in morning-language.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-139 (God Is A Real Wealthy Poor)

The wealthy poor is a friend of a poor;
God is a real wealthy poor;
God is the only friend of the poor.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-14 (Buy Heart)

Buy heart
Get love
Free.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-140 (Day And Night Cycle)

Day and night cycle
Time is rim
What is the navel?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-141 (Evening Is An Animal)

Evening is an animal;
Lying under the shadow of the evening-star
chews the cud.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-142 (Greed Is Coppice)

Greed is coppice ;
the more it lopped off
the more it grown up.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-143 (I'm A Piece Of Raw Meat)

A kite whirling round over my head
A keen eyed observation;
I'm a piece of raw meat.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-144 (Classicism Is Jewel-Set Ornament)

Classicism is jewel-set ornament
Safely kept in chest
Though not used but owner puffed with pride.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-145 (Hears The Calling Of Depth.)

Whenever someone stands
on the edge of a deep trench
hears the calling of depth.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-146 (A Day Is Time Written Haiku)

A day is time written haiku
Morning, noon and evening
Three successive lines.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-147 (I Was Held Up)

I was held up
On account of sudden death of time;
Otherwise I would have arrived in time.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-148 (Gun-Salute)

21-gun salute

The statesman, or national leaders take
Why not 20-gun salute or 22-gun-salute?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-149 (A Little Girl Running After A Lamb)

A little girl running after a lamb.
Saw a poem is running
after metrical liaison

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-15 (Appeared Fallen In Love.)

Flower not laugh, appeared laughing
You never loved me
Appeared fallen in love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-150 (Who Is Holding The Mace)

The sky is a blue umbrella
Let us see
Who is holding the mace.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-151 (What Is His Profession?)

What is his profession?
He always falls in new love
And kills old love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-152 (Bargaining Is Not Desirable In Purchasing Love)

Say your final price;
I hate to haggle;
Bargaining is not desirable in purchasing love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-153 (Assume That This Fellow Is Trellis)

Assume that this fellow is trellis;
Can't you train up?
The creeper of your love along me?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-154 (Before Beheading Love)

Before beheading love,
Let us cut a channel;
So that, blood is flowed easily.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-155 (Calm Water Holds The Sky)

Calm water holds the sky
Let us row gently
Otherwise it may break up.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-156 (Willing To Supply Love At Low Price)

Willing to supply love at low price;
As a tout I should realise my commission
Now settle what discount would you allow?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-157 (I'm A Narrow Shallow Stream)

I'm a narrow shallow stream,
You have to wade across
But your clothes gets wet.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-158 (Love May Break Into Pieces)

Hush! don't fire;
Keep silence.
Love may break into pieces.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-159 (Greed Is Wild Boars)

Greed is wild boars;
Do much damage
To the social crops.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-16 (Blotting Paper)

Idleness blotting paper
Absorb span of life
And essential core.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-160 (Love Is Clothes)

Love is clothes.

Washing, starching and ironing to be done regularly;
Otherwise the dignity is impaired.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-161 (Red-Taping Convention)

In the office of love
Red-taping convention.
Majority of the devising and planning bungled.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-162 (Once I Visited Your Garden)

Once I visited your garden,
My mind lost there
The flowers know the event.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-163 (Xxl Size Love)

Searching for
XXL size love;
It fits me very well.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-164 (Love Crossing The Street)

Love crossing the street;
Run over.
The corpse kept in peace-heaven.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-165 (World Is A Big Mart Of Love)

World is a big mart of love;
It is sold
At wholesale rate as well as retail price.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-166 (Waiting For You)

Tea is ready.
Waiting for you
When you would storm in teacup.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-167 (Love Is Lightning)

Love is lightning;
Flashing
Makes the darkness deeper.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-168 (Waiting To Have Some Tea With That Rogue)

Love is out;
Somewhere loitering,
Waiting to have some tea with that rogue.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-169 (Love Is Adulterated Intoxicant)

What drink will you have?
Love is adulterated intoxicant.
Drink just water.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-17 (Fierceness)

Fierceness is not fire
The inner world
Burnt to ashes.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-170 (The World Puts On A New Head In Every Morning)

I'm as before.

The world puts on a new head in every morning

Makes giddy.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-171 (The Parcel Of Love Not Delivered)

The parcel of love not delivered;
Returned to my address
The post-man could not trace her whereabouts.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-172 (I'm Just A Boy)

I'm just a boy
In the inner apartment of poem
My boyishness can enter but no weight given.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-173 (Girly Girly Words)

In your garden girly-girly star-flowers,
drop laughing
In my poem girly girly words sleeping.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-174 (Realise My Real Dwarfism And Diminution.)

Far-off mountain mysterious
Stand at feel
Realise my real dwarfism and diminution.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-175 (Body-Land)

Body-land;
Vein subsidiary artery are rivers, rivulets
I sail the world-boat down.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-176 (The Sky)

The sky

An eye

Want to see another.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-177 (I'm Fire Cool As Ice)

I'm fire cool as ice;
Have many irons within me,
None gets heated.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-178 (Valour)

Opened a shop

Milk-mop

Sell duplicate valour in showy pack.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-179 (Corpse Of Nonentity Love)

We live together
Walk side by side, share a bed
Corpse of nonentity love lies down between us.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-18 (Nobility)

Some are in born noble
Nobility is servant
Obeys some.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-180 (A King Always Lives Within Man)

A king always lives within man;
Bides time
A few ascends throne.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-181 (A Poem Of Very Tender Age)

A poem of very tender age
Waiting for to be read,
In the land of illiterates.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-182 (Shadow Reader Turned Over Your Page)

You sat in the shade of a tree
Shadow reader turned over your page
Started reading.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-183 (Poem Is Lost)

Poem is lost
The poet climbed a tree of words
To find her out.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-184 (Open At Page 1 Of The World Book)

Open at page 1 of the World Book

Read the contents

Find out in which chapter your biography written

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-185 (Somebody Calls Me At Night)

Somebody calls me at night;
I heard the voice long ago...
But forgot who?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-186 (Come Into My Poem)

Come into my poem;
I'm as good as my word,
Never write you.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-187 (Don't Listen Me.)

Listen my look;
Listen my walking;
Don't listen me.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-188 (Proved You Have Power Of Love)

You hate me.

You love your pet.

Proved you have power of love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-189 (Don't Turn The Stone)

Don't turn the stone.
A hole is there;
The serpent hisses.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-19 (Watch)

Watch stopped.
Time does not know
How to stop.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-190 (Steal Wave Of Thought)

You may as well call me thief
I break open the door of poems
Steal wave of thought.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-191 (The Best)

Mere writing will do not
Better reading
The best listening.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-192 (Just Cast A Look)

It will be quite enough if you come
Just stand before me
Just cast a look

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-193 (Help The Poem Into The Carriage)

Help the poem into the carriage;
This is a land of night;
She is eager to reach in the land of morning.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-194 (Let Me Enjoy Peace And Rest)

Dig a grave,
Bury me;
Let me enjoy peace and rest.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-195 (The Words Once Shot Do Not Return)

The words once shot do not return;
Raise waves.
The cycles of waves cross the ultimate boundary.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-196 (I Know Chalk And Cheese)

I know chalk and cheese by a long chalk
The chalk is not white
The cheese is adulterated.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-197 (Wind Playing With A Withered Leaf)

Wind playing with a withered leaf
The leaf up an fell into a river
Rowing as boat.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-198 (Or Root Out)

It is you who have broken the branches my heart-tree
At least supply fire
Or root out.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-199 (Enjoy How It Is Deeply Engrossed)

Let the heart drop
Let it fall into the boundless water
Enjoy how it is deeply engrossed.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-2

Magic-show
This world
Curvedness appears straightness

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-20 (Character)

None can assassinate character
Overwhelming character
Commits suicide

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-200 (Question)

That is the question.

What is the question?

Question-mark getting lengthened.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-201 (A Poet Pens Through Light And Darkness)

A peasant reaps corn
Nights passes somehow
A poet pens through light and darkness.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-202 (Love Is Too Weak To Walk)

Love is too weak to walk.
A stick is required,
Would you be a stick to help love?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-203 (Dust)

Your doors and windows are closed
Yet dust firmly established the right of occupancy
Can you identify who is dust?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-204 (Apparently Same, Virtually Another)

This is the same house you saw yesterday
Apparently same, virtually another
Yesterday I lived here, today my memory lives.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-205 (Answer Is Zero.)

Anyone can work out the sum of love
Whatever the method
Answer is zero.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-206 (Blank Shot)

Blank shot
Sound much
The folk of birds flew away fluttering.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-207 (Our Words Parallel Lines)

You say something
I say something
Our words parallel lines.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-208 (Love Is My Tenant)

I'm landlord;
Love is my tenant,
Pay anguish as rent.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-209 (Man Is The Only Animal That Can Cook)

Man is the only animal that can cook.

Man cooks love.

Other animals use raw love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-21 (Night-Stone)

Night-stone
Rolling down
Dashed against morning

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-210 (Every Window Decorated With Flowers)

Our love,
Dilapidated house;
Every window decorated with flowers.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-211 (We Display Colourful Love)

We display colourful love;
We cheat each other;
Light doesn't know, darkness knows.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-212 (A Soft Side-Pillow Is My Idol Of Love)

My beloved never betrays.
One-sided love.
A soft side-pillow is my idol of love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-213 (A Ferocious Beast Is Put To Shame)

A ferocious beast is put to shame;
Watching a man of violent sexual appetite,
Eaten up a girl.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-214 (Boiling Water Of Love)

Boiling water of love;
Drunk.
My lips scalded.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-215 (Manuscript Of Love)

Manuscript of love;
Not for publication;
Read alone.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-216 (You Puppet-Player)

You puppet-player.
I'm just a puppet,
Yet I egg you on.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-217 (Far-Off Love)

Far-off love.

Lost love.

Tusks of an wild elephant

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-218 (Love Is A Composer)

Love is a composer.
Nom-de-plume Mr. Zero
Composes poems of infatuation.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-219 (A Crest Of Peacock Feathers)

A crest of peacock feathers,
One may wear on the front of forehead,
But can't be Krishna.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-22 (Born Of The Sun-God)

Born of the sun-god
Warning for the rain-girls
On whatever I cast my eyes gets dried up.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-220 (L.L.D.)

Life is hypnotic sleep;
Love is colourful dream;
Death is awakening.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-221 (Players Are God And My Ghost)

Borderline

Bo-peep playing

Players are God and my ghost.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-222 (Poet Time)

Poet Time

Composing

The epic of death.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-223 (Fundamentalists Are Cynical)

Fundamentalists are cynical;
Have no trust on any religion.
Believe in cynicism.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-224 (Illusion)

Illusion

A feeble stick

Once broken up.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-225 (Caught By A Dark Deep Abyss)

Falling back,
Not looking back,
Caught by a dark deep abyss.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-226 (Love Is A Falconer)

Love is a falconer;
Love never eats dove of love,
Love never eats dove of love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-227 (At The End Of Second Ice-Age)

The clouds of dust dispersed.
New morning stepping forward at the end of second ice-age;
None is there to enjoy the sight.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-228 (Let Us Be Colourful)

Let love allow to run in the sun,
To get wet in rains,
Let us be colourful.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-229 (Once The Sky Suffered From Small-Pox)

Once the sky suffered from small-pox;
In the day-time scars are not seen,
At night those become clear.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-23 (Sky-House)

The Sun is the care-taker of my sky-house;
The Time is the gardener,
Scatters star-seeds in the space-garden.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-230 (He Rises Very Early In The Morning)

He rises very early in the morning;
The birds welcome him,
Let us open the door before his knocking.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-231 (Not A Single Star Is Up In The Sky)

Not a single star is up in the sky;
You have come in the evening
With a handful of laburnums.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-232 (Love-Tree)

love-tree;
Lop off...
the worm-eaten branches.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-233 (Stream Of Love)

Stream of love;
Standing on the edge some watches waves,
Some picks up pebbles.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-234 (Worms Have Eaten Into)

worms have eaten into
the shawl of love having an artistic designed
However it will be of good use in winter.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-235 (Only A Few Know)

Love is cotton;
Only a few know
How to spin thread?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-236 (The Mouse Has Made Holes In Our Love)

The mouse has made holes in our love;
Trap it,
No, poison it.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-237 (Let Us See The Eternal Flowers)

Throw open the doors and windows of the sky-house;
Let us cast our look,
Let us see the eternal flowers.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-238 (Given A Few Scraps Of Love)

Given a few scraps of love,
Enough for me;
This will serve my purpose.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-239 (The Morning Waiting Outside...)

Unlock the door,
The morning waiting outside...
Welcome her.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-24 (Raying Animal)

I'm raying animal,
The darkness unable
to intern me.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-240 (Love Is Lucrative Business)

Love is lucrative business,
Just lend;
Earn high interest.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-241 (You Were Not A Green Horn)

It was blue-dark rainy day,
I tried to pass counterfeit coin of love;
could not guess you were not a green horn.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-242 (Dig Love)

Feel thrust?

Dig love,

get bucket full water.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-243 (My Fever Of Love Is Off Now)

My fever of love is off now.
but have severe headache;
Where shall I get pain-killer?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-244 (Have You Had Your Love?)

Have you had your love?
Don't fast,
It is injurious to health.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-245 (The House Of Love Is On Fire)

The house of love is on fire,
Friend wind has come rushing to rescue;
Far-off water getting wavy with tearful eyes.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-246 (Has It Struck Root?)

Why have you not waited for rains?
You planted love;
Has it struck root?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-247 (Biting Trend Increased.)

Love gets decrepit at the age of three,
loses natural teeth;
But biting trend increased.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-248 (Dust-Storm Makes Me Blind)

I have gone out to take the air by the love-river-side
The river is dried up
Dust-storm makes me blind.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-249 (Love Is Fishy)

Love is fishy;
The smell of fish
Offends my nostrils.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-25 (Darkness Flaming.)

No arrangement of light
in my inner apartment
At all times darkness flaming.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-250 (Love Is Such Tree When Has Flowered)

Love is such tree when has flowered
Branches waving in joy
Can't bear burden of fruits.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-251 (I Have No Other Watch Than You)

I have no other watch than you;
When I cast my look on your face,
Realise it is Just six o'clock in the morning.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-252 (Hatred Rather Good)

No difference between second-hand love
And withered screwpine flower;
Hatred rather good.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-253 (Love Has Drawn To Close)

Love has drawn to close,
On the stratus seen
Emotion of twilight.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-254 (Way Made Of Burning Charcoal)

Way made of burning charcoal;
Fumed all around,
Love does not come here any more.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-255 (My Only Student Laughs In Her Sleeve)

I'm a teacher;
While I teach grammar of love,
My only student laughs in her sleeve.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-256 (I Learnt To Love)

What I have not done for getting favour of God?
I learnt to love;
God has now favoured me.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-257 (Now Cases Of Suicide Of Love In Every Family)

Now cases of suicide of love in every family;
Now corpses are rotten;
Air bad-smelling.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-258 (Of All Items The Brains Of Love Is The Best)

What have you had?
Have you tasted darkness?
Of all items the brains of love is the best.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-259 (Answer To The Point)

Answer to the point,
What dress the ghost of love does on ?
Why?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-26 (Tough Questions.)

Tough questions

Submitted blank answer sheet

Trial of luck.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-260 (Give Me A Slice Of Green Love)

Give me a slice of green love.
That is enough;
least set my teeth on edge, give a little salt.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-261 (The Drama Of Love)

The drama of love
rehearsed all day long
The curtain is drawn just at candle-light.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-262 (Where Is The Booking Office?)

Where is the booking office?

Can I book

Through to love?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-263 (I'm Booked For Love)

I'm booked for love;
The carriage is late, not known when would arrive;
So it is rainy-wintery wait.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-264 (Preferably More Dark Colour)

Light-colour love faded quickly;
Show me some other,
Preferably more dark colour.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-265 (Who Is Clever In Climbing Love)

Who is clever in climbing love
Plucks flowers from branches
picks up too fallen underneath.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-266 (Love Is Radical)

love is radical.
Barren land,
Short-lived.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-267 (A Flight Of Love-Peacocks)

A flight of love-peacocks
Can't spread tails;
I'm never beclouded.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-268 (How Foolish The Flowers Are!)

Dropped into the dust,
Yet all of them laughing in joy;
How foolish the flowers are!

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-27 (Overthriftiness)

Overthriftiness

Keeping everything intact

At first eaten up myself.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-270 (Winding Wind Grimaces)

Sky wants to see face;
Blue water of the lake is mirror;
Winding wind grimaces.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-271 (Out Of Season Rains)

Out of season rains
You have reaped jesmin saplings
that surely provokes me.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-272 (Those Words Are Withered Leaves)

Say what expected;
Saying the same thing again and again,
Those words are withered leaves.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-273 (Let Them Draw Star-Halo)

Getting dark little by little,
Now let the words be fire-fly...
Let them draw star-halo.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-274 (Let Me Sleep Forever)

How beautiful sleep is!
Floats even foundered boat smoothly
let me sleep forever.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-275 (How The Sky Is Opened?)

How the sky is opened?
I offer my death-flower at her feet
Who will teach the arts.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-276 (Winter Feels Rather Cold)

Winter feels rather cold;
My bones may be used as faggots,
Who will be the fire?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-277 (Night-Sky Is A Book)

Night-sky is a book;
Who has knowledge of star-letters,
Can only go through

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-278 (You The Evening Star)

you the evening star;
I must reach some day or other,
Trying making me a ladder.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-279 (No Doubt You Are Coming)

Leaves of sonal tree tossing;
Though no breeze blowing at all...
No doubt you are coming.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-279 (Preparations Afoot)

Preparations afoot;
Open at the pages of rain-book,
read rain, thunder-storm.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-28 (The World Gets Started.)

I have waked up
Hereupon the world
Gets started.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-280 (Your Departing Time)

Your departing time;
Seven o'clock in the evening;
I shall stop the watch.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-281 (Love Reached City Of Joy)

love reached city of joy
high-rise buildings illuminated
found no place of lodging

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-283 (Painter Not Painting)

painter not painting
the colours disappear altogether
only black colour rules over

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-284 (Glow-Worms Making Merry)

evening shadow jumped
the pond did not raise any wave
glow-worms making merry

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-285 (Thousands Scraps Of Moon Laughed)

tranquil moonlit night
shadow of love crossed river
thousands scraps of moon laughed

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-286 (Storm Uprooted Big Trees)

storm uprooted big trees
cast an evil eye on saplings
trying hard ran away

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-287 (Only Cormorant Knows)

only cormorant knows
secret news of the bottom
to know dipping must.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-288 (You Stone Hush Up Me)

complexion is white
I am tall and very much feeble too
you stone hush up me.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-289 (The Stream Is Rippling)

the stream is rippling
the trees standing on the bank
enjoying the tune

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-29 (I'm Hot Drinks.)

Your tender lips;
be careful,
I'm hot drinks.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-290 (Where Intends To Go?)

coming out of cave
Path crawling as snake through ages
where intends to go?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-291 (Only Skeleton Of Birds)

only skeleton of birds
sitting on the skeleton-trees
skeleton-hunter marks

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-292 (Sudden Knocking Is Heard)

sudden knocking is heard
cautiously unbolt the door
wind enters headlong

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-293 (Scorching Summer Noon)

scorching summer noon
banyan tree my grandfather
long ago uprooted.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-294 (Recalling Conjugal Love)

a bird builds a nest
whimsical wind threw it about
recalling conjugal love

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-295 (The Fire Is Missing)

hunger's provocation
arrangement done for cooking food
the fire is missing

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-296 (From West Balcony)

from west balcony
far-off forest land is seen
getting dark slowly

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-297 (Some One Playing Pipe)

some one playing pipe
society, time suddenly disappear
am I in Brindabana?

*'Brindabana' was pleasure-grove of Lord Srikrishana.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-298 (Her Light Maddens Me)

her light maddens me
She makes me listless, effusive
does the moon know it

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-299 (Fire Is Indifferent)

cremation going on
at a distance some one cooking
fire is indifferent

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-3 (Ways)

Wayfarer walks
The throughfare
Gets length.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-30 (Appropriate Name Of My Death)

Select an appropriate name of my death

I die must,
Kissing her lips.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-300 (Hallucination?)

hallucination?

long ago you left me forever

every flower shows your face

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-301 (His Mouth Watering)

his mouth watering
coveting for what item?
cloud is characterless

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-302 (Don't Rely On Me)

don't rely on me
I am merely a dangling bridge
sometimes shake myself

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Haiku-303 (Confidence Condensed Milk)

confidence condensed milk
mingling of too much water
makes it too watery

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Haiku-304 (Love Flies Above Clouds)

love flies above clouds
the earth neath disappeared
so could not land down

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Haiku-305 (Life Stands On The Love)

life stands on the love
that silted up day by day
quickly be reconditioned

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Haiku-306 (Hands Working Organ)

hands working organ
should not bedaub with clay, dirt
stretch to touch the sky

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Haiku-307 (In Cold Love Frozen Ice)

in cold love frozen ice
in normal temperature liquid
getting heat evaporated.

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Haiku-308 (Love Emotion Of Cloud)

love emotion of cloud
floating aimlessly thoughtless
tempest cuts a joke

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Haiku-309 (Fill The Glass With Love)

fill the glass with love
mix a little salt, sugar, pepper
squeeze lemon and drink.

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Haiku-31 (I Have Drawn My Downfall)

I have drawn my downfall
On a high canvas
Sucking her colours.

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Haiku-310 (She Called Me A Dog)

she called me a dog
sometimes scolds me with grimace
now I'm free to bite

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Haiku-311 (I Am Off My Head)

I am off my head
the head always whirling round
possessed by evil spirit?

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Haiku-312 (Can't Call Up Her Name)

can't call up her name
only can recall her fragrance
Is she a red rose?

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Haiku-313 (West-Front Getting Dyed)

west-front getting dyed
love-day has drawn to a close
evening-boat docking in

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Haiku-314 (Don't Make Love Naked)

don't make love naked
what? no more piece of cloth!
make yourself a cloth

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Haiku-315 (Though I Have No Legs)

though I have no legs
scholars always advised me
to stand on own legs

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Haiku-316 (Lest I Lose 'nothing.')

really I have nothing
Yet I am afraid of loss
lest I lose 'nothing.'

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Haiku-317 (Since Then Getting Ducked)

I wasn't ready at all
some one threw me into water
since then getting ducked

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Haiku-318 (No Nose No Problem)

only man who has nose
can whine crocodile tears
no nose no problem

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Haiku-319 (Shows Will-O'-The Wisp)

very very tenacious
a female ghost upholding me
shows will-o'-the wisp

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Haiku-32 (Royal Happiness)

Ownership lady-flat ready flat
Real estate
Royal happiness

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Haiku-320 (We Are Two Palm Trees)

we are two palm trees
can not draw ourselves near
woodman fulfilled desire

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Haiku-321 (To A Thinking Man)

To a thinking man
the world is not a happy place
to live in joyfully

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Haiku-322 (Trees Are Arguing On)

trees are arguing on
who get favour of a squirrel
fruit-bearing papaw laughing

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Haiku-323 (Is It Falling Of Snow?)

you pull a long face
when I cast my eyes on you
is it falling of snow?

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Haiku-324 (Love About To Set In)

love about to set in
lowering deep dark cloud roaring
'empty vessel sound much.'

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Haiku-325 (You Planted A Tree)

you planted a tree
the tree is struck by lightning
A burning example of love

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Haiku-326 (In The Forest Of Love)

in the forest of love
the hunting is dangerous
hunter sometimes hunted

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Haiku-327 (Flat Love Often Falls Flat)

flat love often falls flat
a curling instrument
required to hold water

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Haiku-328 (Love A Sewing Machine)

love a sewing machine
rag of relation, friendship
even broken heart sewn

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Haiku-329 (L Hole-And-Corner Policy)

hole-and-corner policy
a poisonous snake lives in hole
a cat takes corner

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Haiku-33 (Her Highness)

Burning furnace;
I harness
Her highness

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Haiku-330 (A Man Of The World)

a man of the world
tames a woodpecker, wood-ant
and burns wood and hay

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Haiku-331 (Devoid Of Common Sense)

devoid of common sense
Try to learn you by rote
still you not transcended

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Haiku-332 (Death Stared In The Face)

Death stared in the face
holding an olive branch you laughed
the fellow turned tail

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Haiku-333 (Tangent Crossed First Point Of Aries)

got pleasure of your touch
I not care a fig for death
tangent crossed first point of Aries

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Haiku-334 (I Know Root And Branch)

I know root and branch
root is under deep darkness
branch holds flower of light

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Haiku-335 (Enough Of Idle Poem)

enough of idle poem
let us see the castle of sky
let us see flying birds

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Haiku-336 (Three-Fourths Of The Poem)

three-fourths of the poem
is under boundless water
rest covered with wood

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Haiku-337 (Sleep My Darling Sleep)

sleep my darling sleep
sleeping a peacock-shaped boat
death is good sailor

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-338 (Peace Is Sea-Water)

peace is sea-water
though looks as blue as sapphire
but always winding

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Haiku-339 (Settled Down To The Bottom)

I struggled all life
desired to settle at any cost
settled down to the bottom

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-34 (Be Harrow.)

Uneven land
If you can
be harrow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-340 (Let Us Do Bootless Errands)

Who pitched the sky-tent?
We are filled with illusions
let us do bootless errands

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Haiku-341 (Morning Illiterate)

morning illiterate
only can see the coverlet
can't read the day-book

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-342 (Thirsty Drinks Water)

thirsty drinks water
when water afflicted with thirst
how does it satisfy?

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Haiku-343 (Coming From Brazen Age)

coming from brazen age
can you conjecture what massage
brought for conjuncture?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-35 (Waiting For Falling.)

Krans, waiting for falling
Fall come;
willing to lie back on you.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-36 (I'm A Boat)

I'm a man tied to women's apron-strings,
In fact, none knows, I'm a boat;
Apron-strings are my sails.

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Haiku-37 (Aplanogammet)

Aplanogammet
thrown away through tube
someday must come out.

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Haiku-38 (No Reaction)

Fallen into a swoon, metamorphic stone
No reaction
whether rises the sun or the moon.

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Haiku-39 (Extraordinary Acting Ability)

Laughing stone sparks
Extraordinary acting ability
Abject surrender.

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Haiku-4 (Reason)

Why have you come?
For this reason
For this reason.

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Haiku-40 (Fire Brimming Over)

Given more than enough
I'm very small container
Fire brimming over.

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Haiku-41 (Ocean Of Love)

Ocean of love
Though Much briny water taken
Yet much abides.

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Haiku-42 (I See Your Face Everywhere)

The trees abloom
No flowers
I see your face everywhere.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-43 (Love Is The Murderer)

I'm killed
Circumstantial evidence proves
Love is the murderer.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-44 (A Lotus Bluffed Me)

Usually I like to stand on the bank of a still tank
Reflection of my shadow on water my happiness
A lotus bluffed me, a lotus-eater, into diving.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-45 (Darkness Of Love)

Darkness of love;
I blundered along
Fell right into ditch.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-46 (She Is My City)

She is my city
she is my necropolis;
I'm shouldering the corpse of love.

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Haiku-47 (My Corpse Is Ready For Cremation.)

I have never pitched upon her
Rather it is she who garlanded me
Now my corpse is ready for cremation.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-48 (O Storm Come)

My branches bent under the fruits of love
It is too heavy to bear
O storm come, fall off all even leaves.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-49 (I'm Blind Night)

On this night of nights
I'm blind night
blundering right into the enemy morning.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-5 (Morning-Alphabet)

The hour of evening twilight
Reminds haven't studied
The morning-alphabet

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-50 (It Is A Gift Of Gifts)

Her birthday-party of love
I gifted my colourful death
It is a gift of gifts.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-51 (Gilt Is Off)

Gilt is off.
no cry heard.
plagiarist responsible

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-52 (I Never Throw Away Any Thing)

I never throw away any thing
My home is full of offals
Even with corpse of love.

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Haiku-53 (On Demand She Gave Me Xerox-Copy Of Love)

On demand she gave me xerox-copy of love
Where is the original?
It is question of great importance.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-54 (Love Is Nothing)

Love is nothing
But violent oscillations of branches
Just inquisitiveness of the storm.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-55 (Panting For Coming Back Of My Beloved)

Panting for coming back of my beloved,
Born in the evening
Passes away in the morning.

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Haiku-56 (You Can Not Paper Over)

Try as you may;
you can not paper over
Stench of stale corpse of love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-57 (Concupiscence)

Concupiscence,
An impudent scoundrel
adds fuel to the fire.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-58 (Love-Rifle Ak-47)

Love-rifle, AK-47;
In the nick of time I pulled the trigger
but misfire.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-59 (Nuts And Bolts Of Love)

Nuts and bolts of love,
No clue where missing;
Now searching for a nail.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-6 (Portrait Of Fire)

Canvas of memory
Oven draws portrait of fire
With charcoal.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-60 (Unable To Separate Wheat From Chaff)

Loitering in the field
light-crowned spikes of crops calling swinging
Wish to respond, but unable to separate wheat from chaff.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-61 (A Goody-Goody Fellow)

For goodness
I had to ditch better and the best
Now I'm a goody-goody fellow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-62 (Love)

Love is power
Love is talent
Only few persons hold it.

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Haiku-63 (Love-2)

Love is fiction;
Fiction is stranger than truth;
Truth is love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-64 (My House)

In the morning my house looks towards the North and the South;
At noon looks towards the upright sun
In the afternoon looks towards the east.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-65 (Only Submerged Stones Are Readers)

My poem is babbling
My poem is brook
Only submerged stones are readers.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-66 (The Weapons Are Blunt)

The weapons are blunt.
Neither stone nor sharpener
Weeds ruling over without anxiety.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-67 (Everybody Is Crutch-User)

None walking smoothly
Everybody is crutch-user
National progress statically high.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-68 (I Pulled All My Eggs In Your Basket)

I pulled all my eggs in your basket
You throw the basket away
You throw the basket away...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-69 (You Are My Eidograph.)

Painting of my love very small in size;
I'm not worried for that,
You are my eidograph.

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Haiku-7 (Death-Scream Of Love)

Deviation-error

Love is dropped into abyss

Death-scream sets trembling the stars.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-70 (Gyrating Since Morning)

Where to reach ?

Is there any destination?

Gyrating since morning.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-71 (Heard Bell Of Fragrant Ringing)

Heard bell of fragrant ringing;
Somewhere no doubt
Hyacinths blooming.

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Haiku-72 (Why Not Sowed Seeds?)

Light soil
Only ploughed
Why not sowed seeds?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-73 (Immovable Impediments)

Bookish theories, heavy learning stones
Immovable impediments
on the thoroughfare of thought.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-74 (At Lest It Has Come To Knowledge)

At lest it has come to knowledge
That my humble self
know nothing.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-75 (I'm Appeared To Be A Misfit)

In the forest I'm appeared to be a misfit
My body is besmeared with fishy stench
My complexion is brown.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-76 (Perforation)

Perfection performs and left
Standing at a distance cast a look
Discovered perforation.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-77 (Perils Are Path-Finder)

Perils are path-finder;
Show paths
lying dormant in the inner world of a man.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-78 (Love Assumes As Eidolon In The Spring Days)

Love assumes as eidolon in the spring days;
Walks in the garden of amaranth,
Vanished when winter sets in.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-79 (Graveyard Of Love)

Graveyard of love
Sometimes gravestone quakes
New style of lovers made love turn in grave.

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Haiku-8 (Housewifery Of Scorpion.)

Stone lying on the grass;
Elevated place to sit on;
Below housewifery of scorpion.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-80 (Love Love Lord)

Love game;
Love all;
Lord love you.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-81 (Institution Of Love)

Institution of love ;
Employees love from mercenary motives
Charges nominal.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-82 (An Offshoot Of Love Is Hatred)

An offshoot of love is hatred ;
Spreads under soil very fast,
While the branches ornate with flowers.

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Haiku-83 (Test Is Very Tough)

Without persistence
A lover can't undergo the course of love
Test is very tough.

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Haiku-84 (I'm Just A Handle)

I had no hand in any affair
As I'm just a handle,
Handled.

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Haiku-85 (This Is Messing Message)

Some like to make a mess of the job ;
Some are themselves mess;
This is messing message.

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Haiku-86 (I'm The Tree)

Watchers saw a bird perched on the top of a tree
Not seen you are the bird,
I'm the tree.

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Haiku-87 (Lord Shiva)

When man sprinkles water on phallus,
Lord Shiva lying dormant
When woman does He wakes up.

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Haiku-88 (Flowers Dropped Laughing)

I knew a bird gallanting with flowers
Once his wings chopped
Flowers dropped laughing.

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Haiku-89 (Kill The Fatted Calf For My Returning)

She left me
If returns, then arrange a fete
Kill the fatted calf for my returning.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-9 (Celestial Voice)

Heard celestial voice;
My body
Now entirely starry.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-90 (At Last Falls Into Ditch)

Love stands on the peak
Then moves rolling on towards the valley
At last falls into ditch.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-91 (Skeleton Of Love)

Skeleton of love leaving royal dress ascended a throne
Passed a bill, 'Wearing dress legally an offence.'
Violator of law would be punished severely.

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Haiku-92 (Can't She Extend Her Hand?)

Love-alley foggy ;
I feel my way
Can't she extend her hand?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-93 (She Writes Love)

She writes love;
Illegible;
Sticking to interpret.

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Haiku-94 (Let The Neighbourhood Be Irritated.)

Her habit is bolting.
My habit is door-knocking
Let the neighbourhood be irritated.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-95 (Flotation Of Colours Charming.)

You harp on the same string
Prismatic
Flotation of colours charming.

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Haiku-96 (There Is A Saying)

There is a saying
Love is decoy
death is ultimatium

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-97 (Truth And Lying)

Truth is, there is no truth.
The world is misrepresented
Only truth is lying.

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Haiku-98 (Truth Is Beautiful But Not Art)

Truth is beautiful but not art;
Lying is the most beautiful
And the art of arts.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haiku-99 (Her Splendour Is Nothing But Mourning)

The evening looks back to see the far-off morning
Wears morning-dress
Her splendour is nothing but mourning.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu- - >562 [Mind Harmonium]

mind harmonium
depressing reeds can be played
tune of supreme spirit

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu- - -531 (Raining On Woodland)

raining on woodland
raining on hill and at sea
my mind is desart

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Hairyu- - -537 (Wind Comes Curiously)

storm fallen in love
coming violently to kiss
deodar is trembling

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Hairyu- - -538 [Dawn's Laughter Golden]

dawn's laughter golden
noon's laughter is fiery red
and evening's is blue

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Hairyu- - -539 (Chinarose Unhappy)

chinarose unhappy
till date never got a chance
in love-making game

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Hairyu- - -540 (Standing On The Bank)

standing on the bank
summer-tree willing to bathe
so sent shadow bawd

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu- - -541 (House Dreems Be Boat)

house dreems be boat
river fulfilled the desire
in rainy season

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu- - -542 (Light Reads Everything)

light reads everything
but haven't read autobiography
of the deep dark hole

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Hairyu- - -543 [Under Banyan Tree]

Under banyan tree
Cow-boy is playing pipe
Solitude is listener

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Hairyu- - -544 (River An Artist)

river an artist
draws skatch in the form of wave
understands a few

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Hairyu- - -545 (To Cross A River)

to cross a river
the path feels need of a bridge
only nan constructs

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu- - 565 [crowbar Digs A Hole]

crowbar digs a hole
doesn't know the proper objective
decayed bit by bit

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Hairyu- - 566 [Now Glacial Love-Age]

now glacial love-age
Yet glassy glamour on top
is the heart goner?

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Hairyu- - 567 [Strong Yet A Headstrong]

strong yet a headstrong
for nothing instigated
becomes a H-bomb

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Hairyu- - 568 [When Heart Is Ice-Pond]

when heart is ice-pond
search of immersion-heater
should be day's programme

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Hairyu- - 569 [Leering Is Fearful]

leering is fearful
clear signal of death-wheel
nearing bit by bit

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu- -546 [An Energumen]

an energumen
sometimes enlivens dead tree
sometimes uproots it

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Hairyu- -555 [Silence Song Of Songs]

silence song of songs
the sky is the composer
far-off stars audience

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu.....549 [Visible Universe]

visible universe
and conscious mind nothing but
tip of the iceberg

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu.....550 [Revolution And Lumpenproletariat]

revolution and
lumpenproletariat
sunny day and fog

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu.....551 [Raining Cats And Dogs]

Raining cats and dogs
Gladly I pet both but they
are very quarrelsome

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu.....552 [Summer Lightning Laughs]

summer lightning laughs
the flowers in my garden
heard the tune of death

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu.....553 [Written Thousands Poems]

written thousands poems
neither read appreciated
flow of current non-stop

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu.....557 [Perpetual Poverty]

perpetual poverty
leaders live in paradise
public nose of wax

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu.....558 [Universe Magnum Opus]

universe magnum opus
composer not satisfied
everyday recomposed

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu.....559 [Relic Of Childhood]

relic of childhood
wiped out by noon-flow
revived in evening

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu.....560 [Man Mystery Novel]

man mystery novel
chapter after chapter read
last page not perused

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu.....561 [In The Last Quarter]

in the last quarter
wheel of time moving slowly
circularity?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu...526 [I Called Her Flower]

I called her flower
Rather should call her green leaves
None willing to pluck

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu...530 [Radioactive Love]

Radioactive love
My forest is now singing
Rain about to flee

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu...532 [The Sky Is Starry]

the sky is starry
glowing-worm drawing problems
my mind dark like cloud

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu...533 [Destined Route Unknown]

destined route unknown
path begets many by-paths
illusion travelling

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hairyu...535 [Wind Fragrance-Bearer]

wind fragrance-bearer
somewhere unknown flower bloomed
she or clove-flower?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hammer And Nail

Hammer is a very miserable fellow;
None knows but only nail.
Hammer can't penetrate
Though powerful but failed.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Happiness

Only one post,
Applications sought for
From the eligible candidates
Thousands applicants for a job;

I too applied;
Groping in the dark..
After the test and interview
Finally found my name enlisted
the 2nd position in the panel.

Realised down and out
Couldn't get the job.
Despondency eaten me up...

Nothing more surprising to me,
After a few days, what a marvel!
Got the appointment letter
from my employer.

Later learnt the applicant
who secured 1st position
died of a bus accident.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Happiness- 2

Once Happiness was moving in a garden
Liveliness and enchanting colour drew my attraction
Really beautiful as flower
Anointed with golden sun light..

Though spring, weather was extremely hot
Happiness went to the garden-adjacent pond
Suddenly jumped into the deep blue water...

I was waiting but not got out..

The corpse of happiness rescued by the Police
The body was full of sores and ulcers...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Happiness- -3

There is no agent
which can make a person happy,
If a person thinks happy is happy...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Happiness Don't Show

Happiness don't show your affluence and beauty;

I'm Not willing
to be a guilty of a breach of the peace
of my neighbours...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Has The Universe Completed Its Rotation?

While I stand turning round
At once sides changed
Changed front
Changed landscape and scenario;
Changed colour combination; silhouette,
Changed globular, stereographic, conical,
Equiangular, equal area projection..

My turning yet not completed,
As I don't have any idea about
The trigonometrical ratios of turning...

Has the universe completed its rotation?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Have You Heard Honeysuckle?

Have you heard Honeysuckle?

Marriage between you and me already settled

Prior to that I shall interred thousands of torch-trees

On the earth surface, on the shore of each river

The face of the earth would be veiled with fire-golden colour

And in the sky would flash blue storm of lightning

I myself would invite the star-neighbours

For accompanying me the crowned bridegroom

In the wedding procession...

In the mean time you will be waiting for me

And dressing well yourself would be electric-flowered..

With the prosody of raining, sound of trumpets of thunder

With the swelling of water and fragrance of screw-pine-lady's mate

Our wedding ceremony would be replete with grandeur...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Have You Unpacked Inner Pack?

Turning back, taken aback
Arcane question flared flash;
All day long cackled balderdash...
Have you unpacked inner pack?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Haven't Learnt Star-Alphabet.

She comes to my white-page every evening
I can't write her,
As I'm illiterate;

Haven't learnt star-alphabet.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hay And Fire

Hay and Fire
Fire and Hay
They not reside
Side by side
How they fall in love?

After their conjugation
A handful of ashes
Scattered on the ground.
Noticed one day.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

He

Snow-white bed-cover fully stretched
On the table a bouquet flower; a book, last page open
Orderly everything

Under the cot a pair of idle wooden sandal
On the floor dog-eared pages scattered

He.
it's he! a poet; got nothing
Though should have
but mockery and negligence.

Smiled
Did't care looking back

Crossed the river boarding on the evening-boat...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

He Too Eyes Throgh The Hole

I live in a dark house
Living for years in that house
I turned into a lump of deep blue darkness
Oh! a facility there
A small hole on a wall of my room
Sometimes I eye through that hole
What amazing!
I can see long stretch of the outer world
Of course a bit
Much surely unseen..
Now I realize the God too live in a darkness-made house
The sky is the small hole of His dark room
He too eyes throgh the hole
Keeps watching
Only a part is seen
Most parts of the world remain unseen to Him

Nothing but that is the principal (principle?)
Cause and clause...

I continue as darkness-enveloped animal.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Head Separated From Body

Head separated from body
Rolling on..

Fallen into the sun's cave;

The sun asleep;
Probably dreaming of some new style of light,
In a funk wakes up from reverie
runs away to the western horizon...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Head-Ball

Night-stadium

No entrance-fees.

Star-players playing head-ball.

I can recall that head belongs to me

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Heard Sound Of Foot-Steps Of Sleep

Heard sound of foot-steps of sleep
Opened the door
Sleep and her sister
Entering into my room lying down beside me
Is it possible to evade?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Heaven

Architectural grandeur of heaven
is eminence of man,
Race of gods live there.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Heaven- 2

No deity is seen using watch;
Is time counted in Heaven?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Heaven- 3

Spring comes in Heaven
Learnt from description;
Flowers also bloom,
Perhaps rainy season also comes there...

The terms. 'the heavens open', is the proof.

Is there winter or summer?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Her Aroma.

Her face flashing as deep bright as lightning
Yet I looking at her face

Getting blind bit by bit

But my inner world would be overfull with her aroma.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Her Dormant Rays

Her dormant rays
Tormenting me
If they woke up
The story would
have been different;

Even a fallible says ...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Her Love For Me As Deep As Dark Abyss

Her love for me as deep as dark abyss
Realise when inclining bend down
Stand on the edge of a bottomless dark ditch.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Heroism

Whenever the nail sees
The variegated plank of wood
Calls the hammer.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hey Presto!

Whenever I stay alone in my room,
Knife grates on the ears, useless babbling;
Intolerable;
Knife guessing my annoyance
One day told, 'I'm a magician.
If you let me touch your heart,
all worries would be 100% vanished.'

The knife started shouting, 'Hey presto! '

A flow of blackish-red liquid pain
glibly gushed from my mouth.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hey Yolk

This earth is an yolk.

Hey yolk,
At what time would you be a cheek and fly
breaking the sky, the egg-integument?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

High Wall Made Of Fire

High wall made of fire bricks of flaming fire
Getting near halted like a post
Though I'm not at all a post, a man
A humble man made of snow and frost
Now I dare to cross over the wall, I dare
My only satisfaction may be vaporised
But reactionary fire trying heart and soul
Could not be succeeded to burn me.....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Highland Wayfarer

Highland wayfarer, self-introspecting soul,
Looking back saw, on the sloping valley;
Bending head light slowly crawling into the hole.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hoe Once Thought

Hoe once thought
He would alone make
An end of the family of weeds;

Days gone.
Rather he is undone.
His blade decayed.
Weeds are in sound health.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hog-Family

Background almost same
The characters changed little by little
Some felt the ground
Some not at all...

Lexical change
Mountain range
razed to the ground...

Corn-field extending up to the horizon
Esculent cultivated..

Hog-family too much complacent..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Homeless Wayfarer

That very little graceful girl
Now a wonderful flowering tree.

Getting through the extreme torrid zone
An overtired homeless wayfarer coming tottering
Folding wings be seated on a dark-green delusive branch.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Homing Pigeon

Homing pigeon
coming back saw a heap of ashes;

Where does go a homeless?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Horizon

Horizon?

No.

A thickly set wreath;

Sky is garlanded..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

How A Butterfly Fights Against Thunderstorm

How a butterfly fights against
thunderstorm is not known
However raises
flag of victory on the flower-land.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

How Beautiful She Looks

How beautiful she looks!
As I'm blind
Only I can see.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

How Can I Forget

How can I forget
The evening-stream
Floating flower of birth
Playing of shadow and light
Shower of song;
Teen-aged earth..

How can I forget
I had also a dream...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

How Can I Write?

Snake, frog, ghost, legs of crow and crane
Head of elephant, handle of umbrella,
Trash, bluster, meaningless, whatever I write
Never afraid of disregard, scandal or libel.

Be ever afraid of accident ?
A train which is already derailed?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

How Does He Write?

How does he write?
He is unimaginative;
Imagination cooks his meal.

He is a summer-river;
Thought-wave and his wife
Serve as gardener in his garden
on the bank of his home-side lake
Everyday they string garlands of 'Lodhra-kusuma.'

He is wanton.
Metrical irregularities made him crazy.
To the north of his home
In a deep-blue forest a playful stream
flowing from the west towards the south
Everyday the dancing current
presents him a blue hundred petalled lotus,
Some skies, fragrant of south-wind.

He does not feel day or night.
As they themselves become his residence.

He is illiterate.
The words are his attendant.
To please their master
they mutually arrange themselves
And just like good boys sit on the copy.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

How Foolish!

On the bank of the river dress left.
Though tossing wave jesting but translating the flow;
How worthless guy am I! How foolish!
Not master the language of whirlpool.

Some one drowned in quest of abyss...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

How One Can Cross Oneself

And will not get entirely;
I cut part of the Ganges racer.
Cross-across from morning to evening...
In this way, the way he sometimes wandering traveler;
Mayabinil dark day in Kolkata.
The tree is the night of the senses;
Any side that spreads its roots!
Smog engagement of dust and leaves...
The sheets are then dew drop.
I do not know;
Some have seen in the morning under the tree
How many hundreds of thousands of people mark!
What blood, sweat or tears?

I do not cross.

You know?
How one can cross oneself?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

How Tenacious!

What avoided carefully again and again
How tenacious! stands face to face
For what inquisitive finding interception
Aye Vitalism? or Symbiosis; beyond guess.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Humanisation

Humanisation of a beautiful knife
Quenching blood-thirst looks for life.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hunger

Monstrous hunger;
The body-separated head gulps
Whatever gets

can't eat fill
As no abdomen.

The head the more eats
The more increases hunger.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Hymn

None born to be one, stealthy
Would like to come to worthy.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Am A River Of Sand

I am a river of sand
I myself is thirsty..

Why do call me river
Why do show dream of a boat
On my rising wave

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Am Blunt Born-Blunt

I am blunt born-blunt
Long and weighty
More or less useless
Lying down long long time get rusty
Skin-powder scattered
Waiting... waiting...waiting...for
A dreadful power would be mated with me
My clumsy body...weighty body
Would receive a fatal hit...but snuggled
And I piercing stone. clay, sand, silt
Would create an abyss
A fathomless abyss..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Am Fly-Boat

Asleep or sleepless not assimilated

Open window

Flowering branches

Sunk in moon-light

Flux of her memory....

I am fly-boat

Slumped on slush

Ghost in the bamboo-bush laughing...

Blithesome stars blinking

The crude moon knows

I `m insentient itinerant...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Am Not Willing To Be Wanton

I am not willing to be wanton

Rather retrench

My metrical composition

My own composition

Beyond casting matrix

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Am Spade You Seed-Bed

I am spade

You seed-bed

In course of time you will be green with plentiful corn;

In course of time I would be worn off, and never born.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Am Thorn

I am thorn
Kicked me

Dyed red sky...

Amorous
How much will that be?
Evening-bird comes fluttering...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Ate Myself ...

Getting hungry, eat,
Eat what?
The pie, which?
Why Mister and Misses?
Don't want anyone be curious too much
What everyone understands?
Hodge-podge
What hell ! !
Everybody jester ...

Transformed into a eater...
Eating... eating ...
Only the business ...
Nothing to eat
At last standing before the mirror
Ah!
How Delicious food

I ate myself ...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Can Also Easily Burn Myself

I can also easily burn myself
Again and again
Only required commensurate flame
And a suitable oven.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Can Fly You

Staying away from the habit
The habit of being invisible

So you not care; connive at me

I can be transformed into thunderbolt...
Blind stormy wind....

Could you then control yourself?
Could you ?

Think hundred times
Million times...
Could you stand face to face stretching your hands?

I can fly you to the eternity
Beyond the time and space....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Can Never Be A Man Of Sorrow

I can never be a man of sorrow
Rather can be an animal
Usually live in a hole,
Always afraid of light;

Only comes out when light died,
Curious stars peep at night.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Come Of Every Now And Then.

Do you know my birthday? When
Perhaps forgotten in the festive mood
Your birthday may be 25th Vaisakh
I come of every now and then.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Dare Not To Dye Her...

She has only one piece of cloth white as snow
While she puts on in the morning
I dye it with golden colour..
At noon I dye it with flaming red colour
In the afternoon dye it with bluish golden colour

I dare not to dye her...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Didn't Have The Power Of Apathy

I didn't have the power of apathy
Or wealth at the lowest
Considering multiplex analysis and repulsive force
The tree doesn't bloom flowers,
Rather shed leaves
I have adapted myself
Now the only business is blood-oozing
Though I could avoid easily
But can't incur a risk
Ledger too maintained on the pages of sky

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Don't Care

To tell the truth the prices of food
touching the cupola of the sky-castle
The House-holds bemoaning
I smile

Although prices increased by several thousand times
I don't care
As I'm Chuklikhore
My fellow Chaps
Listen it's always quite cheap....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Expect

She who knows the truth is beautiful
Who knows the beauty is love
Her heart is flowering amaranth tree
By the side of divine river

I expect you would be
You would be...
I shall be waiting
I believe you would be....
I shall be waiting
Thousands and thousands and millions of years.
I shall be waiting.....and waiting....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Expect Come Swimming

I a'm a bridge
colourful pain and distress flowing under me.

All cross me walking.

Screwpine flowers blossom on the river valley.

I expect come swimming and pluck all flowers.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Fear To Speak

I fear to speak
My words are sharpnels
Fear lest those hurt any one...

My all poems are farce,
fugitive non-inflammable fuel...

My all words up-till now not disclosed, sick.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Have Eaten The Flesh Of Might

I have eaten the flesh of might
Here is the heap of bones...
Fight with the darkness of night
Now I'm a huge glowing stone.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Have Neither Silver Nor Gold

I have neither silver nor gold,
Even not have dwelling house;
I'am neither timid nor bold,
Neither have family nor spouse.

Frightening is your weapon;
Snatching is your showy device;
I'm an unidentified muzzy ion,
Neither do sleep nor do rise.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Know; You Know

I know; you know the apex of the sky;
O my Dear lead me there with you ...
Perhaps not known. unfortunately not known
Keenly willing to stand there extending my hands
The stars twinkle under your famous lotus-like feet.....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Live Together With Sorrow

I live together with sorrow
She frequently conceived
Too much flowering strobilus
Now my family full of kiddies

They kick up a row all day long
However indulge..

After all they are festivities..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Live With The Corpse Of Poem

At about midnight gloom
I heard a scuffling sound in the next room;
Curiously peeped at and saw
A cat biting and scratching
Tore off the throat of poem with sharp paws;

Stupefied with fright;
Almost fainted.
Since then I live with the corpse of poem
And draw the pen-picture of that terrible sight.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Myself Celestial Dream

What can burn the fire?
What can drown the water?
I'm nothing but dream only.
Path may reel in the dark labyrinth;
Fog-man may surround the world.
What more they can do ?

I myself celestial dream, the night-boat
Must anchor to the Morning-moorage.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Myself Is Fear...

I'm afraid of the morning
I'm afraid of the evening
I'm afraid of the noon
I'm afraid of the mid-night
I'm afraid of the deep ditch
I'm afraid of the high peak
I'm afraid of the front
I'm afraid of the rear
I'm afraid of the emptiness
I'm afraid of the fullness
I'm afraid of the light
I'm afraid of the darkness
I'm afraid of sleeping
I'm afraid of awakening
I'm afraid of the speed
I'm afraid of the elasticity
I'm afraid of time
I'm afraid of timelessness
I'm afraid of the fire
I'm afraid of the water
I'm afraid of speaking
I'm afraid of speechlessness
I'm afraid of the examination
I'm afraid of the result
I'm afraid of the vernal of spring festival
I'm afraid of the winter
I'm afraid of freedom
I'm afraid of bondage
I'm afraid of the transcendence
I'm afraid of the secularity
I'm afraid of life
I'm afraid of death
I'm afraid of her
I'm afraid of me

I myself is fear...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Myself Smell Out My Fishy Odour

A few crows sitting around me idle
They do not caw, stare at me greedily

I myself smell out my fishy odour

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Myself The End.

Millions of words have been told;
Millions words will be told.
Yet single word doesn't stand
Either against you or for you.
All are just snare of words.
As all words are spineless,
Even have no bones; merely flesh;
All are still-born
No word-child is growing up.
Nobody till date could not tell
the last word about you.
Hence the seas and the sky
deep blue in anxiety.
Only the end can utter.

I myself the end.
I shall disclose the last word at the end;

Though then no listener would keep existence.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Never Close The North-Window At Night...

Putting faith in is a power;
Some easily believes everything
On the other side, some hesitates to believe

However I am giving here
An account of a strange event:

An ugly, deformed, hump-backed
Clumsy looking unmarried girl,
Daughter of a poor terminal peasant,
Jumped into a pond of dirty miry water...

Common householders
And conservative men of the locality
Thought she must fallen into the jaws of death..
Even her father getting ready
To prepare the bed of her funeral pyre;

But giving everybody surprise
She comes out of the water self-evidently
As if an angel, beautiful, charming,
Pleasing, a golden image...

Smilingly cast a glance;

Then flew away over the valley,
Over the cloud, Over the blue firmament,
Over the horizon, beyond the sky-line...
And bit by bit transformed
Into a bright blue-silvery star..

I have seen myself;
Yes, Yes, I have seen myself;
Not a hearsay;

At every night on the north horizon
She appears regularly...

I never close the north-window at night...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Sold Myself On Credit

I sold myself on credit, in the city-wood
Practically had no expedient
sawyers thought I was insane

Sharpness left me long ago
Pinched with hunger on the wane...

Now little by little would make my buyer my food

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Sow The Seed On Fertile My Body.

She is calling out going away
Seed of call left behind
Torrential rain unable to float the call
Even the whiffled wind helpless feeble
The whimsical call-seed is so heavy
I sow the seed on fertile my body.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Think

I think morning should be the tune of life
I think noon should be the tune of youth
I think evening should be the boat of decrepitude
I think life should be a day
I think death should be meditaion of night..

Everybody laughs at me
They think all these are far-fetched thought,
Not pertinent...

Rather I should live in the woods
All these are poetic jokes
My writings full of slight.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Tried

I tried to persuade the days, failed,
as I could not be light for a little while;
I tried to persuade the nights, failed,
as I can't intersecting fire-fly cycle.
I tried to persuade the light, failed,
as I have no perception of awakening.
I tried to persuade the darkness, failed,
as I never followed the light syllabus.
I tried to persuade the speed, failed,
as I never touched the real frigidity.
I tried to persuade the frigidity, failed,
as I never stood in the centre of inertia.
I at last tried to persuade you, failed,
as I stood ashore, but never dived
I tried to persuade the myself, failed,
as I all life never went beyond me.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I Would Be Born As Vampire

In another birth I would be born as vampire;
Persons who are submerged in foolish happiness
and luxuriant dream,
Tearing throat suck their blood.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I, The Darkness.

Bed soft as down
The night-birds fluttering.
your bed-room flooded with bright light;
Standing by the outside window waiting,
Could not enter.
As soon as you laid down putting out lamp;
I jumped into the bed-room and wrap you round.

I the darkness.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I, The Nonplussed Poet

Wide wavy river; overshore foggy;
Someone standing on the quay...
As soon as I float a word-boat overturned
since then my world is a bog;
And I, the nonplussed poet, wander like a bogey

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I'am A Tought Game To Play

You may be a skillful player
But I'am a tought game to play

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Idealism

A stupid never thinks himself stupid
Rather thinks clever.
Seen a baldhead also keeps comb
Often sets feathers.
Takes task for making head or tail
Though self-locked
Advises others be free and devout
Though self-hocked.
Makes comments on pin to elephant
As if an expert.
Thinks common fellows very silly
Not feel daubing an art.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Idiot

The damp mound
Dark tunnel!

Path-speed
Passer - passion
What is there? What is there?
Hot slush and slime...
Salt bedaubed body.

Be reached anywhere?
Sweat oozing
Virid
Festal mound
Tickling sensation

Seeking cosmic pleasure
The idiot penetrated the erected limb into the tunnel..

Who bothers restrictions?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

If

If desired fire is found consenting
Whole-heartedly to burn my all
If desired water is found consenting
to immerse my evolvment my extirpation, my entity
If desired whirlwind is found I can fly my self-knowledge
Self- aggrandisement, essence of the soul...
And stretching hands stand face to face

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

If Love Comes

If love comes
No cloud in the sky
Morning light on grasses
But what is love? does come?
The road is full of mud and dust
Arbor raped as well as Radha
Zero - love malodoure floats
In today's world, the air in the air...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

If Cloud Removed

If cloud removed from the sky,
Before evening-flight;
Come, stand on the setting circle..
Anointing twilight.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

If I Could See Her Once More!

Slumbering heard knocking at the door
On account of indolence not opened
Waking up in the morning
Saw the dry branches of Golden Champaka
Sprouting and blooming
In the morning sun dancing in joy and swinging...
Aromatic air

So She came.. it's She.. must She...
Gone back..

Fie! fie! on me
Alack! alack! How unfortunate fellow I'm!

If I could see Her once more!
If She could come once more!
If I could see Her once more!
If I could see Her once more!

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

If I Have To Stand

If I have to stand
Would stand on the apex
Never go to the edge of horizon;
Sand,
I know sand,
Quicksand.....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

If I Were God

If I were God I would solve all social,
religious, political problems in a second.

God indwelling.
Pleasantly proposed me to be God
and accepted platitude.

Then and there I called my parliamentarians
directed to remove inconsistency, incongruity
impropriety, discrepancy and make the sun-shine
shower of ambrosia so that world known
as abode of immortal.

Chitra Gupta, the parliamentary Secretary
Bending down said, "Sir, some problems are natural.
Nature is also a problem. Some solutions are problems.
Some problems are solutions. "

Hummm... all right, no problem. Let us have drink nectar
and sleep. I would get up in the morning of a new 'Kalpa'.

I dreamt God saying, "If I were God I would solve all social,
religious, political problems in a second."

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

If Not

Standing by the window I'm alone;
Wind go the flowery trees of her garden,
Be really odoriferous...
If not, I rename you brimstone.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

If You Have To Buy

Which of those houses you willing to buy ?

The sun-house? The moon-house?

The north-star house? Or any planete-house?

Those houses not habitable at all.

If you have to buy a house then should buy the Sky-house.

On the apex of it a celestial flag fluttering

and the darkness being absolutely condensed

radiates cluster of divine rays

luminaries, time, speed and absolute zero serve as attendants.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I'm Blind Storm.

Kept aloof from
me; usually I too stayed
far ; habituated;

listen, don't open the window
I'm blind storm.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I'm A Feverous River

I'm a feverous river ; Flowing
Old crude hungry black fire;
Furiously roaring bellowing.
Other bank not visible; darker...
No bridge, no boat or boatman;
Why come graceful girl, a flower?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I'm A Lamp, Powerful Than The Sun

I'm a lamp, powerful than the sun;
As soon I'm extinguished everything bygone.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I'm A Solid Sphere Of Diamond

I'm a solid sphere of diamond
If some one strikes with a hammer
within a fraction of second
running with the speed of lightning
give a blow to the striker...

The striker gets the chance
of seeing variegated chromatic game...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I'm Alone Upright Palm Tree

Ignorance is no doubt bliss;
It was a July day of shower,
In a deep shadowy bower,
All on a sudden I kissed her.

She was very much surprised;
I took it for just a game.
It was indeed colourful fun,
She too smiled, didn't blame.

Later when I grew up man,
That scene flashed in gloom.
Sin-tree gradually sprouted,
Spreads leaves and bloomed.

Oneday I felt and discovered
That kissing was a lightning;
I'm alone upright palm tree
In a solitary field, burning.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I'm Black-Listed.

Drilling my skull
A ghost couple penetrated
And pitching tent living worldly life
Not follow the family planing
Procreated dozens of kiddies
All wicked to the back-bone, bastard;
With a splash dive into my liquid brain
Whirling round come to the wharf
Shivering all over with cold;

How fussing!
The Ghost couple amass
The branches and twigs of my corporeal withered tree
Then set on fire
Even they foment their hands and legs
How far I can?
Wish whopping show 'Brindabana'
(Pleasure-grove of Lord Krishna)

Beat those bastard black and blue
But helpless; hopeless;

Why?

My Mistress is very much fond of blue Colour
And I'm black-listed.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I'm Cursed...

Is it burning coal ?
Or a fire bird laid eggs on my eyeless hollow ?

When? When?
Whenever Wherever I leer
Or whatever I cast my eye on catch fire
Everything reduced to ashes.

I'm cursed...

O Beautiful lassie!
O my heart!
Don't follow me
Don't follow.....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I'm For Myself

I'm for myself.

Everything arranged around me is for me

As I deeply love myself

So this world appears divine garden of love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I'm Getting Dark-Blue

Down before her on knees
Her hand granting a boon and saving from danger
I have brought down at her feet
My equation, prosperity, seeds, land, water,
My crisis, resultant force,
My indent..

Meeting of two frontier lines...
Colour of Her hand is blue...
I'm getting dark-blue

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I'm Lone Passenger...

A rope extended from one space-pillar to another

A rope extended from one time-pillar to another

A rope extended from one speed-pillar to another

A rope extended from one light-pillar to another

A rope-way

I'm lone passenger...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I'm Not A Poet

Words arranged outspokenly
Not jargonic
As such not accomplished as poem
No intricacy
No wanton
No aesthetic sentiment
No ornamentation
No abstract idea
No passion
No poetic imagination
No emotion
No art
No figure of speech
My whimsical composition
Only reflects my wistfulness
Because of that my writings not postulated as poems
Rather wording
And I'm not a poet just talk non-sense...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I'm On A Flying Visit To This Earth

I'm on a flying visit to this earth
Learnt darkness, crooked river
Wavy current, hole and mouse
learning light is very much tough
Storm and shower, few flowers
That enough and also learnt hearth
Bird is the hand is worth two in the bush...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

I'm The Rude Perhaps Would Be Ruddy...

I tried to enter into your garden
with the body covered all over with mud;
You knocked hell out of me.

Got afraid of lest I touch any bud.

I'm the rude perhaps would be ruddy...

Suffice it to say,
Your refusal makes my dream suds.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Image

Endless darkness

Canvass

Image drawn with lightning

Confounding eyes wiped out.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Immersed Before Worshipping

The spring about to set in but not....

The 'Lodhra-kusuma' about to bloom but not....

As she about to come but not.....

Saraswati an image of grief immersed before worshipping.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Impertinent Of Shadow

Shadow shifted very close beside me.
Another crafty shadow playing a somersault
Started altercation;
Even Stood on the highway and tipping the wink
Started collecting rents in kind even from light-goers
Indulgence makes even a shadow so powerful that
it's impertinent knows no bounds.
I realise to the bone.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Imprudence

Running all running speedily

No destination

None bothers

Abyssal ditch ahead.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

In Every Birth

In every birth you trample me
In every birth treated me contemptuously
In every birth squandered me away
In every birth tying a rope
With my nose ring put me off as you liked
I said nothing
I did not mind
I thought it was natural law
In another birth of life I shall be born
Not as hay, fallen dried leaves or flower
I shall be piercing thorn.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

In Fact None Has Personal Mirror

In fact none has personal mirror
As long as life lasts
Embellishes by surmise

It's as blue beryl horror...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

In The Heart Of Stone

In the heart of stone
Fire lying asleep;

The stone is wakeful;

Rolling on..
Willing to receive a huge blow...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

In The Night-Corn Field

In the night-corn field
A hovel made of darkness....

Only keeping awake of poor old lantern

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

In Those Days

How easily we could be dark-green tree in those days
How easily piled up those summer days and shadowed
Falsified fire burnt us to ash, cinder.
A world of hot sand around us,
Neither verdant bush-coppice nor meadow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Independence

Independence takes neither side,
Rather whirls round and round in a circle,

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Independence - 2

Independence an empty word,
But vigorous and pleasing to the ear

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Inflammatory Fever

Chilled dark night-stone rolling and rolling
I solitary benumbed fire a patient of insomnia
Come on exquisitely beautiful divine Belle
Be graceful be benignant
Make me drifting
Enrich me with the power of burning

I'm keen to suffer from inflammatory fever.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Inner World

Her eyes as bright as solitaire
Curious sharp prickle plunged

Only slushy darkness.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Inspection Report

Mr. Musk-Rat inspected my davenport
Not wearing Bengalee dhui-panjabi
But putting on goggles, tie-hat-coat..
Turned pages one after another
Of the copy of my new poems.
Suddenly Mr. M. R. flew into rage,
Grumbled, 'All nonsensical, gibberish'
Who the stupid? Who wrote?
Then purging litter on the pages
Made another comment, 'Expect vote?
You wretch of a poet! worthless!
Your composition all grotty inedible,
Even wouldn't be crunched by Mr. Goat

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Interpenetration

Subject: Penetration.

Two holes quarrelling

Each willing penetrating into other first.

Could not find out the solution.

At last they accepted interpenetration.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Intervention

My iron-made spring-tree grown rusty;
Her reddish green Asoke-grove flower.
My summer-censured days are dusty;
Deep dark beclouded her onyx bower.

My winding narrow river full of only sand,
Her magical lotus-pond wavy all day long.
I'm in a funk extending my cursed hand,
Lest reduced to ashes her blooming song.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Intolerable Burden.

Everything to be left on the zigzag way yet
Fishing out tricks and plans again and again
What not realized subsists abstruse subject
A bit of perception becomes intolerable burden.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Invisible Elves Of Dead Moments

The clock died in the evening; no sense of time;
Around my night-house seems somebody loitering..

Blowing hard ; doors, windows tapping, rapping...
Just then heard a knock on the west-side window.

Without thinking pros and cons opened a leaf...
With lightning speed two skinny hands entered
and nipped my throat; pulled me out smartly.

A group of invisible elves of dead moments
opened my skull; nibbled my brain-worms.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Is There Any Treatment

If like me,
I want...
But follow formalism?
Thus
Unknown destination
The sun-shine runs after me
Appertained shadow
Enthralled
Horizontal
Fugitive mind,

Is there any treatment?

Night? night!
Cryptic night

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Is It Objective Theory About The Abstract Subject?

What is the matter? Am I consider myself despicable?
For that lying on the edge of the wild brook
For that two legs as stone dipped into the water
The brook as usual indifferent neglected me, the scout

Is it objective theory about the abstract subject?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Is It A Game Of Profligate God?

When evening falling
Started tumultuous rain
Extended my dirty hands
Unpremeditated shower
washing the leaves
covered with dust
Only I'm deprived

Is it a game of profligate god?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Is It Knowledge Of Current Underlying In Statics?

Under the closed eyes twilight in blues
On the edge of the lips lacerated lightning
Two legs as stone dipped into the water
while the body lying on the sandy shore..

Is it knowledge of current underlying in statics?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Is It So?

The jungle of the opposite bank of the river exorcising
Dim moon-light;
Is it so?
Or scattered the bones of the skeleton of the Moon!

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Is It Too Revolution? Comrade?

Body is light as feather, colourful
Mind is weighty as lead;
Tail upwards peg-drawn out bull..
Paths coiled as snake, dead;

Is it too revolution? comrade?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Is The Sky A Thorny Tree?

Once I kissed you.
Till today blood oozing from my heart.
Morning blood-stained
Is the sky a thorny tree?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

It Is I Dug A Hole

It is I dug a hole with the sharp nails
Taking out clay, stone pebbles, sand,
Mud...slash...

Depth is remarkable;

Around the hole a high protuberance;

Now I'm lying down in the hole, waiting...
None is there to inter;

Getting dried little by little,
My cloud of waiting conceived,
Bearing not a drop of rain only lightning..

Some day or other realise what's what...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

It Is I, The Star-Eater

It is I, the star-eater
Within a moment digested...
Only two spared
I put them in my two eyes;

To satisfy my hunger
some day or other
I have to eat them up..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

It Is Pessimism ...

My words far-off planet
Billions trillions of light years away
Revolving round the universe.
It is pessimism ...
Some day an expeditionist
would must find out living verse.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

It Occurred Just Once

It occurred just once.

Sudden lake

Water waving slowly but gradually

A shadow-sphere rolling down

Whirling round...

I heard the calling of the sudden lake

Trying to Reach on the bank at a run

Discovered my legs made of stone...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

It Would Have Been Better

I can read wall calendar; I can read relics
I can read night-tree, read it's leaves,
read underneath the coiled thoroughfare
Even can read it's destination
A deserted fossilized palace surrounded with a garden;
In the garden a broken wing fairy made of marble
I can read he dark-green garden
Infested with memory-shadow-coppice
Even I can read the black-coloured wind whirling around ...

It would have been better, if I could not read.
The atheistic illiterates really happiest.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

It'd Be Late...

Our Earth is an experimental space-ship
Launched 990994543276539921987876568723199753
light-years ago from the "Yeepikneaon";
A highly science and technologically developed heavenly body
Made of hyper-physical-matter and hyper-poetic matter
The Researchers of the "Yeepikneaon"; in put poetic motion..
Resultant thrown the Earth off the orbit
The 'Yeepikneaonese' lost the means of communication.

Infectious Poetic bacilli spread over
Since the primordial hyper-contagious disease
Ruling this off-orbit baffled planet over.
The only way of establishing contact with the 'Yeepikneaonese'
composing 990994543276539921987876568723199753 poems

Only a few poems written till date
Only a few poems
Not up to expectations
Everyone should compose minimum 100 poems a day
Otherwise it'd be late
It'd be late...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

J.T.

Just blending a few drops of nectar,
The briny sea water honeyed never

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Jealousy

She lapis-lazuli, a divine gem when stands
Under the shadow of the flowering tree,
The branches bent down
And flowers dropped laughing at her feet;

One day at noon I stand beside her.

The tree burst into a flame.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Jhilmil

Colourless water of the pond known as 'Jhilmil'..
Holding the shadow of colour-enriched cloud
All day long in a queer thought dreadfully still.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Jilting Feet

I reside in a small village
On the bank of a stream
At the foot of a woody hill
From the canopy of my courtyard
Sloping valley of the Ghumti river is seen
Walking on the zigzag shadowy alley
drawn on the grassy land..
Making jingling sound of bracelets
She goes to the river...
Far-off wild Ghumti river
Never comes to the stream
...flowing under me...

Golden light and silvery shadow play
Hide and seek game on her face
The birds sing her name
The flowers enrich themselves
with her fragrance
The winding wind smells her
Lowering branches try to touch her forehead..

I can't do nothing..
Only stand by the window watch;
My shadow follows her
All day long.. all day long..all day long...
In the evening fatigue
While my shadow dying
Thereafter I'm transformed
into glowing-worms
Begin Drawing circle centring her
A complicated geometrical problems
unsolved...
Draw and draw keep drawing..all night
Till no night becomes night of nights...
At dawn I'm drawn as dew-drops
Ornated with jewels
On the spikes of newly sprouted grasses..

While she walks

I'm anointed happily anointed
And
Wash her famous crimson-red feet...
Her jilting feet...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Jolly Fellow-Walker.

As much as going forward
Woodlands going far
Well dressed desert
Jolly fellow-walker.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Judgement

After a prolong gap again the king enthroned.
'Darbari Kandarah' was under trial from the time immemorial
Now would be judged
Now would be judged properly of his colourful offence.
For committing which offence be called offender
Who is 'Badi; and Who is 'Bibadi' still unfamiliar
Broken which mysterious fence?
Everything would be clear.

Dispersion of fascinating glowing moroseness would be banned.

Darbari Kandarah'...Indian musical mode (Songs of grief, melancholy, mourning generally composed.)
Badi.. Principal note of Indian classical musical mode
Bibadi...Non-harmonizing note of Indian classical musical mode.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

July Afternoon

July afternoon;
Drizzling shower,
Shaking the dark-green leaves of rose-apple tree;

My inner world too getting deepest dark-blue
As if I'm a myrtle-bower.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

July Evening

Dangling leaves of Shirsa tree trembling;
Far-off river sloping river valley...

Who comes shadow-veiled?

July evening?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Just For A Moment

Just for a moment, not for ever
Set your eyes on me
I can fall laughing like flower.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Just Ducks And Drakes

What is seen around nothing outstanding;
Therefore my poem,
Merely words' game.
Just ducks and drakes, just highland fling.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Kiss

She kissed her beloved
Standing neath a flowering tree
By the evening lake...

Felt consumed by fire
Felt sharp kiss of poisonous snake.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Knows Only Darkness Knows The Sun-Shine.

My life a life converted into small coins
Scattered on the ways..

Floated like dried leaves on the current..

Flew like cotton in the air..

My life only a life hovering like clouds
Over a forest leaving blue shadow...

Does she guess why?
Knows only darkness
Knows the sun-shine.
Ask them....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Kurubak-Lady Branch And Electric Girl

8th June

Cloudy morning

A shadowy roaring river

A floating lady-branch of 'Kurubak'

Appeared Electric-girl on the violent current.

Gentle lady-branch kurubak stood before me smiling

As soon as I accepted her Electric-girl, the envious crept me and kissed.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Labyrinth

Labyrinth

Darkness

Slough..thorn..

Curiosity makes perturbed?

Before getting in

Think you may conceive...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Laghima

Desire bringing 'Laghima' under control,
A doomsday's seed
Made the world weighed down
Now the earth is flaccid....

'Laghima'.....Yogic power by dint of which one can make one's body subtle of
pleasure.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Lake Of My Body

Lake of my body
No wharf
Perspiring coming to bathe
Goes back being fed up

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Language

The Day-language golden;
The Night-language dark.
The Sky-language indigo;
The Fire-language spark.

The Storm-language speed;
The Cloud-language rain.
The desert-language sand;
The River-language main.

The Forest-language green;
The Path-language tortuosity.
The Island-language isolation;
The Society-language solidarity.

The Death-language mystery;
The Grave language wilderness.
The Birth-language prism..
The Love-language fathomless.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Language Of Skeleton

With some of my friends visit the Concubine Mountain
A river flowing under the indigo valley
We encamped by the side of that river
Noticed waves of the river some how incongruous
As if courtesan beckoning for copulation....

We all gone mad
Jumped into the current...

The lightning speed playing with us for some time
Then threw us out of the flow;

On the shore we stood under the dim sun
Looked at each other
We looked uniform!

Imperceptibly all of us translated into a language of skeleton.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Lapse Of My Love

Lapse of my love has left no scratch on her;

My life lapsed towards the sloping valley
with lapsus linguae...

Shadow-facing day wayfarer far-off alley.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Large Masonry-Well

Large masonry-well
Without water
Only full of bones;

Maintaining intervals
Devil gets down
Takes out those bones
All those sleeping bones of No-peace;

Any query?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Last Night The Sky Laid Down With Me

Last night the sky laid down with me
My whole body bears zodiacal sign of star-scar

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Leaping Over The Corpses Of Love

The fire spread in the neighbourhood
In the twinkling of an eye.
I Closed the eyes.
Yet noticed poor, woe-stricken men going far
Leaping over the corpses of love
Slowly following them cloud-black sigh.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Leaves Of The Primordial Tree Dangling...

Leaves of the primordial tree dangling...

The leaf-sonometer measuring
the untuned note of the embryonic cell.

Who will bell the cat,
The cat himself ringing the bell.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Left The Copy-House Hurry-Scurry

Fair and foul weather. The sky overcast.
Raining incessantly since morning.
Gust of wind opened the window and door.
Branches of a deep blue tree swinging seen
My naughty poem-lassies laid in wait.
Left the copy-house hurry-scurry;
Running stood under that tree
Green thunder-mango falling down.
My poem-lassies collected
And kept in their folds of garment.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Lending

Haven't told
Anyone yet
Last night old Sun
Dim beam
Trembling in cold
Secretly came
Asked me to lend a blanket
Getting a golden chance
Keeping myself cool and calm
Played a game
Pressurised him
Borrowing the same
At high rate.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Lest

I shared my secret words with ocean;
Since then the ocean is wavy, restless forever..

I shared my secret words with the night-sky;
Since then the sky is scarred with stars..

Lest you sustain a loss and afflicted!

Sharing my secret words with you,
I always fear

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Lest You Forget Me

Lest you forget me, a phobia
So I make the forgetfulness a row of trees.
They loom flowers all year long.
You look at.
Compelled to look at.

Flowers falling cheerfully
on the grassy field of your garden
with death-colour laughter.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Let Me Be A Fire-Bird

Let me be your companion on your singing-play
Let me enter into the fair of light on the edge of the sky
Let me stand face to face against the upcoming sand-storm
Let me be a fire-bird,
Over the dark cloud, over the paradise made of straw let me fly...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Let Me Break Your Poison-Fang..

Got a muller may be it's yours
Let me break your poison-fang..

Thereafter accuse me of theft.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Let Me Come Back...

If some one meets Ratanamanjari, please tell her
I's burning terribly and my bones flying bewitching the sky
Sucking the light, gulping the stars,
asteroids orbit motion time every thing
Look violent flappings beclouding the firmament with cosmic-dust
O Oh look look crossing the boundary of time-limit
Tell her to bring back
Tell her to bring back

O Ratanamanjari let me come back
Let me come back

Let me come back...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Let Me Sit Before You

You only you dig me into me

All fake

Left the knick-knack

Now let me sit before you

bow the knees.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Let Me Tear Down The Chignon

Let me tear down the chignon
To oscillate in the limitless emptiness
And in the centre of the swinging,
Pleasure of destruction,
Anguish of creation and stillness of beyond time
Lying dormant;

Let me throttle time to death;

Let me tear down its chignon..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Let The Last Part Be Unrevealed

Let the last part be unrevealed
Last himself a mysterious
as well as sceptical man
Spinning with rhythm of the wheel of time
Only follows the zeitgeist

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Let The World Be Thornless.

I'm a thorny tree.

Whenever my seeds drop onto the ground
then and there germinate.

I say to the earth, 'can't be dry? rough? '

Say to the summer, 'Stay and play your hot magic'.

I earnestly wish, let the world be thornless.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Let Them Whatever They Say.

Recall we seen a Jackal-couple in romantic phase
while walking in the forest.
They not take notice of us..

Why you embarrassed?
Hang the public.

Let them whatever they say.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Let This Offal To Be

What a lovely thing
You engaged in household works
So where exactly is that supposed to be;
Found eyes closed;
I only see darkness closing eyes,
What to get?

A single Firefly-quenched the sporadic fire in the dark
Not following the social law
Executory-geometric mean formula
What is the consequence of the eternal dot of light?
What happens then?
That did not manage to learn burning
Input the formula of burning in so called burning
Bring pattern of the rhythm
It is not designed to put out or burning up
Should have artistic meaning

Please at least for once help me packing.
Let this offal to be quaint glowing light
on the stratus lowering to offing occident.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Let Us Fight

Let the way be shrouded with fog
Let the hungry ditch be waiting ahead
Let the bogey make the world a bog
Let the colour of the sky be faded.

Let them do whatever they can
Let the day be transformed to a night
Let them throw slush on white linen
Fight, fight and fight, let us fight.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Let Us Stand

By the side of the alley light walks
Let us stand silently in rows.

Anybody should not come empty-hand For welcoming her should bring some presents

Rather it is better oneself to be a present.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Lie

To lie is a sin.

The Earth is acting a lie-tree
And her ever blossomed branches
Always give the lie to the truth.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Life

Petty trouble
Not scandalous....

'Papad'-fry in the rainy afternoon.

*Papad.....Savoury made of the dough of pigeon-pea
rolled into thin roundish
saucer eaten after frying.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Life And Death

Mother came back buried her child;
The shadow-faced light followed her ...
The Asoka-grove was covered with dry leaves.

Indifferent wind suddenly flew those leaves;
Seen a newly sprouted grass peeping at
The light stood beside it
removing scarf of shadow from face.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Life Is A Day

Life is a day,
Colour of light
Changed in every moment.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Life Is Plastic

Life is plastic
Love elastic
Made of joy, sorrow
Some other clastics.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Light Is Not Bastard

Beautiful beloved Light is not bastard.
Who is her father? Who is mother?
God declared the probability hopeless;
Even not admitted the sun and the stars.

Then who is? who is? Time silent;
It appears Known everything to eternal Space.
It is he single-bodied, one and undivided,
Aged 1500 crore years, old primordial Darkness.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Lightning Committed Suicide

In the family of cloud
Shadow of conflict deepening
Since peace not pervading

Lightning, a wayward girl
fallen in illicit love with brother thunder
A blue coloured blunder

Infallible rule of the cryptogram
Adultery an algebraical calculation
Profligacy's gratification

Scuffling going on; roar heard
presage in the zenith override
Lightning committed suicide

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Like Dog Like Hammer

My shadow outdid me.
Could not outfight with him.
Cowardly I only gnashing my teeth.
Something must be done;
I entered into a dark hole;
The pitch darkness ate up my shadow.

Eat, a brunt banana
Eat trifles ;
'like dog like hammer

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - 46 (Duryadhana And Bhimasena)

Duryadhana and Bhimasena no doubt ate
Eggs of horse, but how many baskets?
In a big pan boiled
They themselves toiled
Where shells kept, in a volt or a casket?

Note:

In the epic Mahabharata Duryadhana and Bhimaeana
were two famous club-fighter.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - 47 (Kestababu's Head)

Kestababu's head often gets hot
It's a good chance inwardly thought,
For saving fuel expense
Made use of common sense
On head laid upon a huge cooking pot.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - -20 (Polturam's Sunday)

On Sunday Palturam visits the Dreamland
Not by car or palanquin, walking by hand
Sitting by a stream
Gossips with Dream
Coming back rolling over soft clay and sand.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - -21 (Polturam's Monday)

On Monday Polturam climbs palm tree
All day long shouts only one two three
Those really bore
We say count four
Consoles us. 'wait, that would be by degrees.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - -22 (Polturam's Teusday)

On Tuesday Polturam loudly sings song
Not cares a hang tune, wordings too wrong
"What sort of song" some say,
"This is the order of the day
I have learnt singing going to Hong Kong.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick - 22 [Polturams's Tuesday]

On Tuesday Polturam bellows his song
'Tis all out of tune and wordings are wrong
What's this song, they may say
It's explained in this way..
'Cause I learned on a trip to Hong Kong'.

Note:

My dear poet and Limerick Master has proposed to make some change. The above Limerick has been re-written by him and my composition has been given bellow.

I am grateful to the poet that he is interested about my Limericks and trying to enrich me so that I can compose a good piece of Limerick.

On Tuesday Polturam loudly sings song
Not cares a hang tune, wordings too wrong
'What sort of song' some say,
'This is the order of the day
I have learnt singing going to Hong Kong.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - -23 (Polturam's Wednesday)

On Wednesday Polturam hanging all day long
neither speaks any word nor sings a song
Sometimes giggles
as if wind tickles
some think it must be connection to bong

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - -23 (Polturam's Wednesday/ Rectified Bt Wes Volger)

Polturam hangs all Wednesday long
Speaks no word and sings no song
His nose is all prickles
As if the wind tickles
We suspect a connection to bong.

(Rectified By Wes Volger)

On Wednesday Polturam hanging all day long
Neither speaks any word nor sings a song.
Sometimes giggles
As if wind tickles
Some think it must be connection to bong.

(Submitted by SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR)

Note:

Readers are free to make any comment on the both writings.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - -24 (Polturam's Thursday)

On Thursday Polturam violently thrums
Grating on the ears dom dom huge drum,
The oxen run donkeys hee-haw
The owls hoot and the crows caw
Rat, cat, dog as if cat's paw climb tall palm.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - -25 (Polturam's Friday)

On Friday Polturam frequently frisks;
At that time coming closer highly risk.
Thereafter hops
Bush and shrub lops
Leaping jumping and walking at a brisk.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - -26 (Polturam's Saturday)

On Saturday Polturam silent saturnine
holding pipe yet not plays single time
Villagers him blarney
Assure a pretty penny
Some to play sycophant recite rhyme

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - -27 (Rectified) (Polturam's Routine: January)

Perhaps With ice cream Polturam bedaub's his head
In the month of January snow is his bed
Carols espewing
Snowballs a-chewing
Drinks coffee many times with cows under shed.

Note:

The great and noble-minded Limerick MASTER Poet WES VOGLER
has rectified the above limerick.
I'm grateful to RESPECTED 86 years old young man.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - 30 (Polturam's Routine: April)

In the month of April the great polturam
Keeps himself confined in a huge drum;
Even a step never walks
Going then very easy tusk
Only takes a few caskets pain-killer balm.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - -31 (Polturam's Routine: May)

Polturam climbs tree in the month of May
Draws picture of summer sun through all day
He draws a big circle
which painted in pale
The trick makes scorching sun finally at bay.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - 32 (Polturam's Routine: June)

Polturam never sleeps in the month of June,
According to his opinion June-night is goon;
He thinks himself brave
So he is bound to save
The villagers from magical light of the moon.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - -33 (Polturam's Routine : July)

In the month of July Polturam is very alert,
Neither he goes to market nor goes to mart.
Buying-selling in July
Makes everybody sly
Above all fickle bogeys capture man's heart.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - 36 (Polturam's Routine : October)

In October Sri Polturam opens a large school
Not for the intelligent, only for the fools;
He himself is pupil
As well as principal
Sometimes flies into a rage sometimes cool.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - -37 (Polturam's Routine : November)

In November Polturam starts reading a novel;
When a page finished then rings a huge bell.
Giggles sometimes
Sometimes mimes
Sometimes looks gleeful sometimes looks pale.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- - 38 (Polturam's Routine: December)

In December Sri Polturam goes to the HILL,
How snow bites willing personally feels.
Bare feet bare head
Lives under A sky shed
By day devours SUN-tablet at night MOON-pill.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 1 (Some Fellows)

Some fellows only eat somersault
In the days of summer, without salt,
In the winter season
Fast without reason
Think the spring is a colourful fault.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 10 (If Some One Wants To Be A Good Singer)

If some one wants to be a good singer,
Then would have to must eat lady's finger
At lest ten days
Mr. Hornet says
And also to be eaten 10 kg. ginger.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 11 (Once Mr. Hornet Tamed A Wild Jackal)

Once Mr. Hornet tamed a wild jackal,
It is only he who could easily tackle.
jackal was jackanapes
Taking a bit pause
All night in loud voice delivered crackle.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 12 (Jack, Jack Of All Trades)

One of my friends, Jack, Jack of all trades
He knows why black is black and red is red.
To some extent feeble
But really fashionable
Doesn't care a hang how to earn bread.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 13 (To To)

People of the village call him To To
out of the home not knowing where to go!
At moonlit night
He flies white kite
When wind tickles he laughs ho ho ho.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 14 (Polturam)

Polturam is not jobless, profession is wedding;
Out of season engaged in profitable love trading..
Shouldering out favourite dish
A small dose yet squeamish
Father-in-law Police often his hideout raiding.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 15(Kestababu)

Kestababu climbs tree for taking rest
Finally settles now would live in a nest
With bamboo and bush
built a tree house
Also made a rope-way for rare bird guest.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 16 (I, Pat, Cat And Rat)

I have a friend whose good name is Pat,
Pat has a friend whose good name is Cat.
My friend Pat and his friend cat
All day long sing songs and chat,
Sometimes participates our common friend Rat.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 17 (Polturam Is A Warrior)

Polturam is a warrior moving with a rod
None can challenge him but the centipedes
Watching mole-cricket
Jumping plays trumpet
For what those created always blames God.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 18 (Unless I See Nothing Can Be Seen)

Unless I see nothing can be seen
Unless I eat would be thin and lean,
If not open my beak
And not try to speak
None gets an idea what do I mean.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 19 (Might)

I know a man whose name is Might;
Wind his opponent always he fights.
By day he sleeps
Steers dream-ship
Never keeps door open as afraid of light.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 2 (Mr. Hornet)

Hearing sudden hooting at night,
Hooding the head prepared for fight.
He was Mr. Hornet,
Lived alone in a garret,
Laid down at bed as there was no light.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 24 [Polturam's Thursday; Re-Submission]

On Thursday Polturam violently thrums
Grating on the ears dom dom huge drum,
The oxen run donkeys hee-haw
The owls hoot and the crows caw
Rat, cat, dog as if cat's paw climb tall palm.

Edited by Wes Volger: [bellow]

On Thursday Polturam violently thrums
Grating on the ears dom dom huge drum,
The oxen run donkeys hee-haw
The owls hoot and the crows caw
Rat, cat, dog as if cat's paw climb tall palm.

Note

Readers are free to offer their opinion on the both writings..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 25 [Polturam's Friday: Resubmission]

On Friday Polturam frequently frisks;
At that time coming closer highly risk.
Thereafter hops
Bush and shrub lops
Leaping jumping and walking at a brisk.

Edited by Wes Volger.....[Bellow]

On Friday, Polturam, frequently, friskily
Is acting sometimes just a bit riskily
Thereafter hopping,
Bush and shrub lopping,
Leaping, jumping and walking briskily

Note:

Readers are free to offer their opinion on the both writings...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 28 [Polturam's Routine: February : Resubmission]

In the month of FEBRUARY Polturam eats only brawn;
In every evening for that poor pig sincerely mourns.
Whimpers sitting alone
In front of the bones
Declares on oath since then on would live only on CORNs.

Edited by Wes Volger:

In February Polturam eats only swine
In the evenings he starts in to whine.
He cries all alone,
Mourning a bone,
Swearing from now on that corn will be fine

Note:

Readers are free to offer their opinion on the both writings...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 28 (Polturam's Routine: February)

In the month of FEBRUARY Polturam eats only brawn;
In every evening for that poor pig sincerely mourns.
Whimpers sitting alone
In front of the bones
Declares on oath since then on would live only on CORNs.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 29 (Polturam's Routine: March)

The great Polturam in the month of March
Neither goes to temple nor goes to church
Goes to the forest
Builds bird's nests
Gleefully claps when clap poplar and birch.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 3 (One Day Mr. Hornet)

One day Mr. Hornet went nearby wood,
Hopefully gratuitously if found any food;
If the birds and the cattle
Can easily there settle,
Great confidence in mind, then he also would.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 30 [Polturam's Routine: April: Resubmission]

In the month of April the great polturam
Keeps himself confined in a huge drum;
Even a step never walks
Going then very easy tusk
Only takes a few caskets pain-killer balm.

Edited by Wes Volger.....[Bellow]

In April Polturam goes numb
Confining himself in a drum
Ne'er a step does he take
For regimen's sake
And pain-killer pills? (he takes some) .

Note:

Readers are free to offer their opinion on the both writings...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- -34 (Polturam's Routine : August)

In August SRI Polturam tames only CLOUD
Sings MEGHA-MALLER all day long aloud.
Beats time thunder
People think blunder
As if with GOATS paddy-field is ploughed.

Note:

MEGHA-MALLER is a tune in the Indian Classical music
sung in the rainy season.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 39 (A Fox & An Ox)

In a river-side jungle once lived a fox
He had an intimate mate stubborn ox,
heard lowing and howling
Since morning to evening
They mutually fighting over an empty box.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 4 (Mr. Hornet's Aim)

Mr. Hornet's aim to cross the border
So day and night practised soft sawder.
Learnt how to oil,
And how to use foil,
Ambition only win, not be cannon-fodder.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 40 (Sri Polturam And Mr. Hornet)

Once Sri Polturam and Mr. Hornet
Cultivated SUGARCANE for changing fate;
'You prepared seed bed'
Mr. Hornet said,
FOREPART your priotity, surely should GeT.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 41 (Kestababu And Polturam)

Once Kestababu and Polturam JOINTLY cultivate,
High yielding PADDY for changing their fate.
'Be sharing out brother, '
They settled together
Poltu preferred LOWER PART making upper REJECT.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 42 (Mr. Kun)

Once I met a man whose name was Mr. Kun
Watching his own SHADOW he used to run.
always asked the people
Question was very simple
'Is there any such country where is no SUN? '

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 43 (Liger)

Lion from Africa met a Royal Bengal Tiger
Said, 'Well friend would tell what is a LIGER? '
Royal Bengal said,
'Suppose you WED
A TIGRESS; born offspring of course a LIGER.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 44 (A Fellow)

A fellow lives in our village hundred years old;
The winter is hot to him and the summer is cold.
Getting up in the morning
Thinks evening is falling
Always thinks gold is iron and iron is gold.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 45 [Once In A Dense Forest]

Once in a dense forest I met a bear
Long toothed said, 'Brother don't fear.
I think you my friend
So you have to send
A healthy barber to shave my beard.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 48 (Clever Polturam)

Polturam playing drum calling all neighbours
'Not only FOX, but also, I am very CleveR,
Like chewing sugarcane
Egg of duck, cock n hen
Hole-homing howl enjoy hooch-moon flavour.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 49 (Polturam, The Globe Trotter- 1)

Polturam once decided leaving old home
Either Rawanda, Romania or will go Rome.
'Home is a goofy cage, '
Said flying into rage,
'A man ever confined nothing but a GNOME.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 5 (Mr. Hornet Is Neither Intelligent Nor Fool)

Mr. Hornet is neither intelligent nor fool,
Looks simple neither a rhinoceros nor a bull;
He calls himself rampart,
Follows the grassy art...
Flower-play is fair-play, always thinks powerful.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 50 (Advice)

In the day time don't go out if it is foggy,
Wanders here and there incognito bogey;
Mounting on shoulder
In head opens a folder
Compels saying 'Cat..CATH' and 'Dog..DOGGY'.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 51 (Globe Trotter Polturam : Panama)

Polturam dreamt on the bank of Panama
Come across suddenly Mr. Balm. Obbamali
'With thanks I tell
You have done well
What be paid, paid to Tr. King Oss mama.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 52 (Globe Trotter Polturam: England)

Polturam once visited England
There also found the Bangla-band
Beating drum sang song
Cried "Bangla live long.
Each country is Bengali manned.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 53 (Globe Trotter Polturam: Congo)

Once Polturam went to Congo
There he found 'Phajli' mango
Th're dawn too red
All get up from bed
'Is it Congo or another Bango! '

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 6 (Mr. Hornet Understands)

Mr. Hornet understands, nothing to understand,
To him all stones, clay, merely dust and sand;
Knowledge-load carrying
Insensible and boaring
Rather it is much logical digging barren land.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 7 (Once Mr. Hornet Maintained A Hand-Book)

Once Mr. Hornet maintained a hand-book;
Took discision which water, stream or brook.
One day it was lost
That charged him cost
Since then does not use, any water for cook.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 8 (Once Mr. Hornet Was A Student Of A School)

Once Mr. Horner was a student of a school;
Noticed there all scholars absolutely fool.
They could not teach the sky
Couldn't teach how light to try
Neither they could teach flower nor a bulbul.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick- 9 (Mr. Hornet Believes)

Seen in the severely scorching summer noon
Climbing the high ridge-piece cheerfully croons;
It's a lullaby in form of spell
Much effective never can fail
Mr. Hornet believes surely sun would be moon.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....100 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Denmark]

Polturam Going to Denmark
Asked people which den to mark?
Country for dentist?
Or dentifrice
Denoted questions only spark.

Note:

Denmark- - - > Northern Europe

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....101.. [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Djibouti]

It admits of no doubt in Djibouti
All are dainty as well as doughty;
There no dudgeon
Flying free pigeon
Poltu noticed firmness no dubiety.

Note:

Djibouti & East Africa

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....102 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Domonica]

Willing to learn domino game
On a short tour Polturam came
To Dominica,
In East Africa
Couldn't get idea asking them.

Note:

Dominica > West Indies.

Domino/ Dominoes- - > a kind of game played with 28 gravels
- - - - - which are also known dominoes made of bone or wood ;
- - - - - -Or 28 small oblong pieces marked with 0-6 pips in each half in that
game.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....103 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Dominican Republic]

Santo Domingo abode of Saint Dominic?
Poltu detective in Dominican Republic;
Men black but fair
Not found Black Friar
Thought he should not there drop a brick.

Note:

Dominican Republic - - - - > West Indies

Santo Domingo - - - - - > Capital of Dominican Republic;

Black Friar- - - - - > St. Dominic (1170-1221 A.D) was a Spanish Priest
and Friar.

- - - - - He founded the Order of Friars Preachers at Toulouse
in France in 1216.

- - - - - His followers are known as Dominicans and Black
Friar.

- - - - - On 8th August Feast is celebrated.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....104 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Timor

In East Timor none is timorous
Rather all very time conscious
Poltu reached Dili
Thought another Delhi
Goes Malay Archipelago tremendous.

Note:

East Timor- - - - > In Southeast Asia, the largest of the Lesser Sunda Island
- - - - -in the southern Malay Archipelago
Dili- - - - -> Capital of West Timor
Delhi - - - - - > From ancient time Delhi is Capital of India, at present
Capital is New Delhi

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....105 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Ecuador]

Poltu Visited Ecuador on Pacific coast
Willing know equation man and ghost
In Quito met some Peter
Said, 'None of us quitter,
All quite quiet alive not a lamp post.'

Note:

Ecuador - - - > South America

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....106 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Egypt]

Polturam always likes to drift;
Once thought must ponder Egypt.
Divulge the mystery
Of Egyptian history
Aim writing story in Hieroglyphs script.

Note:

Egypt- - > North Africa

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....107 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: El Salvador]

Polturam going to El Salvador,
Learnt the country is The Savior;
May be men brave
But whom they save
Spanish gone on 15 September.

Note:

El Salvador: Central America

El Salvador was under rule of Spain.

On 15th September,1821 declared independence
from Spain with some Central American countries.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....108 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Equatorial Guinea,]

Poltu curious in Equatorial Guinea,
The relentless sun let bloom zinnia?
Men are black ruby
Speak Spanish, Fang, Bubi
Love their own land like eye's cornea.

Note:

Equatorial Guinea > Central Africa

Spanish, Fang, Bubi > Languages spoken in Equatorial Guinea.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....109 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Eritrea]

In Eritrea found very black berry
No cherry so what all men cheery
Some Tigrinya speak
Some Afar Arabic,
Poltu noticed none crosses periphery.

Note:

Eritrea - -> East Africa

Tigrinya, Afa, Arabic, Tigre, Bilen, Kunama, Nara, saho etc. languages spoken in Eritrea.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....110 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Estonia]

Not in east Estonia in Northeast Europe
Poltu couldn't find there any antelope
Looked for a small inn
In grand city Tallinn
Jocose citizens grin no hope, no soap.

Note:

Tallinn - -> Capital of Estonia

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....111 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Ethiopia]

Rose scatters fragrance the same
Doesn't differ whatever the name
Which was Abyssinia
Now called Ethiopia
Poltu told from Bharat, that is India.

Note:

Ethiopia > East Africa

Abyssinia > Former name of Ethiopia

Bharat/ Bharatbarsha > Another name of India

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....112 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Fiji]

Polturam thought men in Fiji
Perhaps seen ant-like busy
Realised his figment
Not wrong cent percent
Most of them alive, only some Fuji.

Note:

Fiji > Australia & Oceania,
A country in the South pacific consisting of some 840 Islands.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....113 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Finland]

Finally Polturam reached in Finland
Saw men of dignity and finesse, grand,
Swedish and Finnish
Syllabus he finished
Halting in Helsinki got heaven in hand.

Note:

Finland > Northern Europe

Helsinki > Capital of Finland

Swedish and Finnish > Languages spoken in Finland

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....114 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: France]

Once Polturam reached in France
Felt artistic and poetic fragrance
Mounting Eiffel Tower
Watches Paris-bower
Freely there he could horse-like prance.

Note:

France > Western Europe
Paris > Capital of France

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....115 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Gabon]

The Gabonese have the gift of gab
Polturam realised everything fab;
Watched in Gabon
None gaga stubborn
There zeal is never at a low ebb.

Note:

Gabon > Central Africa

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....116 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Gambia]

In Gambia Poltu met one Mr. Campbell.
Who was a cleaver, not at all dumbbell
'Man in Gambia, Gambian
From India you Indian.'
Am I right, simpering said, Mr. Campbell.

Note:

Gambia- - > West Africa

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....54 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: America (Usa)]

Indians mean black, in U S A they red
No difference between devil and mermaid;
Puzzled Poltu saw
There crows too caw
Surely those black birds rash India-made.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....55 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Afghanistan]

Going to Afghanistan Poltu became sorry
Majority high community consume low calory;
Yet they are mountains
Hearts dancing fountains,
Not Shakespearean comedy their life-story.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....56 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Albania]

Once poltu decided to visit Albania,
Hopefully so left grandmother India
Staying in Tirana
Started singing tarana
Audience offered Lek but none a Rureea.

Note:

Albania... > A country situated in Southeast Europe.

India..... > A country situated in South Asia.

Tirana.... > Capital of Albania.

Lek..... > Currency of Albania.

Tarana.... > A kind if Indian Classical music.

Rupee.... > Currency of India. (Actually Currency of India is
.....Indian Rupee, in some Indian languges Rupee is known
.....as Rupeea/ Rupeya/ Taka/ Tanka/Rupeha etc..)

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....57 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Algeria]

Curious Polturam went Algeria
Sunni birds welcomed rare birds Sia
Amenities of Algiers
Allegorical appetizer
Kind men blind alley above all alleluia.

Note:

Algeria.....> A country situated in North Africa.

Algiers.....> Capital of Algeria.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....58 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Andorra]

Going to Andorra saw Polturam
Roman Catholics loudly beating drum
In Andorra La Vella
He was called fella
But their heart Jesus's momogram.

Note:

Andorra..... > A small country in Southwest Europe.
Andorra La Vella....> Capital of Andorra.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....59 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Angola]

In Angola Polturam learnt angelus
Visiting colourful no doubt fabulous;
Learnt Kikongo Umbundu
Portuguese and Kinbundu
In Luanda appeared all glamorous.

Note:

Angola..... A country situated in Southern Africa

*Portuguese, Kikongo, Umbundu and Kinbundu are languages
spoken in Angola

Luanda.....Capital of Angola

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....60 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Antigua & Barbuda]

In Antigua and Barbuda going Polturam
Knew ins and outs what rumba and rum;
Willing to meet John
Applied for dozens
Alas! St. John's capital realised the sum.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....61 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Argentina]

On request in Argentina went Polturam,
Great Diego Maradona smilingly welcomed;
'What is God's HAND
You taught me and
I am now world famous for you Polturam.'

Note:

Argentina- - - - - > Situated in South America

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....62 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Armenia]

Reaching in Armenia very puzzled Polturam,
Whenever buying goods seller claimed DRAM.
Hearing Yerevan
Recalled caravan
Repined he why not brought at least few DRUMS.

Note:

Armenia- - - - > A country situated in Southwest Asia

Dram- - - - -> Currency of Armenia

Yerevan- - - - > Capital of Armenia

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....63 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Australia]

Poltu visited Australia when young age
It is he who learnt kangaroo language
'Poltu, ' said 'Don' Bradman,
'You are a really good man.'
If you bowled could have been more bad average.

Note:

Sir Donald George 'Don' Bradman, (27.08.1908- 25.02.2001)
an Australian cricketer, widely acknowledged as the greatest batsman of all time.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....64 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Austria]

Staying in Austria Poltu became Ausrtick
In Vienna playing Piano was his first trick.
Learnt German, Slovenian
Croatian and Hungarian
Sometimes in Bengali said, 'Era bes hardick.'

Note:

Austria- - - > Sitiuted in Central Europe

German, Slovenian, Croatian and Hungarian are the main Languages spoken in Austria

'Era bes hardick.'—A Bengali sentence- - In English: 'They are very much cordial/sincere.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....65 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Azarbaijan]

Visiting Azerbaijan Poltu still remembered
Azerbaijanese appeared as if caged birds
In nineteen ninety one
Polturam said, 'Go on..'
Thereafter helped them to get I..

Note:

Azerbaijan: A country situated in Southwest Asia, formed in 1991.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....66 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Bahamas]

Once Polturam became highly curious
For a research-work had gone to Bahamas,
Between Nassau and nasality
What relation and oddity?
Objective to observe there common muss.

Note:

Bahamas- - - > West Indies

Nassau- - -> Capital of Bahamas

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....67.[Polturam The Globe Trotter: Bahrain]

Polturam visited kingdom of Bahrain
Going on foot, not by air or train;
Met His Highness
Wearing royal dress
Nawab said, 'Poltu, sing and bring rain.'

Note:

Bahrain is a country situated in southwest Asia.

Tansen (1520-1585 A.D.) [during the reign of emperor Akbar (1542-1605 A.D.)] was a singer who could bring shower by singing. He used to sing 'Megha-mallar' a tune in Indian Classical Music for bringing shower. Later he composed a tune known as 'Miyani-ki-mallar'

Probably the then Nawab of Bahrain was well informed about Tansen and his singing-bringing rain.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....68 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Bangladesh]

Poltu fought for freedom in Bangladesh.
Driving out Pakistanees was a petty case;
Sekh Mujib said, 'Poltu
My men hero, you too
Actually beyond praise, your greatness.'

Note:

Bangladesh- - - > South Asia

Formation- - - - > 1971

Sekh Mujibur Rahaman (1920-1975) - - -> First Prime Minister
of independent Bangladesh(1972-1975)

He and his family (leaving a few)

were assassinated in a military coup on 15th August,1975.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....69 [Polturam, The Globe Trotter: Barbados]

Long ago poltu once visited Barbados;
Wearing India-cap and tricoloured hose.
Hermit the Hariram
Said, `` Poltu welcome,
Know you love our land, it's not a pose."

Note:

Barbados- - - >West Indies

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....70 [Polturam, The Globe Trotter: Belarus]

Polturam saw lovely belles in Belarus
Each of them appeared as if the muse.
Sitting before them
Composed a poem
Compared with Saraswati without goose.

Note:

Belarus- - > Eastern Europe.

The Muse- -> Goddess of Poem/ Poetic talent/ poet.

Saraswati- > Goddess of music, learning, art in India.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....71 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Belgium]

Selling bell in a nutshell earned Poluturam
To survey the bell's market visited Belgium.
'Yes', Local people said
'Can sell bell Bengal made,
But with a bell a cat have to give Polturam.'

Note :
Belgium - - - - > Northwest Europe

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....72 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Belize]

Poltu observed in Belize all very benign
Belmopan bejewelled, cordial and fine.
Met a benignant priest
Belonged to Methodist
Told, 'Poltu don't forget life is gold-mine.'

Note:

Belize- - - >Central America
Belmopan> Capital of Belize

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....74 [Polturam The Globe Trotter : Bosnia & Herzegovina]

In Herzegovina & Bosnia
Poltu declared, I'm from India.'
Singing Hare ram
Play kettle drum
In Serbo-croat listen tune Yogia.

Note:

Bosnia & Herzegovina: Southeast Europe
Serbo-croat : Language spoken by Bolivians

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....75 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Bhutan]

Poltu recalls last Bhutan visit
A spring-land with lovely ice-sheet
Just like a king
Enjoyed tracking
king said, "Poltu thanks for might.

Note: A country in South Asia

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....76 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Bolivia]

In Bolivia Poltu bought a bolster,
Sat leaning as if Hollywood-star;
Coming from India
Honoured in Bolivia
Promised Bolivian export lobster.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....77 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Botswana]

In Botswana Polturam thought,
Found abundant swan and boat.
Khoikhoi, San, Shona
Learnt Setswana
Learnt in Shona 'Mbudzi' means goat.

Note:

Botswana- - - > Southen Africa

Khoikhoi, San, Shona, Setswana- - > Languages spoken in Botswana

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....78 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Brazil]

Coach Polturam visited Brazil;
At that time no football-zeal
Under his coaching
Pele became king
Poltu told, 'Go ahead, you aren't fragile.'

Note:

Brazil- - >South America

Pele- - - - > Edson Arantes do Nascimento (1940)

Footballer, appeared 111 times for Brazil and scored over 1200 Goals
in first class matches.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....79 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Brunei Darussalam]

At Bandar Seri Begawan,
Polturam met the Sultan;
Said, 'You healthy
And too wealthy
Means you eat meat of swan.'

Note:

Brunei Darussalam- - - >A country in Southeast Asia

Bandar Seri Begawan- > Capital of Brunei

Government- - - >Monarchy

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....80 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Bulgaria]

Neither found bull nor a bulbul,
In Bulgaria Poltu became fool;
In capital Sofia
Not in vogue Rupeea
Men have Lev purse-pocket full.

Note:

Bulgaria- - > A country in Southeast Europe

Sofia- - - - > Capital of Bulgaria

Lev- - - - - > Currency of Bulgaria

Rupeea- - - > Indian Rupee, currency of India.

Bulbul- - - - > A species of Indian bird.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....81 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Burkina Faso]

In Burkina a few can read and write,
Against antagonism always fight.
From Ouagadougou
Poltu goes Koudougou
On the way enjoys natural sight.

Note:

Burkina Faso- > A country in West Africa.

Ouagadougou- - - > Capital of Burkina.

Koudougou- - - > A Town to the west of Ouagadougou.

•In Burkina Faso Literacy rate is below 40% (2012)

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....82 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Burundi]

Burundi not sandy fully greenish;
Speak Kirundi, French not in English.
In Bujumbura
Men shout Hurrah
When get Cuisine, Boko boko harees.

Note:

Burundi - - - > In Central Africa.

Bujumbura- - > Capital of Burundi.

Kirundi > Official Language of Burundi. French is also spoken.

Cuisine, Boko boko harees > Favourite food items in Burundi.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....83 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Cambodia]

Curious Poltu left India
To visit holy Cambodia,
Carried water
Nairanjana river
And perfume of musk-deer.

Note:

Cambodia- - - - >Southeast Asia

Nairanjana- - - -> A river near Buddhagaya.

Holy fig tree was on the bank of Nairanjana.

After attaining complete emancipation BuddhaDeb
quenched his thirst drinking water of that river.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....84 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Cameroon]

Once in the blue moon
Poltu visited Cameroon,
Saw one day
At Yaounde
Driving a car white baboon.

Note:

Cameroon- - > Central Africa

Yaounde- - - > Capital of Cameroon

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....85 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Canada]

Polturam once visited Canada
Saw fighting love-army cadre;
Maple leaf in hand
Crossing quick-sand,
Thinking parting young shudder.

Note:

Canada- - - - > North America

Maple- - - -> A kind of tree mainly found in the North Hemisphere.

- - - - -Symbol of Canada

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....86 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Cape Verde]

Polturam recalls Cape Verde visit,
A spot in the ocean blue and bright.
Waving coast-line
Valiant sun-shine
Feast of eyes multicoloured sight.

Note:

Cape Verde- - - > A country in the Eastern Atlantic Ocean

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....87 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Central African Republic]

Going to Central African Republic,
Polturam became bewitch love-sick;
lovely plant zone
Flora-fauna unknown,
Winding wind appears too poetic.

Note:

Central African Republic- - > Central Africa

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....88 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Chad]

Polturam while visited Chad,
Watched men free from slash-mud
Though some famished
Yet dream of them relished
All of them know how to bloom bud.

Note:

Chad - - > Central Africa

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....89 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Chile]

Polturam thought people of Chile
Perhaps would be very fond of chilly.
Went Santiago
Saw men on the go
All serious none talked silly-billy.

Note:

Chile- - - > In South America

Santiago- - -> Capital of Chile

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....90 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: China]

Chin chin chin chin in China Polturam
On the great wall willing play dram;
Buying Chinese lantern
Giving there U-tern
Then forehead smeared with Chinese balm.

Note:

China- - -> East Asia

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....91 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Colombia]

1464/91

Polturam saw Colombia colorific
People too colourist and terrific,
In Wayuu
Said thank you
'You so' saying Poltu dropped a brick.

Note:

Colombia- - - > South America

Wayuu - - - -> A Language spoken in Colombia

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....92 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Comoros]

Comoros is a tiny Island
The ocean to everyone's hands
Sunni brothers
Meeting together
Welcomed Poltu playing band.

Note:

Comoros- - > A small island in Indian Ocean (Only 2170 Sq km)

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....93 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Congo]

Polturam once visited Congo
Curious, 'can bongo play bongo? '
Local men think
Some of them blink
Said, 'Yes, even can dance a pongo.'

Note:

Congo- - - - > Central Africa

Pongo - - - -> A species of monkey

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....94 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Congo Democratic Republic]

Congo Democratic Republic
Made Poltu stunned and frantic,
learnt Kikongo
Nature is the go
Sky-land-jungle all artistic.

Note:

Congo Democratic Republic- - - > Central Africa

Kikongo - - - -> A language spoken in Congo Democratic Republic

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....95 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Costa Rica]

Polturam enjoyed Costa Rica visit;
Realised there, 'left is left, right is right.'
At San Jose
Even an owl long nose
All men fleet there sluggish misfit.

Note:

Costa Rica- - > Central America

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....96 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Croatia]

While Polturam visited Croatia
Thought there available crow of Asia
Found there crocus
Sense of duty focus
All active none suffers from cachexia.

Note:

Croatia - - > Southeast Europe

cachexia- - > general ill health, due to chronic disease (Webster's EUD of the English Language)

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....97 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Cuba]

Polturam heard for fragrant of cigar
Havana is an international figure;
Going to Cuba
Found no lubber
Men opine a smoker self-grave-digger.

Note:

Cuba > In west Indies

Havana > Capital of Cuba

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....98 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Cyprus]

Polturam watched people of Cyprus
Drawing landscape never use brush;
Nature cynosure
Cypress dye-cure
Prussian blue sky, sun shine flush.

Note:

Cyprus > Southeast Europe

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick.....99 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Czech Republic]

Polturam saw In Czech Republic
'Check ideal', followed by public.
Citizen of Prague
Made him a drogue
All fascinating nothing rubbly.

Note:

Czech Republic > Central Europe
Prague > Capital of Czech Republic

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick....35 (Polturam's Routine: September)

In September Sri Polturam walks with stilt
The best way of walking proves to the hilt
Competes in racing
No problem facing
Proves with flying colours WORDS not gilt.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Limerick....73 [Polturam The Globe Trotter: Benin]

Poltu asked the common people while in Benin
'Brothers have you any relation with V.I.Lenin? '
Heard high belly-laugh
Perhaps the query tough
Meanwhile the Mayor asked, 'What do you mean? '

Note:

Benin- - ->West Africa

V.I.Lenin- -> Vladimir Ilich Lenin (1870-1924) Chief figure in Russian Revolution.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Living

Drawn picture;
zigzag the way
The spike of kurubak,
Worn Her laughter..

Living delightful bay.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Living Is Myrtle-Bower.

Whose name is 'Lodhra-kusuma' flower
Be ever afraid of falling off?
Who cares death?
Living is myrtle-bower.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Lodhra-Kusuma-Morning

No doubt a very neglected fellow;
Scull full of shush; poor eye-sight.
Falling on the back always laughed at
Whenever I try standing upright.

Distraction of mind rides me for a fall
Always tremble like leaves of Peepul
A funny book I'm of no importance
All Take me for a dump push and pull.

Now a celebrity; envy of neighbours.
How? once heard a calling at midnight;
Waking up saw Lodhra-kusuma-morning
At last winner! always less in fight.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Loitering She Came And Stood Under A Tree

Loitering she came and stood under a tree;
Curious sun-shine peeping through leaves;
The leaves were very jealous
Not let the sun shedding lustre of light
Rather they set thickly ...
One of the leaves dropped whirling at her feet.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Loneliness

Even my shadow left me.
At last my shadow left me
How horrible it is!
Corpse of light and I now abed.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Long Lime Didn't Visit Your Country

Long lime didn't visit your country.

Yet I visit now and then.

Whenever I close my eyes can see:

The serpentine 'Banotosini'
flowing on the north to south
On it's bushy shore standing
a grandfather fig tree
spreading dark-green branches
gossiping with clouds;
All day long dropped leaves
and ripe yellow figs on the water;
A swinging palmyra-boat tied with it's roots;

The moonlit-bathed valley filled in
with a queer tune...overflowed
Putting on a snow-white saree
you standing on the bank smilingly
Boarding on the boat I crossing-recrossing

Suddenly a hungry high eddy swallowed me,
Just then, as if a flash,
I noticed you benumbed with fear.

My water-burial glorified.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Long Shadow Of Short Height

Long shadow of short height
On the west-land
The dwarfs with filaments
Delightfully play band

Bring the hatchet better
To teach a lesson what's what

Let lop off head legs and hands

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Longing For Corpse Of Fire.

Withered branch would be pyre
All day long longing for corpse of fire.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Longing For Re-Emergence

Everyday my poem as soon as born
Grown up a pleasant young lady
Very touchy...
Incomprehensible..mysterious..unruly...

I love her
Playfully talk
Play the sycophant
Charm her mind
Follow her wishes
What else do's she want?
Not known...

Leaving me on the sea-shore of grief
Commit suicide
I make myself incinerator
Prepare funeral bed with my bones;
Lay down her corpse
I make myself cremator
Then perform the obsequies...

Listen, recently taken decision no more cremation
I'd commence mystical rite of contemplation
with the corpse of my beloved poem.

And longing for her re-emergence.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Lotus Heart Exhibition

I know they lie in wait.
One day they will come
and not return empty hand,
in graceful ferocity
tear up my heart with nails.

My heart will be kept for display
in a decorated gallery of the city..

Lotus Heart Exhibition.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Love

Love under the shade of an umbrella tree;
Inside bushy gaps;
love...
love going by boat,
The Moon and the moon-light-eater bird making love.
Modern love is not dressed,
No decorations;
Audacious as well as shameless
O is a key plank of love...nail,
Hammering is 'Show'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Love Is A Car When It Is New

Love is a car when it is new runs smoothly, runs very fast;
Runs at random, no desistance, no comply with resistance,
Be the throughfare up and down, treads pebbles and dust;
Knows no bounds, discovers new world, breaks down fence.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Love Is All Stone

Love is all stone
Has little pulp...
Sometimes that is also infested with maggots.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Love Is Cooked Well

Love is cooked well.

Spiced,

Boiled

Gurnished

Served on fanciful

ivory-made snow-white plate

By mistake salt in not mixed

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Love Is Infinite Verb

Love is infinite verb,
Intransitive
An unfinished sentence,
Searches meaning an inquisitive

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Love Is The First Point Of Aries

love is the first point of Aries,
we are two binary stars...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Love Made Of Clay

love made of clay,
in no time reduced to dust

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Love, A Stag

Love, a stag
Beautiful horns often get entangled
with the creepers in the bushes....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Love-2

You are the sky,
Fire-bird too I;

Outlying apex
Outdoing overfly.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Love-Caravan

Love-caravan enters into the caravansary
through the morning-doorway
And comes out through evening-egress.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Love-Eater

A love-eater multiply with a man-eater tiger
Equal to a one-eyed gruesome bulky demon.

Suffering from everlasting hunger...

Finally gulps himself.
Even the brute stays in the hell alone.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Love-Sky

Love-sky apparently looks blue in colour
But in the sunny days.
Sometimes overcast with clouds
Sometimes foggy
Sometimes brings showers
Sometimes tempestuous
Sometimes ornamented with rainbow
Birds fly over the horizon
At night entirely full of darkness.
Though moon shines, stars twinkle.
Boundless, colourless, intangible, insubstantial
But lucid as well as majestic
Substance non substantiated.

No apex
Still it looks as a delightful blue harbour.

Everybody extends hands.
None can touch;
None can overcome the skyline

The setting sun standing on the west-tree-top
Laughs ha ha ha ha...
And jumps into the abyss.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Love-Walker

Can wind be scratched by knife?
Can one write name on still water?
Can one gripe the sky?
Can a tail of a dog be straight?
Can cloud veil the morning?
Can death restrain flowers from laughing?

Once you forbid me to come before you.
I have come.

you may forbid me millions of times
I will come.

I will even come
After the eternal sleep of the universe.

Love-walker knows the overcoming hymn
Of darkness of death, of ever-flowing time,
Of godliness,
Of the extreme borderline of the infinity
And absolute Zero.....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Luminary At Out To Set

Luminary at out to set
Hazy lovely face
forehead is marked
with a dot of morning-sundial

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Lycanthrope

No where to go, I am not in hurry,
Luxurious forest, luxuriant youthful trees,
Luscious colourful darkness; zone free
Dear lusty deer on the soft meadow
My maw restless, hiss.. hiss... hiss...
Damn mawkishness.
Rather I like to play a role of lycanthrope;
I am shadow-overwhelming overweening shadow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Lying Down, Body Creeper's Soft

Lying down, body creeper's soft
Anybody anytime set teeth in..
Whenever I stand
My body transformed into a sharp spear
Frightened impervious heavy stones
Roll down to interminable

Now I could not recall when I stood
An immovably heavy stone on my chest...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Made Me Faggot

your time up
Now my turn;
Made me faggot,
Let me burn.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Madhumadhabi,

Madhumadhabi, Madhumadhabi, Madhumadhabi..
Can you remember the other birth?
Whenever I stand under your watery dark-blue shadow
I can but see the quay
Where my birth-boat anchored stationary.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Maghi Saraswati-Morning

Over the dim river, over the silent valley
Blur-man wrinkling shadow bit by bit
Light falling short; dry and crisp winter
leaping forward putting on smokey crown;
looked at back; stretching pastureland endlessly
Far away a river like a thread of silver lying
on the basin Maghi Swaraswati-morning
Sat on her knees by a boat turned upside down.

Note:

Saraswati- - Hindu Goddess of learning, music, art etc.
Magha...The tenth Month of the Bengali Calendar.
Maghi.. (Adj) ..Of the Month of Magha.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Magical Incantation

Magical incantation

New meaning been imposed on word...

I'm composed and printed

In the quotidian lexicon...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Make Myself Fuel

Ice-age thoroughfare foggy
I'm but lone wayfarer, a scout
Going towards the nadir in fact
No, the hungry snow-storm too my companion;
What a draught!
A hostile, a clumsy bogey
Follower of the doctrine of holding out.
Waiting to make me meal.

I `m too trickster, applied tact
Make myself fuel and inflamed fire with zeal.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Malignant Love

Once I was a victim of malignant love
And had to suffer for long time;
However survived.
For the benefit of the greater world
as well as the new generation
I have invented a vaccine
to keep aloof from that tenacious disease;

That is very simple:

Just crowning tuft of hair on the head
and saving eyebrow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Man

Only walking is my responsibility
Not up and doing
No expectation of getting at destination..

Light and shadow two fellows
Seized with curiosity peep and pry repeatedly;

Is it spite or wonder?

Think how is it possible?
Man cloud-kissing
Lightning-eater
Transcendental expeditionary!

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Man Is A House

Man is a house
Without door or window.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Man Is Omnivorous

Man is omnivorous.
Fire never eats fire
A crow never flesh of crow
Man is gobbling the earth
Even the self-hood.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Manik Sarkar Not A Magician

Manik Sarkar not a magician;

'Sorcery' means magic.

P.C. Sarkar, the Great great magician of India

Spelt his title 'Sorcar' not Sarkar.

Manik, gem, a bright student of IIT Kharagpur

Shown sorcery, probably influenced by Klug?

Sarkar killed himself after killing William Klug

UCLA Professor leaving a saying:

'Your enemy is your enemy.

But your friend can do a lot of harm.'

Black magic.

Not fun at all.

Vanished Klug, Manik and Ashley

(Former Girl-friend of Manik)

Who prepared the stage ?

Who was the stage-decorator?

A sweet smiling face?

A prudent professor?

Or himself Sarkar an aerospace engineer?

Or vibration of psychotic afferent flow of fast life?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mating

Overwhelming nocturne;
Colourful tormenting flame of desire.

Youthful mysterious great dark lass
Mated;

Evolved metrical irregular maimed morning.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Matricidal Dawn

Slowly very slowly
The peak is coming out
Matricidal Dawn stands
Colourful...laughing

No sign of contrition...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Memory-Snake

Winter,
Memory-snake lying in the hole;
Hibernated;

O Spring Days keep aloof from me.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mere Stone Too Gem

Mysterious brook
Mysterious wood,
By hook or by crook
Have to grab food.

At the root of day
Night-water game,
There is an old say
Mere stone too gem.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Metamorphosis

Wooden man
Current pulling him away
The current ended flowing to a hot sandy valley
The wooden man lying down there for years
Severe heat of summer
Severe cold of winter
His skin chapped fumed
The sky becomes smoky...
A crevice on the earth-surface seen
The wooden man disappeared into the netherworld...
Forever?
Nay!

After years may be millions.. billions...
Probably he would be metamorphosed into coal like me...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Meteors

What is to be said
Scattered on the grasses, dust, on the ways
What is not to be said
Arranged high in the night-sky
My untold words are meteors
Glistening in the darkness,
Fall
Drawing a sharp line for a moment

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mild Shaking

Mild shaking

Broken down ancient structure...

Only eye-hole

Full of charcoal

Ghost of fire searching for skeleton, flesh, blood...

Mild shaking

Institution of time broken down

Extinguished eye-ball rolling in the sky....

The sky drawn to a close....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Milk Of Love Is Turned

Milk of love is turned;
If not properly boiled.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mirror

Reverse form reflected in mirror
Right is left, left is right
Would you tell what do look
When I stand you before?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mirror-2

Dreamt travelling in a bus.
As soon as got down seen
I put on some other person's shoes
The bus stopped by a river-side;
The bus-conductor selling mirrors.
Original costing though only
But a mirror sold only.
Passengers buying mirrors
jostling and pushing each other.
I also got chance buying a mirror
only just for Rs Hundred only.
(The seller-conductor
willingly not returned my balance)

Coming to attend a marriage ceremony
(perhaps one of my girl-friends)
However reached at last.
Almost everybody repeatedly looking at me,
While the bride should be Stele of attraction
If I say all think I'm a wind-bag.
I really look handsome.
My girl-friends usually say,
'A guy with decent look.'
(Don't know whether they pinching or cut a joke) .

I struck by curiosity; why all looking me
and particularly young ladies closed their eyes.

Going aside I took out my mirror
Saw Put on a pair of splendid shoes
and birth-time dress.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Misfit

You can think
Going beyond the limit
But I can boat..
Can water as well as wave
Can cross...

Closed door night-house
So what?
Can boldly unbolt..

Can ice
Can fire
Can sun
Can moon
can star
Can light and darkness
Can space
Only can't the end
Misfit...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Miss Colourful Shadow

Miss Colourful shadow
Showy arbour
Full of lustrous rays
I am trellised umbra flame tree;

Can be so impertinent
to pop in and see her?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Miss Envy

Her name is Miss Envy, an infatuating witch
When charms me by sorcery
I serve as her slave,
Following her order I ascend to the peak
And jump into the dark ditch...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mist And Smoke Pervaded All Around...

Collecting firewood and hays
Sitting idle in the wintry evening;
Fire? Where is fire?
Mist and smoke pervaded all around...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mistique

House made of word-bricks
No normal window or door
Who lives there?
Mistique.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Molasses.

A huge oven; palm exudation
boiling and bubbling in a cauldron;
The Fire-trantrick supplying fuel;
He is accomplished with the fundamental truth...
Death of palm exudation begets molasses.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Money- 1

Some incompetents and unsocial (?)
Holy men say money is boon ;
Money is neither honey nor moon,
But always celebrates honey-moon.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Money- 2

Money itself is not valuable,
Intelligent headstrong
Increases its value beyond value;

Money makes a stone sing song.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 156 (Animal- -3)

no animal harms the nature, rater keeps equilibtium

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 157 (Animal- -4)

all animals are innate, taming or domestication is contrary to nature

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 158 (Animal- -5)

premetive civilisation-carriage is drawn first by the animal

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 159 (Childhood- -1)

childhood is paper-made boat floating is divine beauty

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 160 (Childhood- -2)

childhood days are butterflies

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 161 (Childhood- -3)

childhood is a tree full of wonderful 'wonder' flowers

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 162 (Childhood- -4)

childhood is as pure as breast milk

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 163 (Childhood- -5)

childhood is a garden where unknown multi-coloured flowers bloom

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 164 (Childhood- -6)

memory of childhood is golden, never faded

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 165 (Childhood- -7)

childhood is wild brook

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 166 (Childhood- -8)

childhood is jewel-like dew-drops on the top of the green grass

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 167 (City- -1)

city is ferocious animal, crunchs boans, flesh sucks brains and blood

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 168 (City- -2)

a city is woody furious animals live in the enlightened bushes

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 169 (City- -3)

a city is a labyrinth, has entrance but no exit

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 170 (City- -4)

a city is very poor accountant

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 171 (City- -5)

a city is always feverish, babbles

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 172 (Destiny- -1)

destiny deflects destination

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 173 (Destiny- -2)

destiny is not diabolic, an unknown diagram

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 174 (Destiny- -3)

destiny is impeccable, impulsion

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -221 (Money- 2)

money, a tree blooms colourful flowers, emit poisonous fragrance

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -222 (Money- 3)

money-mania is incurable disease

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -223 (Money- 4)

money is the mother of creation and destruction

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -224 (Money- 5)

soul is the staple food of money-worm

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -225 (Money- 6)

money is a highway girl, highwayman often falls in love

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -226 (Money- 7)

having no money, a man is funny

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -227 (Money- 8)

money is magician not virus

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -228 (Money- 9)

money is not a bird but has wings

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -229 (Money- 10)

money is day without morning as well as night without evening

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -230 (Money- 11)

money is ferocious man-eater animal

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -231 (Hope- 1)

hoping is doping, accepted in the sports of life

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -232 (Hope- 2)

hope makes hop-o'-my-thumb a giant

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -233 (Hope- - 3)

hope is hop believed some day would be flowered

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -234 (Hope- 4)

hope is jilt or nova yet everybody falls in love

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -235 (Hope- 5)

opulence of hope optimal, but elf-fire

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -236 (Hope- 6)

hope is gleanings reality is real corn

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -237 (Funny- 1)

world is fun-fair, funny death pokes fun at the fair-pilgrims

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 238 (Fun- 1)

life is flowering tree, fun is fungicide

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -239 (Fun- -2)

life is language of existence, fun functional grammar

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - -240 (Fun- 3)

without fun, world is funny-farm

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 241 (Funny-Hole)

getting rid of blue funk take shelter in a funny-hole

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 242 (Fun & Fund)

fund is fundamental, no fund, no fun

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 243 (An Arrant Fool)

an arrant fool also enjoys watching others' folly

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 244 (Once Who Has Tasted Death)

once who has tasted death considers life more colourful

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 245 (A Snake-Charmer)

a snake-charmer often died of snake-bite

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 246 (A Precocious)

a precocious is never matured

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 247 (A Fruit Rotten Inside)

a fruit rotten inside in the primary stage is not ripened

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 248 (A Poet's Fame)

a poet's fame and a wild pigeon, all the same

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 249 (A Backbiter)

a backbiter is a coward, not a fighter

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 250 (Suicide...1)

Suicide is the side-effect of self-repression

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 251 (Suicide- 2)

Only a dead man commits suicide

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 252 (Suicide- -3)

Generally a fox-hearted man commits suicide

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 253 (Suicide- -4)

Before committing suicide a man undergoing the course of death completely

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 254 (Suicide- -5)

A seed of suicide takes long time to be sprouted

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 255 (Life And A River)

Life and a river never go straight, thrust to a curvature

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- - 256 (Success- 1)

success invites success, and always runs after successful

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 257 (Success- 2)

Success is harmful, to a successful

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 258 (Success- 3)

Success is eel fish, can be caught but gripping is difficult

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 259 (Success- 4)

success in the morning faded in the evening

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 260 (Success- 5)

hyper-dyed success gets dull swiftly

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 261 (Success-6)

success is relativism as well as hypothetical

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 108 (The Sun)

the sun is the scrotum of fire

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 127 (Graduation)

Only a a good student of love obtains graduation degree

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 128 (Laughter)

openhearted laughter emits fragrance of jasmine

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 129 (Laughter-2)

laughter dangles even the leaves of a stone-tree

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 130 (Laughter-3)

a man without laughter is a dangerous animal

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 131 (Laughter-4)

a real knowledgeable man laughs at the cares of life

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 132 (Laughter-5)

laughter is a bit of heavenly splendour

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 133 (Marriage)

marriage is flower blooms in time

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 134 (Marriage- 2)

marriage is a bridge sometimes shaken by mad

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 137 (Anger- 3)

there is no difference between an angry person and a mad dog

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 138 (Anger- 4)

anger is headless goblin

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 138 (Anger- 5)

anger babbles in gale language

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 139 (Anger- 6)

fathomless ditch induces anger to jump

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 140 (Anger- 7)

a man out of humour burnt to ashes

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 141 (Anger- 8)

anger scrapes through a person and makes completely blackout

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 142 (Angry Person)

an angry person is woody gone astray

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 143 (Anger-Discease)

watching blue firmament a medicine to cure anger-disease

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 144 (Anger- 9)

anger is an elf without eyes and ears

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 145 (Anger- 10)

While anger stands on the brink of a spring fused

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 146 (Butterfly- 2)

butterfly is the representative of rainbow-girl

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 147 (Butterfly- 3)

the words why, if, but, not found in the lexicon of butterfly

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 148 (Butterfly- 4)

a butterfly does not have amorous feeling to flowers

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 149 (Butterfly- 5)

A butterfly never takes rest on flower after sucking pollen

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 150 (Car)

car cardinally demands care of care-taker

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 151 (Car-2)

sometimes a car turns into a carnivorous animal

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 152 (Butterfly- 1)

butterfly counts age not in years but in moments

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 153 (Death)

death a gig drawn by time-stallion

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 154 (Animal)

animals make sex not for pleasure but for procreation.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 155 (Animal- 2)

no wild or domestic animal is political

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -175(Children)

children are white papers

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -176 (Childhood Recollection)

childhood recollection is better than childhood

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -177 (Red Flag)

sometimes a red flag appears colourless

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -178 (Red Star)

now the red star is almost a dead star

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -179 (Redwood)

even a redwood when burnt turns to black charcoal

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -180 (Food)

we eat food and also eaten by food

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -181 (Be Food For Worms)

be food for worms is destiny

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -182 (Terrorist And Food)

a terrorist is food and makes food humble persons

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -183 (Food Value)

modern poems foolproof fast food with a little food value

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -184 (Food Of Time)

The universe is the only food of time

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -185 (A Greedy Man)

a greedy man makes himself food

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -186 (Food-Habit)

food-habit reflects character and power

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -187 (Food Is The Seed)

food is the seed of civilisation

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -188 (Lustre Shedding)

who makes light food sheds lustre

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -189 (The Relics Of My Love)

morning-light is the relics of my love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -190 (Depression-1)

rationing of seasonal depression is essential

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -191 (Depression- 2)

depression is dementia not a drizzle rather deluge

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -192 (Depression- 3)

depression and delusion reciprocity

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -193(Depression- 4)

to a depressed the world is depressive as well as offensive

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -194 (Fear)

a naked never fears to be robbed

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -195 (Fear-2)

a person who can conquer death never fears

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -196 (Fear- 3)

fear is condensed deep darkness

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -197 (Fear- 4)

fear sharpens reflex

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -198 (Fear- 5)

fearlessness is an empty word.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -199 (Bolster)

a man of flesh and blood can't love a bolster

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -200 (The Radio-Active Needle Of Love Lost)

the radio-active needle of love lost, feared worst

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -201 (A Born-Blind)

a born-blind never gets frightened of ghost

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 202 (Independence)

Independence is a comb to a bald-head person

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -203 (Shop-Keeping Of Love)

shop-keeping of love is dividend-paying

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -204 (Consequences)

love grows up, becomes old and then expires

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -205 (Corpse-Bearer Of Love)

corpse-bearer of love transformed into a corpse

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -206 (Brains)

brains is not workshop, a universe

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -207 (Rule)

rule is nature, nature is rule

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -208 (Misprizing)

misprizing is common phenomenon of human thought

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -209 (Crow And Man)

crow is more social than man

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -210 (Milk Is Black)

a born-blind knows the colour of milk is black

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- -211 (Ghost Of Love)

ghost of love loves to live in myrtle-bower

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 212 (Heavy Shower Of Poems)

heavy shower of poems is harmful to literary crop

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 213 (Hemp-Smoker)

to a habitual hemp-smoker the world is smokey

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 214 (Happiness- 1)

happiness can't be everlasting, is only for a moment

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 215 (Happiness- -2)

sometimes happiness comes in disguise of sorrow

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 216 (Happiness- 3)

only flowers are happy as the only aim dropping down laughing

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 217 (Happiness- 4)

absolute happiness is equivalent to absolute zero

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 218 (Happiness- 5)

maintaining system and sequence is the key of happiness

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 219 (Happiness- 6)

More expectation is the killer of happiness

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku- 220 (Money- -1)

money begets power, power begets money

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-....262 [Artifice]

artifice is not an art but plays a part to make life particoloured

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku....285 [Shopping....1]

before buying love shop a round

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku....286 [Shopping....2]

aged person standing on the spring-market goes window-shopping

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku....287 [Shopping....3]

One should always shop with beloved

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku....288 [Shopping....4]

spring-fair, I bought a beautiful pig in a poke

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...263 [Bottling Up Bumptiousness]

bottling up bumptiousness brick-work of humanity

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...264 [Making Love Commodity]

making love commodity proves poverty of mind

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...265 [Verbalising Love]

it is really difficult verbalising love

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...266 [Verdure Of Mind]

verdure of mind is deeper than verdant woods

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...267 [A Shady Tree Tolerates]

a shady tree tolerates scorching heat of the unrelenting sun

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...268 [The Sky Is A Blue Sentence]

the sky is a blue sentence non-punctuated

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...269 [The Night Sky]

the night-sky is a dark news paper unputdownable

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...270 [A Stupid Does Not Know]

a stupid does not know that he/she is a stupid

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...271 [In The World All Are Stupid]

in the world all are stupid even an intelligent

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...272 [Man Is Not Equal To A Crow]

man is not equal to a crow in respect of fellow feelings

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...273 [Predestination]

predestination is destination of a lazy dreamer

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...274 [Nature Reluctant Looking Back]

nature reluctant looking back, man doesn't possess back eyes

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...275 [Any Spoken Word]

any spoken word is not frivolous reflects mental map

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...276 [Investiture Never Proves]

investiture never proves skill and ability

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...277 [An Inveterate]

an inveterate in another sense a creator

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...278 [Misoneism-Believer]

misoneism-believer reluctant to get up in the morning

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...279 [Death And Time]

death and time run pari passu

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...280 [A Misogynist]

a misogynist forgets motherhood

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...281 [Wild In Wilderness]

in ancient or in modern time by nature man is wild in wilderness

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...282 [For Better Or For Worse]

for better or for worse whatever may happen, morning comes laughing

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...283 [If Lightning Falls In Love]

if lightning falls in love, beloved would be black and blue all over

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku...284 [Spring Sets In]

Spring sets in, don't let sleeping the love-dog lie

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-1 (The Language Of)

the language of cloud is rain

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-10 (Planting Love)

planting love easy nourishing hard

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-100 (To A Dazed)

to a dazed night is day, day is night

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-101 (Though Wind Illiterate)

though wind illiterate yet turns over the pages of book

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-102 (Man Can)

Man can never returns to lost place, can only look back

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-103 (Tertian Fever)

love is tertian fever

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-104 (Trade)

love living on trade

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-105 (A Mystery Novel)

a deserted house is a mystery novel

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-106 (Ecstasy Of Love)

ecstasy of love is logical fallacy

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-107 (The World-Tree)

the world-tree, no roots

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-109 (Identity)

my identity an idyll written by an anonymous poet

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-11 (Love Written)

love written in blood washed away by seasonal rain

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-110 (Identity-2)

shadow of my identity haggles with me

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-111 (Identity-3)

identity is a pled-a'-terre.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-112 (Identity-4)

identity changes colour and distinguished by contrast

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-113 (Identity-5)

identity is interplay of a man inside home and outside home

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-114 (Friend)

a calculating and mean can't be a friend

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-115 (Friend- 2)

a dog can be a friend of a dog, not of a cat or a frog

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-116 (Friendship-1)

colour of friendship is green in childhood

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-117 (Friendship- 2)

colour of friendship is reddish in youth

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-118 (Friendship- 3)

colour of friendship is golden in decrepitude

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-119 (Friendship- 4)

to build a house of friendship cement of belief essential

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-12 (Dialect)

dialect is the autobiography of language

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-120 (Friendship- 5)

money lending kills friendship by strangling

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-121 (Heaven)

nobody knows the colour of the sky of heaven

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-122 (Too Much Business)

too much business makes a man heartless

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-123 (Change)

change is inevitable fate of the universe

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-124 (Change- 2)

change is related to the theory of destiny

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-125 (Change-3)

there is change, but no changer

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-126 (Changeableness)

changeableness is the spring of time

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-13 (The More Fuel)

the more fuel the fire more lolling

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-135 (Anger- 1)

anger a blindly running engine always derailed

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-136 (Anger- 2)

anger is rolling stone dashed to hard wall and broken into pieces

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-14 (Who Claims)

who claims to be a truthful, is lire

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-15 (Can Be Devoted)

can be devoted to truth, cant't be veracious

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-16 (Violation Of Truth)

violation of truth is natural rule

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-17 (Light Differs)

light differs sight differs

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-18 (A Good Heart)

a good heart sometimes good, never always good

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-19 (None Of The World)

none of the world knows own identity

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-2 (Night Repines)

night repines can't see own face on the mirror

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-20 (Nothing Is New)

nothing is new all renewed

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-21 (Dwelling In Heaven)

dwelling in heaven is the greatest fun

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-22 (Life Is Sleeping)

life is sleeping death is awakening

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-23 (Death Is Washerman)

Death is washerman cleanses black spot of man

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-24 (Truth Of Poem)

truth of poem is nothing but vanishing point

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-25 (Book And Wardrobe)

book and wardrobe all the same

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-26 (The Fast Blazing Fire)

the fast blazing fire gets waned quickly

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-27 (Looking Same Wallpaper)

looking same wallpaper is loathsome

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-28 (Unaffected Mind)

unaffected mind is a lotus-pond

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-29 (Sinning Is Mercurial)

sinning is mercurial preparation of drink

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-3 (The World Is Syllable)

The world is syllable, the whole word unknown

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-30 (To A Palm-Reader)

to a palm-reader a feeble-hearted is asset

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-31 (Wind Bears Fragrance Of Flower)

wind bears fragrance of flower as well as odour of night-soil

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-32 (Conditional Friendship)

conditional friendship is fog

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-33 (A Deluded Never Gets)

a deluded never gets rid of involution.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-34 (Light Never Enters)

light never enters into a crooked hole.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-35 (Mourning Is The Morning Light)

mourning is the morning light in heart

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-36 (Art Of Packing)

Art of packing sells repugnance

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Monoku-37 (Friend Of The World)

friend of the world never makes friendship

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-38 (Evil Colourful Design)

evil colourful design draws attraction

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-39 (Inordinate Ambition)

inordinate ambition is labyrinth

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-4 (Most Of The Foundation Stones)

most of the foundation stones enveloped with grass

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-40 (Racket)

racket is always within bracket

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Monoku-41 (Family)

family is cottage industry

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-42 (Ticking Of A Clock)

ticking of a clock is sound of death's footsteps

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-43 (Footprints Faded)

footprints faded away by footprints

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-44 (Love Of Luxury)

love of luxury is way of extinction

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-45 (Untenable Dream)

untenable dream is vanishing cream

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-46 (Water)

water is characterless

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-47 (The Universe)

the universe is not born of womb, self-evident

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-48 (Tune)

tune is a divine bridge

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-49 (A Blind)

a blind can see more than an eyed person

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-5 (Even A Dry Leaf)

Even a dry leaf can be a boat

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-50 (Golden Letter)

nothing can be written in golden letter

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-51 (Memory Of Happiness)

memory of happiness is real happiness.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-52 (Sweetness Of Voice)

sweetness of voice makes babbling golden

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-53 (A Sinner)

a sinner is autrophic

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-54 (Eternal Music)

eternal music is beyond hearing

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-55 (Darkness And Light)

much darkness little light

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-56 (Man Can Never See Own Face)

man can never see own face, only see the reflection

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-57 (Whiteness)

whiteness just a word to a born-blind

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-58 (Love Is Coloured In Spring)

love is coloured in spring, evaporated in summer

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-59 (Passing Of Stool)

passing of stool is unparalleled pleasure

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-6 (Love Is Tadpole)

love is tadpole, falling off tail grown up

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-60 (Charcoal)

charcoal never fears fire

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-61 (Huge Zero)

The world is huge zero

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-62 (A Stupid)

a stupid never feels own stupidity

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-63 (Chance Sometimes)

chance sometimes reveals natural state

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-64 (Natural Beauty)

natural beauty is beyond ornamentation

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-65 (The Universe Is A Sum)

the universe is a sum, answer is zero

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-66 (A River)

a river is always indebted to the tributaries

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-67 (Roots In The Darkness)

roots in the darkness, virescence of leaves in the light

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-68 (Relative Position)

relative position is a universal truth

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-69 (A Solitary Man)

a solitary man is woody

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-7 (The World)

The world is a reflected image...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-70 (The World Is Babble)

the world is babble of eternal water

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-71 (Sometimes In Love)

sometimes in love, one into one, equalled to zero

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-72 (Female Betel-Box-Bearers)

female betel-box-bearers redden their lips

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-73 (A Princes And A Girl-Beggar)

a princes and a girl-beggar all the same

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-74 (Bag Made Up Of Rags)

bag made up of rags valuable with jewels

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-75 (But Lord Shiva Loves)

stramonium flower neglected by man, but lord shiva loves

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-76 (Attaining Complete Emancipation)

attaining complete emancipation is canard

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-77 (Naming)

naming makes different

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-78 (Plucking Flowers)

plucking flowers is an offence

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-79 (Looks Healthy)

looks healthy eddy is giddy

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-8 (Other Name Of Talent)

other name of talent is light

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-80 (Touching Produces)

touching produces frictional electricity

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-81 (Moonlight)

moonlight is lullaby song

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-82 (In Sugarcane Field A Fox)

in sugarcane field a fox should not be welcomed

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-83 (Spring)

spring adds fuel to the fire of love

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-84 (Idealism)

idealism weds youth, installs as a crown prince

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-85 (Fondness For Good Dishes)

fondness for good dishes is fondness for death

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-86 (Love-Making)

love-making is banianship

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-87 (Wind Is An Artist)

wind is an artist in the cluster of reeds

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-88 (A Feeble)

a feeble armed thinks unarmed feeble

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-89 (Big Cities Are Woody)

big cities are woody and necropolis

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-9 (Promise)

promise is to breach of promise

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-90 (Customs And Usages)

customs and usages even makes uneven even

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-91 (Religion)

pleasing the people is a religion

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-92 (Man)

man is less social than crows

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-93 (Path)

path is by nature crooked

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-94 (Aged Persons)

aged persons standing on the shore watch waves

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-95 (Prose Poem)

prose poem is an earthen pot made of gold

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-96 (Love)

love is a sounding instrument

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-97 (Vesper-Drawn Carriage)

evening is a vesper-drawn carriage

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-98 (Sky-House)

sky-house without doors or windows

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Monoku-99 (Night-Tree)

night-tree, no roots, leaves, only blooms flowers

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Moon-Light-Flooded Forestland

Moon-light-flooded forestland
Green leaves painted in dark colour
Far-off stream made of silver thread
Fragrance emitted evening-flower

Veiled face
Putting on dress
as white as snow..
Some one coming
Or going?
Happiness? sorrow?

Over the valley, over the sand
Only a whitish figure loitering..
Night Getting excited
Becomes a magic-bower...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Morning

Now the darkness shaped like a sphere
Rolling on
Run over light-lass
A flash of blood splashing up high
Anointed the east horizon.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Morning But Not Morning...

Who left not come back
Perhaps comes back but shadow
Opecque
The mirror can't count the countenance

The leaves of the evening tree rustling
Buttered the last glow
morning
But not morning....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Morning-Arbour

Morning-arbour,
foggy
Her famous appearance,
Golden cape
Boggy
Searching out means of escape

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Morning-Boat

Who is your morning? friend? relative?
or adored deity?
Not at all.

Practically she is my boat floating on aeon

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mother-Tongue

no other language
only mother-tongue
made of water, light,
wind, clay, fire,
seven colours
and love

sometimes of tears

a man bears mother-tongue in heart
other language on shoulder

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mountain Pass

Mountain pass;

Generally derived meaning a pass through mountain.

Wrong derivation.

Once Muhammad refused the calling of Mountain

Rather called upon him.

Then Mountain himself called at Muhammad.

Through the pass Mountain came rolling to Muhammad

Known mountain pass.

It is lost.

Let us find out.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mouse And Legs

A mouse enters into hole
Comes out again.

one day legs and mouse both
revolted against hole and shoes.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Moving About Holding Ten Famous Rivers On Fingers

Moving about holding ten famous rivers on fingers
Of course I'm not at all generous, magnanimous
To bestow drinking water to the thirsty fox and crow
Or to enjoy the reflection of blue sky and clouds, ,
To tell the truth, such poetic imagination is out of date
My sinister motive is to get each variegated boat
Of beautiful young lasses floating on the violent current..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mr. Beacon Disappearing

Mr. Beacon disappearing
Crossing over the far-off field
On the branches of the love-sick trees
Folk of the darkness-birds sitting..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Multum In Parvo.

The life is a fantasy; displaying free;
But in the world everything fantabulous, not farrago
The universe as if a tamarind tree
Got just a leaf, so what? multum in parvo.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mundane

Water-line dropped.

Visiting sun-shine eagerly

Searching for a seat in the deluged land.

Removing silt newly sprouted grass

Smilingly called out, "I'm here."

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Music

Music started; or is it earth-quake? bomb ?
Played trumpet, kettle-drum and horn tom-tom.
Brothers be cautious, in advance take care
At the outset collect plug shutting off ears.
It's an ultra-modern age; no idea old mellow
Would have been stamped a back-dated fellow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Shop

In my shop all things available.
They say even the milk of tiger
Such a shop indeed!

I will not deny
Although it is not enough to meet
The needs of almost everyone to have the valuables.

Corpse available?

Ya There.
Everyday I die.

Everyday I come of from the congealed lightning
From The Kalagni

- The Kalagni.- -> Universal conflagration at the end of the world.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Body Searching For My Head.

Who has hidden?

Who has hidden?

Water?

Wind?

Earth?

Sky?

Role of fire is doubtful.

Extinct? or hidden?

It is my body which is searching for my head.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Canoe Keep Up With To The Eternity....

Turning to hide in the shadow of light
passed through the bush
An awkward creature out it's tongue
Who goes? Who goes?
No response to any call
Nor makes any sound;
Stood in front of the reddish glow face to face

-

Oh my God this animal leaves impression of my face
on the calm water of the pond

Bastard wind repeatedly calls the hyacinth
Hustle that shadow-canoes

Poor very poor no idea at all
My canoe keep up with to the eternity....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Corpse Fasting

O Birds, O birds, please do fly, Please do fly
Across the dead sun-shine
With sharp claws fetch a few pulps of flesh of sky
My corpse fasting for long time.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Corpse Will Stand On Corpse Of Time

On the top of snake-spiral
Standing my hungry corpse stretching hands...

Throttled time
Killed by strangling

Now my corpse will stand on corpse of time

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Day-Bird

My day-bird
Till not found
a red banyan fruit;

Beaks open.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Endless Waiting...

Standing on the shore
A boat is coming dancing on the waves
Coming coming and coming
Endless coming..
My endless waiting...

With a splash evening falling....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Friends Do Come And See

My friends do come and see
Loving whom I am more dead than alive
Become a ghost
And possessed by female ghost..
Though empty-pocket
Yet erroneously fall in true love
I could not collect
A piece of cord and pitcher
So that can die drowning..

Now friends suggest me
What should be done?
Be drowned
Or floated on the current?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Grandfather Had Weakness

My grandfather had weakness about the birds and the trees;
On setting in the rainy season sowed seeds into the earth,
Dreamt those would be sprouted in no time and grown up..
On the branches of those the birds would build nest, lay eggs..
The World would be full of verdant trees and beautiful birds,
And would be a heavenly garden; desirable own abode of God...

I am down and out fellow, a frivolous, a woodcutter, a fouler
An incompetent, always my arrow was wide of the mark;
So, heirloom of my grandfather is my ultimate wealth...

Day after day my covetous nimble wallowed blood-anointed hands
Effortlessly about to plunder the divine crops of the world...

A headstrong doesn't care a hang the foreboding of a thunder-crash...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Hands Ulcerous

Great festive day, all well dressed, ornamented.
Only the words are pell-mell;
With great eclat going to put them in order,
felt i'm not so artful
How shall I arrange?
The tusk beyond the border.
My hands ulcerous,
Skinny greedy fingers anointed with dirty mud
Whenever I pointed out drop blooming buds.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Heads

In my vault seven heads preserved.
Out of those I usually use six throughout the week
Never wear same head in two consecutive days
wearing of head depends on place, time, environment,
circumstances, weather...and so..
Above all need and necessity.

I use the remaining head
when I stay alone
When I stand in front of a mirror.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Heart Contains Dark Thirst

My heart contains dark thirst of nether world
Running from one horizon to another horizon
Crossed beyond the horizon,
Eaten up the sky, time...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Humble Self Fuel

Very frequently I dream an oven.
Livid flame;

My humble self fuel.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Only Hobby

My only hobby to drink hot milk
Sitting under the colourful shadow
of an ambrosis-tree by the side of Milky Way
And fly away to the eternity alike alien Jay.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Only Window

My only window suffering from moonlight-fever;
Bygone childhood days walking across the far-off river.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Plump And Fleshy Body Would Be Roast.

O Friend! O Pal! O Chum
Come, come, come Please do come
Coming See, loving whom I gone to ghost.
Empty-pocketed
Dreaming abed
Engaging in brown study think all bluffers;
All sly; none offered me a royal post.
All trump cards
Flown like birds
Now my garlanded neck on the stocks;
My plump and fleshy body would be roast.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Poems

My poems
mildewed
Fire-reader
never reviewed.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Reflection Is Rubbed.

She is my mirror-beloved
Whenever I go off
My reflection is rubbed.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Residence

Dark house;
Elf-fire at a distance
Neither base nor thatch
No question of doors or windows
As there is no walls..
There neither morning nor evening
As the house flying over beyond time

My residence.
Outfit; full of goods ...

No visitor comes.
Only on my open balcony
Corpse of star fallen off and on..

My food delicious food ;
Eat;
Keep preponderating presence..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Shadow

I'm confined in night-inclination-circle.

Day light entails my shadow.
However I try I fail to destroy,
to kill, to eliminate my shadow
Whom I hate as centipedes, as scorpion.

Shadow can not expose in darkness.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Sorrow Is Green Pigeon

My sorrow is green pigeon;
When sits on a branch of a green tree,
The hunter can't trace it out

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My The Going Away

My the going away not perfect spherical.
Bedraggles stumbling roundabout

Rather earth; let it sprout.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Walking Is Unsubstantial

My walking is unsubstantial
Path crosses me in in confusion
Bleaching forest-range
Prosaic Paramour's distortion

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Watch Is A Boat

My watch is a boat,
Drowned.

I am enjoying the sight
Standing on the edge of time
Beyond time...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Writing

One day while composing poem on rain
My copy thoroughly drenched.
Oh! What thunder-shower!
My little drawing room at once
Turned into a shadowy 'kadamba' bower.

One day while composing poem on summer
My copy suddenly caught fire
I'm also immediately reduced to ashes
Flying then beclouding the locality
Pale the all poem-lovers' faces.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Writings

My writings nothing new;
On the top of grasses
In the Autumn morning
Sparkling particle of dew.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

My Writings-2

My writings is my bond
Though undecipherable mole.

Yet to be lifted up from the mine;
yet to be rescued from the big clod of coal;

Unclean uncut diamond.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mysterious House In The Wood

Moon dived burning into the solitary pond
On the woody bank a deserted house,
the skeleton of a house
Motionless mysterious house
At mid-night tune of piano is heard
like weeping with a sigh
Suddenly wrapped with deep blue shadow
Moon came out of water
no flesh, only whitish brown bones
and snow-white skull
No eyes, only deep hollow
In the two hollows fire
as red quartz in sudden blaze
burst into a flame and went out
burst into a flame and went out...
A figure made of wind
whirling there with a trephine

Gripped the skull of moon...
Night brimful with awful rattling sound

The trees of the wood catching the breath
waiting...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mysterious House Of Words

Mysterious house of words; locked...
Intend to enter at any cost
On the solarium some verdant leafy trees
Waving branches calling me
Let be everything lost

It's a poppar saying you yourself the lock
O listen, though this fellow a verbicide
But can be metamorphosed into a key.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mysterious Kunkrahati.

Nothing over there, only that mysterious 'Kunkrahati.'
From peak of the king stone flowing down red arsenic.
Oh! what a lovely sight! Even the slanderers look askance;
On the tableland below the great swam too pouts beaks

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mystic Art

I know not searching for what
tramping about faddy indeed...
Is it a capsular fecund Nymph
First point of Aries; mystic art?
Or embryonic cell?
Ex-albuminous seed?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Mystic Epic Of Eternal Time

Lopped off hand holding blazing quill-pen
Mystic epic of eternal time composed
Infinite page of profound darkness open.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Nails

They separated my hands and made slave
I folded up my nails.
They didn't notice;
So unconcerned.
My nails fidgeting...
Just biding for time;
Just biding for a moment; -

Must tear off their throat.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Name Of The Game

I named a day speed-cycle-less
Its destination was beyond-evening peak
I named a night moon-grove
Shelter of a white bird with soft beak

Name of the game is
My morning was nameless...
My evening was nameless...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Name Red, Comrade

Name Red, comrade,
Once was deep red,
In time became fade..

For that he suppressed ?

When lifted drop-scene,
As usual became green;
Changed age changed screen..

Known all tricks A to Z.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Naming

The name of the morning light Hansakinkini

The name of the afternoon light Madhumadhabi Sarang

The name of the afternoon light Puriya - dhanesri

Shyam - kalyan colours the evening

Sanjhgiri colours night

What is the name of the light of heart?

*Hansakinkini

*Madhumadhabi Sarang

*Puriya - dhanesri

*Shyam - kalyan

*Sanjhgiri

*****All above are the famous tune of Indian Classical Music.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Natal

Who is my father?
Who is my mother?

I have no ancestors.

Lately the earth born.
The sky and the light?
Whenever I open my eyes
They evolve.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Nature Is The Food Of Man

Nature is the food of man,
And man is the food of civilisation.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Neither Birth, Nor Death

Neither birth, nor death;
Only formation, reformation,
Transformation, alteration,
Variation, conversion,
Transfiguration, translation...

Only notion of embodiment.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Never Known Who Makes Run

Just now he stood neath the shadow of a tree
The sand-storm of summer driven him restlessly
day after day
Fountain, no sign of fountain, long way to go..
Now how he would wheedle thrust?

The shadow said mingling a bit of light,
"No Trick required for wheedling
Have to run
Run away
Never known who makes run."

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Never Visited The Forest Of Love

never visited the forest of love
and the river of dream beyond...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

New Generation

new generation no doubt advanced
at the same time too much fool
wearing spectacles of modernism
can't see the red light...

like a bull?

to them everything is colourful

they are neither bird nor butterfly
neither they frog nor tadpole
neither they ground nor they sky
amusement, self-satisfaction the only goal

neither they self-knowing, nor self-restraint
neither fish, flesh nor good red herring
neither they alive nor dead cent percent
neither have horns nor have any sting

the generation is really new? question upright.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

New Longest Word In English

He is a man of word. The longest word. Largest word.
The longest word in English is floccinaucinihilipilification.

Absolutely wrong.

He consists of one hundred eight letters.

"Byatarmathaypanktaropretankbhabergharfankakoylapathar-
dhakatabuujbakmonemonekabisajarshakchulineikikoredharbepak."

Meaning of this longest word: to build castle in the air.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

News

News has six faces,
Only three of them speak the truth.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Nicely Dyed Falling...

Stupidity absolutely
Stupidity to avoid her..

Her proximity ever cheerful;
Fire-wind is point of fall,
I have been fallen...

Falling senseless falling..
Falling Oh!
Highest object:

White sandal-fragrant falling
Nicely dyed falling...

How merciful she is !
Neither crunches my bones, flesh
Nor sucks my blood,
Only drinks the broth of my longevity..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Night

Night took hold of my hand
I had no legs, unable to stand
Night kindly became eye
When I looked at the sky.
Night became my friend
Taught beginning and end

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Night Music Institution

Night Music Institution;
As soon as the evening bell ringing
The Star-singers assembled
And started light-songs singing.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Night, A Blind Beggar

Night, a blind beggar
If asks for alms
Inflaming myself entrust at her hand.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Night-Snake

night-snake crawling,
holding a gem on hood

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

No Anagram Again

Destruction desired

No being

Only boundless fathomless deluge

No brink; black colossal

Only a boat made of amaranth-leaf floating

Axiom

Boarding on the boat

The poet be engaged writing cosmic poem

No anagram again

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

No Form Is Real.

No ultimate view of an object and subject.
Form depends on viewer's age, eyesight,
position, time, distance, light, outlook,
angle, intention, zeal, attention, objectives,
intention, tendency, rationality, patience...

Everything in every moment changed...

Reality it is:
No form is real.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

No Knife Is Required

No knife is required
While stabbing is done in the back.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

No Room Of Dispute

No room of dispute
The sky is a mushroom
A big shot makes room underneath
for this world..

Is it a frog?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Nobody Says What Is Her Name?

Nobody says what is her name?

No name is well-matched

She represents the acme

Of beauty; ugliness at bay..

Her rapture

And the morning all the same.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Nocturnal Alley

V-shaped sloping far-off valley
Some extraterrestrial appetizer hays pitched a tent
Overwhelming nocturnal alley
Very cautiously crawling down ravenous fire-serpent.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Not A Jot Of Truth

Not a jot of truth in what you see
Not a jot of truth in what you think
Not a jot of truth in what you realise
Not a jot of truth in silence or in jink.

Not a jot oh truth in what you got
Not a jot of truth in what you lost
Not a jot of truth in frigidity and speed
Not a jot of truth in the best or worst.

Not a jot of truth in life and death
Not a jot of truth in empty and full
Not a jot of truth in waking and sleep
Not a jot of truth in hot and in cool.

Not a jot of truth in earth and paradise
Not a jot of truth in lie and truth
Not a jot of truth in limit and infinity
Not a jot of truth in uneven and smooth.

Not a jot of truth in time and speed
Not a jot of truth in wrong and right
Not a jot of truth in high and low
Not a jot of truth in darkness and light.

Not a jot of truth in victory and defeat
Not a jot of truth in demon and deity
Not a jot of truth in origin and nature
Not a jot of truth in separation and treaty.

Not a jot of truth in ambrosia and poison
Not a jot of truth in you, me and them
Not a jot of truth in beginning and end
Not a jot of truth in what said in this poem.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Not Ended With Happy Consummation

Buried alone the corpse with care by night;
Removing evidence of murder as much as possible,
Covered the grave with turf of grass as usual...
Even the wind not got an inkling of my evil propensity;
The stars, moon, the trees and the bushes were sleepy..

But Woe is me! not ended with happy consummation.
My silver-white exercise book filled up with poems.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Nothing Is New To Say

Nothing is new to say
Something is straight,
Something is bent
The same story of the storm
and uprooted trees
dried leaves, trampled flowers
Then the story of hole and snake
and casting off the slough
The story of shrubbery land, seed,
Blade and plough
Scream of the earth
Then the story of shadow
Crooked river; ghostly valley
Broken boat water-birth, re-birth
Then the story of overrivers
Infested with darkness; mysterious alley
Elf-fire, glowing worm and more....
And scattered bones and flesh of the end

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Now Bolt

Indolent have done much frivolity
don't flaunt or fox
Now bolt ...
Divested bonds reach in every post box.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Now I Am A Deep Dark Grave

What is to be covered
By which to cover
I possess nothing...

Now I am a deep dark grave
Waiting for a beautiful corpse...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Now I'm Only Charcoal...

In my tender age whatever I touched
Fire burnt ablaze;
Once an autumn-girl playfully giving a push vanished
I fell into a delusive-blue water of a lake;

My body had got so wet
Fire died
Now I'm only charcoal...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Now Tangible Just Then Vanished....

Your man-speed generation-cult
The digest of tantra say where do float
who hold your man-speed overflowed
beyond knowledge dump cave-way
beyond meditation componendo
now tangible just then vanished
Now tangible just then vanished....

Light slowly walks after overcoloured shadow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Now The Inversion Plays Within Me; Beside Me

Now the inversion plays within me; beside me
Dispersing fog Mr. Carpet knight raised high neck...

Whose two eye-boats rowing on the dark river swishing ;

Arms hidden in the hollow of the 'Samee-tree', appears fake.

Note:

* Samee-tree is a kind of tree.

* In the epic of Mahavarata, the Pandava during living incognito hid their all weapons in a hollow of the Samee-tree.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Now Wash My Ashes Of The Funeral Pile...

O profligate rain
Where are you playing with the wind-girl?
All day long I'm waiting
Experienced rebirth of innumerable earths
Have not recalled me?
At least once?

Now wash my ashes of the funeral pile...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Nyctalopia

A maiden voyage the world
Where to cast anchor?
Sidereal system suffering from
Nyctalopia....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

O Lean, Thin, Decayed Hands

In the bush of Cactus indicus gracefulness laid down
O lean, thin, decayed hands if can, go smear with it.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

O Bird

Coming down whirling a colourful feather
Coming down whirling a colourful feather

Where is the bird?
Where is that bird?

O Bird claw me to the apex of the sky
Can't you?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

O Captive, Listen

Do not go till I come back.

Coming out I burried myself into the earth as seed
Behind the house by the window
Now I shall be wating fof rainy season.
I know summer can't stay long
Season cycle changed.
some day must rain.

I shall be sprouted and grown
My verdant branches bent down with blooming flowers
Confined you sometimes stand by that window
watching the pomp and grandeur pleased
unknowingly love me and delidgted.

O captive, listen, if one stick to row
The boat would steer to the bank.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

O Girl! Let Me Be A Boat

Weeping the girl telling her tragic story
Tears trickling down her cheeks
Tears Oh no! a wavy river...
On it's northern bank indigo forest
and on the southern a mountain with brown peak
and below an extending deep-dark mysterious deltoid valley

O Girl! Oh Girl!
Let me be a boat on your river of tears.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

O Lord. Thy Will Be Done

O Lord. Thy will be done,
Prior to that let me know, but
What is your original intention
Or you really intend what?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

O Man Get Across

A foot-bridge flying come down on the stream

Beneath high speed immense force of wavy water frenzied
On the other side of the shore night-password.

O Man get across uplifting arms

O Man get across

Decode the password

Calling the beam-line internal beam...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

O Needle Come Back

Light torn.

What a pity!

Can recall the great grandfather

Handed over me a needle in the morning hour

Just after a few days I born.

I lost it in a heap of straw when grown

Light torn.

Ah me! fie! for shame!

O Needle come back.

No more She could maintain Her honour.

Her divinity.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

O Phantom

Eaten up the shadow of shady tree
Without leaving a crumb
O Phantom,
Now where you will lie hidden?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

O Shyamakadambini...

Remove remove enchanting bluish beclouding net
O Shyamakadambini...

Anchoring the moon-boat coming
The glowing Word-girls swimming in the boundless night-water..

Sitting on the bank under shadow of a whistling Peepul-tree
The morose bewildered poet alone, waiting...

O glowing Word-girls stop swimming
Come and take rest on the copy of the poet.

O Shyamakadambini...Word-girls now be within reach.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

O Sindhu-Vairabi

O Sindhu-vairabi,
Drawn your portrait on the inner canvass;

Why frequently change face, face-value ?
Why not me allow to run straight!

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

O Sweet-Heart Give Me A Sudden Blow

Standing on the edge I can only dream
As I'm a timid fellow not dare to jump
Current is violent and flowing too swiftly
O Sweet-heart give me a sudden blow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

O Treacle, O Molasses

O treacle, o molasses
Who bothers your waywardness
As much as you can, hush up
Whiling my sand-birth
Mixing up is in vogue

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

O.O.

One plus one equal to one
Only a treacle can work out this equation.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Oblivion

Far extending meadow
A wild brook flowing whimsically
At the northern edge of the meadow
On the bank of the brook flowery bushes
Mysterious with blooming shadow-flowers
Air engrossed with the aroma
Midnight moon coming down be seated
On a branch of an old Peepul tree
In the centre of the meadow appears
Some people sat making a circle
Going there saw a corpse
Covered with a snow white cloth
Made of moonlight thread
The clumsy devilish fellows
Sitting around the corpse gossiping
And swinging..

Sudden gust of wind removed the cloth
Face of the corpse clearly seen
Woe is me!
I know the person.
Whenever I stand in front of the mirror
See the reflection of that face...

A blue wave of oblivion touches my forehead
Within a moment see there is nothing
Only a cloth as white as snow flying
Crossing the brook flying
Flying over the sluggish moon...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Offence

Once laid on fire-bed conniving at sub-zero
Once laid on sub-zero-bed conniving at zeitgeist
Once laid in a grave conniving at sub-darkness
Once eaten up the pulp of condensed luminescence
Once eaten up the macrocosm conniving at God

Punishable offence.

Now I am life, a microcosm showing circus
On the earth a micro-sphere.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Oh Bird ! Oh Bird!

Oh Bird! Oh Bird! golden feathered Bird
Pick me up with your sharp beak
And leave over the slope of the horizon
I want to sleep under the pole-star.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Oh! Cloud-Tree

Oh! Cloud-tree, Whose name in your leaves?
In the language of lightning?

Would tell her to teach me prosody of raining?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Oh! Night-River

Oh! Night-river,
I float my boat
Loading whatever I had
Never bring the boat
Alongside the morning-shore.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Oh! No!

Chhyat! a reddish hot crowbar fell into the water.

Oh! no! a Bellicose belle; divine goods;

Out of the water hawking fire in the neighbourhoods.....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Oh! Stream-Girl, Look

Oh! Stream-Girl, look, the son of Cloud
On a boat made oh screw-pine leaf
Come to meet you
What you present?
The boy is very graceful,
Wearing ear-ring of kadamba-puspa
Carrying flute of lightning in hand
What enchanting tune he plays!
Garlanding him welcome
Otherwise may be troublesome.
Oh! Stream-girl, even a mad also realize own welfare.

* Kadamba-puspa: A kind of flower blooms in the rainy season in India.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Oh! You, The Water!

Neither grieved nor afflicted,
Rather heated;

Body is throbbing
Though excessive reddish
Yet transgressing the redness
Could not radiate lustre..

Prior entangling think
Think at least three times..

Oh! you, the water!
If you jump into my body
The world enveloped with multi-coloured fog...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Old House; Bolted Door

Old house; bolted door;
If can not be broken
Should break the wall up

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

On Her Every Foot-Print

Watching her walking away
On her every foot-print
Evolving a new sun-sapling.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

On The First Point Of Aries

Just floating before on the current of fire
Eyes observed
Trees ashore and the woods on fire,
Violent heat;
The back ground of the dramas
Smokey and concealed,
Burning birds dropped whirling round
The stars melted...

All these events appear to the common people
Canard
But for me reality
I'm habituated watching..

All those the resultant of my protean disease
All those events are the heraldry
Of the time and the universe
All those events are buds;
Bloom in the illusive grove..

The illusory fragrance spreads everywhere
I am transformed into a boat...

Rowing boat is never brought alongside of the shore
Rather come near thick setting dark outpost
Where seen a primeval Banyan tree
Standing on the first point of Aries
Spreading hanging roots of secret inter-relation
I'm (boat) tied with those roots...
Tossing and tossing and tossing..
And witness the amorphous darkness begets light...

And on the leaves of that Banyan tree
Biography, register of births and deaths
And account of activities of light
Maintained minutely....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

On The Sky-Line

it is not light,
an unworldly tinge
on the sky-line
subterranean spring
floats a boat of derring-do

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Once This Frenzied

Once this frenzied
Fully naked but natural
Stood in front of you
That was an offence?
However not considered worthy
of your forbearance
Since then seized
All around insuperable fence

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

One Blow Of Dispelling-Gloom Sword

Hungry; great night-serpent;
Swallowed the morning..
I at one blow of dispelling-gloom sword
Hewed the head...
Blood splashed up;
Besmeared stratus;

The morning again with glory self-evident.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Only A Few Ovums Of Lewd Poem...

Drill boring my skull

Sleuthing..

No brains

Only dregs liquid words

Only hot slush and overflowing darkness

Only a few ovums of lewd poem...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Only An Adulterine Doesn't Know Father

Only an adulterine doesn't know father;
Is sky an adulterine?
When born?
How old is?
Mime...
Through the ages
The question of bells chime.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Only For You

Only for you placed water-pot for worshipping
Only for you fire-fly-woven blue darkness
Only for you mysterious moonlit-bathed woodland
Only for you horizon-talent..

Now your turn;
Be a branch of seven-leaf tree on the water-pot

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Only One Can Be The Dearest

They are very poor fellow
Who merely eater.

Only one can be the dearest
having with a quality to be food...

Not taken into account the rest.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Only Present Irrefragable

whenever I hold a scissors
intend to cut something
sometimes future
sometimes past
only present irrefragable

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Only The Sky Knows.

What you desired
from the unconscious first morning?

Only the sky knows.
Silent, never says.

Everyday when morning comes
recalling the first desire
the eastern horizon splashed with crimson.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Only The Tossing Wave Perceived The Whole.

Floated a golden Champaka flower in the name of you; -
Really it is; played lunatic role...
Possibly not known by anyone;
The wind got a bit of inkling of that
Only the tossing wave perceived the whole.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Only Watching Brother

Only watching brother,
I just watching;
Though can be talkative
Not a word saying.
If I will any time
Can fly into a rage;
Tell you but beforehand
My will is damaged.

If I set all on fire
Only ashes remain,
Ashes again beget birds
Knows this insane.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Opportunist

Fire died;
A loud rumour afloat.
Relieved Hay enthroned.

Wailing over goats.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Our Love Advanced In Age

Our love advanced in age.

Now got rid of follies of youth.

Menopause increases her housewifery;

Now I leaning against side pillow chew a betel-roll.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Outsider Insider

Gloomy night; only breaking stone-like silence
The owl screeching..

I woke up.
Some one knocking at my door.

Who can be? Who can be?

Pus-like moonlight oozing outside
Slightly opening a leaf of the door peeped at
curiously.

Oh! incredible !
High and dry my snow-white skeleton waiting....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Oven

Oven

Full of ashes;

Golden image of Fire

Merely memory

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Painting Of A River

Painting of a river

One day flooded

My cottage on the shore washed away

You indifferent plucking sky-spikes...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Pale Bloodless Body Of A Poet

Then the evening slowly coming stood under the fig tree
Then the twilight under the wings of home-sick flying birds
Then tender smell of darkness seeming in the air
Then the trees started writing poems with the moon-light ink
Then the fire-flies absorbed in sketching geometrical problems
Then the stars stealthily assembled under the canopy
Then the blood-thirsty hungry demon come out from the cave
Then one shiny morning pale bloodless body of a poet found in the grave.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Paradox

Though the flowers torn from the branch but laugh
True lovers, love colorful death.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Paradox-2

The only truth
The branches of the lie-tree bloom true flowers.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Passion

Roaring sound of thunder
Night twisted
A tall palm tree
On the bank of the body-lake
burst into an intense flame...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Path-Maker

When a man is wayfarer,
Just follower..

When wanderer is path-maker.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Peaceful Battle-Field

Battle-field is crowded and noisy, vivid
Direct killing, secret murder,
Espionage of wind
Noon; poor sun is swallowed by deep dark cloud
In disguise loitering good man assassin
Some opportunist beetles making marry
Entering into the alive dead men's skull
A folk of vultures wheeling round over head
The storm in the bush
Lying in ambush
Like a civet-cat
Arid... arid.. stream of the dream arid
Dead rat eating dead rat
Arid dream-river-bed
The world-life arid zone
Peaceful battle-field
Only here and there flesh,
Blood skeletons, blood skeletons...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Peerless Utility

Peerless utility rising in the morning,
If grow corpulent medicine is running.
Blooming better then of plucking flower,
In the July-garden is better to be shower.
Listening is better then of articulation;
Motionless makes a man conglomeration.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Pentagon-1

Wao! Good openness
No pressure at all.
Unturn the mountain
sing love carol..

Expect sun's downfall.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Pentagon-2

Whirling target
myself also reeling;
Let see what can be done
Beclouded feeling.

For the present ant-fly killing.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Pentagon-3

By the side of odds
Ends required must.
Future in future
No doubt be past.

No confusion in forecast.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Pentagon-4

Dust and slush
fond of amorous sports.
They themselvs players
They themselves host.

My pompous dressing goes to the ghost.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Pentagon-5

Right of appearance on the stage
In disguise delude spectator.
From time to time change tactics;
Such as a chameleon changes colour...

but can't be deluded the introspective mirror.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Pentagon-6

How can see?
Head of the rod;
Eyes not engraved,
One-eyed god.

Ever unknown social code.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Pentagon-7

Formalities;
Equipments
Betel-lime tale
Hearing faint

Some borrowing pay rent.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Perforation

If today wind refuses me
If compels me to take an oath
If redirects my front..

My symptomatic feverish action would be a trident..

Inform the matter seriously to Greenish Blue

I shall not be liable for perforation...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Perhaps Poet

Flowering chrysoberyl-poetry-tree
Myrtle-bower another name
A stupid fellow climbing up; perhaps poet;
Sitting on which branch chopping the same.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Perpetual Bliss...

Devilish appetite gobbling up one by one
The earth
The moon
The sun
The stars
The planets
The whole universe
The omnipotent
The omnipresent
Then light and darkness
Then time and speed
Then The oneness

Still hunger nor appeased
I intend to swallow primordial nature
Finally
I shall gulp absolute Zero
Oh! ho ho ho
Then peace; peace; peace;
Perpetual bliss...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Perplexed

How queer! whenever I think everything all right
Smiling Angels entrust and also assure
Suddenly frowning pulling a long face alight
The devil Says, 'Oh! no, no, expect more.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Pervasion And Profundity

My time is over.
Now the sky should come to a conclusion
How far pervasion and profundity perceptible
in respect of artisanship...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Pervasion Of Fathoming Calmness

Greasy face arose from the water after three days.
Pervasion of fathoming calmness makes her content.
So she rightly realised another name of water is peace.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Petty Troubles

Petty Troubles are whirling round the garden
Could not enter jumping over the fence
The flowers are laughing...
The Troubles became furious
watching audacity of the ordinary flowers
Finally entered into the garden to teach them a lesson
The flowers are still laughing.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Philosophy Of A Bat

Straight thing looks straight, crooked thing looks crooked
It is very common to them who only look straight-forward
Poor man never sees the world hanging from the branch of a tree
Downward head, so treats whatever is crooked must be a hazard

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Philosophy Of A Fly

A fly is an excellent humorist, witty, impartial, receptive
Equable appreciative to the flavour of jack-fruit and stool.
Narrow-minded man dissentient, having baseless grimace
Follower of discrimination. Ufs ! blochhead thinks others fool!

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Philosophy Of A Rat

A rat is learned about the inner nature of the earth
Outer world is nothing but hollow; hole is the whole.
The ultra-blind-point is beyond expression, and touch,
To the surface-dwellers who are inferior than a mole.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Philosophy Of A Knife

I'm multipurpose, Sometimes murder
Good gracious! never arrested. Foolish
Poor fellow proved guilty who uses me,
Should learn how to escape from police.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Philosophy Of Earth-Worm

Seeds, agricultural equipments, labour, prepared land,
Cost of production, practically unnecessary, fruitless toil;
Though self-conceited men think themselves intelligent,
Rather they should take advice from us how to live on soil.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Picnic Party Left The Spot

Picnic party left the spot.

What remain?

Only thrown away plates,
Only scraps of food
Only an extinguished oven
Only ashes
Only a coil of sigh ...

Only dreadful peace.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Picture

Standing alone under the sky-tree.

Blooming star-flowers dropping down whirling
under your feet.

This eternal picture drawn on my inner canvass.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Piercing Dark Needle

Piercing dark needle
I am keenly trying
passing the golden thread of light through hole.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Plurality

Plurality ever dormant in a dot
Completeness also dormant in nought
Seer knows and knows the blockhead
The learned fool considers to be sought.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poem

Poem is not cliché
Poem is not day
Poem is the world
Poem is not clay.

Poem is not corpse
Poem is not catechism
Poem is inward flow
Poem is cataclysm.

Poem neither thesis
Poem neither antithesis
Poem is a mystery alley
Poem is not archives.

Poem not conventional
Poem is not absurd
Poem is inexplicable
Poem not trump-card.

Poem is radical
As well as rove
Poem is seasonal
Cool shadowy grove.

Poem not composed
Poem is inarticulate
Poem not symmetrical
Poets miscalculate.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poem An Aged Fellow

Poem an aged fellow
Furrowed face

Plaster?

No..

Plastic surgery...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poem Is Harem

Poem

Is harem

Adulterous poets
play words' game.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poem Is A Village

Poem is a village
a deserted village
though there are many trees
and flower-plants
but all withered
stage shadow-dance
A lotus-pond also there
without a drop of water
A sandy river-line
encircled the village
from the west to the north
To the east a deep ditch
and to the south a spectral wood
Dry leaves whirling round....
On the shore of the river
a broken-ore boat lying....
Wind winding
playing pipe of bones of birds
Old swindler moon
the incubus
shoulders on the village at night....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poem Is Dawn

Poem is dawn;
Words get up from bed.

Let them wash hands and face.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poem Is Not Www.

Poem is not www.

Blue peak of the night-mountain

At the foot lying coiled rain-storm

Flowing unseen spiral fountain.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poem-Dust

Some poems would not be written at all.
They are dust.

They would be deposited layer by layer
On selves, on books, on cordless tambourine
On one-ear rejected horse doll,
On useless canvass, on old photograph
On the floor of a locked house.

They would be deposited
On the leaves of trees, on thatches
On the glasses of break-down cars.

Sweeping can't restrain from deposition.
Raining can't restrain from deposition.

Non-written poem-dust
would be deposited layer by layer, bit by bit.

Sometimes Every sky would be
Overcast with the dust of poems.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poem-Giantess Has Swallowed Me

Poem-giantess has gulped me
Now I have no existence;

Even my shadow also moving
In the deep blue circle of demoniacal delusion;

The words are pestering in the extreme
Giving a push make me stand
On the edge of a bottomless ditch,
I could not avert the consequences
Jump blindly...

Cruel gracious Giantess lifts my body
Crooked in three parts..

And imbues with life again...

Again gulps..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poem-Rat

The night-cat jumped off the table
Why? why? Why?
Seen a poem-rat peeping from the hole.

Poet's snoring trembling the stars of the sky.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poems Relating To Dawn

Poems relating to dawn
Written on the page of night

Reduction to a measure
of a higher denomination

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poet-3

Brains foggy;
Sharp claws of crab tweaked my neck
Night snake clung my legs
Leech making jokes sucking my blood
Hot poisonous needle
Radically piercing my eyes
Hands just skin and bones...

Still composing poems...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poet-Land

For the first time travelling thy land
No trees no flowers no birds no rivers
Thirst-ruling arid zone full of sand
Flying hey ghostly torch-bearer shiver.

Found scattered a few bones of a poet
A pen standing sentinelling alone
Words arranging re arranging themselves
Prosody, emotion and wave of thought bemoan.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poet-Tree

I kiss your famous reddish feet
Forgive me, forgive me;
Audacity of this poor fellow be pardonable ;
If you have to punish then listen what to be done:

Pick up my eye-balls with piercing spear
As they failed performing duties
Not eyed what worthy of note
Have eyed what not to be eyed..

Then pour liquid hot iron ore into my ear-holes
As they failed performing duties
Not heard what to be heard
Have heard what not to be heard...

Then pierce my oesophagus with your trident
As it failed performing duties
Not eaten what to be eaten
And eaten what not to be eaten...

Then cut my tongue and sew lower lip and upper lip
As they failed performing duties
Not said what to be said
Have said what not to be said...

Then cut my legs
As they failed performing duties
Not gone where to go
Have gone where should not go...

Then draw out my heart with hot crowbar
As it failed performing duties
Not loved what and whom to love
And it is full of cruelty, meanness,
devilish idealisms, greed
Hypocrisy, lust, ugly desire, buffoonery and egotism...

Burn it to ashes..

At last cut my hands
My left hand has done many wicked deeds
Chain it for billions of years...
Only fix my right hand in the ground

If..if..on a certain day
It transforms into a a poet-tree...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Polymorphism

Listen O ravenous Pyre,

My enshroud with realistic 'Brahama-garment'

Polymorphism of my corpse as sharp as spear

Pierced the silvery sails of star-boats

On the time river floating away...

Behold ! all detained on the aeon-weeds-ornate quay.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poor Does't Know

When I was born
My plastron was torn
A sword always following me...
Poor does't know,
I have none to mourn.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poor Leech Leech Leech Leech

Poor Leech leech leech leech
Now stood in the breach.
Worried the blood-sucker,
Alas! nearing dark future.
God! fate to live on corns!
Society of leeches mourns.
The world is no-man's land;
Beast having leg and hand,
Almost all nominal men
Oh! as if bitter sugarcane!
All made of stone and mud,
None holds human blood.
Man recently whom met
Fie! either maggot or insect.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Portmanteau Of Murmuring Tune Opened...

Fallen leaves

None treats with a kind look

Rather tramples...

The whirling wind loves them

Makes them flying

Portmanteau of murmuring tune opened...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Postal Peon.

In the envelope of dark night
Morning is a letter written with golden light-ink
And The Sun postal peon.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Poverty

Once one of my leaves left me,
Withered hostile; making friendship with north-wind
pretends to be a boat properly...
Vying with birds flown over the sky;
Dropped down on a snady valley spinning..
Floating on the topsy-turvy unknown current
disappeared...behind foggy magical back-ground..

Thereafter other leaves wrangling
Strom-tossed left me one by one
Since their departure I'am merely tree
A leafless tree indeed...play on spectral pipe
Hold high my branches waiting for spring days.....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Power- -4

Power naver can make a man powerful
It is an applied subject, bit by bit
When where how is to be applied
Must should have knowledge of limit.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Power- -5

Strength, power, energy, vigor, force
Apprenty same, but different of course;
How those are infused? Obeying to nature,
And self-extraniation is the only source.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Power....1

If a fool
Becomes powerful;
Thinks the ocean,
His own swimming pool.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Power...2

Every man born with some powers
But usually remain undetected
Would have been a sharp sword
But passing life as if a blunt spear.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Power..3

Power is nothing but Gestalt
Cooking required proporsionate spices and salt

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Prayer

O Grass, O Bush and shrub,
O Coppice, O Dark-green Arbour..
Initiate me with hymn of verdancy;
Consecrate me with hymn of becoming flower.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Preface Of Returning

Preface of returning

Shadow-epic

Stellar orbs, the composer

Only read first canto

Epilogue metaphysical,

Encyclopaedic...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Prescription-1

Golden opportunity for the dumpy fellows
To increase hight.
A very simple medicine be used
It's quite true a fellow with short-hight often be littled
Often feel depressed.
Can't extene hands to the moon
Couldn't marry tall lanky girl
Wife of a dumpy sometimes embarrassed
Walking by the side of her husband.
All such problems would be vanished like camphor.
Here is the ideal medicine of anti-dwarfish.

What to do?

Nothing but a dumpy have to swallow
A mountain (preferably The Himalaya)
In empty stomach before going to bed at night

Waking up in the morning himself would be surprised
His head crossed the touchline of the sky.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Prescription-2

Man is mortal.

Very popular saying.

Man dream to be immortal.

Whether rich or poor, King or subject

Famous or notorious; saint or thief

Honest or dishonest; happy or unhappy

Malicious or benevolent ; victorious or vanquished

None can escape from death; must die.

But one can be easily immortal:

How?

A very simple medicine there.

Cooking death will have to drink hot.

A death-drunk never faces death.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Prescription-3

Some persons are always sullen and silent.
As if scorpion stinging their eye-brows
To them every thing in this world disgusting.
Nothing praise-worthy..
Around them all are foolish fellows.
Nothing going on as per their expectation.
Have no friend, no belief in friendship
Always blind with rage.

They also can be live and gleeful
A simple medicine to be applied.
A few table-spoons of morning
Mixing with pollen of 'Lodhra-kusuma'
Have to lick up in empty stomach at least seven days.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Prescription-4

Some persons in our society accused of frigidity
As if decrepit bull.
A cool metal baking pan.
Very very conventional
An invertebrate
An earth-worm
Friends relative make then fowl
They whine.
Their wives pull them putting rope to their nostril.
They follow lowering heads as timid sheep.

Remedy is there.
A boiled sun-egg to be eaten just for three days.

Very effective and unfailing.

Even after the course they would take for themselves
The Royal-Bengal Tiger or the president of America.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Prescription-5

Can any one reach to the antipodes
Within fraction of a second?

Such fast communicative system yet to be invented.
The modern science and technology
till date not so developed
that this imagination would be transformed into a reality.

Apparently seems impossible.

But possible.

How?

By grace of a very simple medicine.
Let me describe.
Speed of lightning is about 300000 K.M a second.

Just single dose is enough.
One have to crunch and gulp thunderbolt
And lightning with the aroma of 'Lodhra-kusuma.'

This medicine makes one worthy of moving
As fast as lightning and thunderbolt.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Prescription-6

'Yudhithira' the eldest Pandava,
In the Indian Epic 'Mahabharata'
The only confirmed truthful man.
But he also told "Aswathama hata iti gaja"
Means an elephant naming 'Aswathama' killed.

Situation demands.
So being absolutely truthful
Told half truth and half lie for killing 'Aswathama'.
Son of coach Dronacharya.
Another bald-head Indian to some extent truthful.
Leaving those two every person of the world but liar.

Truthfulness is an idealism.
Everybody should practice.
But man by born hypocritical animal.

Then nothing doing
It's all up.
Uttering falsehood an established phenomenon of human being?
No way of getting rid of?

Why so?

A good medicine there.
liar can also be converted into truthful.

'Dhruba tara' known as Pole star or North star
Actually it's not a mare star,
A divine Star-flower emits perennial truth-aroma
That divine aroma to be spread in the atmosphere.

How?

Inernational Polar-star-tree plantation project Should be taken.
IPSTPP should be motto
Should be a movement
Within a short period Polar-Star or the 'Dhrubatara' flower bloom
And fill the air with it's fragrance

Inhaling the aroma all will be truthful.

Success of the project must ascertain falsehood-free world.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Prescription-7

Through ages the Incarnations
Many great Men appeared on this earth
Making man God or God-like person
To fill man's soul with divine virtue and flavour.
There all efforts wasted, all in vain.
Knowledge-tree withered.
Neither sprouted nor blossomed.

By birth man wild in nature.
Only camouflage
following the censure of civilization.
Man incognito ape, fox, bull, civet-cat, titmouse,
Mouse, swine leech, bug, vulture, cobra.....
All aboriginal animals.
Fond of enjoying earthly pleasure and luxury.
All under the rule of six inherent cardinal passions
Namely sex-passion, anger, greed, infatuation, vanity, and envy.

'PCMG' means
'Project of conversion man into God', absolutely failed thus.
As an easy process till date not followed.

Man can be god.
No religious rites, no meditation, no scripture,
No crusade, no practice, usages required.
How?
Very simple medicine.
That is:

'Eat God. Be God.'

'Eat God,
Be Gog.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Primaeval Nightmare

He Died at primaeval night; nightmare!
Of highly toxic love-snake bite; poor guy!
Thenceforth his whole body
Metamorphosed into as blue as sapphire; -
He is none but sky.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Privy

Each step of the staircase
covered with good-looking colourful velvet.
Lift too well-decorated.
Musicians playing welcome-note...
Crowd showering flowers.

He came.

Looking at the top of the haughty,
arrogant sky-scraper
Simpered...

Neglecting the blood-pressure, poor eye-sight, gout
Order of the Government,
Applications of the organisations
Importunity of the Police
Sweet smile of the young ladies
Request of the friends, relatives,
love of the children,
Chattering of the birds,
Fragrance of the season flowers
Affinity of nature...

Climbed up atop holding a blue-dark rain-pipe.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Probability To Be A Prey Of A Hunter

Probability to be a prey of a hunter
A universally known common blunder.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Proposal Of A Sinful Fellow

Bow my knees before You
A blow of Your sword on my neck
let the head be laid down;
Please do wipe every drop of blood
As if no stain remains

Otherwise fellow like me would annoy You
and nag for favour of Your sword.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Puria-Kalyan

Eternal letter is beyond reading;
Beyond argument, reason, conception,
hypothesis;

Who is the writer?
Written to whom?

Mysterious, incomprehensible;
Yet Puria-kalyan tune
of Goddess of music and learning
flies with the wings of far-fetched idea...

Note: Puria-kalyan is a tune in Indian classical music.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Quarrelling Stars

Millions trillions of stars in the sky.
No relation among them.
Thousands crores geometrical sketches,
the imaginary concept can be drawn
extending whimsical lines..

In my poems words mutually quarrelling stars.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Queer Desire

It is quite natural, even a Hunchback desires to lie on back.
Blunt desires to be sharp, Low desires to be high
Bottom desires to be top, Secret desires to be open
Easy desires to be complicated, Fall desires to be rise.

The boat started journey.
The stormy wind lashed the water into high waves.
The boat with passengers capsized.
Full credit should not be given to the furious storm.
The storm alone can't capsize a boat.

The boat regularly floats straight;
Sometimes desires to turn herself upside down.

Poor storm is blamed.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Question

Smokey far away dreamland
Night-river billowy;
Standing on the bank saw
A branch of flowering tree floating
Sinking and rising
Sometimes gone up to the tot of crest of the wave
Grudually disappearing...
leaving a deep everlasting impression on my mind.
Weaking up I respond to day's call
Engaged in household affairs
But when I stay alone I a'm captured
And see flowering branch floating topsy-turvily
I'm eager to know the name of that flowering tree
Ask whispering
The darkness silent
The light silent
The sky is foggy enveloped
The world is mystery enveloped
Even the metaphysicians snoring
Hobgobling hocus-pocusing
My riparian home flying
fluttering towards terminal point
What it is?
A twig deep blue as rain-forest
Knocking my window screen
Heard `solipsism; solitair solitude....
Beyond sound...
On the solarium standing saw the universe
A dot!
As small as full stop
Left far behind...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Quiescence.

Rim of a wheel blames
Navel of procrastination.
And feels proud of more rotation.
Fie! non-sense.

Navel smiles.
Truth self-manifested, self-evident.
Self-advertisement is quiescence.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Rainbow Of Love

The sun just rises in the east,
Tender love gets up early from bed;
looks stratus in the sky, dyed with red.

Festive land, mysterious sibylline;
Love, saucy, perpetrator strange,
Shadowy evocative orangery swoon orange.

Novel in verse, words beyond words...
Love is writer with zeal and glow;
Hopeful to publish fast yellow-back yellow.

Moonlit-bathed forest land of spring;
Far-off river valley dreaming screen,
Appears blackish, though love is green.

Here and there seen holes serpents living;
Love is suffering from outraging flu;
Preposterous emotion makes him blue.

Who flunks unknown, mallard flying away...
However a drama of phantom on the go;
Background fumed involuted deep indigo.

Dipping light the west-front getting dark,
Virus of star disease rapidly incubate,
The vilifying wind violent to violate violet.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ramadina

Ramadina sang ` ramadhuna' all day long;
Now and then he said, 'so it is.' No bother;
Falling from palm-tree brother-in-law died
Hearing told smilingly "Is he brother of baby's mother? "

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Raped And Brutally Murdered.

Mother-stream weeping
Getting dry marooned.
Father-stone studies
The syllabus of fire hard...

Their only beloved daughter
Raped and brutally murdered.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Rara Avis

Happiness is at beck and call
Of my next-door neighbour...
My better half always upbraids me for that..
As if I am a lady's finger, a husking pedal
To show her my artistic skill as well as heroism
I tried to seduce happiness by hook or by crook..

Not to speak of favour even not cast a glance
I know plain dealing won't do,
Have to do something different
Tried to allure in many ways...

A fondling girl of joy used to visit our house
Now-a-says she is rara avis...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ready To Face The Almighty.

Fire-village my habitant
How dare you frighten me scorching?

Ready to face the Almighty.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ready To Go Beyond The End.

The sky very little;
Maximum dark inaccessible...
How daring!
This fellow ready to go beyond the end.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Real Communist

Actually mad are real communist
Make no difference
between scent of stool and roses
To them everything is eye of feast.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Realism

Gazing is not watching
Arrangement of words
One after another is not writing;

Just imitating is not learning...
Saying 'I love you.' empty words,
real lovers as far as possible never say
A day never announces that it is day

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Reality

Some really walk;
Some pretend to be walkers.
Some really love;
Some habitual lovers.

can you flash like real laughter of flower?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Realization

How she is so swollen?
When sweeping soot
Wiping the mirror seen myself, realize.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Recall The Immaculate Conflict

Recall the immaculate conflict
Modification of light and darkness
Sensory cataclysm
Infection of Omphalos
And contractible time and space
Now-a-days appears mystic...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Red And Black (Racism)

An Indian is black
When an inhabitant of India;
But when is red
Then aborigines of America...

No question of white!

Is it apartheid?
or natural segregation?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Red Carpet

A carpet is always red
When extended
to welcome a man of distinction...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Red-Wings

Got up from bed
Morning is red
Calling me far-off
Agogging cascade

Laughter of flowers
Now an ascetic
Heavenly smell spread
I'm candlestick

Bubbling up water
Mystic birds sing
Prepared to welcome
Coming red-wings

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Reflection

I not allow my love to stand before mirror
Or sit by the side of a pond

Lest would see reflection of scarred face.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Relation

Relation, the father of hatred
With whom it passes night?
Shares bed?
Doesn't know a stupid,
Doesn't know a man living by wit.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Relativity Of Knowledge

Nothing is known even bit a share
Relativity of speed, light and knowledge is fake
The great scholars prepare;
Gulp themselves and appreciate their own cake.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Reminiscences

At quiet mid-night;

The spear-grass perforating woke up
Said, 'Then forgotten? '

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Renewal

My jocular earth always lies in wait
As soon as I sleep at night transformed herself.

In the morning stand before me anew.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Renu

It is I who told the Flowers ins and outs of Renu
Since then the Flowers become beautiful.

It is I who told the Wind ins and outs of Renu
Since then the Wind fragrance-bearer.

It is I who told the Sky ins and outs of Renu
Since then the Firmament deep bluish.

It is I who told the Sea ins and outs of Renu
Since then the Sea is wavy and deep.

It is I who told the Forest ins and outs of Renu
Since then the Forest mysterious verdant.

It is I who told the Night ins and outs of Renu
Since then the Night runs towards morning.

It is I who told the Earth ins and outs of Renu
Since then the Earth revolving restlessly.

It is I who told the Mountain ins and outs of Renu
Since then the Mountain raises head high.

It is I who told the Death ins and outs of Renu
Since then the Death meditates for ambrosia.

It is I who told the Fire ins and outs of Renu
Since then the Fire taken shelter in my heart.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Resistance

A sharp sword comes forward dancing
Then recedes; again comes forward... again..recedes

A deep trench around my dark-house...

Dreadful dance..

Idea!

I converted myself into a sharp sword at once.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Reverse God

Birthday-party of an influential man
Celebrated with great pomp.
Great personalities of different fields
Ministers, Councillors,
Officials, Business-magnets, Friends-companions
And neighbours coming with bouquet
and valuable presents.

On a corner of the shadowy path
A fetid ulcerated old dog
Laid down on death-bed.
Some the invitees notice and wrinkling nose in contempt
some quickly pass the way
Some didn't care to notice
some are indifferent.

The birthday-man got information
And told his men removing the dog immediately.
The men reaching there saw
A grand old lady, an invitee also,
Taking the old dying dog in her arms.

'Fie! fie! fie! what a ghastly sight!
What are you doing Madam?
Dying dog may bite you; very dangerous.
let us throw it away to the nearby potter's field.

The grand old lady smilingly said,
'My sons don't bother.
Like you, he is my reverse God.

Nobody should be afraid of God.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

River-Girl

River-girl under the rain-shadow
Overflowing turbulent....

A boat made of words, not decorated
Would you allow me to float
And it be crossed and recrossed.
Even after the sunset.

Promise I would not compose no more poem.
My floating boat would be the last composition.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Rodent Tree

Once some one lacerated my body
with sharp teeth
After long time from that scar ripped open
A tree shot out...
Tree.
It is tree.
But no leaves.
Only branches..
Long branches raised upright towards the sky
Black, slippery, spiral awkward branches...

From those branches
Thousands of piercing yellow teeth hanging...
Terrible, violent teeth..
Black teeth, yellow teeth, brown teeth...

The tree is highly accrescent,
Pervading...
beyond control of this poor poet ...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Role

Sharp teeth iron-saw cut hard iron
It would have been not possible
Nisi played role of some one's hand

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Roller

At midnight the roller
coming to my lump of the body
Apologising said,

'I can't roll myself.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Room

Window of my room closed;
There only a narrow hole
Wind blowing
Bearing the fragrance of flower...
My room is full of stench
Horrible old clumsy fellow stench
Not willing to leave off the right of possession
There is no door of my room,
Occupying the window
Stench peeping out side through hole..

Fragrance coming but receiving a blow
Taking U-turn...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Room Full Of Soot

Looking and hearing absolutely free;
But friend, take care! Beware!
Hring cring stimulant squeegee;
Room full of soot; Can you clear?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Roots

Whenever wherever I stand,
My roots spread out;
Everything looks illusive dark-green;
Exclusively desire to scatter seeds there
And die sportively and again sprout.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Rope-Way

Rope-way...

The Orient and the Occident two pillars.

As the sun sets in the west.

So the Western passengers

Coming hanging towards East

The orient still drowsy.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Rose

'A rose
Feast of colour
Feast of aroma
Feast of eyes
Feast of nose'...

Said one Mr. Ghosh
To one Mr. Bose.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Route-Line Covered With Bushes And Shrubs

Route-line covered with bushes and shrubs

Only a wretched structure of a bridge..

No more crossing recrossing..

Only standing on the wharf-less shore

Only stepping forward...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Rude Dissatisfaction

Rude dissatisfaction
Taken possession

Sky covered with cloud
Thunder calling aloud

Sharp cohesive sense
Jumping over fence

Lightning sex-knitted
This fellow coddled kitten

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Rumour

Usually Container is bigger then contained
The pond retaining the shadow of the sky
Infinity of sky is nothing but mere rumour
The pond believes but not utters as shy.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

S.S.

Swiftly moving chignon back just bolt
Slough cast off, now flash trillions volt.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Same Path

Same path,
Someone coming....
Someone going....

Does the path know it?
What does know?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Screwpine Flower-Boat

Your eyes flash lightning.

Rain or shine

Screwpine flower-boat

float...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Sea Of Fire

Sea of fire
undulating waves..

Love, a perfunctorily boat
made of dried leaves
desires going beyond

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Secret Fox-Like Sly.

The nadir oversky
Fledging myself overfly.
Pitch a overspace-tent.
I'm the prepotent
Secret fox-like sly.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Secret Hobby.

If there are still open can open egret
Sticking to the neck, but the bone's secret hobby.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

See-Ship..

Your saying is verdant Island
Amidst the billowy sea.

Standing ashore think.
Which way the wind blows.
No ship.
Oh! no!
I have,
See-ship.. see-ship.. see..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Seldom Visits Sweet-Smelling...

In deep coloured evening
Hanging litter going
Shaking the sky-circuit
Maddening drum playing..

Smoking the sorrow-hemp
Now the only way
Smoking the sorrow-hemp
Now the only way

Seldom visits sweet-smelling...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Seraglio

Dark damp night. Aureola around the hanging picture
The wall where the picture hung stepping forward

.

Wall living! Living picture!

Lips dry athirst.

Alighted from the frame eying cravingly

Raising hands stood akimbo in front of me..

' What are you just crazy? Amorphous? palpable?

Loghra-kusum-racy?

A living woman of flesh and blood;

Enthralled me.

Oh! What sharp-set!

I could not repel her.

Fearfully tried to skulf...

The spinster sorely drew me into her seraglio;

I immersed inrushing into a slough.

Blocked lachrymation wants to touch her...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Sexuality

Voice full of sexual-passion-flower-spike,
Endless row
On the sight-road-line be no wayfarer
Only visit and frequent visit of light and shadow
Come floating
Truly to say, coming down
Only a sharp blue arrow...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Shadow-Eater

The lean thin crone alone seated
Under 'Lodhra-kusuma' tree in rest.
Not undergoes troubles of cooking.

On her face lattice of light and shadow.
On her grey hair drop 'Lodhra'
flower one after another..

What does she eat?
Shadow of the persons who approach to the West.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Shadow-Man

A man under a tree
Eating shadow.

Light always keeps aloof from him;
Piqued light crossed the far-off river.

The shadow-man following her stood on the brim.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

She Has Bitten Me Again And Again

She has bitten me again and again
with sharp fangs
Given mortal dose
Yet I not died...

That I'm inanimate.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

She Has Changed Her Clothes

She has changed her clothes
Dirty clothes of love;

I have collected for washing.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

She Is A Book

She is a book.
Written in an unknown language.
Attractive Coverlet;
Unputdownable?

I'm illiterate;
Turn over page one by one
and enjoy the sketches.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

She Is A Hanging Bridge

She is a hanging bridge
Underneath a shadow river
This fellow is benumbed...
River-bed is deep as Gorge
Dark as stormy night
Crosses re-crosses
My high fever with delirium...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

She Is A Pool

She is a pool,
Calm and clear water;
I'm a fool and playful
A tree on the bank, waverer,
Intend to drop a leaf;
To count her wave number.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

She Is My Window.

Never seen a love-tree
But smell fragrance of it's flower;
She is my window.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

She Looked At Me

She looked at me
A river is evolved
Why my boat
Couldn't float,
The sum is still unsolved..

Was it ended in a fiasco ?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Shimmering Sand

Far extending sandy land.
Only a narrow river without water flowing
drawing water-line;
Thirst-driven you would come
Neither get water, nor shadow
Only trampled the cuckold shimmering

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Shine-Dying-Boat

Disappeared the pigeon-flying pasture
The fire bygone
Only withered branches of trees piled up

Shine-dying-boat.
I'm the shadow passenger boarded on ...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Shopping...50% Rebate...

Love only one rupee a kilo
Yet it is a drug on the market
Festival offer
buy a kilo and get
one big jar full of pickle-fire
50% rebate...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Show Me Some Others Love

Show me some others love
Genuine colour, durable;
So that not pale and wan
after washing and bleaching.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Shyam-Kalyan

Verdant accomplishment

Now Shyam-kalyan

Metre variegated

Under investigation

Knows far-off the wain...

Note:

Shyam-kalyan is tune in Indian Classical music.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Since Then Images Not Reflected.

Obstinacy jumped into the water of the pond;
Made the water turbid by stirring.

The verdant trees on the bank in the blue;
The sky too.

Since then images not reflected.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Sinking Boat

The drunkard poem goes staggering

Left intoxicating shadow-boat

The poet saw a sinking boat while writing

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Sit For A While

Sit for a while
Under the shadow

Once you yourself
Buried my love

Yet sprouted
Yet spreading branches
Yet blooming

Can you identify?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Skeleton Of Dead Earth

In every morning
A new earth is born..

Skeleton of dead earth
Shows conjuring tricks
In broad day light

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Skeletons Knock My Door At Every Night.

My day- Urchins curiously jump into the river of fire
Could not swim to the shore, though fight
Their skeletons knock my door at every night.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Skin

There are enough
Be seared skin
Fire is sleepy
Wind is sleepy
Stake is too sleepy
What would have been
If all woke up
Remained unseen

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Sky-Flower Blooming Blue

Sky-flower blooming blue

What is the clue?

What is the clue?

Is there any clue?

Is it eternal beryl-flue?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Slavery

Lick up your spittle; how sweet Sir!

Your figure anointed with slush and dirt, lick up
Oozing blood and pus from your ulcer; lick up
Lick up your shoes treading
Spittle of chewed betel, snot, dead fetid mouse....

Oh Sir, Let me be a slave
Till you beat me with a shoe made of gold.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Slavery -2

Sound sleep of dandy
Snoring terrific...
Standing hooka-bearer,
As if bamboo-stick;

Alert, though worn-out, sick.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Sleep

Shadow under the tree crowded
'Tarja' competitive song of two parties
Put the audience in good humour
Dust wings
Shadow wings
Are on the top branch of that tree..

Moonlight bird brings hay and straw
For building nest of sleep

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Snake-Bitten Poet

Snake-bitten poet, blue foam emitted from mouth
Nobody find a clue of endogenous inner death;
Wings fire-burnt,
Body anointed with ashes..

Suspicion like deep dark cloud overcast the ravine;
Rotatory polarizaion!
A vertigo!
The poet vertiginous?

In the centre of whirlpool a fathomless dark hole;
The poor poet fallen into the hole...
Self-abnegation? Amnesia? Suicidal?

Who would rescue?
Who would rescue?
The sky laughing blue
The light sportive...

Metre, language, emotion, passion twisted in the hole...

The poet little by little drowned into the deepest water..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

So To Speak

So to speak I am just mortar and pestle;
Aroma of ground spices my capital
Would you be pulverized spices some day?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

So What?

Hobby going to top; climbing not known
So what? have influence, money. Man-power
Model ladder procured invisibility shown
My craving turns brash-wood to emerald-bower.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Society Of The Tailless Jackals

An extending Circular way-line
Perching on a dead-tree-vehicle going on
By the side of the way shade of extinct trees
Suddenly deep blue quiescence crowned with
skeleton of extinct birds coming out
Blocked the way
As a representative of an intelligent beast,
The hanky-panky have to be accused of
Committing deforestation-offence
And sentenced to beheading penalty
Screened from a dead light area for infliction of punishment
Clumsy Time the executioner hewed my head
with a blow of ultramodern technological sword
Since then moving as truncated goblin
Since then the earth is full of truncated goblin.
A headless never cares headache

Tailless jackals never feel uneasy in the society of tailless.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Soliderity

Needlessly why she left me alone?
Now my soliderity is a heavy sphere
Rolling down trampling the sun, stars
The earth, flowering trees spike of corn.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Solubility

Light not fallen on the pot
Good heavens! conventional light fell just now.

Aqua regia? Acid?
Night blackish gold or Night-platinum?
Fusible?

Night-milk?
Would turn into posset?
Darkness condensed around the root.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Some Day I Must Be Pressed

What clatters whole night?
Making holes on the floor, a mouse?
Walls getting hollow bit by bit
Some day I must be pressed
Know, under my own house...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Some Day Or Other

Fallen leaves piled up here
It is better to stay
Worms are busy with their household work
they would be equally benevolent to satisfy my hunger

The trees are shady, benevolent
Let me sit on a branch...
Tinkling sound pleasing to the ear is heard
Seems a wild stream flowing in the vicinity
Some day or other I will dip my burnt wings

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Some One Can Be Reddened

some one can be reddened
dipping in deep red colour
but redoubtable mind
never anointed

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Somehow I Have To Manage ...

Long stretch out field
Stepping forward very fast
I have to reach before the sun-set
On the way a thorny bush created trouble
Somehow I managed...

Came to the bank of a river
Roaring furiously
Neither boat nor bridge
At any cost I have to cross
A withered stem was there
made it boat..
Somehow I managed...

On the valley I fell in the clutch
of a pack of wolves
They were really hungry
Ready to make me their meal
I was thinking somehow to manage
They were very considerate
Only pawed my flesh, left the skeleton
However somehow I managed...

Started walking rattling
Fire coming stood in front of me
He was violently hungry
Then I started thinking
Somehow I have to manage ...

The sun threatening to set...
Somehow I have to manage
to reach before the evening...
Somehow I have to manage ...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Someone Left Symmetry

Someone left symmetry
weighty and classical
voice cultivation-hilltop
rolling down
rolling down
stone... envious

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Sometimes

Sometimes it appears as if none of us alive
Fear and uncertainty and suspicion
And poison-bedaubed knives
Our all times neighbours
Put on hoodwink, chew dry wood
And drenched in little munificent showers
To save skinning the back...

Morning rolls to the evening hours.
Ultimate result of the action
Passing charcoal-stool and fetid urine
Though think projection and revolt not farce

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Sometimes-2

Sometimes stars sub rosa
Sometimes you ahead....

My night-wooing sapphire-attributed.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Sorrow Is Far-Extended Fathomless Water

Sorrows are far-extended fathomless water;

My boat of happiness made of leaf

Floating..

Tossing..

Tossing..

The wind catches the breath..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Sorrow Selling

Sorrows by nature black in colour,
Not at all fair to look;

When I articulately dispose of
I have to make those colourful
And wrap it up in a piece of silken cloth.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Soul

Soul is eternal
Neither born nor expires.

Only assumes form.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Spittle

Spittle resting assured in the mouth.
However experience bitter;
Whenever spitted, spittle knows surely
Contemptible to it's spitter.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Spying

Flashing signal; Cloud calling..
But whom? Whom adores?
None responds
For spying
Commenced heavy downpour.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Sriranjistruck.

Bolt from the blue may happen.
Often seen man, beast, tree died of thunderstruck.

Death of thunder?
No record.
Though hard to believe.
Now it's a reality.

Thunder died of "SRIRANJISTRUCK."

Love-protected SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR
Always handles with care love-fire arms.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Stand Face To Face Alone

A huge stone laid on the way
Deep black live stone
Immovably heavy stone
So high jumping over improbable

Sloping way
Running...running and running in a funk
The stone also running after me at high speed...

Suddenly I stopped changing direction
Stand face to face alone;
The stone burst into pieces
And in the ocean of darkness sunk.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Standing A Tree On The Bank Of A Lake

Standing a tree on the bank of a lake;
On leaves sparkling evening-light.
youthful Darkness-girl comes naked to bathe...

Desire to present her something
What gift can be given?

Roots get excited;

Call the Glimmering fire-fly...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Standing On An Ivory Tower

Standing on an ivory tower
watch my country passing
Through the ice-age
Yet a few trying to bloom flower...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Standing...

Palm tree thunder-struck, underneath deep darkness

Standing

Forest-fire, no sign of verdancy, heap of ashes, winding wind

Standing

A river of sand, merely line of current, wretched boat, ghostly valley

Standing

Corpse of fire, yellow moon flowers, solitary grave, icy temperature

Standing

I'm beyond substance, yet a clumsy shadow stretches beyond the horizon

Standing

My standing, understanding, over-standing, vatic standing, quibble standing a peak

Standing

Brimful dark-golden pot full of poison raising itself touching lips' of

Standing

The speed lying coiled as a dead snake under the feet of my

Standing....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Star-Disease

I'm suffering from chronic inflammatory Star-disease
Whole body infested with thousands of big and small stars.

My great grandfather advised me in dream,
The only way of healing to marry a sky-lass.

Hey Old sky, how many daughters have you?
Let me immediately marry at least one of them.

But my disease is very much infectious.
Save me. Save the world. Save yourself.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Statue Of Stone

The pedestrians whether young or old
Even the terminal even cold fire crop
Must look at me! ay my face for a moment

I know some who look at first two
My treasure in the chest....

Though I'm statue of stone

There is no getting rid of....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Stephen Hawking And Love-Affairs

A handsome armed gallant and his honey-tongue sweetheart
Sitting under shadow of a blooming 'kurubak Tree'
On the bank of a brook flowing
in the forest of 'Banirnachandarhhi'
Immersed in amorous talk.

Kurubak leaves dancing
Kurubak flowers dropping
Rain-moistened wind blowing in joy

The 'Kurubak Tree-man is a evesdropper.
Likes to pay heed to talking of others.

His leaves erected in excitement,
Buds stop blooming...
As he noticed a black-hole in the amorous talking of the pair
Sitting under his shadow.

He recalled the 'Big-bang Theory' of Stephen Hawking
Recalled 'A brief History of Time.

The black hole?
Oh! how condensed!
Light could not coming out
Within a fraction of a second assimilates everything,
The universe, the space, the speed, the time
Even love!

But the 'Kurubak Tree-man hopeful as
Stephen Hawking finally published a solution
to the black hole information paradox

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Stormy Sagacity

Does wind know my intense curiosity?
Playing with curtain. Why not flying it up?
O God, bestow him stormy sagacity.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Story Of Darkness And Light

I confess that I'm a born blind;
The world of a blind have no boundary
But for an eyed confined.

I know something more about darkness.
So, I have a moral right to speak the mystery
of darkness, the infinity.

Darkness natural;
Light artificial.
Darkness mother of light;
Light silly offspring.
Darkness immortal;
Light mortal
Darkness absolute truth;
Light general truth

Light born for searching the eternal truth of darkness.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Story-Stream

Story-stream flowing whimsically
Winding current
On the shore grandfather trees, youthful trees
Mysterious bushes, clever creepers
Suspicious wood of grasses
On the current sometimes some fickle tree
Drops leaf
mist-veiled light wreathes a garland shadow
shows magical lattice-works
Jocular tactful wind plays wave-game
Waves getting excited suffer from giddy
Being instigated overflowing
Call the wretch boat floating
Shore broken
Riparian inhabited places flooded
surface of the river
Changes its face again and again
Seen new river-basin, new land
Upon that river then no boat
On the bend the current thrusts
Procrastination learns new theory of kinetics

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Stratified Night-Rock

Once gifted you
Frantic flowers
of my youthful-days' garden,
Not being induced
But with full knowledge and belief;
Then myself not satisfied with that,
I have to bestow more....
It is the high time
While the world little by little
Attaining emancipation
Please accept my stratified night-rock,
Till unturned.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Stupid Fellow

Naturally feel hunger what then I eat?
Listen sir, whatever I get not making noise...
Eat gladly without any discrimination.
A fellow like me should not have choice.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Success Stands On Seventeen 's'

Success stands on
Seventeen 'S'
Skill, scheme
Scope, sincerity
Sleight, spirituality
Star, status
Struggle, support
Sacrifice,
Self-criticism
Self-confidence,
Self-devotion
Self-control,
Self-restraint and
Sharpness

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Success-2

Success is the sky
Standing on the highest peak
A guy
Can try
To touch
Raising hands high...

But fi fu fye
Intangible sky.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Success-3

Often success appears equivalent to money and fame,
Winning a competitive institutional game..

Analogous to wealth, authority, radiant power
Influence, fulfil of cherished desire and honour..

Weighing in the balance of happiness and comfort
Though success is made of gold but merely an earthen pot.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Sudden Storm

Sudden storm
That would not have ceased
Before you reach home

You even could not imagine
I'm at your heels
Whom you know gentle south-wind...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Summer Noon

summer noon
the sky of the poet
overcast with cloud
only tempestuous wind blowing
not even drizzling

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Summer-Man

Now the summer-man bring the basket down from the head
Shadow-sheltered eventless days come, lift up,
Whatever you have hay and straw, dust and sand, withered flowers
Dry branches, life-long amassed wax, oil, shellac, gunpowder...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Sunglasses

Wearing a black sunglasses
Advantageous
The sight can't guess
Whether it is marked...

So stays not on the alert,
untrimmed...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Sun-Rays Compose Poems

Newly sprouting of the bottle-green bo-tree leaves register ...
Sun-rays compose poems with golden ink in the morning.
Usual words-emotion-style scattered around on the dust
On the bight of the river, sloped of the mountain of the spring

Birds flowers and the sky and the seas are the readers.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Surely Made True The Gnome

All life prayed for rain,
Only given fire-shower;
prayed for shadow again,
Only given poison flower.

Being snake myself bitten,
Vomited thick black foam;
Being hungry myself eaten,
Surely made true the gnome.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Swallowed Me

Is it zigzag road under shadowy bluish bower?
Nay! a demoniac hungry cruel reptile.
As soon as I step thither swallowed me
And crawling down speedily into the dark hole.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Swindled Me The Band Of Shadow-Sellers

Swindled me the band of shadow-sellers
Saying thickly woven, opaque
Persuaded me to buy a counterfeit goods
Now how shall I conceal myself?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Talking

Talk. No words are not my own words.

Filthy language, obscene talk about methane follow excessive-damn true...

Which is to say that telling ostentatious lies is an art

Although there is no way to lie to pretend to be mute hobby...

Lie for him to say,

The foundation trembling

Without the knowledge of good and evil will one day be lost consciousness

If you want to break the fall break

The moon fell upon blue conversion

Although there is a language that even the dumb wall

Pressing to death ...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Tenacious Bad Habit

Tenacious bad habit
In solitude, tranquillity, mist,
In the deep darkness captures me
Holding my neck makes me running
Towards the edge of a deep dark ditch
Instigate me to jump;

I am a destitute one
Blindly jump.....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Tender Virescent Sapling Of Love

Tender virescent sapling of love
set up fence round it
otherwise lopped off by cattle.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Termination

In course of time fire died
No more boresome wrangling
Path is also coiled under feet
Slowly the evening is falling

Standing on the edge of a ditch
Beckoning hollowness the infinite
No belief in transmigration of souls
My deposition stored up to night

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ternate-1

Doing nothing someone king;
Doing something someone gets something,
Doing everything someone gets nothing.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ternate-10

A highway

Someone is coming, someone is going;

Does the Way know who is coming? who is going?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ternate-2

What is searched for is not found
What is found is not searched for
Searching is habitual procrastination.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ternate-3

Where I have reached is not my destination
Where is my destination yet not known
I'm an employee of movement-office.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ternate-4

What I think never happens
What happens I never think
The happening-wheel spinning.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ternate-5

My front-side can't see my back-side
My back-side can't see my front-side
Mirror always reflects reverse image.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ternate-6

What someone performs easily I can't by any means
What I can perform easily someone can't by any means
Everything is easy, every is hard.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ternate-7

Some men are really men
Some appear to be men
Manhood is to be achieved.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ternate-8

Some men are womanly
Some women are manful
Yet man is man, woman is woman.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ternate-9

A bird can fly
Whatever can fly is not bird
Mind is not bird but can fly.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Terrorist

O Gablush! Open your mouth;
yea.. That's a very good young chap!
Row of black teeth;
Star-lime within the cogwheel
Gaps filled with scraps of sun-flesh
Around the dish universe-bones scattred
I'm also delicious wholesome diet
Salivated
Full of bowl
Now have a ready meal
Gulp
Gulp
Gulped! Bravo!
Now I'm getting down through gullet
O how easily captured the abdomen-state
Perhaps you could not even imagine
I'm a terrorist!

Self-diffusing human-bomb..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Test No. 2

Test No. 2

Full Marks : 100

Time: No Limit.

Answer the following questions:

(Each question carries equal marks: 5 x 20)

Q. No.1. What is the form of time?

Q. No.2. Is it really running?

Mention the starting point and destination.

Is it running on a fixed track?

Is so, then why? Discuss with satisfying reasons.

Q. No.3. It is said time is a poet.

What was the first poem composed by time?

Quote the first stanza.

Q. No.4. What is the real meaning of time?

Discuss elaborately.

Q. No.5. Why it was created? Explain.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Test No.1.

Test No.1.

Full Marks: 100

Time : No limit.

Answer the following questions:

(Each question carries equal marks: 5 x 20)

No.1. How was the first morning?

No.2. How was the first evening?

No.3. What was the date and year of first morning?

No.4. By whom the first morning was welcomed?

No.5. Why the first morning and first evening was created?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

That Is The Question...

That is the question...

What is the question?

Nobody knows the question...

But answer is known.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Interfluent River...

If I say now none believe them
So I floated my words in the interfluent river...
That would be never written in my autobiography
In my poems.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Ants

They are coming and going all day long, all night,
Disciplined endless procession, maintaining row;
They are hard nut to crack, never give up fight;
In there society also two sections, high and low.

They are very humble, never revolt against the queen.
I think they keep aloof forever from the politics.
So they exists peacefully, greed not brings about ruin ...
The ants believe in labour, not in artifices and tricks.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Assassin

The assassin laid low
The whole sky blood-stained.
Blooming branches of 'Madayanti' quiet
Though everything knows.

- Madayanti.... a kind of flowering tree.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Beauty Stood Upright

Hot summer noon
Standing on the bank of a lake
Watching bathing of a moon.

Absolutely muddy water
A heron meditating on one leg
Birds not chatter.

Dry wind came
Flown the withered leaves
Playing funny whiling game.

The moon looked left and right
Undressed herself
The beauty stood upright.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Bird Flown Away

The bird flown away
The cage is filled in with
Significant fullness.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Body Is Scarred With Stars...

I'm Day finished for today...
Sucked all colours;

Is it a sin?

Apparently no fever;

The body is scarred with stars...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Bone-Mountain

We had a happiness. Very delicious.
When we felt hunger, now and then felt...
We both snatched away a bit.

Flesh of happiness finished in course time.
We started crunching it's bones
and threw those away hither and thither.
Some piled up in our drawing room, in bed room.
Now it subsists in between us so high
That we can't see each other.

The pervasive shadow of the bone-mountain
eaten up our world.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Bubbling Of Laughter

Flower on the branches of the tree
Flower fallen into the ground
The bubbling of laughter of them
Is the same

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Clever Stupid

The stupid shakes branches of the tree
The branches wealthy with bevy of fruits
Day and night two basket on shoulder
O stupid where are you going?

The stupid gets down in the river
Makes detenu a sheaf of female waves.
O stupid with which fill up the basket?
With bevy of fruits?
Or a sheaf of female waves.

The stupid grins as a clever fellow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Colourful Death-Tree

My head-flower fallen off every now then
The colourful death-tree blossomed again.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Corpse

Flying sand; wind standstill
The corpse lying on the bight of the river
Stands stepping forward tottering
The starry sky down kissing noisily; fence
Stretching and rolling quiescence
Outlying dimmed hill.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Corpse Of Sun

The corpse of sun lying on a ground
covered with dark grass
The long-necked vulture in the Aeon-graveyard
Devouring the flesh of sun with sharp edge of beak...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Culprit Under Shade.

Who has concealed ? Who has concealed?
The Water? The Wind? The Earth? The Sky?
Doubted the Fire, the culprit under shade.

Already extinct? or hidden?
My body is revolving in search of my head.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Darkness Awaited For Eructation

Lying underneath an inverted stone
A white cool structure
Dead? asleep? the stone is agnostic...

Sucking the blood of the sun
The cloud insane
Causes exuding blood-shower...

Rain shadow pervading
The stone displaced exploded
The structure rises tottering walking...

Afflicted with violent hunger
Swallowed the cloud, thunderbolt
Swallowed the sky with the sun
And the stars the planets
Light and darkness
Swallowed the time; motion;

Only He Only He knows the ascension

The darkness awaited for eructation....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Darkness Mocking

No ways
Yet man walking
Where to go?
Where to go?
The darkness mocking....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Darkness The Only Witness

Digging a hole by night
The corpse of the day buried;
Carefully plundered proof,
None got an inking of my misdeed.

Yet since then I'm black-mailed
The darkness the only witness,
Whips me to compose poems
Prove my word-ruse real ruthless.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Dawn

Strange blue firmament
The dawn stands jumping pose on the apex
Far below the skeleton of darkness
Ending the night-magic striking the tent.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Days Are Gone

The days are gone;
I'm the corpse-bear.

Shouldering..

Appeasing of hunger
Crunch the bones and flesh of them.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Drowsy Saint And His Stick

The drowsy saint
A stick also sleeping with him.
At the middle of night the stick woke up
Started walking.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Earth Is A Pendent

The earth is a pendent
The necklace is missing...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Earth Revolving As Merry-Go-Round.

The skeleton of words
Gets wings; listened fluttering sound
Dark branches of the Star-tree
Sitting on a branch applying metaphysics
Mesmerised the light underneath
The earth revolving as merry-go-round.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Earth Stopped Moving.

Cumulated prayer for raining

Words dogging after me

The sky overcast with extrapolated emotion
Darkened
Dog-star disappeared

The earth stopped moving.

Flash!
Streak of lightning!

The motionless earth asks me to roll her....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Evening

The Cow-boy of song in the blues
Behold him, be seated alone
Neath such a tree has no magic shadow
Slope of the hill his straw-hut, mystic meadow.

His flute floating away on wild stream
Evening birds coming back fluttering
The sun about to set coloured ascension
The carol of dark-tune-lady the sky would sing.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Evening-2

Day died;
On the dusk cremation ground
funeral ceremony finished...

Who is the killer?

The stars peep inquisitively.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Eyes Of The Poet

Clawed eyes of the poet
No eyes there;
 Only deep black hole

Persons suffering from amnesia
And too have anachronism
And fetid amour
Who are enticed by shadow of the tree
Comes out from their anal seen asquint
Blinding blazing light belching from that dark eye-hole...

The stars, the sun and the moon decocted

Started reading fly-leaf of the macrocosm

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Facts

Fool pragmatists scattered my bones;
On clay, sand, dust, slush and hard stone.
Clever Objectives walk jumping over,
Radical, subjectivism tactically hover...
Optimal sun-shine, wind know the facts
The bones' sublunary aim, taciturn tact.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Fascinating Pickpocket

I pocketed my cool feelings.
All over body tied with self-knit net;

Where lying florid sharp knife,
The fascinating pickpocket?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Fire-Bird Would You Tell

The fire-bird would you tell
The story of the skeleton of fire
And burnt wings curved to right
The story of ashes-shower...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The First Edition Of My Love

The first edition of my love

Worm-eaten

The manuscript of the second edition

is under preparation

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Flower And The Root

What a beautiful light in the sky!
To see the flowers, say
'O Root! Confined yourself in the dismal darkness
Engaged forever in search of fluid
Not enjoying heavenly beauty
Fascinating colorful world. '

The root says grinning, 'Listen, this mythical idea...
Ascetic who is the composer of saga of seraglio;
The sidereal
Sense of humor
Why saucy not be smug
Light color - you bathed, is my glory. my credential

If you do not
I get the same look and smell. '

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Followers

All quiet
The leaves of the Peepul tree not dancing
As soon as she steps into the alley
The wind also
Followed her at heel...

Standing by the window
I keep watching her go.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Geetanjali Composes Tagore Everyday.

Asleep on the bank of Rupnarayana
Dreamt that Rabindranath is not true at all
Wiped away Vaisakh Sravana
Seasons-cycle moving
The 'Geetanjali' composes Tagore everyday.

*Rupnarayana....A famous river.

* Vaisakha..1st month of the Bengali year. Rabindranath born on 25th Vaisakh.
(7th May,1861)

*Sravana..4th month of the Bengali year.

There is a poem? "Rupnarayaner kule jege uthlam";..Woke up on the
bank of the Rupanarayana

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Gnome Of My Love

Raining seems not bad
Evening come flying at noon.
The Kadamba Tree on the bank of the offing river
As if mystery blue castle
An unknown bird seen folding wings
Sat on a branch of lightening tree far away...
Rain the skilful artist
Started drawing landscape of my Love
Nay! the gnome of my love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Gnome Of My Love.

Raining not bad
Evening come flying at noon.
The Kadamba Tree on the bank of the offing river
as if mystery blue castle
An unknown bird seen folding wings
Sat on a branch of lightening-tree far away
Rain, the skillful artist
Started drawing landscape of my silly Love

Nay! the portrait of the gnome of my love.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Heart Full Of Fire

Oh Mister, closing eyes see whatever be seen
Giving no ears hear whatever be heard
Even closing the mouth can chat.... isn't?
O Mister, what not be understood go

Uncultivable sterile land
Make yourself seed and sow..

The heart full of fire:
Rain or not rain what makes difference
Some day be sprouted
Flowers of fire blooming
The amazing sky broken down with the old crazy sun.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Hungry Star-Girls

Suddenly woke up at midnight
Fibrous root grown in my body.
Asparagus?
My legs rhizome.
Tried to speak.
My whispering words as if leaves
And arranged as phyllotaxy.
Self-pollination going on.
My branches break the walls,
Ceiling of my earthly abode.
Standing upright spread myself in the sky

The hungry star-girls sat under my shadow...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Image Of Darkness.

Rats enter into the hole
With a bundle of candles
The are keen to see
The image of darkness.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Largest One

From the time immemorial
Suffering from infectious disease.
None knows, as I carefully concealed
To escape from loathing and
Indifference of the neighbours, kith and kin;
I confess today I myself murdered Morning-maiden.
Since then on the stratus of the east horizon
Smearred with blood.
I, the reversion, the prime vertical,
The largest one, elemental insane.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Last Sun-Shune Is The Ringleader

Field extending as far as horizon;
Only the wide river 'Banatosini' flowing
from the South to the North;
Since morning standing on the bank
willing to cross it
Couldn't ...
There was neither bridge, nor any boat;
And I too unable to swim.
Waiting when the current would be dried up.

The last sun-shine returning home after marketing.
A grand event took place.
The last sun-shune is the ringleader.
I'm grateful to him.
He lengthened my shadow so tall
which easily crossed the river.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Light-Goer

Coming out the boy running
Dad running after him
Mom also running saying - -
"O my poor son you will be fallen, you will be fallen.
Go slow, go slow. Be calm and quiet."
The boy not bother to look back rather runs faster
Passed the arid stony field; sand duene
The running boy crossed thr river
Passed the shadowey grove
Passed the dark mysterious moon-lit forest-land
Jumped over the high snowey mountain peak
Crossed the sky-line; apex
Crossed the horizon
Now he turns into a shiny dot of light
The boy went up to the evening star....

Dad and Mom stand on the edge of the sky-ocean
The quaint earth on their shoulder trembling
They are fatigue but try to build a light-made alley
where the earth roll down....

They believe some day they reach their son the Light-goer
with the rolling old earth

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Love-Boat Propelled By Oars

The love-boat propelled by oars ;
The storm cuts joke;
At first gives a push
causes streaming out at high speed,

Then ducks.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Mirror.

Look at me thousands times
Not willing to watch me for
Even a moment?
However, content a little got
I'm the mirror.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Mystic Fire-Eater

I can not do it; I can do that;
Gibbering whole day long
And day after day neglect
whom who the day-chewer
One day you see in truth occupying the solarium
A gibbon try to snap at you
Oh! Oh! Ho Ho Ho ! How charming horrible!
On his back corpse of the sun
Then you will be in deep trouble
Have to arrange funeral pyre
Suppose you arranged ;
But where to dispose the pille of funeral ash?
What if?
Mind it oblivious
I out-doer
The mystic fire-eater
Licking up the ash on the sun nothing whatever....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Nonentity Magnet

The world is a transcendental net
Who stand on the edge of a ditch
Pulls them fathomless, the nonentity magnet.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Noon-Well

Ascetic love.

Suddenly waking up
stood by the noon-well;
No sign of water.

To quench thirst ran after elf-fire.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Patal Batabyal

Patal Batabyal written on the grave

Born ? on 29th March,1959 A.D.

Died ? on 29th March 1939 A.D.

Village: Paschim Sarangpura Cave.

Once the land habitable now deep forest

None visited possibly for long time.

Flowers bloom the trees show mime;

Only the brook flowing not taking rest.

Paramount peak of Blue hills offering;

Rain-gravid cloud lowering down shadow...

At night star-sheep come down on the meadow

The birds only sing not count winter spring

At full-moon night a nymph flying comes

Patal Batabyal coming out of yhe grave stands

Plays with nymph; the forest then divine land

The quiescence full of poems welcomes

Who is patal Batabyal? Hero? Great man? nay

A poet deferent of oblivion a canoe buoyant

Received no royalty; no friendly condiment

A good-for-nothing fellow like me flaming hay. .

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Path Is Our Sole Controller, Our Destiny

We stand still.

The Path under our feet running at high speed

Path never goes straight.

Where does go also not known.

The Path is our sole controller, our destiny.

May be we are all jack of all treads;

But the path only knows the destination.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Pen

An evil sprite possessed my pen, dazed?
The pen Jumps up flying over the dark circle
returns vomiting blood with the speed of lightning
and destroys the old immovably centre pillar.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Perverted Poet

The poet always suffers from contagious disease
Yet enceinte frequently ;
Always immerged in transgression;
Though impotent; but perverted or depraved;
In moonlit night, in colourful spring days,
Abd when the sky overcast with cloud,
Raining over the river vally
When moonlit-bathed forest-land appears elfin
The poet give birth to cripple children, lump of words.
Ebullient Philoprogenitiveness of eddy overflowing...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Poems Have Set In

The poems have set in...
Every now and then,
rumbling of words is heard;
Flashes of lightning not seen.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Poet

The skulking poet disappearing hurriedly
through dark coppice boscage bower
Fainted words conceived ; betrayed
Left behind with signs of assaults.
The poet is covetous and coward
The poet is churlish and fetid shower.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Poet -2

A big elephant

Unaware it's physiology.

A poet also unaware about his poem.

The poet nothing but a grove of aesthetic sentiment.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Poet Is Alone

The poet is alone, who made
Stand him in front of a mirror naked.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Poet-Tree

Around a deep and wide pond thorny bush,
Bluish groves of known-unknown trees...
No wharf; all, even cattle avoid the pond.

At solitary night a wheel whirling round and round
on the black water; mysterious rays radiated.

The poet leaving home comes there alone.
Like an improvident wants to dive into the water;
His body bruised all over with piercing thorns.

Yet unconscious poet gets down in the water.

A radiant circle of water crosses the dark horizon...

Thereafter nobody seen the poet in the neighbourhood
Only noticed a poem-tree blooms on a bank of the pond.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Pot-Bellied Stone..

A horrible stone in time got swelled up
would swallow the space, time,
Light, darkness, speed, hormone..

There would be nothing...

Everything would be digested
By the pot-bellied stone..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Reason Is Not Far To Seek.

The reason is not far to seek.

Keep open the window of your bed-room at moon-lit night

Would see a blooming 'Champaka Branch' with divine fragrance

Trying to peep at your room.

Why?

The reason is not far to seek.

Equation is very clear.

The Blooming 'Champaka Branch' equal to SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Red

Black man...red blooded
White man... red blooded
Pink man ...red blooded
Brown man.. red blooded
Yellow man...red blooded

A king..... blue blooded
The aristocratic.....blue blooded
Sometimes king's followers... blue blooded

Red turns to blue
or turned to blue?

Why?
Is there any clue?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Ring-Leader

My Coppices getting thickened day by day
And as dark as cloud.
Now you may hide yourself and play tambour.

Even the father of Shiva could not trace
the tuff of hair on the head.
While you safely escape,
People will take for me the ring-leader.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Scenario

Burnt, everything burnt;
A sprouted grass curiously peeped at..

Saw the scenario.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Shadow Canoe

Turning to hide in the shadow of light
passed through the bush
An awkward creature out it's tounge
Who goes? Who goes?
No response to any call
Nor makes any sound;
Stood in front of the reddish glow face to face

-

Oh my god this animal leaves impression of my face
on the calm water of the pond

Bastard wind repeatedly calls the hyacinth
Hustle that shado canoe

Poor very poor no idea at all
My canoe keep up eith up to the eternity....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Shadow Inspector

Deserted bushy moor
Laid down beneath a lone evening-tree
Marsh around
Snake crawling across the morass
Cricket creaking
The sky overcast
Plants sensitive to the wind
Shook getting a stink
I am dead long long time ago
Decomposed body rotting
Flesh scattered, bones out...

The shadow inspector came
Started writing accounts

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Shadow Photometer

Absence of light is darkness? nay..

Wrong idea

On an arid zone alley of word-trees

Bluish grove of emotion

Poet walking

Parsing?

Suddenly a piercing thorn pawed at his eyes

The poet going astray fell into a ditch

The shadow photometer broken into pieces...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Shaft Dancing

Shaft dancing

The shaft dancing

Fox piping from the hole

Fox discontent fox

Foxed the shaft and himself driven out

The shaft bounces and enters into the hole

The Ghost whispering under the astral sky.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Skeleton Of Poem

Got wings the skeleton of poem..
Blueish branches of the sky-tree
The skeleton hanging legs displays jugglery
Beneath the bellicose stars lose hight.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Skeleton Of The Poet Hesitates..

Black water
Blue water
Red water
Briny water call
Come on... come on...come on...
The skeleton of the poet hesitates..

What a fun!
A dead is is benumbed with fear!

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Sky Ceased To Exist

Underground cellar raising magnetic hands
held the the sky in grip;
Folding and twisting interned.

Since then the sky ceased to exist.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Sky Is Smaller Than Eye

Eye holds the sky,
Container is always bigger than contained...

So the sky is smaller than eye.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Sky-Gallery

The sky-gallery
Self-drawn painting-spectators
spinning round

Would be paintings waiting
Assembled on the foreground

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Sorrows Of My Childhood Days

The sorrows of my childhood days are colourful;
I kept them in a vault.

When blackish sorrows of my youth

Stand in front of me

Opening the vault I take them out...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Spirit Of Time Made Me Fond Of Amorous Sports

The curtain swinging...

Who? Who? Who?

Anybody is there?

None. But Wind...

The night screwing the world
with aerial roots of an invisible banyan tree.

Just in the nick of time ultra-colour
rushing speedily like a piercing horned ox.

Just in the nick of time to hide shameful oozing of semen
the saint got down into the water.

This is the high time or your arrival.

I'm the deported.

The spirit of time made me fond of amorous sports.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Stone Of Love

The stone of love should be thrown away
and taken its flesh.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Syllabus Of Fathomless

A man frequently visited a ditch and stood on its edge
His objective was to undergo the syllabus of fathomless.

In course of time realised
Just standing on the edge fathomless could not be learnt;
So he glancing back for a moment jumped into the ditch.

The ditch burst into a laughter.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Tree Flying High In The Sky

Fascinating tree calm and quiet all day long
Slow-moving sweet breeze raising gentle waves
The birds sitting on the branches singing songs
The valley overflowing a tune in middle octave.

The tree flying high in the sky saw at night
Clotted hair-like cloud clung round the roots
Piercing the awning canopy mounting upright
Disappearing the morose misty earth under foot.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Ultimate Truth

The passer-by is abstract
But apparently a clear road
Alignment ahead...

The bluish sky laughingand laughing...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Universe Is An Egg

The universe is an egg.
Incubated....

The oviparous chick
will come out some day
breaking the egg-shell.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Unknown

Freakish clumsy high-necked born in from the abyss
Particularly Who affraid of abyss break their necks;
lick up the bodies of the sleepy with rough toungue.
Pretends as if caught red-handed but vanishes as camphor.

How looks, none guess only seen obscure figure;
Now looks alive as thunderbolt at once appears a stone;
Giggles, grumbles shows gag none there can decode;
The long and short of his grisly behaviour wants testy meal.

How disgusting! though meal offered but willingly starves
And at night calls the starved people by the side of the abyss -
Provokes to dive them into the deep dark bottomless hole;
As soon as the infatuated men dive, he bursts into laughter.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Weeds

The weeds grow rapidly
Weeds growing rapidly
Blinded in rage sending them to the jaws of death
Fabricate uprooting hypothesis
Like a wild buffalo plough the earth
Set them fire..
By no means die...
Hereditarily descendants of 'Raktabija'

So growing fast occupy
My blood-flesh-bones-marrow-brains... every nook and corner

Now the whole world under the administration of weeds.

'Raktabija'... In Indian Mythology a Demon whose a drop of blood would create a new demon as soon as it fell to the ground

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Wheel Rolling Down

The wheel rolling down
The wheel beyond the knowledge of speed
By the side of the alley
Shadowey world dormant under the dim moonlight
None awakened

The Dream hawking himself wandering on the solitary way....

Suddenly the wheel diverted direction
flung over the crest of eternal wave
The universe standstill, motionless
BRAMHA started sleeping inside a niche of congealed pervasiveness.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Whole

None in the world identical to me
My no equipodential in the past.
Not at present, none would be in future
I'm but my only substitute
I'm the only one, endless, incomprehensible
Beyond comparison, determined, imitation,
Beyond life and death...
I'am the eternal...the paramount.. the whole

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Wind-Egg

Heat getting exhausted
Brains frozen
Yet the bird incubating me,
The wind-egg....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Word-Hell Avenue

Just come our from fetid slush of words;
Rotten flesh fallen off ;
My skeleton walking on rattling the Word-hell Avenue
Dark light ejected from my two black holes in place of eyes
Clumsy Death-emissary bantering among themselves.
Once they tried to take off my skull for practice catching;
One of them fearfully told,
"Don't touch the skull. It's a poet's head."

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The World-Grinding Tree

The world-grinding tree
No trace of the very ox.

We the common folk,
Yoked.
 Yoked.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The World-Wayfarer

Strange dim light; forest over the river appears ghostly;
Light of the twelfth day of dark fortnight. Is it?
Or shouldering the corpse of light
Lowering head the world-wayfarer walking away bit by bit?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Would Be Poet

The tree having new sprouts and twigs naturally
What poetry can be written without knowledge of the letter O?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

The Writing Concerns The Handle

From the beginning of the writing concerns the handle

Blade-missing

Gradually increasing coppies and bussh don't disclose

What do you know

How far you know.....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Their House

This is their house. Thatched with hay.
No speciality. No novelty at all;
Rather a simple house, like all other houses.

Common people say,
Their house is also infested with flies, cockroaches,
Mosquitoes, ants, white-ants bugs, lizards, mice.

Secretly known, all members of that house, boat-eater;
Some of their neighbours seen at some deep dark night
Their house floating as if a boat on the far milky-way...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Then

Then no river, no ocean born
But creast of the weave touching the apex of the sky
Then no stars or the sun born
But a morning flying crossing over the horizon
Then no trees or bluish grove
But a boat made of leaf moving towards the eternal point
Then no language, no prosody, alphabets, words
But poet engaged composing the first poem.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Then Can Be Gazed At Each Other...

All of us have come to the valley of tranquillity;

A river is flowing...

Standing on the shore let us be undressed ourselves

And floated the dresses on the current

Then can be gazed at each other...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Then What Should I Do Mr?

Pillars one after another reduced to dust.
Corn-field one after another burnt to ashes.
Then what should I do Mr?

Throughout life whatever I composed
chip them and fly into the air.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Theory Of Creation

I am the Bird laid an Egg
The Egg on the point of the Spear
An Ovid in the Egg
Macrocosm in the Ovid.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Theory Of Rape

First night after marriage.
The bridegroom entered into the reading room;
Neither read the title of the book
Nor cast a look on the cover.
Outright turned over the page
And started reading.

The title of the book is 'Theory of Rape.'

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

There A Bridge Made Of Bones

There a bridge made of bones over the river;
Whose bones? man or woman? none can say,
Only solidarity beyond solidarity ruling over there
Perhaps it was June-July or may be April- May.

Forgot how long the bridge waiting for some one,
No sign of life, no wayfarer only far extended alley...
Long past ago current of the river beneath bygone;
Whirling wind and sand making fun in the valley.

The bones getting rusty and feeble day by day;
Crossing-recrossing solidarity the lone wayfarer..
While on the top of the far-off peak stood last ray;
Getting down the metaphysical moon and the star.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

There Is No Way Of Reversion

In the promontory
Winter set in
While trying to eye
The centre of my own circle
The boat shattered;

Burning the boat as firewood
Now fomenting my hands;

There is no way of reversion.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

These Two Hands Smearred With 'brahma-Oil'

These two hands smearred with 'Brahma-oil'
could not burn gluttred Fire of pyre;
Fingers as sharp-edged as lightening sword
Gripe the throat of fire.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

This Humble Fellow Too A Trickster

They restrained me to open my mouth
They needled my mouth with tough twine
This humble fellow too a trickster
Knows the loophole
Sowed the non-utterance in the soil...
In course of time germinated, grown up.
Now lowering down hungry aerial roots
lie waiting...

Whenever they would come (have to come)
within my shadow-circle
twisting their necks hang up in the air.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

This Is My Pen

This is my pen
Have fixed in the solitary land
There would be no solecism
If you transform that into a tree
Having new sprouts and twigs
And colonise a bird eyes set in solitaire....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

This Stone

This stone very hard stone
A few can leave impression
Fascinating pollen on eternal flower
A few only can smear
After eating sleeping and copulation
Earthly body mingled with the earth....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

This World Is A School Of Colours..

This world is a school of colours..

I'm cursed

my spectroscopic knowledge is darkened...

Colour tone not grown up

My words are suffering from mutation of letters disease

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Thorn, Get Wings

Thorn, get wings; fly
Pierce the umbilical cavity of the sky.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Thousands Of Magic Lantern

Thousands of magic lantern
hanging around me
Just above my head a queer
shadow sphere spinning round..

The earth under my feet is going off.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Three Myrmidons

Imagination, Emotion and Idea;
Three very obedient myrmidons,
Whenever lord passion orders
they arrest the stubborn words,
place in the court and hear deposition.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Thunderbolt And Lightning Eater

Solitary arid ground long and wide
Only a beheaded palm tree standing there
While wind stops whistling
While far away brook with stationary wave
And dim moonlight whispering
Then a cow-boy comes striding
Curl of smoke emitted from his burnt body

He stands beside the burnt palm
Both expect the sky be overcast again
Lightning and thunderbolt come down again
They are hungry
Now they would suck lightning and crunch thunderbolt
To satisfy their appetite.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Thunderstruck Palm Tree

Thunderstruck palm tree
on the bank of the pond
Bursting into flame;
None noticed
my rope-like coiled body
dropped as live coal
into the wavy game.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Tick, Tack, Tick, Tack Going The Love Clock

Tick, tack, tick, tack going the love clock,
Tick, tack, tick, tack going the love clock,
It is not automatic
To be winded.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Time Pacifying...

Dead morning

Dead light

Dead sun

After performing the obsequies of the corpses

Cremators left the burning ground

Now quiet disposition

Now the universe is pitcher of holy water

Time pacifying...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Time, Time Beyond Time

Not made of matter
Always present without figure..

Always mime
What it is?

Time
Time beyond time...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Timeless Lake

Timeless lake.

Tremulous chromatic water;
As soon as I dived,
Overflowed...

A little is measured by the chronometer.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Title-Role

Title-role simpering

Laughing...

Talking...

Roaming around -

Going hither and thither..

Competent in histrionics

Bumble prop...

Shoe nail down....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

To Recall The Contribution Of Animals

To recall the contribution of animals
Lord Shiva is called king of the animals.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

To Tell The Truth I'm Just A Tout

Only habit.
Habit;
Is it?
Plying an oar?
Crowd being perplexed standing
On the shore
Watch rowing
Only I know
And knows water
What tricks...
Am I so stout?
Storm breaks the habitual nest
Again shameless south-wind blowing..
A public show..

Actually vicious current of water
Expects a boat on her chest;

To tell the truth I'm just a tout.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Today

Today there is something wrong
There would be must something wrong..

Today whenever I try to write
Letters get smudgy!

Came out running in the garden,
Saw her lying under 'Lodhra-kusum' tree
All flowers dropped on the grass
Some at her feet;

Her graceful face anointed with tears...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Tomorrow

Yesterdays a cromlech
Covered with dry leaves and moist shadow;
Today is muddy summer-lake
Tomorrow chromatic birds, verdant meadow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Totality Not Seen

Totality not seen

Actually no totality

Part plays a noble part

Natural partiality

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Touch

Don't be angry; O Princess florist!
Merely my objectives not to make mess in your garden,
Want to touch your flower with ash-anointed hand;

Touch!
What begets?
Countless incidents can be happened,
Or nothing can be happened;

Touch!
Heard engrossed touch begets a sharp line of bluish lustre
And that line passed over asymptote at a quick pace

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Tough Customer

I'm very tough customer
I haggle enough before buying love.
No seller palm off me maggoty,
rotten, deformed or second-hand love

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Tranquil Zone

Tranquil zone
Standing alone

Cloudy dark sky
Winding wind's sigh

Day's pay bill
Account-book nil

Tavern enlivened
Ho Ho ironical end.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Tranquillity

Frenzied uprooted posts one after another
Once uprooted progenitor,
Then progenitrix... my ancestors...
Uprooted the sky-tree,
The time-tree,
The space-tree..
Tature..
Death...
Still I'm nimble
Wrath I at last uprooted me;

The absolute zero overcast with the illusive cloud of tranquillity

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Transcendental Magician

Transcendental magician
Spinning hands.
Everything assuming new form..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Transformation

Looking for loopholes groping in the darkness
The handle is so short that lighted on the torch
would burn hand of torch-bearer.....

Finding no alternative the torch bearer
Himself transformed into a burning torch....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Traveler

That does not turn;
But that does not come back...
Still seeking her
Tree lighting shakes pages
Moonlight -
Traveler dressed in the dark....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Treacle

Refused

let me not taste date-juice

I the faggot

Flaming

In course of time,

...ha...ha... ha...

Now treacle.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Tree-Fort

Her body as if a stupendous tree-fort
On the top there is a sun-catcher brunch
She adorns herself with newly sprouted leaves
Yet accused of for not blooming flowers
Her leaves are crunched by goat

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Trench

Around the cottage
Presently where I dwell
A deep, dark as well as wide trench...
No way of crossing

The trench is full of skeletons of poets.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Trust

Repeatedly cultivated
Now my hands shaped as branches of olive tree
But birds neither sit nor make nest

Perhaps they are endowed with insight
Have guessed wrong something..

Now I have to undergo the course of gaining trust

Trust is very much lucrative...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Twilight-Glowing Miss.

Way extending over the peak
Last sun-shine-wayfarer alone
You
Stand before me adorned with
Shadow dots....
Mysterious twilight-glowing Miss.

The evening star learnt from you.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Two Pitchers

Two pitchers; both empty;

Really empty?

Though both not contained but actually full.

A difference between them.

One of them once filled in with water

While the other since birth empty.

one is full of wailing for emptiness;

The other is full with memory of fullness.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Two Wayfarers

Two ways parallel side by side far reaching...

We two wayfarers walking.....

You the morning;

And I the evening.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ufs! Bap Re!

Ufs!

Bap re

curve

Gloom

Labyrinth

Stain of Blood

Slush....moss....lichen

Odour of rotten cat, mouse, snake

Yet, audacious! curiosity makes restless?

Ho! Urchin!

It is you, may enter but think at least three times.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Ultimate Truth

To tell the truth I wish to be loved than to love
I can't love any one but me.
Even watching seven wonders for second time bothers me
But standing in front of a mirror
I like to watch me hours.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Unearthly Study-Flower

All day long you walk incessantly
Whenever step on my myrtle-bower;
Your precious legs stone...alphabet!
Blooms my unearthly study-flower.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Unique In The Month Of April

In April Unique holds of my hand
Provokes in favour to play the band;
Zigzag shady ditched-scarred way
Falling wounded yet not forget to play.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Unique In The Month Of February

In February Unique dwelling in the sky;
Wingless yet dreadfully provokes me to fly.
Mounting up a peak stretching hands jump
Unknown ultimately where do blindly slump.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Unique In The Month Of July

In July unique brings shower
I bloom as if jesmine flower
At noon the evening is falling
The world becomes myrtle-bower.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Unique In The Month Of June

Unique playing a tune
In the month of June
I find myself standing
Atop of a sand-dune...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Unique In The Month Of March

In March Unique gifted hymn
And a few words with rhyme
I transformed myself into a seed
Poem-tree would sprout in time

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Unique In The Month Of May

In May unique making a scheme
Presented me a wild stream
I float myself as a peacock-boat
Plying an ore the coloured dream

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Usually All Play Sorrows

Usually all play sorrows

Some play trumpet

Some flute

Some horn

Some harp

Some bag-pipe

Some drum

Some nakara

Some piano

Some mandolin..

I play violin

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Venezuela 2016

Venezuela 2016

A hungry immovable stone rolling over
from Caracas to Amazonas, from Zulia to Amacuro;
Maracaibo, Lara, Falcon, Barquisimeto, Merida,
Barinas, Apure, Guarico, Anzoategui, Monagas,
Boliver, Portuguesa, Maturin, Miranda, Cojedes
All cities, villages pressed, squeezed, ridden, smashed..

The Rio Paragua, Rio Ornico, Rio Ventuari, Rio Caroni
Rio Claro, Rio Capanaparo, Rio Cinaruco, Rio Meta Rio Apure
And all full of black Tears
All roads covered with black blood dust...
All Trees withered with the sighs of Children-mem-women

Who made the stone rolling on?
Spot him (them)
Get him (them)
And throw him (them) under that hungry stone.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Viewer

Never say a garland made of azure-shadow
Rather quiescent stand by the window.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Viewing

I like children
But chopping their heads
Never lay on the table in my drawing room.
I like flowers
But plucking from the branches never put in vase.
For getting rid of gloom.

Viewing the metaphysical pleasure.
In viewing amaranth blooms.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Virtually

Lower down your shoulder look at me,
Virtually not at me
Up your shoulder look at me,
Virtually not at me
Get down into current the stream,
Beyond water see me,
Virtually not me
Standing on the land turn your shoulder
Eying around look at me
Virtually not at me
Turn your shoulder towards the inner world
Look not me,
Beforehand say virtually not at me...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Vitality

Behold! behold! jumping over high peaks of mountain-range
Gorge, rift valley, crevice, dried up oceans
Cremation ground, treeless arid forest land,
Dead cities, dark villages...
The skeleton of light coming...

Let us assemble blood, flesh, fat, marrow and vitality..
Let us restore
Let us revive a new glittering golden morning.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Vomiting

You licked up brains of Sun
No doubt considerable amount,
Could not digest, had a griping of the stomach.
You Vomited at Phalodi in Rajasthan.

51 C (123.8 F) , all time highest temperature
Recorded in India on 19 th May,2016.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Waiting

He has never visited this place
But may come to visit, may not come;
A cart loaded with his equipment already in
Now we have to look after the bag and baggage.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Waiting- -2

Far-extended land;
A tree standing alone.
Leaves fallen off..
Waiting...
Roots almost parched
Waiting..
Birds not come;
Wind plays pipe on its branches;
Waiting
Raising hands waiting

Spring may come some day
Flowered again.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Waiting For Re-Birth...

Dust, stone, pebbles, sand on the path my waiting
Fallen leaves, newly sprouted leaves on the trees my waiting
Flaming fire, ashes, charcoal my waiting
Bright sunny days, cloudy days my waiting
Gloomy dark nights, moonlit nights my waiting
Buds, blooming flowers, trampled flowers my waiting
Deepest hole, boundless sky my waiting
Roaring of thunder, solitude my waiting
Entrance, exit, begin, end my waiting
Life, life-time, death, beyond death my waiting

It is I, the waiting
Waiting for re-birth...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Waiting For Such A Flame

Expect eagerly as I am survived no descendant
All bogus; bogeys...
Let succession of progeny be merged into sand;

Waiting for such a flame
that would display my genealogy..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Waiting For Your Blow

Once I was a verdant spring-tree,
Branches swinging with birds' nest
At noon spread shadow underneath
Tired travellers sat taking rest.

Your slight, hatred withered me
Now I'm turned into a hard stone
The whole body covered with moss
Waiting for your blow, waiting alone.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Waiting-House

He is out.

Left everything in order.

Opening the door the house waiting.

By the west-river-side he sat

And licked up tasteful sun-set entirely.

Now the house known waiting-house.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Wakeful Inside The Soft Green Grass

Wakeful inside the soft green grass
A piercing estrangement-discerning thorn

Come on walking
Learn permeable policy

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Walking

The shadow of the trees requesting
Please sit down and take rest.
The frolicsome stream requesting
You are thirsty, quench your thirst.

The roaring sand-storm restraining me
So that I confine myself in a tent.
The lightning also trying to frighten,
Never risk is taken by an intelligent.

A rope of hope trying tying me to a nail.
Bed soft as down requesting to nap;
Luxuriant library calling for brown study,
Forget everything, items ready to sap.

Spring days playing violin of south-wind
Fragrant-request of flowers fragrant-call
Reminds, 'why bother? you are only for you,
Ever-existing empire? nay! rise and downfall.'

Path requesting come on the world-wayfarer;
I response, knowing it is crooked and endless;
The other name of halting is colourful death,
Walking is life, walking is ultimate happiness.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Want Just For A Moment Nor Forever

Want just for a moment nor forever
Just like watching a landscape
On the window-frame of a running train
Wind of wanting would shake
The branches of solitude tree, no escape
A magic-stick would remove the sky-curtain...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Want To Make Room For Love

Want to make room for love;

Arranged bricks, sand, cement
and other equipments

Mason too ready

Land is not found.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Want To Sell My Dream For A Song

want to sell my dream for a song,
no buyer
can't any one take gratuitously

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Want To Touch Him,

Village by the side of a river

Name Kusumadihi.

The name of the river...morning -
of divine light

Morning-traveler;

The boughs of the Hemaparni..

Bent down the weight of the flowers -curiously

.

Want to touch Him -

Stood silent on the bridge of light

Want to touch Him....

Want to touch Him....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Warning

Don't touch
Don't put 'Kingshuk'-coloured hand
on my palm
I'm fire-ghost,
Famishing hole of thirst,
Vertex of dead rays
Primeval endless night.

Kingshuk..... A kind of tree with red flowers
bloom in the spring season.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Watching Hanging Fruits Of Love-Tree

Watching hanging fruits of love-tree
Shouldn't come to a conclusion
Sometimes those are eaten into by a kind of worm

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Watching Her Colourful Parting

Watching her colourful parting
Watching
on her each footstep
Sprouting an electric tree
Sharp-edge leaves
Bemusing light...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Water Water Water

Water Water Water tell me the tales of Island
Water Water Water Why you are wavy?
Who makes you eddy? Is it wind? Really?
Water Water Water don't provoke me be copulative.
I won't want to show my ulcerated body
Oozing pus and blood of the so called civilization.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Water Wavy But Silent

She crossed the the noon-river
Water wavy but silent,
Never says who is lying as bridge.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Water-Lassie, Stay For A While

Water-lassie, stay for a while under my sun-tree
I'am suffering from a malignant malism of thirst,
O Water-lassie your refusal may be responsible
For unexpected malevolent sudden outburst.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Way

You are untying the knot.
Infinite your patience.

Use me.
I'm a sharp knife.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Way By The Rock-Strewn Valley

Way by the rock-strewn valley
Pervasive far-flung darkness
Procrastination of Stone

Far away luminous dot arraying
Calling in the undertone
The procreative stone wanton

The tempest friendly sagacious
Made the stone propitious
"Dreams begot of nothing but fantasy "

*Quotation in the poem taken from
'R & J' of Shakespeare

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Way Is Our Way

Way is our way
Meet on the way,
Talk on the way on way
Searching way walking on
As there is way
So there is way-out
Going away
Singing the song of way
Sometimes way is river
People is current
Who the Satan would resist?
Let go on our own way
If the way is lost
Let us find new way one way or another
Clearing the way
Let us make our way in the world
Let us change the way of thinking...
Following the way of the world..
Go the way of nature walking peacefully..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Wayfarer, Have You Lost The Way?

Wayfarer, have you lost the way?

Wayworn, have you lost the way?

Bewildered?

Only way to find way.

Make way yourself

Go beyond yourself and be gay.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Way-Line

Far extended ground;
'What can be done'
And 'What can't be done'
Two trees lying on the border....

My way-line drawn between them.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

We Stay Asunder.

I can't exactly say whether I 'm afraid of you
Or feel shame; or hold back myself in shyness
In every morning you knock at the door
As soon as the door opened
I take shelter under the cot
or corner of the room and conceal myself.
You fiush into laughter.
You are really graceful and I'am ugly.
Though you can't exist without me
yet we stay asunder.
Common fault-finders call me name as shadow.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

We Stride Side By Side

We stride
Side by side
You feel uneasy
I feel pride.

Perhaps we walk
By sheer luck
Each step ahead
doubts spark.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Wedding

Some always expect wedding between water and fire
However, not known how
once the expectation fulfilled

Bridal-bed night ended..
The neighbours crowded around the bridal room
to watch the drama

Neither bride nor the bridegroom there;

Only vapour...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Weeds Thriving Very Fast

Spade and hatchet are snoring;
Become rusty..
Weeds thriving very fast.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

What An Idea!

What an idea!

I will be transformed into water;

you can't keep your counsel

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

What Are The Nouns Utter At Night

What are the nouns utter at night
Attribute with adjectives by day?

Divine creeper
What flowers of probability
for this humble bring law of shadow into force?

Flourishing very fast flourishing
Must piercing the tent some day come out
Piercing the navel of the sidereal system
Arrow would fly...

A single-worded sentence makes a complete sense..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

What Do I Possess?

What do I possess?
Merely trick of imagination
Toothless;
Sword too getting rusty and blunt
Managing domestic affairs...
Over head and ear in debt,

Now I'm willing to sell my famous head
And mortgage my ears

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

What Drink Will You Have?

What drink will you have?

Amaranth aromatic sky-soup available..

Liquid fire of golden colour

with fragrant of sun-flower too available;

Bright dark coloured death-drink is the best of all...

It is as scented as 'Brahama-kamal'.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

What Gift Shouli I Bring?

A day of spring
Flowerhouse
Though a fire-man
I'm invited;
Thoughtful...

What gift shouli I bring?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

What Guts Axe

What guts axe?
If you do not teat?

Creator blame crude wood.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

What Is Poem

Poem is constellation of words? Nay!
Is poem umbrageous deluding alley ?
Heart is pitcher; colourful foam erupts
Zero essence multiform infinite essay.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

What Is Poem-2

Poem is nothing but foggy
Mutual scratching of words; jargon...
Camouflage of animation; hobby
longed-for object for many days past...
Hypocracrisy as if gem;
Poem is wild flower -
Aromatic arbitrary game

Ecstasy of creator; prolific lust.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

What Is Poem-3

Each word is bright blue necessary lie
But poems is lie-coloured azuring sky.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

What Is The Menu?

What is the menu?
super-fine star-rice
Sun-fry, earth-soup
and moon-ice cream
Drink item also fantastic
Colourful fragrant beam.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

What Is To Be Said And What I'm Saying

What is to be said
and what I'm saying
Black and white,
purple, green, red
Started with water
Then rolling stone
missed the link
Closed the shutter
Sudden flash? blink?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

What Will Be What Not

Wind whispering
In the deep blue sky floating
doubtful cloud
Curious light dazzling
The waves not loud
What will be what not!
The trees bushes silently waiting...

The buds indifferent blooming

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

What Would You Do?

What would you do?
Waite for some time.
Craving must fulfilled.
Not mare coaxing...
The path till now coiled in hibernation
Let it be woke up
Rising with demonish appetite
would search for food
Beyond consideration
Etable or non etable food
Whatever get stisfy hunger
You can be easily it's food
The path would grab you,
crunch your bones,
Suck you blood-sweat-tear
Lick your dream, hope,
Gulp you gleefully
Finally crawl down to the dark abyss.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

When Love Feels Tired, Tortured Then

When love feels tired, tortured then,
For resting enters into the hog-pen.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

When She Looks The Other Way

When she looks the other way,
The sky is overcast with cloud;
But when she looks at me,
Trees are uprooted by tempest...

I'm a broken wings bird, lose the nest.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Whene'er I Cast A Glance

Whene'er I cast a glance
on fer face,
See she is smiling;
That is her knife.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Whenever I Try

Whenever I try to compose a poem on rain
The page of book for scribbling overcast with clouds
Heard thunder-claps
Flashing of lightning makes more darken
Pages drenched
by the side of the window leaves of the plants and bushes flapping
One day the note-book vie with the whirling tempest flew away
Deep blue background
White pages fluttering and absorbing the streak of lightning.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Where The Angles?

It is very queer
As often as think every thing is all right
Devil coming with smiling face
would find out faults

Where the angles?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Whether I Jumped Fall

What a mystery, the surge of water from
He also called to be submerged
Whether I jumped fall,
Impressed the restless mind..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

While I Swallow Moon-Tablet

While I swallow moon-tablet,
My body turns into a river
A boat made of moon-light
Floating and rows Mr. Fiver.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Who

Whose pounded body is under the wheel?
A poet? a burglar? a pedlar?
or a 'Dhonra' a non-venomous snake?
Died of accident? or suicide?
The branches of suspicion-tree
Swinging unanswerable blooming flowers

Wingless poem-birds dream of fluttering over the cloud
But sun-shines believe in fabricating mystery
So the poet....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Who Knows?

What it is ? Why? When? How ?

Who knows ?

So going floating away,

Currents pull..

Eddy makes forget the name of father of the world

less appertaing current

Dismaying disappear speedily...

Where? Who knows?

What is the meaning of the speed and time

in the lexicon of darkness?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Who Does Not Make Mistakes

Wrong? There. There.
If would not, there would not be right;
Way is also there.
There are error-travellers too...
Who does not make mistakes?
But the cost?
Count everyone?
It means who does not know how to count
Is he also charged for the cost?
Fog covered the pawn pawn looks back on...
His feet Traverse shadow-doubt;
My mathematical knowledge is very poor;
the error was so wrong...
Could not count the footsteps
Transmission error?
The worst Ghostly error-technology incapable
doing something positive...
My limited sky so lowering down
Whenever I want to stand,
My head pinched...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Who Never Sits Alone

Who never sits alone side by a stream
under the twilight-tree,

His night-boat never gets the morning-shore.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Who The Boatman Rowing?

The sky-boat,
Who the boatman rowing?
Floating... let it be floated
Where is the shore?
But where is the shore?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Who Will Never Come

All day long cloudy, shadowy
Holding lightning a far-off palm
Sitting by the window waiting for her
Who will never come.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Who Will Resist The Wind?

Who will resist the wind?

A trash?

Any time can be furious storm...

A high wall?

Mountain?

Shutting doors, windows?

Swampy forest?

Deep dark intricate woods...

Impossible!

But the headstrong can of course
meet with obstruction;

Who or which the resister?

Curled hair, flapping gauze scarf
And womb of a crafty youthful lass...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Who-2

Who read the first light
What was the expectation
Who fell in love at first sight
Who when made deification.

Man is absolute man by nature
Who dehumanises and why?
No new-born, born-debaucher
Who the conspirator, the sly?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Whom Always Blame

Standing alone by the window, see
The leaves of the trees showing prosody-game
Can you guess, who the game-maker?
It is I, the wind; whom always blame.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Whose Hand I Know

A skinny separated hand holding a pen
Implanted on the ground
Infested with maggots
Everybody keeps distance
But a few shining dots
Dancing around
Whose hand I know
The dark night and the ghost and the bogey also know
The hand belongs to a beheaded poet...

Prosody oriented Centripetal force
Makes the sun revolving round the disembodied head
of the poet.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Whirling Ghosts

Whirling ghosts took me for a ride
Showed me a mountain of gold outwardly seen near
Kicked back and rode me for a fall
Dick-Paul-Harry out-vying outrunning; the ghosts cheer.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Why A Flowering Branch

Morning-alley. You day-walker...alone..
It would be unknown to you
Why a flowering branch bent down?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Why Have You Made Me A Cage

Why have you made me a cage
This my only complaint.

Have no ability to be a bird
So stunted I'm?
So vile I'm?
Not a little competency to be even plantain.

Now think, what would you do?
Could you tolerate my plague?

If I do everything including you encage?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Why The Earth Rotates And Revolves?

Why the Earth rotates and revolves?

A very simple general knowledge.

Almost everybody knows.

The scholars, Geodesists, Geologists,
Geometricians, Geophysicists, Physicists
and Erudicts in other associated fields already
disclosed the causes of Rotation and Revolution.

Generally we the common people fond of
catching tails, be their tails of those intelligent (!) guys.
Blindly believe in their apophthegm, maxim.

Funny thing to say they talk all gibberish.

Absolutely stuff! nonsense!

Failed to guess the actual cause of Rotation and Revolution.

How poor! they are?

Matter not related to gravitational pull or

Physical inter-dependency or geomagnetism or

Geodesic-calculation etc. etc. etc.

Then why?

Let me say:

The Earth was beheaded prior initiation of time.

Her huge beautiful artistic body lost.

The bodyless head from time immemorial

Rotating as well as revolving

Engaged in searching of lost body.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Widen The Gap Of My Vagina

A huge big ball floating on black water of a deep well.
Fastening with a hook-ended rope be drawn it out.
.Heaviest ball difficult to move
Pulling the rope with out and out strength
Helplessly fagging fatigue
Standing morose light, depressed time,
Kinetic motion and esoteric ox by the side of the well

Failed to draw out
The naked youthful dark woman smiling
Tied one end of the rope making a hole in the nose her vagina
Started pulling...

Oh what a sudden tug !

Shouting silently...
Heio oo! (slow) Oh! come on..open my vagina.
Heio oo mar! heisha ! ! (fast) widen the gap of my vagina.
Heio oo! (slow) Oh! come on..open my vagina.
Heio oo mar! heisha ! ! (fast) widen the gap of my vagina

Slowly but steadily the ball lifting up..

Till now the job unfinished.
Action of pulling going on....still extant...

Light, time and motion too engaged in course of inter-course.

First chapter of the entire syllabus yet to be finished.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Willing To See Me?

Willing to see me?
Then come to bank of the river
Where the overturned broken boat lying forever.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Words

Words are as weighty as stone
I'm the bearer
No way of unloading
Wretched body bent down
Blood gushes out
Could not bring down yet

The stony words are fiery
If brought down
There would be
A dreadful conflagration...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Words - 2

Words holy like dew-drops
Words shining like morning light
Word smelling like a lotus
words are soft as down

I would never utter those words
as then those would be ort
If you have perforce to listen
Sit by the side of a wild stream
at moonlight night
Stare at dancing silvery waves..

To some extent they know the clues...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Words Falling

Words falling

Truly to say scattered around

Uneven, big, small, rectangular,

Circular, long short, flattened round shaped

Variegated words

Roof of my house broken down

Wall broken down

What shall I do now?

Stand under the word-hail-storm;

Let them break my skull

My bones..

Will the words not break a little?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Workshop Of Relation

Threads of black, white,
red, blue, green, yellow purple,
brown, orange, ash colours...
Knotted haphazardly...

Workshop of relation.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

World Sports

Meandering nature path Getting bend
Traveler bamkate; light and shadow smeared.
How big is the sky? How high is the sky-peak?
How many planets in the sky that face?
Trans- border and cross - border way out
Gone the way of the crossing
While many left behind
Poor object - matter-antimatter
World Sports Common light dies....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Worm-Eaten Egg-Fruit

Looking graceful and fresh
Buyers must be allured;
Any one who would buy
Would be deceived...even shrewd

Worm-eaten egg-fruit
Waiting soothing face...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Worms

Under my own bed dwell
At least six kinds of worms;
Some of them extremely sly,
Some them very silly; -
Some of them old rogues,
Some of them delicate filly;
Some of them incognito,
Frequently change forms.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Worshipper Of Goddess Kali

Yagu uncle is worshipper of Goddess Kali
Staying in a temple by the side of a river
absorbed in meditation,
wind, cremation ground, and solitude
listen his Tantra and Hymn.

Bela a garland-maker
Sometimes visits the temple
and helps Yagu uncle;

One day a few attendants at funeral saw
Bela coming out from the temple fully naked
holding a blood-anointed scimitar in one hand
And hanging the cut-off head of Yagu Uncle
with the other hand..

Her eyes flaring up as firewood of pyre..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Would You Be

Ergo I concede whatever I say
All aim you actually to say my words
Fickle dry leaves fizzing nature
On the dismal meadow grey coloured

Ensuring a furnace my tramp cards
Ensnaring deep blue foul darkness
Sometimes my words masquerade as an alley

Would you be a furnace?
Would you be a furnace?

Or
Would be a bevy of twittering birds?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Written The End Of The Last Poem

Heard the news of the death of the Colour
Slopes of the mountain broken shadow
Remote peak laid a light, bloody light...
On the dark pages of plants
Written the end of the last poem
Curiously the moon legs hanging legs
down the branches of Meghasringi...

O ho ho ho....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Wrong? There.. There...

Wrong? There. There.

If it not would have been, would be no right;

Way there. There.

Diverted pedestrian

...

Who does not make mistakes?

But the cost?

Count everyone?

It means whot does not know how to count

Even he is charged for the cost?

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Always lies in ambush ...
In the bush of light and darkness...
Widespread network.
All will have to get into the clutches of it
No pass word or e-Mail address required
just log inand manage yourself.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Yea Hoo!

Night-grapes hanging from the sky-creeper!
Yea hoo!

This fellow a disappointed fox.

left the world-vineyard ...

The morning-girls boo.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Yet

Words sterilized
Passion sterilized
Prosody sterilized
Language sterilized

Yet with the sterilized hope
The poets dreaming to dazzle
The nymphomaniac goddess of Aesthetics

The sterilized poet conceived.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Yet Heart Is Estranged...

Day in day out with folded palms
The thriving flower of jeopardy
anointed with blood and tears
Yet heart is estranged...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Yet It Is Sun-Shine

Power of sun-shine is very low.
Yet it is sun-shine.

I'm grown.
Almost grey haired.
A palm tree aged about me
raising head in the sky
sucking shine.

Only I shiver all over with cold
for advent of winter?
Only I hesitate.
Only I am afraid of bad name?
Only I'm doubtful?
Only I deceive myself?
Only I nag?

Removing the warm garments
let be stepped into the sun-alley.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Yo Yo

Belle-road shadowy
Zigzag..sloping,

Colourful expedition, expectant, the hero...
Neath valley foggy seems beautiful
Diddling breeze and dancing daisy...

Once the yo yo suddenly thrown up
Then caught by absolute zero.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

You

Stay with me, walk with me
My freak of fancy
You indifferent like a river
Yet appear my own
Sometimes you look like a calm-water pond
Whimsically hold reflection
and break it into pieces..

Suddenly you appear; my imagery
As if a flowering branch of cloudberry
Sower-sprinkled; shadowy
Scatter pleasing fragrance..

Sometimes you appear a colourful bird
Wings crossing horizon, horizon beyond horizon

Last light following you
You flying beyond sight
You look like evening-star
Flying and flying
leaving a few feathers
Spinning coming down...

The evening stretching her hands for holding...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

You Called Me A Dog

You called me a dog;
I know you say nothing straight.

I play a role of your mirror;

So needless to say
You called me God.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

You Can Be...

A heap of wood and hay
A heap of wood and hay
No bothering
Dreadful cosmic winter sets in
Where is the fire-stone?
Where is the fire stone?

You can be
You can be....

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

You Can't Manage Me

Blow incapable to break; this stone is not so fragile
Fire unable to burn, this hay is not so combustible.

Now whatever be done do.. O Shyamakadambini...
May plot something new for entrapping, for restraining
Let me say, if you sow me in the evening
Be sprouted a tender sapling in the morning ha ha ha
The branches with blooming flowers swinging shamelessly
If you behead me ha ha ha...
My separated head would sing your song delightfully.
O Shyamakadambini, now whatever be done do ...

You can't manage me.. foo foo foo.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

You Gave Me Seeds Of Sorrow

You gave me seeds of sorrow;
I sowed them in the garden.

In my rainy season
Those are sprouted...
In times grown up and flowered;

Although colour is shining black
But emit fragrance of amaranth...

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

You Glutton!

You glutton! too mach gluttonous.
Born gluttonous.
All day long only eating and eating
Hobby? hypochondria?
Eaten roots, branches, leaves, flowers,
Even soil, wind, sky... sun.. stars...
Till not hunger satisfied?
Now, remains nothing.
let me have it out, you naughty one!
Then Eat yourself and digest.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

You Have Come

All flowering trees burnt to ashes;
You have come.

Feel when I stand in front of a mirror.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

You Left My Tent.

You left my tent.

Appeared solitude.

A new realisation.

Renamed it.

Chromatic unsubstantial
accomplishment

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

You Made Me Wait Long

You made me wait long.

Waiting is dark cloud without rain.

sometimes lightning flashed...

Thunderbolt comes down on the trident of the temple;

The deity reduced to ashes.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

You May Take Either Side

You may take either side,
Both ways run towards the evening star;

Darkness may be your guide.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

You Never Read Me...

At scorching noon;
you stand under a bluish shadowy tree.
Stay as long as you like.
you never read me...

It is I the evening-book written in the language of darkness.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

You Trample Me 1000000000000001 Times

You trample me 1000000000000001 times
Poking me repeatedly
Yet I raise my head
Yet I bloom in your garden
Someday you would be laid down under me
I would cover your grave carefully.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

You, A Beyond-Written Poem

Outside of my home completely inpregnable dark
Yet my Own room overflowing with amusing light
The flowers leaving the verdant garden
Took shelter in my room. What a wonderful sight!

Never seen such amazing matter in the long past.
Outside of my home forest-fire; Oh! barbaric!
Yet dizzying in my room; cool air blowing
A river with a peacock-shaped boat showing wave-magic.

That colourful wavy river crept along my body
Never seen such amazing matter in the long past. What a game!
Outside sand-storm, inside a river with a peacock-shaped boat
Prior trying writing, you stood a beyond-written poem..

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Young Shoot Of Departure

Immortal divine lass ;
Pitcher-prenatal chamber,
Placed blue-cloud deep
Young shoot of departure.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Your Boat

Whenever I eavesdrop
I hear splashing sound of rowing.

Once You Floated of your boat
made of petal of kingshuk flower
In my noon-river.

Till an indelible glowing remembrance.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Your Pleasure

You when veiling the face with a betel leaf
stand behind the door
Night-kiddies jump into the far and wide dark pond swim
Ponder the sky-water; go too far...
The mosses of stars sink; again drift away
Sink...drift away... sink... drift away...

Watching them play your fun
Your pleasure.

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

Zero-Hour

Poet of summer
Cloud is devoid of shower
Only flash of lightning
Poem keeps standing
On the top of zero-hour

SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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Carmen est domi,
Quod carmen est tumulus.

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The poem is my home,
That poem is my tomb.

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR

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SRIRANJI ARATISANKAR