

Poetry Series

rajagopal haran
- poems -

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nothing great about me

073.A Date With History

Like the edge of a knife
That finds way thro' cheese,
Your thoughts cut my heart
Made soft by your memories,
Before I introspect further,
Another flick germinate deep
Sprouting into a tree
Bearing fruits of our love
Compassion, grace and goodwill
Extending the arms, to my unseen form,
Try to feed the tree with care that's rare
Formless you, forming a stature,
Are you my God? Oh incredible beauty!

Like sheaves of paddy
Being made naked by thrashes
You make me bare everything I fare,
By constant throbbing of my tiny heart
Inside the socket of inescapable ribcage
With the swollen thoughts looking for space,
Thy warm mounts so soft, majestic and commanding,
Sending the signals for grinding my being,
Your thoughts knead my soul
Until I am pliant to the wishes
Of the cells of thy body, my Love!

Your stretched arms slender and wide,
Open up the well of bliss and wish,
Is it the oasis, oh no!
It's a valley of treasures,
A big bounty in plenty,
For the pulverized soul
Wisdom of love suggesting the place
I rest my head on the hood of your laps,
the palanquin for dreams, and altar of my love,
Cook my spirit and ingest into thy cells
I have no energy left, to be far away from you!

15.08.2010

rajagopal haran

Earth God And A Mad Man

Sheet of the pond
Reflecting the moon
The puffy cloud
Concealing it with envy,
Your face emerged
Peeping over my shoulder,
As the mirror image eternal,
Drizzling drops of rain
Disturbing thy transmission,
Oh! Blessing in disguise
I see thy golden form
In every dropp of shower,
Silhouette of my angel,
Multiplying in thousands,
In place of one silver,
Alas! Destiny is so miserly
I have two eyes only,
To catch the total internal reflection!

11 8 2010

rajagopal haran

ful Conspiracy

The thunder pounding the heart
Threatening to dispel your thought
Combined with the lightning
That was trying hard to pull,
Your image from the screen of my eyes,
With wind joining the weird operation,
In dispelling your shadow from-
The backdropp of my mind
While the earth making its effort
To shake off your memories
Off my main stream,
I started calling your name
Loud and deep dipped with decibels,
That hit the sky with the mighty force,
And made the clouds rumble around,
At last your love came as the rain
Drenching me with passion
I feel wet inside and outside,
How can I praise thee-?
for the mercy my Angel? !

10 8 2010

rajagopal haran

To Basics

Standing near the balcony
Spreading the fingers
Like the petals of rose
You impart the message
Of ephemeral love!

Envisaging a Romance
Echoing Tajmahal,
I focus on your mouth
That can dispel my misgivings
Making a bridge
Between your lips and my ears!

Like the moth in the garden
My hands scramble for yours,
Knowing my move
By intuition nay, expectation
You withdraw your limbs,
Turning thy face to reflect the moonlight,
Smile of success decorating your profile,
I extend my hands to collect some pearls
Of those separation squabbles
Noticing that love spilling in ration
I surrender unto thee, ye queen of my heart!

9 8 2010

rajagopal haran

Magic Of Now

Not satisfied eating up my heart
You are swallowing up our dreams
Whether asleep or awake
Sitting on my brows
Disallowing any movement!

Trying to find the mile stones of my life
Found that stone in place of thy body
Hiding thy bosom, behind those curtains!

Your body blossoms as the petals of a flower
Upon my touching your hands with love,
While the eyes bloom at the behest of my glance!

Craving for the honey in the abode of thy lips
After starving in silence and prowling in darkness,
Outstretching my hands I land up in your lap!

The shadow of your soul conceals my being;
As I forget the language love losing its expression
You infuse energy with the amalgamation of lips!
Let me fall asleep inside thy eyes
Where my spirit can find its eternity!

1 8 2010

rajagopal haran

g A Skywalk

Making a Skywalk

Is the world round?
Yes I swear!
All my thoughts
Start from you
And end in you!

You may not see me
I see you all day
In the photo
That counts the beatings
Of my heart from
The shirt packet!

The glitter of your eyes
Make my nights bright
Inside my eyes
In your everlasting prison!

Crossing so many nights
Found my star
Among meteors of
So many kith and kingly kin!

Trying to sleep
Entered the bed cover!
At the time of falling
Into the abyss of that peace
You disallow me
To go any further!

Breeze may fell
The flower from the shrub,
But the smell never ceases;
Thy face never fades
Amidst the storm of my mind!

Moon may come
To enhance my dreams,
But the shine of my star
Sparkles light in my heart!

I try to express
More about thy beauty
But alas! Dreams about you,
Wash out the words
Queuing up in my blood!

8.7.2010

rajagopal haran

ng Like Anything

Am I the bullock?
Pulling hard the cart!
Loaded with water tanks
With my mouth turning dry of thirst!

Oh God!

Let me live a life
Once in my life!

Want to be with flowers
Speaking all day with butterflies!

Should be traveling
Like the white clouds
Without the burden of water
In a procession over mountain peaks!

Transform myself into air
Gentle in speed and mild in odor
Carrying the aroma of garden
Embracing the people
In the still of evening!

Let a chance be given
To become the soil
Quenching my thirst
By drenching in the rain
Evaporating the warm odor
From the core of the earth
Oscillating creators
With the bonus gift!

Turn me fast into a spring delight
With the sweet warm water
Gushing into a stream,
I will stroll in the path
Emitting wobbling sound
That rejoices the wild!

Once I want to rise as the Sun
Waking up the world
From the slumber so deep
With the golden rays
That peep thro' the holes!

Will I be natural once on this earth?
Oh God! At least reply my question
A whisper will do!

26.06.2010

rajagopal haran

Of Darkness

Black is the color of objects that do not emit or reflect light in any part of the visible spectrum; they absorb all such frequencies of light.

Black is described as an 'achromatic', or hueless, color.

Dear Readers

While traveling in train today, I happened to listen to a telephonic conversation; the male passenger was talking to a far away relative, almost shouting; it's about his marriage; his mother has just seen one girl called Kavita in Tirunelveli, Tamilnadu and rejected her; reason told was that the girl was black.

The way the man explained to his another relative subsequently made my stomach stir; immediately I started this poem and presenting now

Request: please do not reject black; it could happen to you also

Black was my protection
In the teen of my youth
Enveloping me in darkness
Protecting against flattery
Keeping off many suitors!

Shield of younger years
Wearing off during the cycle,
Turns into parasite
Asking for my blood!

Not my preference
Not my liking either
Is Black miserable?

Lurching in the darkness
I find great stars
Those pass on their little light!
But searches for my little star
End up in the black hole,
The point of no return

That swallows my light also!

World will believe anything on earth
If things are declared,
In black and white!
I wonder till I faint
That how white alone can deliver
Messages of black
Unwritten on the white?

In birds there is black
And elephants I see black
Aren't they living a colorful life?
Oh yes, the steam engine
Emanating black smoke in the air
is extinct on earth
Where shall I hide myself?

In the horizon on the sky
Will I see a rainbow?
To shower me with love
And love alone!

Hey my great love
King of my life!
I will wash thy feet
With the tears of my love!
And will consecrate your soul
With flowers of my affection!
Will seat you on the lonely chair
Reserved for my solo lover,
Inside the lotus of my heart!
Will breathe you with
The fresh air of my bosom!
Will feed you with
The nectar of my lips!
Will close your eyes
With my brimming breasts!
Will make you sleep
With lullaby of my love songs!
I beg that love,
Please don't deny that gift

because I am black by chance!

Will speak the language
Of blissful silence
to connect with your soul

Lines are also drawing
In the hands of an artist
Will I not become a woman in full
When your hands touch me
With that brain washing hiss? !

If there is heat
I can take shelter
Avoiding that Sun-stroke
Where can I take refuge? ,
if black-colour stroke occurs
Arrayed by a son!
I never asked my father,
And neither my mother,
To make me black
Can't you see my blood? ,
Oozing from my heart!
It is also red irrespective of my black
It is laden with the pain of rejection
And pangs of unrequited love!

Accept me please
I have no place to go
And no soul to plead!

20.06.2010

rajagopal haran

wn Thoughts

Going along the river banks
Flooded with water
That oscillates the plants,
Those resting on its stream
Getting the spray
Springing up from the recoil,
Birds in the groves
Singing their moods
Those shake the sleeping souls,

Nothing is bothering me!
Walking and walking,
Fear of getting lost
In the jungle of humans,
Make me cross the river
In the trodden paths
Never turning to
the source of the river
Nor peeping the bottom,
the resting place of fish and turtles!

I see the foot steps of a hundred,
Tapering into dots
Mean nothing to me,
I am just crossing the river,
On the blind line
Drawn by somebody!

When will I become that somebody,
making those lines, attracting everybody?

19 06 2010

rajagopal haran

less Desires

The foot of the pillow
Would know
The prints of my inner heart!

Wherever I turn
Directions reflect you

I am unable to ignore air
Like your evergreen memories
Even if there are differences
Still I breathe you my dear!

Though words found silence
I find my expression
In your writings!

Remembering the items
Dear to your heart
I forego the things
Sweet to my mouth

You are there
In every dropp of rain
Like the nucleus in my blood

Doing the penance
That you will open your window
In the mechanical running
Of this mad world around!

You will remember this soul
During the rainy days
I will be the rain dropp
In and around you
In the hope of touching your soul
Perchance a droplet
May touch the temple of your body
Where my spirit lies!

15 1 2010

rajagopal haran

Trying To Colour My Sky

On the edge of the night
In the pin dropp silence
Spread all over
Words spray around
From the tips of your finger!

While appreciating
The letters without dot
I adore your face
That is a spotless slate!

Finding your face
That doesn't have
any address to search,
Remember those days
Freezing cold engulfing
Your beauty!

Unable to express
The warmth I get
When you lean
Your head on my bosom
To those of you
Who find the heat
Only in the burning wood!

When the mind heats up
The senses to their base
Your embrace quenches
The towering inferno
That is difficult to share
With those who don
A skin of wool devoid of love!

Waiting for your glance
That can freeze my sweat
That can swell and shrivel
Spraying on the ground
Growing slowly the plant

That has love in its nucleus!

31 12 09

rajagopal haran

ce Is Not Always Golden

Lost my address
In the market of meanings
Locked myself
In the opened word

My love!
I am your true love!
This is the lovely truth
On a truthful love!

You doubt my kiss,
Missing no time
To doubt my blood!

I see my image
In the broken glass
That never reflects my other side!

Seeing beyond reflections
Remember the days
Of wandering in the open fields
Your hand in my hand
Preserving the half-eaten guava
Punctuated by your teeth!

.....

Locks of hair
Oscillating in air
And jerking my heart
The open piece of your top
That traverses your mounts
For every blow of air
Bracing my face
Perchance every now and then
Leaving that fragrance
That uproots the sleep
Out of my eyes for days!

.....

Waking myself up

From the dreams of the past
I pinch myself to see
If you are there around the corner,
Waiting for this dump
With the cluster smile
Making my new moon day
Into a full moon night!

31 12 09

rajagopal haran

g Impressions

The impulse on seeing
The light so bright
Effulgent in and around
Driving me crazy
Transforming into moth
I hop into the blaze!

Having fallen deep,
The heat touching the soul,
Displace the flame
That burns in and out,
To the wicker of my heart
Making myself
As the firefly you like!

Isolating myself
Amidst the waterfalls
Forgetting self
In the murmur of the sparrows,
Drying away the tears
Those roll down my cheeks,
I look above in the sky
That also turns dark,
Reflecting my mind
The chilling air
Shrilling my body
Clouds pour their tears
Paralleling my outbursts!

Who can comprehend that easy
The crying of these entities?

26 12 09

rajagopal haran

086.Inheritance Of Loss

(Dear Readers, my relative is working in a foreign land; his mother died on 18 11 09; as we are aware due to reasons of ticket availability, financial condition the eldest son who was to perform the last rites, could not come to India; I got into his shoes and wrote this poem; I was crying throughout while I wrote as I myself, a motherless person, know the pangs of pain when we lose mother, the love-incarnate)

Sitting alone in the backyard
Brooding deep into myself so vast
Harsh reality hitting so hard
Try to find solace
In the screaming of the birds from a distant peach tree

My hand not in my control
Is rising for alms
For the morsel of food laden with love
From the sweet hands of my mother!

Making effort to speak in air
To commune with mother with no form hence,
For the fill of love that is null and void!

Oh my mom!
Can't you see your son?
Neigh you are there
But I have lost my vision!

Tears roll down
Blocking fast my eyes
Blurring clear the fact
That you are no more there for me
Who will console me?

When the whole world was there
Bidding good bye to you,
Making final bath to your mortal remains
Draping you in saree
Applying vermillion on your lovely face
And tying you on the bed

Final for the mortals,
I was not there even as a spectator!
Can't even claim mute!
Like a rat held in a cage
My soul started brattling,
Thrashing all the vessels
Inside the walls of my blood stream!

Oh mummy they carried you
For the journey final they call
This sinner could not reach you
With this form good for nothing!

When they laid you on the pyre
Arranging woods all over,
Kith and kin crying
Circumambulating thy body!
Nobody to share with me
The minute to minute commentary!
I did not have my Sanchaya,
To tell me about the final fire,
That was added to your body glorious
I never knew when you turned to ashes!

All the sons collect the bones
Remaining after the horrid final rite!
Soaking them in tears
Then dissolve them in water!

I was not destined to carry out
Such a least act a son can do!
Why mother this injustice to me
Where I shall pour these pains aloud?

Feeling hungry dear mummy!
But nothing drops beyond the throat
Every gulp reminds about you
How shall I fill the gap so wide?

In the sharp edges of the leaves
I don't see your love mummy!
Neither the sweet fragrance of your lap

Nor the smell of the soil during the October rains!

Won't I hear your voice on the phone?

Asking me to take care of self?

You failed your words that

You would come and see me here

In this foreign land!

Oh I know you have come now

To this foreign land

To see you're your son desolate like a pitiable worm!

When I come home there

Where will you be?

Hiding in the kitchen to make delicacies for me?

Will I get the coffee-

Flavored with thy divine love?

Mummy! Why did you leave so fast in haste?

I am pining in pain at the loss of thy form!

Won't you stop my tears by your golden hands?

I am ready to die for that simple act mummy!

29 11 09

rajagopal haran

ence

Mother!

Even when I kicked you
You embraced me
Showering love all over me
When I was a child!

Hopping here and there
Falling every now and then
It was you
Taking me in your arms
Smearing love
The medicine that is nectar!

When failures haunted me
One voice encouragement
It was you mother
Lifting me up the ladder
You being in the step next to me!

Though the doors opened
For my better half to enter
Into the house you ruled,
They never got closed
Till you made the exit
To lurch on the streets!

Getting the wings
With the milk from your bosom
I flied high leaving you behind!

Its pain Mother,
My heart is aching
Mind is torn
Will you again embrace this child
Which is defeated and soiled,
Either alive or dead!

1 10 09

rajagopal haran

ed Arteries

Readers: there was a news in the Times of India dated 28 9 09..Nepal ditches India, says caste is akin to racism; this is true; still in rural areas an upper caste boy or girl can not love or marry the opposite sex from a different caste which is considered lower; there are reported honour killings by the family members only

The above inspired me write this; I dream of an India which has no caste; its worth recalling Bharathiyar, who said " Jathigal illaiyadi paappa, Kula thaazhchi uyarchi sollall paavam

All the entrances
Are decorated
With the rainbow
Of flowers

My eyes
Fall on the flower
A white rose!

When all the flowers
Are covered with snow
This rose is waking up
With tear-drops!

This flower
Supposed to laugh!
Who has prisoned the pity
Behind the window bars!

The beauty fit
For a crown,
Has been surrounded
By thorns around!

Who has thrown fire,
On the glory of a flower,
Full of dreams
Making it lose colour?

Unable to find

An answer to my queries
Trying to remove
The stigma of social segregation
I kiss the thorns profusely, thus
Passing the blood that runs my life
Through my lips to the flower
That will make the flower red!

28 9 09

rajagopal haran

amba Navavarna Kritis By Shri Muthuswami Dikshitar

The love for my divine mother overcomes all my other barriers;

This is a small effort to bring to a bigger audience the beauty and benefits of a great composition " Kamalambha navavarna kritis" by Shri Muthuswamy Dikshitar

I am jumping into the 4 th song which is the first song of the nine songs; will come back to the first three songs after completing the main songs; there will be 14 songs totally including this one

Yesterday there was a discourse; the story was about Satya Vrathan; the name means one who is committed to truth only; he was born after a penance by his parents; due to a curse that happened during their penance the son was a damn fool; son ultimately realized that he was a burden giving pain every moment to his parents by his presence; so he left home and reached a forest and sat in isolation

One day a pig was chased by a hunter; it entered his ashram and asked Satya Vrathan not to tell about its presence there and subsequently it hid itself there

Hunter came and asked our hero if he saw a pig

The cosmic drama was enacted here then; hero was perplexed and without realizing what he was telling uttered " ayim " the syllable part of the bigger "Beeja mantra" recollecting partly from his earlier unsuccessful education

Hearing this my Mother saraswathi gave him all the knowledge of the universe;

Now Satya Vrathan answered

The one what I saw I can't say
What I say can't be perceived by you

By the blessings of Saraswathi the hunter also got the divine knowledge

The Kamalamba Navavarna Kritis by Shri Muthuswami Dikshitar (1776-1836) are some of the most famous pieces of music in the Carnatic system of Indian classical music. They are treasures which embody not only the technical brilliance

of the composer but also offer a peep into the advaitic school of Hindu philosophy and elements of Tantric rituals

These songs are set in praise of the Goddess Kamalamba who is enshrined in Tiruvarur in the Tanjore district of Tamil Nadu in South India. The Goddess is the reference to the Divine Mother of the universe, or the Supreme Consciousness. The lyrics and the descriptive details are loaded with the mystical symbolism of the Vedantic (advaita) tradition and the chakras of the human system are closely linked to the evolutionary aspects described in the compositions that reflect the scholarly reach, musical depth and mystical significance of the composer.

English Transliteration

First Song

Raagam: Anandabhairavi Talam: tishra triputa

pallavi

kamalaamba samrakshatu maam
hruthkamalanagara nivaasini amba

anupallavi

sumanasaaraadhi thabjamukhee
sundaramanah priyakaraskhee
kamalajaanandabhodhasukhee
kaanthaatharapanjarashukee

charanam

tripuraadichakreshvaree animaadhisiddheeshwaree
nithyakaameshwaree kshithipura trailokya mohanachakravarthinee
prakatayoaginee suraripu mahishaasuraadhimardhinee
nigamapuraanadhisamvaedhinee
tripureshii guruguhajananee tripurabhanjanaranjane
madhuripusahodararee talodaree tripurasundaree maheshvaree!

Translation

Kamlambha! Protect me
The dweller of the Lotus city
Inside the heart of beings!

Ye lotus-faced beauty!
Delight of the mind of Lord Sundara, the friend of creatures!
You the bliss of Brahman!
Hey mother! Ultimate knowledge!
Thee enjoyer of every moment!
The personification of charm,
Enshrined in the resonance of Om, the pranava!

Oh Goddess Tripurasundari!
The queen of the chakras nine, the interlocking triangles,
And ruler of the siddhis starting with Anima,
-the accomplishments eight eternal on earth,
the unified force of matter and energy (Nitya Kameshwari) ,
of the earth, capital of thy kingdom,
Mother! Enchanter of the three worlds,
Inherent in matters all,
Thee! Yogini, slayer of the demon,
Mahishasura, the buffalo faced enemy of devatas!
The knower of epics and sacred literature!
Goddess of the three cities!
Loving Mother of Guruguha, Lord Subramanya!
You enchant Siva, the demolisher of three cities!
Sister of Vishnu who is the enemy of Madhu!
The slender waisted! Still containing within all the Talas, (worlds) ,
The great Goddess!

Some explanations

Kameshwari

is an aspect of the primordial female energy. She combines in her form the oneness of Shiva and Shakti, (matter and energy) and is the giver of form, fame, bliss and victory. She is the upholder of good and at times the destroyer of enemies. She is revered as the mother of the world, embodiment of truth and consciousness. Kameshwari is the spouse and the half of Kameswar Shiva and is hence endowed with many of Shiva's attributes and half of Shiva's form.

This deity form embodies the principle of the union of matter and energy which can overcome all obstacles and achieve all desired ends.

Talodari:

Who, though slender of waist, contains within Herself all the Talas, (worlds) like Atala and others.

This song contains the description of the first trailokyamohana chakra, also called bhupura (or kshitipura) . The cakra for this song consists of three rectangular walls, with openings on the four sides (in some versions of the diagrams, there is no opening, but sub-rectangles closing the entrance!)

The song is set in the nominative case. The basic sentence unit (anvaya) is: kamalambha maam samrakshatu (May the Goddess Kamalamba protect me) , and the various phrases qualify the proper noun Kamalamba.

The eight Yogic accomplishments (siddhis) referred to in this song are:

anima - power to become infinitesimal in size
mahima - power to grow very huge
laghima - power to become very light
garima - power to become inordinately heavy
ishitva - power to rule over everything
vashitva - power to subjugate all
prapti - power to obtain whatever is desired
prakamya - power to fulfill all wishes

Nityas are the primary devatas (goddesses) of the first cakra. They are sixteen in number, kaameshwari being at the center, and the other fifteen (bhagamalini, nityaklinna, bherunda, vahnivasini, mahavajreshwari, shivaduti, tvarita, kulasundari, nitya, nIlapataka, vijaya, sarvamangala, jwalamalini, chitra and mahanitya) around her.

The shaktis residing in this cakra are called prakata yoginis.

The phrase "Ananda" might have been used as a partial raga mudra for the raaga Anandabhairavi.

28 9 09

rajagopal haran

The Terrace Of My Spirit

With the happiness of the child
That chases the butterfly
Dawns my dream
From the night of my life

In the world of relations
Like the clouds during wind
Many a relation
Withering like the petals of a day long flower
That spread without fragrance
You are my beacon
Throwing light for this marooned ship

When the thorns of life
Prick me hard
I don't realize the pain
As you take the strain
Before it reaches the medulla oblongata

I forget the dawn
After the call from the crow
As your thought
Have closed all my faculties

Unable to come to terms
That time is moving fast
As I always bear
Your sweet memories in my mind

But
When my heart pains
Due to want of sleep
Eyes shedding tears
Till the crow gives the wake-up call
And the time striking to move ahead
You are not there by my side
To hold me on your hands
And lay my head on your lovely lap
Before the soul in my body

Shirks away its shirt!

25 9 09

rajagopal haran

ing Bummings

Checked my inner space
Darkness everywhere
Spread your light
My dear moon

My heart swirls
Like the boat
Without the sail
Navigate me forward
My dear steering

Oasis of my being
Withers without smell
Add fragrance
My dear flower
By blooming in my soul

The road of my life
Is void of traffic
In the absence of my vehicle
That is without you!

Solo journey goes on
With every moment
Seeming to be years
Every occasion
Levied with dismals!

23 9 09

rajagopal haran

actions Of A Soul

I am dumb
I want to tell your ears
The feelings of my mind

I am deaf
I want to hear from your mouth
The rumblings of your heart

I am lame
I want to lay my toes
On the imprints of your legs

I am blind
I want to be your pupa
To see the love on screen of your retina

I hear your murmur
That who would love this invalid
Allow my hands to hold your feet while you walk
At least my birth will be consecrated
For serving you on some count!

22 9 09

rajagopal haran

I Thesaurus

Like the fear
That you may read my diary
There is the fear
That you may not read my poem;

Wretched face in one
And
The wet face in the other

Fear of revelation
Of my personal being
In the first
And
The anxiety to get the stage
In the other

In the loneliness of night
Hearing the yearning of my soul
I read the pages of my diary
Yet to be written!

22 9 09

rajagopal haran

Cupboard Of The Yesterdays

(Dear Readers, these 9 days being Navarathri, the special days for worshipping my Divine Mother Kali, I wanted to show my love to Her; the deity of this poem is an old lady not required by the son, unwanted for the society; as she finds nobody to share her feelings I am using this forum to vent her inner rumblings; bear with her and me; Jail Kali!

Note: India is a country where women are respected as Goddesses; here comes the Goddess)

Every bullet
Finds a billet
Anger of whom is turned against me?

Oh! No one around!
Whom shall I ask this question?
Shall I turn inward?
Exactly that is the burden of my complaint!

With eighty rupees in my hand
I go around the corridors
Deserted and desolate
Of a house they call old age home!

Was this asylum my goal?
I hunt for a soul
That can hear me out!

Happier moments bang my mind
Don't ask me what is the scale!
Son was cute
Naughty we called!

By "we" I mean
Hubby, son and me!
That "we" is gone (forever?)
Is "me" left to live?

Testing times
Cycled us through
Paisa became rupee

My partner making the magic!

Quiet days of tranquility
Son came of age
Becoming the prince
Promising to convert
Our rupee into dollar!

Better half turned ill
With nothing left in our fill
Spent on the son to send him up the hill
Husband left this drill
Leaving nothing as a will!

The owe was not over
With partner breathing his last
Son being so busy, getting no leave
With nobody by my side
And no time to peeve
I lit the pyre
Of the body I loved!

Grieving was the order,
Of the days to come!
Old age creeping in,
Debilitation setting forth
Incoherence in actions
And resources dwindling so fast
Son at last helped me
In finding this asylum
Through the miracle of Internet!

Neighbors bidding goodbye
For the last time in my life
The only known souls
I can count as relations
Found my way
To the destination of no return!

Unable to pour my heart
As easily as in the past
I remain the old cupboard

Of yesterdays
Crawling on my crippled legs
Hating myself for nothing!

20 09 2009

rajagopal haran

nts Of Earth-A Coexistence

Loneliness
Scorching as thirst

I remain the water
Quenching mouths
All along offering myself

The fire that burns
The thirst
Of the people around
is present
In this water

The wants and aching
That can't be baked
By anybody around
Dance like the foot
That can't get lost

19 9 09

rajagopal haran

Of A Legendary Love

Among the carved images
On the parapet of the temple
Many representing the heavenly,
Kings and saints
All in attitudes of
Pious exaltation,

But

One figure,
Low down on the cold north side
Had neither crown
Nor nimbus
With face so hard bitter and downcast
Must be a demon

Pigeons roosted
And
Sunned themselves
All day on the ledges
Of the parapet

They called it
A lost soul

One autumn day
A slender bird,
Sweet voiced,
Fluttered onto
The roof of the temple

Only the effigy
Of the lost soul
Offered a place
Of refuge

The hands of the lost soul
Did not cross hands

In the pious attitude
Of other dignitaries
But its arms were folded
In defiance
And
Their angle made
A snug resting place
For the little bird

Every night
It crept carefully
Into its corner
Against the stone breast
Of the image

The lonely bird
Grew to love
Its lonely protector
It would sit in
Some rain-shoot
And
Trill forth its
Sweetest music
In grateful thanks
For its nightly shelter

The wild drawn face
Seemed gradually lose
Some of its hardness
And unhappiness
May have been
The work of the wind
Or weather
Or some other influence

Every day thro' the long
Monotonous hours
The song of its little guest
Would come up in snatches
To the lonely watcher
Those were the happy days
For the dark image

The priests planned cleaning
They admired the song
But the bird was spoiling
The parapet above

They caught the bird
Put it in a cage
Lodged inside
The precincts of the temple

The dark image knew
More than ever
The bitterness and loneliness;
Perhaps his little friend
Had been killed
By a prowling cat
Or hurt by a stone
...Perhaps had flown elsewhere

But everyday morning
The lonely soul heard
a faint heart-aching message
from the prisoner in the cage
far below

At high noon everyday
When pigeons were resting
After a sumptuous fat midday meal
And when sparrows were washing themselves
The song of the little bird
Came up to the parapets
-a song of hunger
and longing and hopelessness
-a cry that could never be answered

the pigeons remarked
between mealtimes
that the image leaned forward
more than ever
out of the perpendicular

one day
no song came up
from the wicker cage
it was the coldest day
of the winter
pigeons and sparrows
looked anxiously
on all sides
for the scraps of food

have the inn dwellers thrown out
anything onto the dust heap?
Inquired one of the pigeons

“ Only a little dead bird! ” was the answer

There was heavy rain
in the night throughout
there came a crackling sound
and a noise of a falling thud

in the morning
it was seen
that the figure of the Lost Soul
toppled from its cornice
and lay now in a broken mass
on the dust heap outside

priests said that
they would have an angel
in place of the Lost Soul!

7 9 09

rajagopal haran

109. Interpreting The Pause

When you are seen
I am invisible
Is it hide and seek?
Between you and me?

Is it Perception or illusion?
Is it ambiguous victory or
Vague defeats?
No, we transcend the "you and me"!

I am used to walk
On top of water
When there is high tide
Drenching me full!

Thinking of pearl
Dive deep inside!

Escaping the teeth
Those are ready to bite
I turn into honey;

When the tongue wants
To have its hold on me
To relish for its part
Camouflage myself as stone!

When you try to swallow
The thorns that tear
Hearts that hide truth
Mouths that lie
I turn into hanger
Making you float!

4 9 09

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ed Fire—haiku Poem

Poverty plays fiddle
Sitting in our hut
Like king Nero
When the fire burns
Inside our stomach

1 9 09

rajagopal haran

A Man's Folly

Whatever be the time
To serve all the needs

Who can become like my mother?

Keeping the smile only
With her saree
Expects which son
Shall get the change-saree
While never taking
The first saree my father got for her!

Expecting the day
Of final call
When time would call her
Permanently into its fold,
She fears the day
As the worry mounts in her mind
As to who would help father
After her departure!

1 9 09

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112.(Im) Pending Waxing-Haiku Poem

How many
New moons
To see your
Full moon face?

rajagopal haran

Idiom Of Love

In the broken glass
Try to see your face!

There you may not find
The flowers adoring your braid!

You may see the sky
And could see the birds thereupon!

One bird aware of the pain
Of seeing the face in the broken glass
may cross the broken glass
allowing the reflection of its face!

But the bird could see
An unperturbed face on the other
broken piece!

At that time
You will be looking out
At the space left by the flying bird!

31 8 09

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Your Statement

Parents are in the village
Where bus is a luxury
Phone is forbidden
Television is a dream
Nobody to take care
They are alone for each other!

Better half is in the town
Pushing day after day
Shy preventing her expression
Keeping things to her heart
Kicking the nights hard
She dies of separation
Air alone to spend with
She waits for the dawn that never shows her twilight!

Children are in the boarding school
With long hours so boring
None to teach the good and bad
No stories for the bedtime to snore
Crush their days
By their frustrating routines!

I am also alone
In this foreign land of plenty
I also have none
To share my feelings
But
With shame I declare
I am a family man!

(Note: there is a Sanskrit slogam from Subhashitam which I read today

Bho dhariththriyam namasthubyam thath prasadhaath mayaa chchuudhaha!
Pashyaamyaham jagath sarvam na maam pashyathi kaschana

The above means: Hail Poverty! You have set me free! It is because of you that I can see everybody else but nobody can see me!

This inspired me)

30 8 09

rajagopal haran

For Draught

Moments of life
-that never get filled,
I dump them with
Needs that overflow ever!
Even after drinking to the brim
Extending to the brink of life,
I go after the mirages undeterred;
Trying to fill with wants more and more,
while essentials creeping right under my feet,
Greater longings gush, down the lane!
I camouflage the desires as distant stars
And hide them before the day breaks in!

29 8 09

rajagopal haran

116.A Good Catch

Was reading an article by Lasantha-wickramatunga who was editor of Sunday Leader –Sri Lanka; this was the last editorial before his assassination

He concludes the editorial with the following poem

There was one a German religious philosopher Martin Nei Muller; he was against jews;

He was a supporter of Hitler in his youth; herealised that Hitler was against anybody who even thought against him and not only destroying Nazis; he was captured in 1937 and tortured for 8 years and killed in 1945

Before his death he wrote a poem

This I read in my mother tongue Tamil; it was very realistic and wonderful

I am giving my translation in English

They came to capture jews
I did not open my mouth
Because
I was not a Jew

They came to capture communists
I did not open my mouth
Because
I was not a communist

Then

They came to capture the trade unionists
I did not open my mouth
Because
I was not a trade unionist

Finally

They came to capture me

That time
There was nobody
To speak
For me!

26 8 09

rajagopal haran

117.A Journey Unbound

A Journey Unbound

Among the stars
In the darkness of pregnant clouds
With air filling the space
And the cries of night birds mingling with the souls eternal
I start my moon journey
All alone unperturbed
Pleasant to a greater extent
Bitter negligibly
Certain Suns passing my way
Promising great light
And certain earths ready to swallow my shine
My lonely life that none can comprehend
Trying to find in the dictionary of life
The meaning of my words not found in you
Finding that pearl and losing the same in the great sigh
No reasoning is going to get into you
Though astronomical dawn has set in
Twilight is not visible anywhere in the horizon!

25 8 09

rajagopal haran

agurupara Swamigal's Sakalalakavalli Maalai-Stanza 10-Concluding Part

This is the concluding stanza of " Sakalalakavalli Maalai

Again, like Abhirami Andhadhi, Savithri was my driving force for making this happen; the fact is that we don't find any reference of this wonderful masterpiece anywhere; at least this work of such a small person like me may be helpful to get to know what is " sakalalakavalli maala i".

With all respects to Shri Kumagurupara Swamigal, I submit this translation work at the Lotus Feet of my Divine Mother Saraswathi. Whoever reads this will get the immediate blessings of my Mother.

Tamil Transliteration:

Mann kannda venn kudaikk keezhagha maerppatta mannarumenn
Pannkannda lavil paniyach chaeivaai, padaip poanmudhalaam
Vinnkannda dheivampal koadiyunndaenum vilambulunnpoarr
Kannkannda dheiva muladho sakalalakavalliyae!

Translation Poem:

Mother! Destine that
The Kings so great of the earth
Ruling under the oath of justice
Shall come to me and
Pay obeisance to me
On hearing my compositions of poems!

Though a fact that
There is an array of
Thirty three crores
Heavenly Deities in the Universe
Beginning with Brahma, the creator,
is there is any God
That readily materializes
For the normal eyes my mother doyen of Arts and Science?

Message:

I take the help of a Sanskrit slogam from Subhashithaani:

Vidhvathvam cha nrupathvam cha naiva thulyam kadhaachana!
Swadesae poojyathae raja vidhvaan savathra poojyathae! !

The above means:

Learnedness and Sovereignty are not at all comparable at any time;
A king is honored in his own country, while a Learned person is honored everywhere.

Explanation:

The phrase " Kannkanda Dheivam " is a wonderful concept, which has a wide application in our current day life.

It literally means approachable God

If we really want to understand this we need to draw parallels from our day today life;

There were/are many presidents in India but only Dr Abdul Kalam is known to everybody for the simple reason that he is approachable; he is down to earth; he never behaves like a great learned person even though he is an incarnation of my Mother Saraswathi in human form.

Like that to approach other Gods/Goddesses lots of formalities may be required; But to approach my mother " Pure Love " for love-sake only is required;

If we achieve that state then my Mother will be permanent resident with us always.

1 9 09

rajagopal haran

agurupara Swamigal's Sakalakalavalli Maalai-Stanza 9

(Dear Readers!

Note 1: The translation of the Sakalakalavalli Maalai is possible because of Ramana, my relative, who made the meaning of the original available to me and whose father expired this morning; his greatness can be understood by the fact that today is " Ekadasi" in the Hindu calendar and he will be cremated tomorrow which will be " Dwadhasi thithi"; it's the belief that person dying on ekadasi day and getting cremated on dwadhasi day will reach lord Maha Vishnu; I dedicate this stanza to father of Ramana, Shri Srinivasan

Note 2: while writing this stanza my strong desire to be born again surged inside my every vein; I want to see my mother, I want to be in Her loving folds for ever, I want to lay my head on Her lovely laps; I want to be in Her loving embrace whenever I am let down by all in the world; I want to talk to Her for hours, days, years births...I do not know if Saraswathi will become my Mother in my next birth!)

Tamil Transliteration:

Sorkum porutku muyira meinj jnanaththin thoatramenna
Nirkindra ninnai ninaippavar yaarnilandh thoaipuzhaikkai
Narkunj charaththin pidiyoadu arasannam naana nadai
Karkkum padhampuyath thaeyae sakala kalavalliyae!

Translation Poem:

Walking style of the cow elephant
Oscillating from side to side
With the trunk touching the ground
Is a beauty unique!

Delivering dance and sway
Of the sway of the kingly swan
In the manner of walking
Is more beautiful than the elephant's!

Oh my Mother! Possessor
Of the lotus-feet

Make the elephant and swan feel shy
by way of their artistic walking
With the artistic charm
Of elegance and tenderness!
Ace of arts and science! Mother!

Mother! You are the
Crystallized solid form of
True knowledge, which is life essential
To word and meaning!
You are beyond the comprehension
Of mind and
Rare to be sighted!

Hey! Wisdom-fire!
Who has the capacity
to conceive you in their mind my Mother?
They are blessed
And benefited indeed!

Message:

Mother! The beauty of knowledge is great in itself! Let me get associated with
that always!

31 8 09

rajagopal haran

agurupara Swamigal's Sakalakalavalli Maalai-Stanza 8

Tamil Transliteration:

Solvirr panamu mavadhaana mungkavi sollavalla
Nallvidhdhai unthandh thadimaikoll vaainali naasananjchaer
Selvik karidhen drorukaala munj sidhail yaamainalghum
Kalvipp perunjchelvapp paerae sakala kalavalliyae!

Translation poem:

Amassed Wealth graced by Nalini,
The goddess of wealth,
Wanes up fast,
Upon spend after spend,
Stages the disappearing act
And decays ultimately!

The wealth of knowledge
Gained by thy grace
Multiplies for every payout
Overflows on lavishing
Shines and never chips in
And follows in the seven births to come

Hence my Mother Saraswathi!
Bless with the speaking skill
And the wonderful Avadhanam,
Also seek thy sanction that
I compose poems that surpass time;
Endow me with the power of imparting my knowledge
That can be comprehended by all!
Ultimately I should serve you only by your favour!

Message:

Knowledge is permanent; should strive to acquire the same; my Mother has to
shower Her grace to realize the same

Explanation:

This stanza is a comparison between knowledge gained thro' education and wealth accumulated by hard work.

The superiority of knowledge over wealth can be explained simply as:

It's possible to gain wealth through knowledge, yet it's hard to gain knowledge through wealth

Avadhanam

Avadhanam is a literary performance popular from the very ancient days in Sanskrit and more exclusively in Telugu, kannada and Tamil. It requires immense memory power and tests a person's capability of performing multiple tasks simultaneously. All the tasks are memory intensive and demand an in depth knowledge of literature, and prosody. The tasks vary from making up a poem spontaneously to keeping a count of a bell ringing at random. No external memory aids are allowed while performing these tasks except the person's own brain, not even so much as a writing utensil.

Avadhani refers to the individual who performs the Avadhanam; the group who queries the performer are the first person to ask the question is called 'Pradhana prucchaka; ' he is the same as any other prucchaka except that, he asks the first question. The Prucchakas put forth questions to the avadhani which are primarily literary in nature. The Prucchakas can optionally place additional constraints. Though it is not stated explicitly, conformation to Chandassu (The syntax for poems) is mandatory. Avadhani should answer them in the form of a poem. The literary questions generally consist of a description given in prose and the avadhani has to express it as a poem. The additional restrictions placed by the Prucchakas can be anything like asking the avadhani not to use a given set of alphabetical characters in the entire poem or to construct only a particular type of poem etc.

Characteristics of Avadhanam:

The beauty of Avadhanam is, the avadhani is not allowed to recite the entire poem in a single go. After listening to the Prucchaka's question, the avadhani constructs the first line of the poem, recites it and moves to the next Prucchaka. After listening to all the Prucchakas, and reciting one line of poem each, the avadhani shall return to the Pradhana prucchaka (in Round-Robin fashion) and continues with the second line of the poem. The beauty and challenge here is that, the avadhani has to remember the question, the line of poem said before

and all the additional constraints placed. They shall not be repeated and any mistake shall disqualify the person from being entitled to 'Avadhani'. Every poem has 4 lines, so every Prucchakas turn comes 4 times. Avadhaani has to recite the full poem once he finishes constructing all the lines of the poems. This is called 'dhaarana' and forms the culmination of the Avadhanam. Avadhani should use only his memory for all this. Some times, Avadhanam goes for days at an end! ! !

30 8 09

rajagopal haran

agurupara Swamigal's Sakalakalavalli Maalai-Stanza 7

Tamil Transliteration:

Paattum porulum porulaall porundhum payanumennpaal
Koottumpadi ninn kadaikkanall kaayulung kondu thondar
Theendung kalaiththamizhth theempaal amudham thelikkumvannam
Kaattumvell oadhimapp paedae sakala kalaavalliyae!

Translation Poem:

Mother! Expert in art, science!
Meditating on you, Tamil poets shower,
the rich milk food of Tamil!
You are like the swan that separates milk from water precisely!
Bless me that I compose poems well
Also that they are rich in content!
Condescend to glance me through the corner of your eye
That my compositions are pregnant, always with
Virtue, principles of life, aspects of love and liberation!

Message:

The meaning of writing a poem is to impart the four—virtue, principles of Life,
aspects of love and liberation

Explanation:

The four words Aram, porul, Inbam and Veedu in Tamil denote-

- (1) Aram' (virtue of charity)
 - (2) Porul' (wealth)
 - (3) Inbam' (pleasure)
- and
- (4) Veedu' (spiritual emancipation) .

Swami Desikan in his poem 'paramartha-stuthi' spoke of this very aspiration-

avadheerya chaturvidham pumartham
Bhava-dhartE viniyukta-jeevitah: sann!
labhatE Bhavatah: falAni jantuh:

nikhilAn-yatra nidarshanam jatAyuh: ! !

(Any living being that transcends the 4-fold 'purushaarthaas' of life and dedicates itself wholly to You, O Almighty One... such a soul does easily reap all the fruits of Thy World of Bliss which Jatayu (of the Ramayana) too earned! ') .

If we analyze the above facts one thing is clear; children are above all these things..That's why they are comparable to God

One episode from the life of a devotee of Mata Amrutanandamayi, which I read in the morning, serves a direct example

There is a poor person; he is a devotee of Amma; he met and amma asked him to bring his children; he forgot

amma reminded him when he came next time; he has a daughter; she got married; she gave birth to a son; he was born a heart patient

These people were shattered

They met amma

Amma assured them not to worry

The boy, our hero always plays with Amma's photos and Amma dolls; she is his love, friend, philosopher and guide

They were referred to AIMS Kerala by my Mother Mata Amrutanandamayee

On the operation day the boy refused to come inside the theatre; he told that Amma had assured him that she would accompany him during operation,

The nurse said that Amma is doing bhajans inside (in AIMS hospital they play bhajans) the boy believed and joyfully entered; operation went on for 9 hours; after 3 days he regained his consciousness.

What he narrates here is the essence of the state of bliss which is possible if we cross the 4 states of aram, porul, inbam and veedu

He stated " Aachi (in Tamilnadu grandchildren call grandma as Aachi) , from the time I entered the operation theatre Kaalima (mother kali—Amrutanandamayee) was sitting by my side only; she was looking at me only smiling all the time"

Point is the bondage of love between that child and Amma; it has no material transaction involvement; there is no hidden agenda; its all love for love sake; Amma promised something and the child confirms that Amma has fulfilled the same

Kumaragurupara swamigal also requests my Mother in the same way; if we develop that love then Almighty will never leave that child.

I use to say to all my friends and relatives that God has no relative; If we consider Him/Her as our relative/friend then there is no barrier for the love flow.

29 8 09

rajagopal haran

agurupara Swamigal's Sakalakalavalli Maalai-Stanza 6

Tamil Transliteration:

Pannum bharathamung kalviyun theenchorpanuvalumyaan
Yennum pozhutheli theidhanal kaayezhu thaa maraiyum
Vinnum puviyum punalung kanalum veng kaalumanbhar
Kannung karuththum niraindhaai sakala kalaavalliyae!

Translation Poem

My Mother! You, present in
the true being explained by the Vedas,
which were not written by human beings
and created by the Almighty,
and present in the five elements,
space, air, fire, earth and water,
also the exhibit that fills the vision of the learned
and also the object of meditation in their mind's eye!
Bless me to excel in music, in classical dance,
in drama and mastery in many areas of art, in education
and in all the three divisions of tamil and in science!
Also shower thy grace so that I write poems
-full of pleasing words with ease!

Message:

My Mother should make me a master of all subjects

28 8 09

rajagopal haran

agurupara Swamigal's Sakalakavalli Maalai-Stanza 5

Stanza 5

Tamil Transliteration:

Panchap pidhantharu seiya porra paapang kaerugamenn
Nennjath thadaththala raadhadhennae nedunth that kamalth
Thanjath thuvasa muyarththoansenn naavu magamumvellaikk
Kanjath thavisoth thirundhdhaai sakala kalaavalliyae!

Translation Poem

Occupying Brahman's red tongue,
Who is holding high, the flag of
Swan white, with long legs red complexion
beating the red colour of lotus into oblivion
and also occupying His great heart
and seated on the white lotus flower
in a beautiful sitting posture
Hey Mother! White swan!
Master of all arts and science!
Wont you make Your soft golden red lotus feet
decorated with the red mehandi
blossom in my heart?

Message:

Focused attention on Art and education and technical acumen are signs of progress

Red Message:

In the ordinary world Red is a danger mark; in mythology red is considered a symbol of victory and ladies wearing red are respected and loved

According to Henry Dreyfus,

1) it is popularly felt that red, the color of blood and fire, represents life and vitality. Red also signifies the color of the sun: a symbol of energy, radiating its vitalizing life force into human beings. Red is also looked upon as a sensual color,

and can be associated with man's most profound urges and impulses.

2) red and white together immediately signifies happiness and celebration. The combination of red and white in the decorative ornaments used on wedding or engagement presents has a compelling quality that suggests man's urge to create a bond between his own life and that of the gods. Red and white are also the colors of the uniforms that shrine maidens' wear (denoting these colors divine nature.)

Here in our stanza we have white swan with red legs, his flag is white, the seat of my Mother Saraswathi is white, her feet are red

A swan is a bird that is a symbol of gracefulness and calmness. Swans are graceful as they float atop the water in ponds, and they are calm creatures. Swans also symbolize sensitivity, love, and beauty. Because it has domain over water as well as air, the swan is considered to be the Bird of Light and is associated with the dawning of the Sun

birds often symbolize the divine. They are often viewed as gods in disguise, or else they are the vehicles of gods and goddesses.

While the peacock is a symbol of material manifestation, the swan stands for the ethereal. It represents the presence of divine inspiration in our world.

Note: in the previous stanza my mother Saraswathi is compared to Peacock and here Swan

This combination signifies the love of the poet for my divine Mother

27 8 09

rajagopal haran

agurupara Swamigal's Sakalakavalli Maalai-Stanza 4

Stanza 4

Tamil Transliteration:

Thookkum panuval thuraithoaindha kalviyunj sorsuvaithoai
Vakkum perugapp paniththarul vaaivada noorkadalum
Thaekkum sezhunthamizhch selvamun thondarsen naavinindru
Kakkum karunaik kadalaе sakala kalavalliyae

Translation Poem:

Mother of immense grace and wisdom!
Authority in every art!
Education that develops by self-effort
And analysis at every stage!
And then the mastery in articulatory phonetics and oratory
Are resultant of thy grace and studies!
Pray to bless and protect the pundits
and linguists who retain
the ocean of variety of Sanskrit books and
the sweet Tamil wealth, rich in books
and delicious in taste by doing thus
contributing to the growth of the linguistic world!

Message:

The Mother, I pray you to bless me for the learning of all subjects and exercise mastery on all arts and science

Explanation:

The emphasis is on the mastery in any field and not just increasing the number of books in our possession

26 8 09

rajagopal haran

agurupara Swamigal's Sakalakalavalli Maalai-Stanza 3

Stanza 3

Tamil Transliteration:

Alikkunj chezhunthamizhth thellamuthaarndhun arutkadalir
Kulikkum padikkendru kuudunkoloa vulangh konduthellith
Thelikkum panuvarr pulavoar kavimazhai sindhdhakkannu
Kalikkung kalaabha mayilae sakala kalaavalliyae!

Translation Poem:

Poets shower a rainbow of poetry crystal clear
Of chosen words and content
On the spring of thoughts flooding their mind!
Hey mother dancing peacock with plumage display!
Ye become serene and ecstatic!
Make me imbibe rich Tamil nectar by your charm
So that i get immersed in thy grace ocean bathing ever after!

Message:

The state of all creatures being wise gives pleasure to Goddess also

Explanation:

Books are the best friends

The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books.
~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

When my Mother sees those books and persons who are scholars, she feels very happy and loves to be associated with such books/people.

rajagopal haran

agurupara Swamigal's Sakalakalavalli Maalai-Stanza 2

Stanza 2

Tamil Transliteration

Naadum porutsuvai sorchuvai thoithara naarkaviyum
Paadum paniyir panitharul vaai pangha yaasanaththir
Koodum pasumpor kodiyaee kanathnak kundrumaimpaar
Kaadunj chumakkum karumbae sakala kalavalliyae!

Translation poem

Oh tender golden creeper
Seated on the white lotus mind (of mine) !
Beholder of big mounts, heavy and
Dome-like competing with hills
Bearer of hair-forest capable of demonstrating
Unique five hair-braid style varieties
Oh Mother sweet like sugarcane!
You expert in arts, science and education!
Make me serve like poets four so great
Soaked in four majors of poetry
Imbided with Prosody and meaning!

Message:

Like the natural wealth available in plenty, wisdom constructed with the building blocks of knowledge should also prosper ever.

Explanation:

If we look at the message then we will get the meaning of the various descriptions pertaining to

- 1) The creeper occupying the seat
- 2) The breasts in full comparable to rock dome
- 3) Hair in plenty that can be fashioned into any style

Creepers have the history of spreading fast covering the whole space they grow; my Mother Saraswathi when plans to occupy somebody, it is a full fledged, whole-hearted aggressive occupation

Breasts are again symbols of grace; they are the life-sustaining feeders, which on feeling about a child start secreting the nectar (milk)

Hair is the specialty of women and those having long beautiful hairs denote prosperity and grace.

When my Mother is in our heart, there is no doubt that expertise in poetry and other arts & science will occur naturally to that person.

Meaning or details about certain terminologies:

1) five hair-braid styles: bun, pigtail braids, woven braid, upto braid twist and cornrow braids

2) Pankajam: Sanskrit word—a species of lotus flower or lotus-like—this could mean that Saraswathi is seated on the lotus flower or she is ruling the heart (which is lotus-like) of the poet

3) In Tamil marabukkavidhai(traditional poetry) there are four types of paas (poems) : venpa, asiriyappa, kalippa and vanchippa

they are forms of classical Tamil poetry. Classical Tamil poetry has been classified based upon the rules of metric prosody. A set of well defined metric rules define the grammar Such rules form a context-free grammar..

4) Four types of poets:

1. **Āsu Kavi** (One who readily composes a poem when ordered by anyone to do so without any hesitation.)

2. **Madhura Kavi** (Composing sweet songs with suitable words, pregnant with meaning and most enjoyable by the introduction of several figures of speech.)

3. **Vistara Kavi** (If a poem is composed with the use of several meters called Kalivenpa etc in Tamil, in an elaborate manner, it is known as Vistara Kavi. Periya Tirumozhi, the 2 Tandaga poems, the 2 Madals belong to this category.)

4. **Chitra Kavi** (Tiruvezhukutirukkai belongs to this type of poetic composition. The Sanskrit rhetoricians have divided this Chitra Kavi in various ways: Chakra Banda, Padma Banda, Muraja Banda, Naga Banda, Ratha Banda.

24 8 09

rajagopal haran

agurupara Swamigal's Sakalakalavalli Maalai-Stanza 1

Tamil Transliteration

Venthamaraik kandri ninpadhandh thaangaven vellaiyullath
Thandaa maraikkuth thagadhukoloa? Saka mezhumalith
Thunda nuranga ozhiththaan piththagavunn daakkum vannam
Kandaan suvaikoll karumbae sakala kalavalliyae!

Translation poem

The preserver empowered to protect the seven worlds
Who tasted the seven worlds-
Meditating absorbed in deep contemplation
Siva the destroyer entrusted with destruction
Becoming a handicap mentally
Only Brahma the creator of all
Discharging the duty enjoined!
Hey sugarcane! Hey Mother of arts science and education!
Is it that the white lotus alone eligible
to hold those graceful feet?
Isn't my breezy aspiring heart pleasant ever
-not eligible to have that honour?

Message:

We should have the impression of Mother Saraswathi, Goddess of Education in our heart; if this is done then we will perform noble missions tirelessly.

Explanation:

In Hindu mythology Almighty is personified as males and females;

It is universal fact that a male is useless without a female behind- mother, sister, wife, friend – any form

In this stanza Siva and Vishnu are reported as non-performers whereas Brahma only is shown as doing His designated work perfectly

The hidden meaning of the above is as follows:

Siva's consort is my Mother Parvathi, representing valor.

Vishnu's wife is my Mother Lakshmi, representing Wealth.

Brahma's wife is my Mother Saraswathi, representing education.

Kumaraguruparar says that those who have valor and wealth do not perform well whereas who are good in education are always the winners.

Vishnu: in His incarnation as Krishna ate earth(sand) and when His foster mother asked Him to open His mouth He opened His mouth showing the seven worlds.

Siva: Sundarar called Siva as " piththan" (mad man) when Siva claimed that Sundarar was His slave.

23 8 09

rajagopal haran

agurupara Swamigal's Sakalakavalli Maalai- Introduction

Preface

Necessity for this Translation Work:

One of my friends wanted the meaning of the above great work; after 6 months I got the original songs; complete meaning was still evading

The beauty is that I am in Mumbai India and my friend is in a foreign land; both of us have many relatives in India

At last husband of my sister's wife got me the meaning on 22 8 09

My mother (she is no more) used to say that nothing is easy on this earth

Introduction:

Aurangzeb was a great destroyer of Hindu Temples and killed thousands of Hindus everyday as a matter of routine.

Kumaragurupara was a poet of considerable genius, a philosopher of great acumen and a powerful religious organizer. And in choosing North India as the scene of his labors, he stands unique among the latter day poet-saints of Tamilnadu'.

Overwhelmed by the ever growing and radiating spiritual and cultural influence and impact of Kumaragurupara, Emperor Aurangzeb, the then Mughal ruler of Hindustan, expressed a desire to see him. Kumaragurupara Swamigal agreed to meet him.

In this context, legend has it that he prayed to Goddess Saraswathi by composing his immortal Sakalakavalli Maalai and instantaneously by Her Grace, Kumaragurupara Swamy became proficient in Hindustani. He went to see the Emperor Aurangzeb riding on a lion, symbolic of courage and pride.

According to contemporary accounts, Aurangzeb was greatly impressed with Kumaragurupara Swamigal's self-effacing holiness and learning and treated him with great respect, overcoming his initial suspicion and nonchalance.

Kumaragurupara Swamigal was successful in persuading Aurangzeb to allot a plot of land to him at Varanasi near the Kedar Ghat. He later built a Mutt there on that piece of land known as Kumaraswamy Matam, (Kasi Matam) which became a centre of Saivaitic religious activity. He built a temple also and re-consecrated the Visweswara Lingam of the Kedar Ghat, which had been subjected to vandalism by the Muslims. The historical fact that Aurangzeb treated Aadi Kumaragurupara Swamigal with great respect should not be taken as solid proof of Aurangzeb's concern for Hinduism and the Hindus of India of his time. This only shows the overwhelming and overpowering spiritual power of Kumaragurupara Swamigal and nothing else.

The life of Aadi Kumaragurupara Swamigal has some lessons for us even today.

Though he was a staunch Saivite and a passionate lover of Tamil language, which he often extolled, in his great poems, he never hesitated to learn Hindustani and carry on his religious and literary work in North India.

mania Iyer says

“His poems show that he never cared for the linguistic purism of an extreme type that is the fashion in some quarters today. He recognized the greatness of the Sanskrit language and the Vedic and other religious literature embedded in it “

In his greatest work Sakalakalavalli Maalai, what Kumaraguruparar sought from Goddess Sakalakalavalli (Goddess Saraswathi) was not only master of languages but also supremacy over nations.

Lets dive into the ocean of Bliss; there are 10 stanzas

Today being Vinayaka Chaturthi Day I start this seeking Ganesha’s blessings in this noble mission

23 8 09

rajagopal haran

ng Myself Up

Is life unfair?

Looking for options

Without safe zones

I stumble on a journey

As exhilarating as the destination

Running the race

Enjoying the ride

Ruminating over the past

To plot my future

Experiences defining the path

Just keeping the head above the quicksand

Unconnected passions

Doing what comes naturally

Will I grow into a mountain?

Or shrink into a grain of sand?

Searching for the tag

That labels me consistently

Hearing the complaint

About that dormant trait

Hanging around for the long haul

To make it dormant rest of my life

Tuning my weakness

Camouflaging with strength

Is the act never ending?

Will the dream ever remain green?

Am I here for a purpose to fulfill?

Do you hear me my Lord?

Do I have to hitch myself in you?

Or you will bury thyself in me?

22 8 09

rajagopal haran

130.Invisible Intentions

Shriveling the spirit

Without healing in the vicinity

Transcending the suffering

Without scuttling of memories

Afflicting the gratification

Without acceptance of the feeling

Confronting the pains

Without love engaging the soul

Resenting the attempt to intervene my life

Without repulsion left in store

I go hunting for the unknown

Come finding the thrown

That is open to the winds

But close to my heart!

17 8 09

rajagopal haran

rints Of A Bird

No legacy, no trace
Footprints left on sand
Covered by dust
Circumvented by a few
Trodden by many
What does it mean?
End of the day or
Is it end of the road?
Before trying to leave
The least before resting
Leaving the things
For the fossils to preserve
Buried deep
Inside the earth
To be taken out
Of slumber
To serve some perversion
Meaningful existence or
Is it a frugal sensation-
of a futile life?

13 3 09

rajagopal haran

eswari –my Lend And Spend

(From morning i was occupied fully by the reverberating thoughts of Amma;
started writing in the morning and completed now; submitting at Her golden
feet)

Blooming as the flower
In the stony heart
Watering this weed with plenty of love
Made this life live with compassion

Divine mother
Coming near me
Making a fence of love
As soft as your clothes

Your complexion of chocolate brown
Lending your ears ready to listen
Hey queen of wavy dancing hair
Your nose ring throws the light essential for my life

Your radiance removing the darkness around me
And your forehead forming the lake of peace
I sought your lap to lay my head
When you shall whisper the message of love

As you nurse thy children by rubbing their backs
Giving each soul the need of the moment
Take care of this child longing for love
Wiping my tears with your hands

Bathe my heart with a glance of your eyes
Showering thy grace soaked with compassion
Make me love all things I see
With a stroke of thy unearthly smile

Like your song that makes all sing
Mould this simpleton the way you desire
Surround this soul lying at your feet
For I love you my Mother I have nowhere to go!

21 2 2009

rajagopal haran

g Over The Green

Wandering in the wild
Among the green and glee
Struck by the silent whisper
Looked for my soul's song
Heard the song of the wild flower
Singing in a voice echoing my mind

Driven by the peace
Percolated by the flowers
Lied on the floor!
Lulled by the silence
Murmuring my fears
Slept for a while

Roaming beasts around
Dancing to the tune of birds
Bees clearing the nectar
Enslaving the blooms
Went out in search of extraordinary joy
Found in plenty deplete of bliss

11 2 2009

rajagopal haran

enting Love

Compensating your kindness
With my compassion miniscule
My generous in small
Does it change your life if at all?

Your kindness travels down the years
Wiping off my tears and fears
Taking me to the heaven
Teaching me the philosophy of kindness

Making me learn the meaning of love
Your love protects me from onslaughts
Bringing sunshine to my grey and gloomy days
When I am weary for words of consolation

Day and night waiting for you, stare out the window
Autumn to winter looking back now and then thro' the net
No dearth of kindness in the world of ours
Our formless love will put an end to senseless act of depravity

27 1 09

rajagopal haran

135. Taking Love Along

Remembering that evening
Walking with you hand in hand
Blue sky enveloping the universe
I try to imitate to embrace you!

The fiesta of sunset on the mountaintops
Reminding me of your towering thought
My window forming the frame of your charm
I pine whole day showering in your thought!

The book in my hand falling off out of control
Knocking me off from my deep slumber
Disturbing the dream depicting you my love
I feel sad when I realize you are far away!

Where are you my soul?
Receding in the west!
Come on me suddenly
Without wasting the twilight!

17 1 2009

rajagopal haran

Sensations

Sea and love
Never give the feeling of aversion
Small fights in-between
Bind us more my love
Before we loved
Nothing was my own
Now I have everything
As you are my own
No name matters to me
Except thy name dear
Fallen and abandoned
I was about to decay
Angel you came
Elevating my soul
Fragrance of your name
Carries me in the air
Reaching the moon
To reserve a space
So that I can remain
Bound with you
Without day or night
I shall cease to exist
Since I shall merge
With you forever

28 12 2008

rajagopal haran

d Sight- The Subconscious Vision

If the sunglasses are taken off
I can hear you better
As long as I am giving you things
I don't have to notice you
I want to see you
I am willing to be seen

Not seeing the way
How to surrender to suffering
Finding pseudo escapes
Which don't free me from pain
I enter death consciously
Oh now I have nothing to fear!

My body being close to animals
Seeking enlightenment through an-
Out of the body experience,
Transformation happens through the body!
As I anchor in the current of now
Manifestation occurs of the unknown spirit!

27 12 08

rajagopal haran

n Next Door-Another Love Story

The alchemy touched my soul
Transformed my copper-like soul
Into glittering gold of love!
I searched for him all around
Whereas he stretched his arm
And held my feet!
He being the water of my life
No illness can remain in me!
In the rose garden of my love
No thorn can dare exist!

There is no window between our hearts
As there is no wall between us!
My sweet heart appeared
Out of my bosom closed so long!
He remains as ghee in buttermilk
Giving the feeling like honey in milk
I don't meet my lover
As we are in each other all along!

When I am with him
We are awake all night
When he is not with me
I don't get sleep!
With the face so charming
And the heartfelt smile and laughter
He makes my life gentler
Can't explain the goings and comings
As he enters suddenly
I am to be found nowhere for the humans

18 12 2008

rajagopal haran

ations Of An Autumn Leaf

(Dear Readers

While going for morning jogging I see a lady around 65 years old who has lost her husband recently; after certain rounds she sits alone and is absorbed in deep thoughts; she never shows the enthusiasm to go back to her house; side effect of this process is this poem)

Golden chariots of kings wear out
Not in the case of the heavenly
How come I lost you to the flames?
You have gone too far though nearer me!

Breaking my heart in the process
And making me live unheard and unknown
Allowing me to die an unlamented death
You have gone with the wind dissolving my heart!

Night bed is vacant hand falling on the floor
Making me wake up to the reality of your vacancy
Perspiration washing my body not due to our union
Sleeping also a punishment, for how long I don't know!

Gone were the days, me lying on your shoulders
The garland of my hands encircling your neck
Spraying you with kisses complimented kindly
Looking for the traces to make them my fossils!

Hours days months and years sliding away
Carrying along sweet memories drawn with indelible ink
Gave me a jolt, yes we were born alone, to die alone also?
Was it an illusion that we were together?

I try to shrink away my mind, as it can't echo your thoughts
Not succeeding in my efforts to merge into nothing out in the cold
Where the repository of thy soul is waiting for me to come
Daring to make a stable union, tired of my loneliness pining in

solitude!

23.12.2008

rajagopal haran

d Laborer

(Dear Readers

This is by a mother whose son is a laborer in a quarry.

Inspiration is from the following:

Morning I saw a TV show where they took an interview of a 13 year old boy who was sold to a landlord for slavery by a person close to the family; he is the sole bread winner of the family of a mother and two sisters; he has been beaten up all along till he was rescued by some NGOs; the mother was crying throughout the show)

My dear son

You are delight of my eye

I bore you in my womb

After falling down from the uterus

I bore you on my hands

When you were sucking milk

I bore you on my laps

When you were dozing

I bore you on my shoulders

When you were pining

I bore you on my bosom

When you overgrew me

I bore you in my eyes

Till my heart stops naturally

I shall bear you in my heart

Bearing is my job

Not yours my son

You are born to bear the country

On your head

19 12 2008

rajagopal haran

141. Insulated Love

Hey my love
You made the love flower
Bloom in my heart
Which sky looks up in envy,
And heavens bless that bond
With the showering sparkles!
Wondering the magic of
Folding my years
In the split of a second!

Hey wandering clouds
Weeping in full length?
Having lost her
My eyes have dried up,
Making me wriggle like fish
Strewn on the hot sand!
Ready to dissolve in the ocean
So that I can reach your shore
Perchance I can touch your feet!

Hey lover's lighthouse
Moon! my solo friend
Will you stop for a second?
I have a message
To pass on to my love:
Here is a soul pining away slowly
Drops of tears increasing the sea level
Body tries to avert a calamity
By increasing its temperature in your memory!

17 12 2008

rajagopal haran

ving Coercion-Dispelling Darkness

Hostility or annoyance

Displeasure or irritation

Is it on somebody cutting my freeway?

Is it exaggeration of your faults?

By the process of my hate for you

Ignoring the good in you and

Constructing a repulsive image

Action being elimination of the threat

Setting the cycle of fresh hatred with

Impacted people enhancing the speed deterioration

Breaking the cycle vicious and hard

Am I the change I wish to see?

To see a world of less anger

Taking a tour of the route inwards

To locate the triggers reflecting my anger

By giving in to anger do I harm my enemy?

No, there is a loss of my inner peace

Making life impossible for the people around

Oh God grant me the serenity to accept things I cannot change

Thus accelerating the healing near and far!

14 12 2008

rajagopal haran

Second Coming-Another Fairy Tale

Seeing your face in faith so deep
Endless delight engulfing my lot
Subliming love all over my heart
Sprinkling peace on the highway route
Leading to bliss the destination ultimate
I enshrine your image in the abyss of my heart

I order my feet to walk upon the earth
No, to walk upon the mountains
Oh no, to walk upon the seas to find my love
Far away in the east among the parlance of oil
To wake you up from the foam of your dreams
And swing my body at the feet of thy greatness

I love you like the plant loves the soil
Drinking away the water soaked with your drive
Fan you with affection like the leaves of a tree
Spraying away the fragrance of saturated bond
Blooms of thought browsing for your hands
All are truth as I am talking of beauty

Not seeing the image engraved in my blood
Unable to hear the song I revere
I enflame the heart to realize the enchanted soul
Plan to lean over the earth for rest so eternal
Glance through the window of sunset in the west
Oh you beauty rise in the east of hope

12 12 08

rajagopal haran

sion Of Expression

Unable to bear
Your hair fall
I shall bear you
In my eye-lids

You are my word
Uttered through honey
I shall hold you
On my tongue

You are my star
Shining far in the east
I shall behold thy light
In my eyes forever

You are the scent
Of the roses blossoming fresh
I shall catch the smell
In my nostrils without breathing out

Unable to find
A way of worship
To express my love
I sleep in the bed of Autumn

23 11 2008

rajagopal haran

ng Shadows Of Death

Where have you gone?
Lost in the twilight?
Forgetting the evenings hand in hand
Strolling along distant mountain tops
Your soul is with me
Clenched in the gloom of separation
Sleep receding from the eyes
Health draining out
The Sun in your eyes
Burning my evils
Cooled by the gentle sway of your lips
Luscious embrace squeezing your mounts
Whole of love pervading me
Kill me with your sight
Coming on suddenly erasing my other memories

20 11 2008

rajagopal haran

ammed Mind Management

Your memory so sweet surrounding me
Like the darkness of this night, the pitch-black knight
Deserted in the oasis of your thoughts so vast
While the cold rains of despair
Pour on my heart freezing my senses!

Trying to get up from the debris of the past
Unable to reach the pinnacle of thy mind
Limping like dead in the wilderness of your love
With the mist of my affection
Condensing on your soul!

Terrible days of clouded sorrow
When you become invisible to my eyes
Cold moon becoming red hot
Drowning my life scratched and wounded
You still flower in my songs as a fresh rose as ever!

Abandoning this pity soul, is it that easy?
As my voyage of longing
For the company of your bosom
Is it not Destiny that my love fell into thy being?
Hey lady my love! Hold me tight in the cross of thy arms!

17 11 2008

rajagopal haran

Sides Of A Hyphen

Calmness accompanying the whole
Fear accompanying the part
Intuition goes beyond the figure
Love culminates in the conscious perception

Solitude becoming a misnomer
Coming together of you and me
Reunites my self with thy mind that
Fits into the rhythm of my needs

Adopting the quiet awareness,
Listening to your silent language
Freshens up my idle mind
In the surround of your brightness

Fantasy about the future
Experience of the present
Pondering about the past
It's impossible to be bored

Contemplating you and
Exhibiting my soul
With insight into my mind
I appreciate your beauty

15 11 2008

rajagopal haran

ed Light Combat

In the cloud of my dreams
Twilight you are surpassing the limits
Lamp lit in my heart
Dangling in the hurricane of despair
Came your grace
Bypassing the norms
Nocturnal my love
Hunting for thy touch
Searching deep
Into the abyss of your eyes
Reaping your soul's song
Net music left forever
Hauling on my spirit
On the shores of your smile
I am born again
Tasting the nectar of your lips!

15 11 2008

rajagopal haran

There Is A Drill

Cannot make my mark for all time
Concept being exclusive
Lasting effect being self-contradictory
Meaning changing with the context
Is it not enough that
We are of meaning to someone today,
Oh! It's enough to make a difference now.

I want to become into my mind
As I will be what I will be
Might not reach the opinion ladder
Fearing death most of the time when
I am about to exceed what others expect
Death threatens to cut me off because
Myself is not yet from my body.

But I am now what I am
Working in rhythm with myself
And not with what I should be
I keep tuned into myself
Need all my energy to be what I am
Not trying to do what I don't do
Just keeping pace with myself!

9 11 2008

rajagopal haran

m Reboot

The self, swallowed by the distance
Between you and me though physically,
Sinking in you in the abyss of uncertainty
Lost in the infinite land banishing my spirit
Indefinite future hybrid of the past
Spell of your glance blazing me all over
Quenched by the breeze of your soothing words
The circular solitude demonstrating the love
Madness of my memories making me reel
Under the turbulence of unfathomed craze
Wearied orphan in the fair of the world
Arrow of my sorrows lynching the heart
Wandering scent of your amorous body
Shout from the bosom muffled by ocean noise
A whisper from your lips waking me up from slumber
Moist eyes add droplets making your way cool!

7 11 08

rajagopal haran

ty Dawns

Pulling out from the car
Standing tall in clean attire,
Driving away the small speck,
Stands tall the gentleman

Leaving behind the hand cart,
Straightening up the backbone,
Wiping off the face sweat,
Stands smart the poor man

Entering the bungalow stealthily,
Greeted by the worker force,
go straight to the rest room,
All alone unnoticed

Tapping on the small door,
Welcomed by the womenfolk,
Has a wash to clean up,
Takes the dinner under loving care

Getting up late at eight,
Brushing up while reading news,
Forgetting the people around,
Gears up for the day's affair

Early morning waking up,
Taking porridge gleefully,
Dresses up in the dhoti flair,
Driven by the love at heart

Throwing away the cheque leaves,
Talking business all the day,
Forgetting the noon meal,
Works hard the gentleman

Parting with the small amount,
Pulling his life gracefully
Remembering his maker most,
Delivers fast the poor man

6 11 2008

rajagopal haran

rable Dreaming Of Folded Truths

Trying to put words
Into my soul's song
Sprouting from my heart
With the molten ink of blood
Transparent with the thoughts
Invisible on my lips

Controlling my sneezing
Of the cruel outburst
Underneath the cloak of
Perishing skeleton,
Flowing hatred with
Flawless beauty

Withholding my breath
For fear of dissolution
Finding no soul
Who can hear my song-
Keeping it deep
Inside my bosom
Un touched by the vagaries

Observing my shadow
Dwelling inside my darkness
Through the outer eyes
Rooted in my inner vision
Ponder over the stars
To voice out in freedom

Finding the route
Of everlasting silence
Avoid the harsh ears
While tears start dripping
With the reflection on moonlight
Contemplation is in place

5 11 2008

rajagopal haran

rent Visions-A Kid's Stuff

No care for the tree
Drenching in the rain
Shivering hard but
Sheltering a lot

No care for the flowers in the garden
Blooming everyday
Spreading fast the fragrance
Invigorating all but with everlasting nudity

No care for the world
Looking at me through its lenses
Kicking and gagging but
Providing no succor brutalizing the soul

No care for my body
Venting through the nine holes
Under the control of the senses
And bulldozing the spirit

No care for the god
Father of the creatures
Sub serving the rich but
Vandalizing the rest

2 11 2008

rajagopal haran

Dreams Perish

When she was sleeping
He was awake motionless
Day and night no matter
Indefinite future far ahead!

Water got poured
By the near and dear
To cleanse the remains
In a passionate way

No tears spilled over
From the staring eyes looking at none
Seeing her lay there helplessly
With his eyes aflame arbitrarily

Time came for the final game
With the lifting of the heap
Of the lifeless love on a special bed
Was it the end of all the show?

All were gone
Absolute silence
Arrogant in its manner
Annihilating for ever

Smiling from the photo
She glancing her lover
Waved for the total recall
Signaling his bankruptcy

Taking cue from the lady gone
The lifeline all along,
Releasing his last breath
Poor soul got immortalized!

29 10 2008

rajagopal haran

-Hard Turtle

Is it that love is short and oblivion long?
Your infinite vision and indifferent speech
Draining the life out of my bruised body
Like the dew on tip of grass
Ready to fall at the instance of a shake!

Solo in singing and hollow in the heart
Like the rat in its burrow scared of the cat
I shiver in my love wounded far deep
Paining long that I cry, killing all the senses
Want to vanish full like the camphor in the air!

Lips trembling to kiss the far fetched figure
Hands trying to grab the strain and throw it far away
Feet run in random zigzagging without a care
Wanting to break the thinking to kick your memory out
I think more of you and I am lost in the whirlpool

22 10 08

rajagopal haran

etic Telepathy

In the solitude of the evening
Set my vision onto the horizon
Red splash filling my eyes
Pupils ache to have some space for you
You in the land far away from the reach
Glance me like the beach by the lighthouse
Burning alone with towering flames
I fling my net to catch your love
Hope you rush as night gallops
With fishes of the sky flashing like my soul!

18 10 08

rajagopal haran

ion Of Memories

The ugly wrinkled body
Of the bark of the tree
Concealing the aroma
Unaware of the content
Wearing away with time
Turning into impalpable ash
In the fire of your rejection
My love on the top
Of the mast of ship
That shakes off my love
For every jerk of thy hatred
Left behind on the shores
Of lifeless sand dunes
My life feeds on your love
Cooked sweet by the fire
Is it a miracle play of your hand?
Single glance of thy eyes
Destine me to live
Taming me for the wait
That could last for lives

17 10 2008

rajagopal haran

tual Uncertainty

The last mantra
Remaining undelivered
Whisper of my lips
Lost in the tornado of love
Deserted by the sands of your heart
Try to quench my soul
With the cries of the rain
The roots deep inside your bosom
Watered by thy warm kisses
Something unique on earth!

Voice of my spirit
Muffled by your smile
Now hidden by distance
Deep secret to me only
Arrested by your breath
A gasp for a call
Switched off for ever
Lifeline is down?
Not to be shared aloud
Singing under my tongue!

This wandering vagabond
Day dreaming throughout night
Drifted far apart from the sleep
Climb up your disregard
Tracing hard the scent you have left
Try to unlock the unspoken riddle
Start my long wait for the spring
Till my love bloom permeates
And hoist my love
On the mast of your soul!

17 10 08

rajagopal haran

umbered Chain Reaction

Am I divine enough to ask and
Important enough to receive
In this life, the culmination of the past
An awareness of the present and
Indication of the future beyond comprehension!

Hey God that nourishes and cherishes my life
Only the enlightened seek the divine
Like moth that goes behind the nectar
I ever seek the ordure as the best
Like the flies that seek the faeces with passion!

Is life a tragedy for those who feel?
Is it a comedy for those who think?
Or is it a library owned by the author?
I want to write my own books
But most of them are written for you my Lord!

On my voyage homeward bound
Making my fortunes and calling them fate
Shadow of this life is my own standing in sunshine
Growing to understand life less and less,
More and more I try to embrace the world by love!

12 10 08

rajagopal haran

ing Suicides

The battle fought
Between my soul and mind,
My conventions and contradictions,
My being and my death
Call it suicide and open the doors.

My inability to negate
My own self ever since long
Surrendering myself
To self chosen ignorance
Call it suicide and aerate the room.

Trying to still
The mind in the self
Impotent with pen and ink
Hungers to write history with sword
Call it suicide and sterilize the room.

Understanding the cosmos
But never the ego
Neglecting the self
Try to reach the summit of life
Call it suicide and incense the space.

Trying to tread the trodden path
The highroad of pride
Forgetting the inner spark
The elevating element of absolute
Call it suicide and disintegrate me to pieces!

4 10 08

rajagopal haran

n Of My Being

Watching the course of you lonely star
Stationary forever as long as I sat
You started moving as I began to walk
Seeing you running I geared up my pace!
Benign was thy solitude embraced by silence
I could hardly notice the rest of the world
Tired of my pursuits I yearn for you
Thick blood dripping from corners of my heart
And sweat flushing hard the self-bruised bosom
I cry often when it is fashionable to laugh
I am hung over, hair down in my eyes
My grief fell flat in the abyss of thy glance
As mules plodding through the mud
I trudge heavily my daily chores!
Heard a noise from the distant land
Noble though feeble thy venerable voice
You deny the tale of the Mother you love
Life afford no higher pleasure
Than surmounting blocks from stage to stage
Unable to cross the negation of love
Rooted heavily within your noble self
My death may solve the mysterious sum!

2.10.08

rajagopal haran

Subject, No Message-Outside Providence

Retention of life
Responsibilities of senses
Secret of life
Codes of nature...all are happiness

You are my star
Sleeping among the clouds
The subject of my dream
And solace of my pain

You are my air
Lying fresh on the leaves
Form the message of my verses
With no subject to comprehend

My love is the boiler of my soul
Only pleasure of my life
The result of my meditation,
Shall boil all along the passge unto death!

29 9 08

rajagopal haran

Memory Lane-Passport To Power

You are the field
Where I will sow
Seeds of my thoughts!

You are the Sun
From where I derive
The power of my feelings!

You are the dew
From where I extract
The warmth of my love!

You are my flower
Which shells out honey
Flavoring my dreams!

You are my words
Which speak silence
Enhancing my extempore!

You are my breeze
That carries the fragrance
Tying me with the infinite!

You are my garden
That spits the colors of love
Forming the bed for my final rest!

23 9 08

rajagopal haran

164.Iron Wood-Yours, Once Again

Like a ship without rudder
I wander without aim
Among the isles of human minds
Yet float on the surface
Bloated by the promises
Now assimilating the gloat!

Fruit can't say the root
"Just you ripe in full
Ever giving the abundance"
I am clinging onto the earth
And sucking at her breasts
Hope I am not that evil!

Loitering and sluggard
Wish to be the torrent
Gushing towards the ocean
Carrying forward sweet dreams,
Secrets of the hillside
And songs of the forest!

I am the turtle on the ground
Unable to teach swiftness
To you stag, the radical
I am a small stream so humble
Lost in angles and bends all along
Lingering before I reach the shore!

21 9 08

rajagopal haran

Big Bang Reverberations

Hey darling! It's me your sweetheart
I know now that it would be the last time
I will be leaving home once for all
Would love to give a hug and kiss!

Dusty air whirling around
Heat waves all permeating
Peculiar silence that clinches tight the soul
My ashes menace the graveyard space!

Searching for my dreams those
Were prisoners in my skull!
Now the debris of a crumbled palace
Bore open as scentless ashes!

Is it the husk that sealed a million thoughts?
Withered without sprouting ever
Turning into ashes germinating none
A century's journey turns prey to fire!

Tomorrow was not promised to me
Today was all I could get
Wished to say how much I loved you
Alas! I never knew today would be incomplete!

Didn't I take that extra time
for a smile, a word and embrace so sweet?
I was too busy chasing the mirage
My last wish shall remain for ever!

Time was not there to say, " I am sorry "
Now time has come for you to forgive me
My words are there, unable to reach you
Adding to my wish list that will ever remain void!

13 9 08

rajagopal haran

In There

Soft and yielding you water
Wear away the rock, the unyielding rigidity
Is it that soft overcomes the hard?
Paradox is thy name soft water the strong?

You flow down humbly levels so low
Is there anything weaker than you?
For over powering the hard
Can anything surpass you?

30 8 08

rajagopal haran

vering The Lost World

Draupathi, the body mortal
Pandavas five, the senses sensible
Kauravas hundred, tendencies in-born
Form the ground for war Kurushetra!

Gambler Yudhister the supreme sense
Trying his luck over Kauravas, the insensible
Makes the senses dumb and submit
Goes on gambling till the body is lost!

Game so deadly with Kauravas the lethal
End up in exile alien to the spirit
Demeaning the body just witnessed by all
Intervention divine only can save the whole!

Tendencies, be good or evil in the body world
Should get exterminated in the war Kurushetra
To make a life of liberated freedom
At the end of the battle of survival and existence!

Dhitarashtra the mind cunning and crooked
Origin of tendencies the offspring legitimate
Blind to Kauravas in kind and favour
Supported by Gandhari, blind folded binding!

Senses so divine in dashing splendour
Conjoined with the celestial parentage
An earthly body delivering expressions
Keep us in the form as is and where is!

Karna, ego of the mind superceding others
Armoured so strong, rebellious to interceptions
Requires the preceptor for removal in totality
Baring the senses to operation clean all!

Krishna, the superstar and blue eternity
Symbol of the spirit and body duo
Form enlightenment of you and me
Kindles the fire, realization by alignment!

29 8 08

rajagopal haran

, Myself And I-Stratocumulus

Climbing up the mountain so steep
Perspiration watering my path
Gate crash onto the peak at last
The Altar so high of emptiness!

Success being my obsession
Driving myself to insanity
Bulldozing the roaring health
Flash land into disaster!

Realization being the actual goal
Falls into the abyss what a pity?
Pleasure is in anticipation a reality
Alas I fly high all along prodding fast my immersion!

Height of career arousing the dream
I experience the heaven in me
Fairy tale to the envious mates
Prompting the murmur " He will live happily ever after "!

No more lands to conquer now!
Is life nothing but a pastime here?
Oh! Adventure is in the long journey
Not in the final destination at all!

27 8 08

rajagopal haran

Diagnosis

You are water

Cloud when roaming in the sky
Rain when dangling from the heaven
River when dancing through the banks
Pond when contained in a space
Ice when frozen in frenzy

I am Desmostachya Bipinnata

Weed in the river
In love with the water
Swaying the head
Shredding the heart at every instance
Sharing the dump's question

Wafer memories

Contact momentary but
Lasting in continuation
New every moment
Yet the same soul in spirits
Union constant yet transient

Waiting game

Oscillating in resonance
Spraying my dreams at every shake
Free will, ill at ease
Still in mind till I merge
Fringing on hopes on the edge of your care

23 8 08

rajagopal haran

Be What I Am-Overcoming My Fear To Be Brave

Thanking the flower for the blessing, to be happy
Caring others' pain ignoring my own, to be loving
Knowing the limits of my wisdom, to be wise
Admitting at times to fool myself, to be true
Hoping for tomorrow forgetting yesterday's mistake, to be alive
Knowing what I am than what I will become, to be growing
Controlling myself not wishing to control others, to be ever free
Honoring others, to be honorable
Taking sweetly as I can give, to be generous
Knowing not how humble I am, to be humble
Taking others, as they are, to be thoughtful
Forgiving others for what I condemn in myself, to be merciful
Never wanting a mirror, to be beautiful
Not needing more than what I have, to be rich
I am at peace with who I am not, to be I what I am

17 8 08

rajagopal haran

ng The Common Bond

The waves of the sea
Touching the shores of my land
Leaps and bounces
Preparing to reach
The sands of your beach embedded with my love

The air you breathe
Travels around the cosmos
Collecting the flavors
And goodwill of humanity
Glides into my space leaving nothing to chance

The mind of my love
That's yours staying far away
Generates the images
Sending thro' telepathy
That makes me lose sleep, rather felling me into a swoon

The vacuum above our spaces
Looks for filler armored with love
Nothing is left with me
As all are your belongings
Send me some life, to die in your memory

What is it that pastes?
My soul with yours
Origin not known
End also as well
Lets spend the rest of our life in ever-collated binding

15 6 08

rajagopal haran

172.A Bridge Too Far

Tender music trumpeting thunder
Needle rain declaring devastation
Stationary souls enacting cosmic binding
Berated lover pines for the love

Agonizing perfume stimulating the mind
Soundless anklets undermining the nerves
Oscillating garment hunting for space
Unearthly lady fair, endeavors a crack

Distraught hands enslaving the locks
Enamored body tuning up the trend
Firefighting lips palpitating all over
Everlasting night enlists another encounter

31.05.2008

rajagopal haran

Dream

Lids kissing the eyeballs
Secretion from the sockets
Making the bridge
Deeming the elusive sleep
Dreams start rolling over
To peep the world beyond
Deep in the lanes of darkness
Encountering monsters
Entrapping angels
An escape into eternity

15.5.08

rajagopal haran

174.A Day With A Star

Your greeting to the mountains
Not knocking out and not intruding
Not leaving sermons anywhere
Burning yourself as an unknown mystery
Devouring nature in your unquenchable quest
Exempt from public haunts and gaze
Communicating with the cosmos
With the wireless vibrant waves
Warming up in the morning
And scorching in the noon
Self installed soul of the universe
Making the creatures long for you
Avoiding your love the moon so sweet
Are you a star or superstar?

13 5 08

rajagopal haran

Mothers With Love

(Dear Mothers: I submit this poem at your feet as a mark of my love and respect for all the mothers; bless your son from wherever you are)

Not salaried for the full-time job
But mother, my love is the payment
When I was born
You were also born
Removing the woman in you
And installing the Mother thereby
Nothing is absolute
Except your love so pure
Nothing follows me
Except your prayers
That cling to me all my life
You started dieting
When I was afflicted
I will wear the sweater
When you feel the cold
You are the carrier of the key
Of my soul in your bosom
Your heart is an abyss
At its bottom is forgiveness
An ounce of you
Is worth my thousand lifetime
You always think twice
One for you and the other for me
I wonder at evolution
How come you have two hands only?
You are my perennial song
In the heart of my comfort
I may not comprehend the words
But the tune of love is engraved
I love you mother
As plants love water and Sun
Words are small
To show my heart
Allow me to cling
To your feet, the altar of love

11.5.2008
mothers' day

rajagopal haran

Gift Of Miracles

For the life so static
Hope is the wing
Perching in the soul

Learning from yesterday
Living for today
Hope is for tomorrow

Hope is the dream
Of the soul while awake
Dancing without music

Hope is a pillar
That holds up the world
Waiting for lifting people so high

Hope begins in the dark
Steering for the dawn
Driving mission success

Flight not from pleasure to pleasure
But from hope to hope
As nothing is left to gape

Humanity being ocean
A few drops dirty
Doesn't turn it filthy

More pleasant to travel
Than the road built in despair
Though destination is same

10.5.08

rajagopal haran

The Edges Of Ecotone

Flowers on the banks spreading their scent
Tilting and swaying to the tune of the flow
Spring in its full splendor in the company of gentle breeze
Crush of lustful love overwhelming than ever
Reflection of the Sun making glittering glare
Roots of the banyan touching the white sheet gently
Cleaving the surface into horizontal two
Sound of the process adding to the sonance
Backyard of the old house kissing the cheeks of the bank
Trees in the environs transpiring tiny droplets
Spotted deer drenching with unloaded fear
I stroll along the bank admiring my Maker
As to if the river is made for the staggering beauty
Or others are made to engulf the ecotone

10.05.2008

rajagopal haran

Say Ever Again

(Dear Readers: I know the deadliest cancer...our mother was a martyr who died at an age of less than 40 years after battling for more than 6 years. As God is merciful, he wants to keep our memories green; another close relative is under the deadly grip of cancer; her two young daughters along with us are witnessing the inevitable condemned death of their mother which can occur any moment)

Fish in the pond
Splashing water
Through the gills
Announcement to the crane
To take an easy pick

Cockroach in the corner
Whiskers in the fore
Foolish gaze on the spilled food
Forgetting the rare hind sight
Lizard in the rear ready for the easy catch

Bait in the hook
Dangling in water
Invisible wafer thread
Deceiving the eyes
Luring the quarry to fix in the trap

Deeds of the past not known
Dramas of present mangling the nerves
Exploring the cause to escape the grip
Caught in the web cornered by the crab
Cared by all but catered by none

Sooth saying saints
Miracle making monks
Obstinate God and Obdurate quacks
Swaying all to defeat
It is the invincible cancer ever growing

Saving the life beyond repair

Diminishing the suffering not their crutch
Mockery those titles right
Bare truth far ahead
Certain death forming the rest

Sleepless dreams dancing in the front
Nightmare days trickling away
Never say ever again
God is the Almighty
It's me only who knows the fight!

9.5.2008

rajagopal haran

Of Timidity

Friendship is the name
Is it the evening star?
Unable to see you ever
But I know you are there
Consolation the need of the hour
One sided all along
Once purpose is served
Severance is the token made
Hurts to look back path again
Are you scared to look ahead?
Look beside; your best friend is there!
Men may come and men may go
Who can leave footprints in your heart?
It's me and me only
Everyday, nay every second that goes by
I discover a novelty about you
Incredible that you make a difference!
My wings have trouble you are my angel
Lift my feet! Am I not your friend?
Everyone has a best friend
During stages in the life
Precious few have the same
Till the final rest in grave
Hey friend diamond rare
You aren't a leaf found everywhere!

6.5.08

rajagopal haran

ng Musings

Crimson red accompanying
Leafy clouds trying to shield
Still below the mountain ahead
Ocean water glaring thy splendor
Distant ship showing half mast
Gentle breeze drawing on the sands
Am sitting alone looking for my love

Here lands the angel beauty
Throwing her sari gentle on my face
Earth starts swirling right in front of me
Breath also comes to a grinding halt
Hands start searching the bliss
Heart thunder to hold her somewhere
Her face shows your crimson red not due to reflection

4.5.2008

rajagopal haran

rday Never Dies

Crawling Sun across the sky
Possessor of powerful light
Scorching the leaves of beautiful trees
Barren trees devoid of leaves
Ponds going dry accumulating dust
Flowers bloom yellow and red
Without buds a real test
Who is the guest new to this land?

Front of the sari
Floating in air
Searching for the lover
On the sand dunes nearby
Being the bank of the rougue River
With uncertain course
Like the moods of the lover
Everlasting wait
Take my body as the shade for your soul

Vagaries of weather
Spraying the flowers
Making a bed of fallen dreams
Wind carrying the vague remembrance
Of the old glory over run by time
Unable to throw memories
Unwarranted but wanted ever
Pining in vain, a pain unpainted!

4.5.2008

rajagopal haran

a The Incomprehensible

(Dear Readers

Today is the Annual Ceremony Day of Shri Ramana; i have some interesting relation with Ramana; i had a fight with my friend who is an ardent devotee of Shri Ramana; it was a mock fight from me as i fight on principles only with no hatred; immediately after this incidence i had continuous visions of Him; on 15 08 i took one book from our collection titled ' The Vision Of Siva in Periyapuram' for my general reading; again this book has been dedicated to Shri Ramana'; today 3.5.08 i was scanning the calendar to note my fasting days which are routine like Pradosh; incidentally i noticed today is His Annual Death ceremony; so i was compelled to write on Him)

Embodiment of self-realization
Synonymous with the immortal supreme
Fulfilling the true purpose of life
Overwhelming silence burying self-enquiry
An epitome of immortal words
Ye Heart of the Vedas, darling of the devout
The eternal Brahman that shines as the pinnacle
Evidence of existence, consciousness and bliss

Buffeted by joys and sorrows
Swerved from the true nature
An intense longing for the removal of sorrow
Look upon thee to get your guidance

Here comes the steering from the real teacher
Simple change in the point of view
Aversion for mundane pleasure
Sustained effort of the seeker sincere
Goal is not heaven or a far away ideal
But removal of ignorance, making your teaching

Your grace brings the distant near
You are beyond words or thoughts
Your benevolent look giving wakefulness
I seek refuge at the sacred feet
Oh the blessed Ramana, the everlasting!

3.5.08

rajagopal haran

al Temptations

You flowers
Ye sleep by night!
Gently opening
Your eyes
Welcoming the day!
Heavy fragrance
Faint and sweet
Love to snatch your soul
Off your lips
Wishing you snow
In the hair splitting summer!
Aerial dance
Ensuing in the melee
Ravishing the scent!
Live prismatic gem
Lavishing lots of colors
Embellishment of life
Hope of my soul!

1.5.2008

rajagopal haran

g A Pensive Mood

You are my sweet flower
With soul deposit here
Can see the laughter of beings
In your brimming smile
Free and fair
wild and catchy
Stepping stone to sweet feelings
Can feel the sound so gentle and soft
Out valuing other utilities
With your simple assertion of beauty
Glory of my soul
Blooming at my window
Not the myriad blossom
At the gates of the spring breeze
Energy line of the blood that is dead!
Shiver of delight electrical
Passing chills thro' the spine as ever
Upon touching anything
That is your so-called possessions!
Ye powerhouse of my progeny
Solace of my solitude
Painter's choice with vignette of hues
Finding a place of honor so rare
Difficult to part even in my dreams

1.5.2008

rajagopal haran

ling Along The River Of Love

Crane on one leg
Swallowing the fish
Planning to fly so high
In row with its brethren
Fanning its wings
Tries again and again
To soar high in the sky
Untiring in its efforts
While the sun sets in the west

Shy to the core
Fair in complexion
Spoiling the health
Stooping too low
Beauty overflowing
Cold eyes rolling
Hot tears falling free
Your love is pining here
Shadow is merging in the darkness

Donkey with wounded legs
Inflicted by the mighty
Sharks in the salt pans
Unable to cross the water body
Bigger in parameters
Brooding on its inability
Starts shedding
Muscle power
I look for mercy, my dear soul!

30 4 08

rajagopal haran

ion Of The Preceptor

Flag is a symbol! God is a symbol
Vision is thy symbol, delivering ensemble!
Your vision ever creates
Our mission power delivers!

Freedom of choice our endowment
Never we shuffle the Responsibility
Shouldering that honor, as our Care
You enthuse smothering our Apathy!

Knowledge taking imagination by storm
Resultant Action through intelligible plan
Compassion widening our scope of concern
We embrace the whole of Universal Knowledge!

Noble purpose inspiring great Action
Making us accomplish mission impossible!
As cure for grief is Action courageous
Make us do things we think we can't do!

Knowledge prompting appropriate Action
Culminating in care important
Make us ponder the pivotal philosophy
As nothing can separate Knowledge Action and Care!

We watch our Thoughts for they become our Words
We watch our Words for they become our Actions
We watch our Actions for they become our Habits
We watch our Habits for they become our Character

We watch our Character for they become our Destiny,
No our Company, no our symphony
Of Knowledge Action and Care
Aspiring to form our circle of Perfection, Peace and Happiness!

24 4 08

rajagopal haran

inah Of The Husband

(Poem is about males leaving their wives who become older and become less attractive in due course)

Sea horses lick the dead fish
Satisfied with the deceit
Lotus leaves in the proximity
Never bother to attract them

Hey my consort
Mother of my golden son
The gems of the jewels worn by you
Glitter more with your pearl teeth shine

Comprehension not an issue
You're calling me, mother of your son
Not an insult, it's a fact indeed
You hard-core cheat and a blister liar!

Ye forgot thy wife
Buried in that woman
Buffaloes stir the pond so clear
Better stay in your burrow forever!

21.04.2008

rajagopal haran

onate Pangs

(This is happening in 1600 AD; a male and female are involved; the reason for this old setting is that the landscapes mentioned in this poem are not possible today; and love exercised here is without cell phones, laptops/black berries; Also the flower-wearing practice is not there nowadays as ladies also have summer cut of their hair and it becomes difficult to distinguish between male and female; these are essential for this poem; hence for my writing convenience I am going back to old which is gold)

Planning to go far away
Bid farewell with a heavy heart!
Red feet of my soul mate
Trampling the ground making dents
Teeth making a false appearance
Showering a show-smile
Starts pumping arrows

Forest packed with palm trees
Garlanded by fig fruits
Strewn lavishly all over the ground
Sun scorching anything it can touch
Stones sharp piercing the toes
Of pedestrians bare-footed
Barren land bereft of greeneries
Such a space your itinerary
Planning to leave me, hey my soul?
Is it fair? Is that all?

Our dear daughter in her hug
Hot tears dropping down
Landing on the flower sweet smelling
Adorning the locks of our love symbol
Burning the layers of the fresh blossom
Sobbing vibrations shaking as a whole
Petals start falling as dead soldiers!

Dampened heart over powering
Brain stops functioning
Making way to the mind!
Is it a question of to be or not to be?
No, it is about two becoming one!
Hands extending as if in a trance
Daughter in her grip slipping far away
Air in the gap aching for space
Sweat from the bodies start filling the gaps
Now souls are one with no need for a second!

17.04.2008

rajagopal haran

The Frontiers Of Love

(The period is 1700 AD
Two friends –both females—are discussing)

Blossoming of various flowers
From the buds so hardened
Stags with horns of iron
Twisted and hardened
Hopping and jumping in the valley
Gladdened earth with the rain drops
Wiping the drought out of sight
Sky pregnant with dark clouds
Spraying the drops scattering everywhere
Setting off the monsoon
Creatures from ants so small
To elephants that big
Chasing their mates in order to
Surrender unto them
Day in and day out
Dreading separation
Copulate quite often
Wherein my lover
Violating my feelings and
Vagaries of love life
Victimizing my nights
Where do I find him?

Hey dear my pal
Your warrior is so strong
With kindness as his fort
Ties all the tongues
Of the bells of the chariot
Lest they disturb the beetles
That partake the nectar
From flowers' fresh bloom!
Doing this to insects
Sure he knows your disease
Effervescent and bubbling
Resultant of your love
Diagnosing the root cause

Shall merge with your body
Making your soul cool!

16.04.2008

rajagopal haran

ing The Dynamics Of Love

Landscape resembling
Crocodile's back
Bark of the tree
Comparable to poor man's dry skin
Hawk laying eggs
In the hollow of the solo bystander
And hatching young ones,
Contemplating food for them
Flaps its wings looking for preys!

Tip of the cliff
Touching the sky
Trees with no leaves
Extending far and wide
With all the wild life
Wandering in the vicinity,
A tiger thrashing the deer
Sucks its blood
Taking the smell of carcasses
Abandons and moves forward
Jaw of the deer wide open ajar
Hawk picks the bloody tissue
With its beak spilling bits and pieces
Trying to ransack!

Loitering in these spaces
Wondering the love of the hawk
Look forward to find something great
For my ladylove, beauty personified
Having lips like rose petals
Emitting nectar on intimate contact
Pouring words so sweet
With ornaments ornamenting themselves
Wearing earrings neatly bent
Eyes matching them in elegance
Pull me, passing thro' the forest
And hold my vision blocking the mission
Defenseless there I am
Protect me dear lady, I love you!

15.04.2008

rajagopal haran

ng To Become A Monkey For Once

Matured plantain leaves
Shooting plenty of ripened fruits
Making the eaters saturated
Jackfruit offering amorous fruits
Restricting the off take
By virtue of its sweetness
Water crystal clear
Percolating thro' the rocks from a spring
The honey collected by lovely bees,
A monkey taking all in succession
Ignorance overpowering
Its senses never in its control
Hopping onto the sandal wood tree
Hugged by the pepper creepers
Failing in that mission
Falls on the bed of flowers
What bliss to cherish
Wish to become that monkey

13.04.2008

rajagopal haran

ome Search For Solace

Floor full of eruptions
Hot sun scorching the plants
Trees shedding their shadows
Rocks becoming frying pans
Ponds losing the last drop
Paddy popping in the field itself
Passers by dwindling ever
Roadside robbery impossible
Making the robbers perish thereby
White flowers from fibreless drumstick
Strewn all over the hardened land
By the merciless, violent upper winds
Looking for a place to rest my body
Help me please to find a fair one!

13.04.2008

rajagopal haran

monia-The Ace Of Shades

Being toys so little
In the hands of the Maker
With a little happiness
Exercised by a few
Exorcised by many
Throughout history
Is it the highest good?
Is it knowledge?
Is it health?
A moral code in the system
Of teleological measurements
Choices and actions
Open to man
Degree of achievement or frustration
Applied knowledge and
Rational thinking
Solving the job of survival
Drawing the analogy
Between material currency and
Spiritual currency
One spends to pay
For one's values in life
Characteristic values and
Cardinal values
Of ethical objectives
Enmeshing the essence of happiness
Is this rational or irrational?
Is Capable of dealing with reality?
Nay, man is a blind misfit,
A chip buffeted by the universal flux!
What is good? Or what is evil?
Is primary concern quest for joy?
Or is it escape from suffering?
Is Self-fulfillment or
Self-destruction
Goal of man's life?
Should man pursue his values?
Should he place the interest of others
Above his own?

Is it seeking happiness or
Seeking self-sacrifice?
My efficacious conscience
Is unable to comprehend!

13.04.2008

rajagopal haran

red Leaves

Sitting by the window slab
Peeped inside the sweet garden!
Morning star warming up
Gentle breeze making the tilt
Flowers swaying in harmonious unison
Leaves saying amen all along
Spraying small dewdrops, precious possession!
Earth grappled that precious nectar!
Complimenting with the pleasant smell!
Small bees thronging the petals
Sucking the honey as mission of life
Miniscule portion brimming out
Their lovers catching that blessed spill
Feeling to die that very same moment
To cast their lots as immortals!
Pulled my eyes from vision eternal
Thrust myself in daily hard chores!
Dusk and dawn as usual
Turned again to beauty evergreen
Lots of leaves strewn all over
Forming a bed for flowers to rest
A purpose for leaves also!
Not only in life but in death also!
Started searching the slot for me!

13.04.2008

rajagopal haran

Carefully Lest You Trample On My Dreams

(Written after being literally thrown out of friendship by a bosom friend; pray for the welfare of the friend always)

Burden of dreams
Permeating as visions
Born in the course of
A moment, an hour, a day
Unable to bear
The ultimate truth
You are the substance
Occupying my in and out
Floating so far
Decided to think well
To build up a future
Faraway in the sunshine
Floated my aspirations
Looking up to see the beauty
Believing them
Followed where they led
Viewed the wings
Forgot you got feet too
Your love melting away
With anger and fear taking the lead
Prey of my own imagination
The hour too came
Not so unexpectedly
Believe you had it
To effect the death knell
Grateful to thee
For enriching my dreams!

12.04.2008

rajagopal haran

ng The Ideal

Trying to be a star
With all the glitter
Nothing in the vicinity
Like a foetus in a lab flask
To share my heart!
Wandered alone
Trying to float among the clouds
Beside the cliff touching the sky
Beneath the banyan trees
Dancing in the gentle air
Moving over the ocean
Tossing the waves
Crossed the graveyard
The asylum for Solitude
Finding no soul
Moved on to my bed
Reflecting inside my eyelids
Realized the bliss!

12.04.2008

rajagopal haran

aust In My Backyard

News 1. Court summons kin accused of assaulting 92-year-old

News 2. Website to aid senior citizens launched

News 3. Elderly couple found murdered in their flat; bodies found by the maidservant

(I started writing in the month of Feb 2008 this got aborted; I feel compelled to complete this after seeing the above news article)

Faculties waning

Balance toppling

Accounts getting erased

Acting dropping

Addictions fading

Losing the structure

Trying to become history

Quivering and bowing

Depreciating health

As well as the wealth

Decaying slowly

Losing the interest

In life and banks

Trying to hop from Earth to nowhere

Fermented to buzz off

Youth now the spent force

Getting on to golden age

As old is gold

Nothing left to part

Becoming a loan!

Sons and daughters

Along with the consorts

Setting on the process

Evacuation en mass

The better half and me

Now both bitter

To near and near

Far and wide

Rationing the intake

Hitting strong to register
The application to exit,
Nothing left in the vein
To raise even a finger
Looking above-"Almighty? "
The busiest entity ever unknown!
Let us know a way out
To dissolve into oblivion!

Completed on 12.04.2008

rajagopal haran

Of The Soul

All along the day
A million words spilled all over
Thousands of mails
And hundreds of calls
Battering the body
Percolate to the soul.
To divert the mind
Routed to arts
And books so rare
Music to the ears
Without resting till night
Wiping out the day
Soul in peril
Tapped during night
To fly into the world
Wordless and formless
Emerging from despondency
Gazing to and fro
Taking on themes
Ye my soul
"Wander in the clouds
To your soul's satisfaction! "

12.04.2008

rajagopal haran

d The World Along With You

It's a great thing to be loved
Greater thing to love
Dreaming of living
In the desert dunes
Head on your lap
On a moon lit day
Could see the stars above
Under the spongy soft clouds
Before falling on you,
Everything vanished
Behind thine eyes magnetic
With a lullaby from the sari
Covering gently thy mounts
Waving here and there
Revealing thy soft inners;
Scaled up the mountain
Clasping thy hands
Sweat making a canal inside
A test to my patience
Coming back, no assurance
Releasing the hand in the north
Under freezing chips of ice biting
Embraced thee so tight
Two bodies single breathing
In the dark jungle
Under the canopy
Leaving the brain far behind
Bracing along your bosom
How long I lied
Over the veiled parts of you
Searching for the hidden treasure
All over repeatedly
Unable to fathom any of them and
The abyss of my love

7.4.2008

rajagopal haran

iting The Theory Of Evolution Of Species Part II

A Sequel to part I

News 1: Acromegaly is found in 3 out of 500,000 people; means the person affected develops the traits of the opposite sex, which is due to a disorder of the pituitary gland;

News 2: Artificial human sperms could come to the aid of infertile men; this means men could become redundant permitting women to give birth without a biological father

News 3: Male geishas. Latest must have for Japanese workingwomen; women pay a man to lavish them with individual attention

(As an observer of the evolution of species the above news prompted me to write part II of the above title; hope I live up to the expectations of the readers)

I have called this principle
By which each slight variation
If useful, is preserved
By the term natural selection
Evolution did occur
Evolutionary changes was gradual
Mechanism was natural selection
Species arose from a single life
Branching by process speciation
Variation within species
Occurs randomly
Survival or extinction
Organisms' ability
To adopt to its environment
Males becoming arrogant
Autocratic in the dealing
Rarity of the transitional varieties
Transitions in the habits of life
Diversified habits in the same species
Habits different from allies
Organs of extreme perfection
Modes of transitions
Cases of difficulty
Natura non facit saltum
Organs of small importance

Law of unity of type
Evolution is now gradual
Extinction of male genre
Mandatory for the female force
Paving the way for Acromegaly.
Merger of two species
Into a singular unification
Men losing their place
Reduced to state Geishas
Lavishing their guests
With praise unequivocal
Earning their bread
Boosting their manliness
Boring the womenfolk
To levels so infinite
Paving the way for sperms artificial
Only job left with the men species
Slipping from the hands
Erasing the father world
Motherland has mesmerized
The world of men
Nay world of women

10.04.2008

rajagopal haran

A Child Is Lost In The Odyssey

“The mother-child relationship is paradoxical and, in a sense, tragic. It requires the most intense love on the mother's side, yet this very love must help the child grow away from the mother, and to become fully independent.”

The above is reversed in many cases

This was written after trying to meet Mata Amrithanandhamayee at Nerul

Love of my heart needed you
Committing myself without guarantee
Trials too heavy and sudden
Adversity taking over prosperity
When troubles thicken around me
I need you to cling upon
To get your counsel and dissipate darkness clouds
And to return peace to the shattered heart!

Children are anchors
To hold a mother to her life!
Reverse is the case in my life
Producing no love in the heart of my beloved
Doors kept open along with windows throwing light
To make your entry an easy affair
You can't be alone in your thoughts so great
Hope you understand what I can't say!

Mother's love is patient and forgiving
Never failing or faltering
General rule a century back
Your children's love waiting forever
Hidden behind the coupons and sentries ruling thy roost
Sitting beyond the reach of the rustic
Prayer and preaching, embellishing your palace,
Peasants are pining at a stone throw away!

2.3.2008

rajagopal haran

A Love Song In Praise Of Nature

(Dear Readers

this is a tribute to the beauty of nature...creation which nobody can imitate...made this with Love)

The spent of the Red Sun
Movement dynamic
Space encircled by dynamism
The direction of Air
Sky without support
You know the secret of these miracles
But oh God! Thee know not thy beauty!
Rhythm of the tides
Resonating to the head shake
The big ocean with trumpeting waves
Taking rest in the quiet of night
Black sea born fish
Fathoming the abyss
The solo moon behind the clouds
Pregnant clouds blocking the sky
Stormy thunder
Tearing the ears
Wooden boat gliding through;
The child of the clouds
Descending on earth
Copulates with the sea water
Slowly and slowly
Like lovers of paradise;
The chilling breeze
Cooling the heart;
Twinkling stars
Peeping through the holes;
The moon lover young
Passing overtures on the rocks;
The cliff making a shadow
In return of that love;
What else do I want?
Oh God! Freeze this night forever!

09.03.2008

rajagopal haran

A New Love Story Of Bernadette

(I lost my Sister Mythili alias Janaki on 16.03.2008 Sunday evening at around 4.45 pm Indian time; She was our mother as we lost our biological mother when we were very young like me 5 years, brother 3 years and sister 1 year old and my sister Srimathi Mythili herself was 16 years old; from that tender age she had to take the responsibilities of a mother, sister, friend and all; even after marriage she continued to discharge Her responsibilities with the due consent of in law family which is something difficult in the Indian family structure; after a glorious 42 years of service not only to our family but also to one and all who happened to get in touch with her she decided to rest on 16 th march 2008; as a tribute i wanted to offer her something immortal...that is a love song/poem; I have taken the role of Bernadette elevating sister to the state of Almighty Abhirami as I could see a lot of parallels in both the stories)

Collecting the firewood
From the interiors of life's jungle
Warned by companions
To ward off the forbidden
Ventured still farther the lane
To fathom the leftover valiantly!

A strange breeze
And a change in light
Investigating inside the minds' caves
Found a beauty
In brilliant light
No rosary in the hands to chant!

Declared to the world
Of the wonder catch
None to believe
Returned to the cave
With the outlandish story
Facing the ridicule!

The wonder charm
Asking me to drink
And wash at a spring
That does not exist!
Dug a whole in the ground muddy

Water began to flow perennial ever!

Healing powers miraculous
From graceful Mother immaculate!
Preferring to lead an ordinary life
Forced to take the veil instead
Getting a cold emotional censure
Resulting in the pain immortal!

Forgive this simpleton unworthy
When would I see you lady again?
Would you appear in front of me?
Smiling and holding out your lovely arms?
I could see you in the thin air around
I am ready to fall dead, I love you Mother!

24.03.2008

rajagopal haran

A Teacher Is Grieved

The final exams are in the offing
Mugging and bugging in full swing
Burning the midnight oil
Stumble to go to the next class

.....

Youthful faces with awe in the look
Start the year with cheering sigh
I know each by name calling day and day out
Half yearly closes breaking half my heart

Reaching the wards as everlasting partners
Achieved by bricking inch by inch
Portions are over and prelims are done with
Gems are ready though not for sale

Comes the day call it farewell
Loading tonnes of grief into my heart
Students nay my children start
Praising me for anything and everything

Tears start rolling down my cheeks
Not that praise inebriates me
Fear of separation and pangs of love
Prick the heart with pin's precision

Comes the vacation and birds fly off
Corrections to care, I go on with papers
Letters show me the person behind
Making me smile and cry

With pain in the heart and
Gain of centum result
I allow my children
To jump to the next class

Time rolls by with mixed feeling
Reach the school to the same class

New faces new hopes new feelings
Another set of children to make me happy and sad!

rajagopal haran

A Thing Called Fire

Searching for the Almighty
I see a lamp in the corner right!
Flashes a charm in my mind
To show the Maker mighty!
Is it God that makes the world? Or
Is it a Global making of the mind?
Yes says the swirling lamp
To make the food eat worthy
To smash the same inside you
To make the vessel that cooks your grain
To run the trucks that trains the brains
It's me the source that provides!
Making is not all that I do
To sustain beings bear the heat
Nay! Your body loses precious heat
There you name it dead and cold!
Flora needs the heat and light
Who you think that provides the feat?
Single source! I mean your Sun!
Lest another Sun moves in near
None on the earth dare escape!
Load shedding is additional chore!
If mild becomes other way around
I escalate as fire so wild!
To take a toll fair enough
Nature not so commensurate,
My children add bombs to flare!
Tell me if you are satisfied
Having seen me all around!

rajagopal haran

About Building Castles In The Air

Tired of the road so tough
Looking for the meaning
Turned around to see the big and small
To revisit and review
The sorrows of humanity
To find food for pleasure if any!

First answer came from oldies gold
Blind deaf and dumb
Seeing hearing and speaking
Sighting the moon on a new moon day
Superstar Rising in the west
And finding a man contented!

Turned to scientist for a rationale
"Reality an illusion though persistent"
Hopped to seers to be stumped clean
"Good and evil illusion"
Paced to philosopher to get hybrid tale
"Life is the illusion and Death is the ultimate"

Introspection turning into topic
Settled down to stir my world
"Born alone live alone die alone
Create an illusion with love and care
That lots so many all around
For this moment we are not alone"

Tried to make out the times involved
Present fading fast into past
And future surging inside the present
Made me conclude that
"Distinction is a persistent illusion"
Am I building Castles in the Air?

rajagopal haran

Apoptosis Of A Human Being

(For every cell, there is a time to live and a time to die. That is what we call Apoptosis; this I tried to apply to human beings as a whole and the result is the following poem)

Death by injury and
Death by suicide
Modalities formalized for
Upward movements dynamic
Mechanical damage
Propagated by machines
Starting from birth
Incubator to start with
Followed by prams
Chased by radio
Compensated by TV
Poked by stents
Appended by dialyser
Propagated by pacemakers.
Leading to inflammation
And damage to the soul
Exposure to toxins
Shrinkage in the thinking
Blebs in the mind
Degrading of high thinking
Breakdown of generosity
Forming the patterns
Events so orderly
Programming soul's death
Turning the process intrinsic
Withdrawals of signals
Positive all along
Prompting negativity
Make suicide a factor so decisive
Triggering AIDS and
Permuting cancer cells
Demolishing the system immune
Hasten the death, everlasting.

06.04.2008

rajagopal haran

Begging A Legacy

Forum members
Across the world
Assembled to address
The begging menace!

Rich nations
Armed with sanctions
Brought the idea
Of banning Begging!

Poorer nations
Beggars themselves
Promptly planned
Perfect Implementation!

League of Beggars
Countered the move
Alleging the Rampant
Evils around!

Begging for love
Begging for affection
Begging for education
Begging for job,
Begging for promotion
Begging for increments
Begging for space
Begging for honor
Begging for attention
Begging for aids
Begging for arms
Begging for protection
Begging for bribe
Begging for mercy
Begging for seat
Begging for vote
Begging for comforts
Begging for favors
Begging for pension

Begging for recognition
Begging gratitude
Begging for clemency
Begging for marriage
Begging for loyalty
Begging for honesty

--when all these could be banned
 Begging population could be eradicated!

rajagopal haran

Bird In The Mid Sea

Foraging in marine blocks
Land embroidered with water
Flowers shedding a spicy smell
No fruitful vineyard in the vicinity campaign
Drops glittering and reflecting millions of Suns
I start my journey envisaged long back!

Wings flutter and tremble
Gliding in the sky of limitless score
With face bleached like limestone
Voicing a shout of enthuse
Journey of a lifetime
Starts in the mid sea!

The heavy burden of my wings
Bear upon my body
shout comes of breast thro' mouth
No end of the road
Face is burnished like basalt stone
Fly there on a flight of no return

Howling from my mouth like dog
And taste of pain in my eyes.
My world seems so empty as a sea
I have no one else or nowhere to go
Dream of an anchor now! My God!
Sight a ship projected by the mast

Seating myself on the highest plank
Think of disembarking sooner than thought of
Tired of not belonging
Start my flight once again;
Finding no landscape worthwhile to bank
Return to the ship feeling pain in my flesh

Is it my sorrow? Is it my fate?
Like bathing the open flesh
In the sea so salty!
Unable to fly and unable to climb

Maimed by insults unto dust and ash
Show the place for my soul to rest!

rajagopal haran

Birthday Gift To My Mentor –satya Sai Baba 23 11 07

Dragging mind, weary of life
Burdened with thoughts and budging Morales
Greed and sorrow extinguishing the moods
I look to Thee for resurrection!

Smile churning the blood
Presence knurling the brain
Seek your words laden with honey
To flavor my soul and subside the sour!

Holding the planet of my life
In the orbit of worldly whirlpool
Pray for the glorious partnership
Towards our goal of Godhead fright!

Hopes defeated, Mind ungoverned
Wish a Miracle mooting the fate;
Ho! Blessings wash away all my sins
Bliss smothers the wounds of spirit torn!

Fortitude thy message, Faith our following
Make me a person unified
Action and words complementing ever
To face the Devil and finish the game!

(23.11.2007 is the Birthday of Shree Satya Sai Baba; this is a small tribute to Him; what i am today is because of Him only; the relation is more than 27 years old and will ever continue!)

rajagopal haran

Break Role-One Day Show

God appears:

What do you want to be?

Will grant the boon for one day full!

I want to be a rose

To spread my fragrance

And to gear up and stimulate one and all

-Rose is plucked out!

I want to be a Judge

To punish the corrupt, kill the cruel

And to weed the Garden of Human Grace!

-Judge is assassinated

I want to be the richest

To wield the weapon of Charity and

Make my way to Heaven upward!

-Progeny conspires and kill me

I want to be a Beauty

To charm the men young and old

To keep them active and busy

-Spoiled by the Vagaries of Life

I want to be Myself

To grow my soul healthy and wise

And add Life into my Years!

-Blessed by God and All the Creations

rajagopal haran

Celebration Of A Bond

Agne thwam para yaanavyo
asmaan swati bhirati durgani viswa-Sri Durga Suktam-stanza 2

Meaning:

Thy fire like supreme nine universal forms,
bestow well-being to us

-

Oh Angel of my life!
I worship thee as the morning twilight,
That dispels the darkness,
Making way for my auspicious dawn!

Hey Angel of my life!
The echoes emanating from the pots,
When the cowherds churn the curd,
May wake up the mortals
But the sweet love of thy voice,
Silences the senses of this awakened spirit!

Like the bees sucking the honey,
From the lotus of a still pond,
Your care for this forgotten,
Pulls out the skills hidden in the abyss!

I feel like the flag, fluttering on top of a mansion,
Housing you, my Angel,
Trying to touch the Sun in the sky,
When the cool breeze of thy love,
Embraces my soul!

Oh my Angel! Thy questioning face,
Drains deep draughts of me,
With its rapt eyes,
Placating my life forces!

Oh my Angel, an array of wonders,
Your calls are drumbeat of love army,
Hey Doe-eyed girl, feeding on the nectar of trees,
Along thy way to immortality
Bewitch my heart, with a gaze of your vision!

Like Siva, the Master,
Who though wielding a divine might,
Lives on the alms of others,
I may possess all possible under the sky
But to live my life I need thy feet!

rajagopal haran

Daily Love Story

Pot full of porridge
Brings my lass
Gliding in the air with
Her tops fluttering gently!
My heart skips a beat!
Day long hard work tolls
Pain rocks the bones
My fair lady's looks
Form the balm instant!
Sitting below the shadow
With midday Sun above
And tree fanning liberally
Pours the dish in the glass,
Gently presses against my lips!
Is it golden panacea for my soul?

Cleans my mouth with
Her slender hands and
Claims that lunch is over!
Spreads her sleeve on the ground
Revealing her half open that
Inebriates me to half sleep
Places my head on her lap
Starts singing a soul fill
I start dreaming instantly!
We travel to dreamland
She holding me for ever!

A lovely tap wakes me up
Time to work dear my soul!
She picks the pot in a sway
And starts breezing away from me!
Is my soul carried in the pot?
Oh Angel! What is this?
You are taking my breath away!

rajagopal haran

Dying An Everlasting Death

(This poem is by a prisoner condemned to death, waiting for the gallows the next morning)

City reflected in a mirror
Looking caged inside
Is a dream that appears outside
Is inside in reality

Being damned interminably
Have a few bare hours to live
Parrot in the cage
Confined to the concrete cubicle

Stand still oh moving spheres
Let the time cease to roll on
Making way to a perpetual night
Making the hours days and years

Dawn will turn to dusk
Drawing curtains on this drama
Soul shall fly from its captivity
Dissolving into its elements

Fools that laugh on earth
Shall weep in the hell
Is it the other way around?
As I am weeping from long ago!

Ruffling thro' the memory lane
Heart bobs in the rib's cage
Do I have anyone to love me?
And dropp a tear at the close of night!

Home sweet home
Far away out of my reach;
Pining for the hug of my children
Gasping for the kiss of wife

All are distant as Almighty

Sleeping eating walking and disputing
Have become aliens ever since
Pity my Lord as I repent

Help to save this distressed soul
Or can I percolate into oblivion?
Forgetting myself like others have done
Left is my shadow not substantial

The blow will end all
Dissecting the body from my soul
Body will turn sand so soon
Let me die with grief than live with shame

Without my wishing to go higher and higher
Jailer will elevate to the highest pedestal
With awful frown on the face so dark
At the gentle close of night

Hands are empty
Mind is empty
Heart is full with the grief of exit
Making yellow daisies out of my sight

Will there be a bridge
Through the moving air
Will God have mercy? Lest
I shall be plagued in hell.

5.4.08

rajagopal haran

Dying Unwept, Unhonoured And Unsung

Is recognition name of the game?
Honoured Glory of many a soldier
Defending the country
And offending the enemy
Son of another mother face unknown
Sitting in a prayer pining for life
Gun dangling anywhere around
Ready to pierce point convenient
When others are at nine to five
Do not find time to time
Darling kids across the table
Loving wife lacing her breasts
Up against the shoulders so cool
Making warmth inside and outside!
Toiling here in the dust and din
Burning feelings charging as rage
Last coupling final for this life?
Parents' meet when we will have
Festive gathering forgotten bliss
Memories kill before the bullets fill
Is this the game I wanted to play?

rajagopal haran

Enduring Day Dream

After relinquishing what is left to protect
Who is the protector?
Whosoever it is why protection?
All dreams! Theft show in the dream!
Evergreen dreams and evergreen thefts
Just dreams not lies
Dreams are not bluffs
Shadow of the real
Shadow that yawns before the young Sun
Shadow that hangs on to the feet fearing mid Sun
Shadow the slanted umbrella in the retiring Sun
Shadow that happens in-between the gaps
They are the dreams of you and me
If not today tomorrow
If not tomorrow some other day
Caring dreams no doubt about them!
The face I steal in my dream,
I have identified!
Do you know who it is?
Not even now?
Not to worry, dream till then!
Seize it if you identify!
Stealing the dream face surreptitiously,
You will dance in ecstasy!
Then why do you bother about others?

rajagopal haran

Eunuchs' Peril

Started the saga as Castrated males
Safer to serve trusted to the bed
For cutting the hair and bathing body Royal
Messaging in the world san damn Mobile!

No kith of our womb
And no family of our own
Could be wiped without a trace
None to mourn our peaceful sojourn!

Third sex, transgender, Hijra and
Effeminate homosexual
Right from the womb
Added to the lot of Eunuch the Miserable

The owes are not dated far back
Twenty second century too
Preserves our greenish wounds alive
Is there a soul to voice out the chaos?

Male and female in all the forms
Ticking which is out of form
Genderless we are
Thoughtless you are all!

Kingdoms long gone
Subservience blown
Who will offer bread?
For the unfortunate segue!

Neither he nor she
No textbook on we
Is it all our sin?
Don't we have our den?

Pushed hard to beg
Prostitute to sup
Dance to please the two
Are we born to fuss?

No father to own and no mother to-fro
Dark secret structures, God cruel butcher
Make the mess and enjoy
Teaming with you wretched!

rajagopal haran

Following The Foot Steps Of Casabianca

His fate in his father's words
Louis de Casabianca dead long ago
Flames lavished on the heroic blood
Father and son perishing in the ship!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans' lines
Heard by me a thousand times
To follow dad verbatim
To stay put in the place you designated!

From the day we started
Doing the partnership in a long span
Did I falter once in your life time dad?
Your clarion call held the trigger!

Now you are gone dad making me wait
Flames of life all around me roar
How many times have I called upon?
When can I leave my position dad?

Did ever I mean disobedience?
Not even when discretion not my fort
Nor when no shackles binding me
I am the follower of Casabianca's heroic lad!

Is my life the Battle of Nile Dad?
Me floating on a ballistic ship
With loads of issues
Scorching me down to ashes for sure!

Can I desert my ship dad?
Lots of cares left for me
Must I stay Oh my commander dad?
I am your Giocante, speak Father!

(this is in remembrance of my Father who used to tell this story of Casabianca from our childhood; especially when we went for monthly grocery purchase I used to go from school and Dad used to join from his office; If I was not found

at the spot prescribed by him he would tell this story first thing after locating me with an instruction that I should stay at the specified place like Giocante)

rajagopal haran

From A Husband With Love

(Based on the life of a family friend whose wife became visually impaired at the age of 44 and abandoned by the two sons)

Is it the price of my looking?
Every moment of my life
In every movement of the multitude
Seeing the world in your eyes, my fulltime job!

Entering a world unheard of
Honeymoon opening the gates of treasure
Flooding of passions all along
No dearth of kindness in the world of ours
Making explorations of all the parts
We settled for the family way
Brighter days rolling into years
Dwelling in tranquility
Your love and mercy gifted me a son
Hitting the sky in boundless joy
I thanked you profusely
Another gift another son!

Eclipse settled setting darkness
Though clear to outward view of blemish
Bereft of light, seeing forgotten
Jealousy of the world shut your vision!

A stone in the midst of birds
Sufficient to drive them far away
Heirs of our kingdom vanished valiantly
Thanks to the education we imparted
And the soul felt love you injected into their veins!

Potentialities of blindness
Eye for an eye leading to more blindness
Gods give men all good things
Except the baneful and injurious
Have you stumbled into darkness?
Or is it the folly of the Gods?

Our love can never die a natural death
God created the replenishing source
Reminiscing the love in the loved rejoices
Yours cannot be house of night
I am your light holding the candles
The body, which inflamed my lust
Is dressed by me, a different exploration now
Nature bereaves the fate's favorite child
I will weave your enchanted dreams
Wild and bright with the vignette of colors
You may lack the use of your eyes
I shall not let you feel lack of vision!

rajagopal haran

Global Thinking-A Frog's Story

Sea was my habitat
Was caught in the net
Felt like left alone
Jumped into a well closing my eyes!

A stranger to the well
Scrambled around blind
Could measure the depth bottom to top
Foot touched the entire solid surround!

Was it another trapping by fate?
Oh! Such a thoughtless fool!
What's left for me? Only
Mighty God could save me!

Something touched me gently;
" Hey alien trespasser!
I stay here for long;
What's the mission to hang on? "

Shared the story with my clone;
In length and breadth he observed;
" Ok! How big is your sea? "
He showed his feet in extension!

He kept on showing more distance
By jumping inside to his level extent!
I made my reply in too many words
Still local guy was lost to the last!

Stormed my brain to the basic neuron
As the unit of measure was uncommon!
Turned to the Maker to help me out
Came the response to follow suit!

rajagopal haran

Hunger For Love

I am the little flower sly
You are the petals drawn
Can gentle winds wafer-
Take the fringe away?

I am the glass house unstable
Love and you forming the slabs
Can you pull out that easy?
Demolishing my soul's brace?

Unable to fly all along
With one wing left alone
Embrace me tight enough
Can glide high in the sky!

rajagopal haran

In Pursuit Of A Puzzle

In the closed coffin of the world,
I am shut inside
In darkness and desolation,
Folly and falsehood ruling the roost!
When death comes
To open the lid
How will I fly my Angel,
Without a wing of liberation?

Does Love demand a mystic silence?
Oh my Angel!
I got the revelation,
That "Thou" and "I" no longer exist!
I draw aside the veil from Love,
To see the self merging in the beloved!

Oh my Angel,
I am a slave of your love,
Liberated in the two worlds,
You the bird from the heaven's garden,
How can I explain the pangs of separation?

My longing for you, is the core of mystery,
And longing brings the cure,
In the form of you
When I will surrender at their golden feet!

21 1 12

rajagopal haran

In Search Of My Achilles Heel

Bizarre situations in the insecure world
Making the alive, dead and buried
Paralyzed in parts lynching in stages
Pronounce the need for protection forever!

Closing the eyes meditate on Thetis
Dipping me in Styx head inside out
Feel the chill running through the spine
Immortal I am! Nothing can destroy!

Dire prophesy of imminent death
Start my introspection in search of flaws
Heel also dipped enough
Sure of Riddance! Invincible I have become!

Routine life of rotten mix-ups
Rigors and grades of inflicting wounds
revisit my immune system
rendered die-hard by Styx and Thetis!

Invulnerable inch-by-inch including heels
What is wrong that makes me a failure
Recall Thetis holding me over the fire
to ascertain physical immortality!

Is it capital vices or cardinal sins?
Lust? Yes desire for the one
Make me a mummy embalmed throughout
with fornications and perversions!

Gluttony and greed the twins together
Are found in the other corner
Scavenging and hoarding
by betrayal and treachery!

Feeling of discontent and sloth
Throw their hat to register presence
making me wrathful brimming revenge
spilling spite and hatred!

Vanity and arrogance end products in all
Make my pride crowning the six
Trigger the tally of immortal transaction
With never ending list and impossible cure!

Peleus could run away the scene in vision
was scared and fled fear gripping the spirit?
Was it the omission of the Achilles heel?
Not single but many- left high and dry?

rajagopal haran

Ingratitude Or Son's Syndrome—post Detection

(Again going by observation I have written and posting this poem; even though I have posted similar sentiments in the past, this painful topic of sons ignoring parents is a perennial issue; recently one of my relatives had her Tuberculosis detected; already she has been facing insults from her 3 sons and food also is being rationed and the daughters-in law & the sons asking her to die early –told her face to face and not indirectly; based on that I have made this—with a slight change –I have mentioned one son only, as one itself is disgusting and 3 will be horrible to mention)

Life is beautiful!
Rare gift of reverential God!

Left to the fate
Sitting on the bed
Serenity lost
Regurgitating the undigested!

Hubby gone, the blessed soul
Me illiterate country brute
Left with nothing
At the mercy of my own blood
Waiting for the final call
From God, merciless
How long to go?
Nay how long to suffer?

Screening for common problems
Impairment of cognitive ability
Single transverse palmar crease
Congenial heart disease
Obstructive sleep apnea
Thyroid dysfunctions
Palpebral fissures
Genetic testing genetic counseling
Amniocentesis, chorionic villus sampling
Make it possible in prenatal screening
Detection and termination!

Ingratitude and indifference
Exhibited by our lovely son
Failed to show up in early screening
Research is on?
Not to terminate foetus but
To terminate ourselves at an early stage!

21 02 2008

rajagopal haran

Intimate Invocations

You dance inside my heart,
With Your measured steps,
Where no one can see you!

My sigh in silence,
Becomes poetry my Angel!

In the fire of your love,
My soul is losing its darkness!
In the heat of your care,
It becomes white,
And becomes like unto fire itself!

You made me incandescent!
Flare up far and wide,
Angel of my life!
I will surrender in the shadow!
Don't let yourself lose me!

rajagopal haran

Journey Of A Body

When I fell
My mother wept for
The big boulder
Hit me on the head;
Soil was made red which
My mother's tears washed;
Doctor's medicine and mother's benevolence
Cured me fast and made me fit.

Outside the house,
The vagaries of life
Fired insults and injuries
Inflicting indelible wounds;
Got the magic balm
In the touch of my mother;
Love embodied in my mother
Nothing could defeat me.

That time also came
My mother bid goodbye
To her body and her son
End of the world? End of me?
No, life went on;
With more assaults and more beatings
Injuries were green
Never found the cure

Heart started the strike
Asking for rest on alternating days
D-day arrived and my heart was relieved
Free from the past and straw for the present
I could see them taking me
Pushing the trolley into the incinerator
Mother was not there to balm my body
Oh! Nothing was left except the ash!

rajagopal haran

Life-The Monkey's Way

Dejected and dissipated
Assailed by arrogances
Armed with anger and
Alarmed by the ever increasing needs
Sought solution to my problems!

Guide directed to see around!

A monkey was passing by
An unconcerned loitering
Little ones hanging down-
The belly of the wanderer

"This could be your winning way"
Came the interlude from the guide
Uncompromising and unyielding
Looked around for my support

Saw a cat ferocious with
A mouthful of kitten oblivious
Of teeth or the world around
Mother made the decisions all
Progeny had no concern
Nothing harmed generation next

This could be my winning way
Where's my mother to carry me?

rajagopal haran

Love Of The Rock

I stand witness to terrestrial transitions
Seen the springs thro' winters and autumns
Variety stories, striking paraphrases

Hear the story of a towering rock
With no tears and fears around

Dusk setting the dark
Saw them each hand in hand
The beauty came in plume unruffled
Terrible was her booty unique
Any soldier could be slain point blank

The tone was soft and topics refined
Melodies of birds embroidered their voice
Never in those days could I see
Unequal conflict between the pageants
Costumes changed dialogues changed
Could make out the dignity all along

The beauty san blemishes any
And the Sovereign earnestness
Made the days ever enthralling

Another day another dusk
Beauty same and naughty same
Backdrop. also was the same

My heart fell like the leaf of autumn and
Tangled wine-stems desolate on the ground
The wedding bells made the fell
Listened to the details to the measure of grain
A few more days precious for me
Captured them in my bosom groove
Absence started very soon enough

Many more dusks painful wait
Waiting for the pair for one come back
Though scarce is that I could succeed;

Unable to weep and unable to move
Unable to heave and unable to grieve
Unable to share to anyone around
Enduring despite the indifference of fate!

rajagopal haran

Me_Almighty

When the ponds dry
Cranes find another pond but
The fish, which are unfortunate
Perish in the vastness

Life in its eternity
Of continuous rhythm
Leave impressions as history
Both of fish and cranes

What is unique to all-
is awkward in the other perspective
Special or ordinary
Make the track mesmerizing

Marooned in the isle
Of happiness and sorrows
Am I visible anywhere?
Hence made Almighty ultimately?

rajagopal haran

Mother Becomes Daughter

The shopping mall
Brimmed with crowd
Individuals and families
With children and parents
Youths and elderly
Swarmed from everywhere!
Mothers got busy
In getting the correct size
Picking the right color
Checking the fitness
Buying bangles and belts
All ornamental in entirety!

Suddenly I saw a pram
Pushed forth by a small girl
Inside that, was not a child
But an invalid mother!
Mother was uneasy;
Daughter got busy;
She got the correct size
Picked the right color
Checked the fitness
Bought bangles and belts
Not for herself but for the mother!

Was that the proverbial saying?
That boat can enter a cart one day
And cart can enter a boat another day?
What went wrong God?
Daughter got promoted with distinction?
Or mother got demoted for the love?

rajagopal haran

Mother-Dedicated To Mata Amritha Nandhamayi

Love has a language unspoken
Above all the faces of races

It is the ore in the fair of Divinity
But the oar for Ocean of Humanity

Moving amongst us is a form
Mother the Embodiment of Love

Craving for Love to be showered
Wavering here and there me the mortal

Looked up to Mother as a wayward child
Flocked her love with a forward glide

Love all nature give all Teacher
Fill all with plenty the perennial Captor

Then and there washes the sins
Now and here wishes and grants

Pain will be in vain and
Fine shall be thine life

Ye children of Mother Dear
Be free forever with Her immortal Grace

rajagopal haran

New World Order

Narrow notions of Religious Sovereignty
Not withstanding the universal interests
Freaks minding the distress of generations
Convene the commonwealth of religions
Keeping kingdom of God as the ultimatum
To avoid delays and disappointments
Aiming the dissolution of the old order
Protocol of Monarchy in the making
Religious colonialism has started consuming!

Hinduism boosting of its age
Claiming to be unique – no roots no clauses
Taking a closer look
Shaivism, Vaishnavism, Shaktism
Classified at all levels
With sampradaya and parampara spices to flavour
No animosity between the schools
Cross pollination of ideas
Anyone can cocktail making a common ground!

Christianity with limited timelines
Catered by Catholicism, Protestantism
Nestorianism, Eastern Orthodoxy and Oriental orthodoxy
Not being faith monolithic
Forming the majority worldwide
Historical schisms moderated by churches
Western and Eastern in methods of classification
Father and Son forming the majors
Crosses the barriers blessed by Mother Mary!

Islam in its earnestness
Aiming at One and the only One
Bridled by Sunni and Shia, Kharijite and Sufi!
Schools Fiqh and schools of Kalam
Making the Sunnism!
Twelvers and Ismailiyah intruding schism!
Ibadi and Sufri constituting Kharijite!
Bektashi, Chisti, Naqshbandi, Oveyssi
Qadiri, Suhrawardiyya complete Sufi!

To fill up the gaps Buddhism, Jainism
Sikhism, Judaism, Baha' I faith
Confucianism and Shinto
Forming a part of listed groups!
Shamanism, Animism African traditional and Diasporic
Chinese traditional and North Korean Ideology
Cao Dai, Tenrikyo, Neopaganism
Unitarian-Universalism, Rastafarianism
Form the majors inside the unlisted!

Is there a combination- loyal or Royal?
Just convergence of beliefs on a cocoon base!
Are these a price for democratic living?
Growing appreciation of people's differences!
Is Tolerance a virtue among human diversity?
All showing disparity
Between belief and practice
Trying to put everything in a nutshell
See the emergence of confusion in clarity!

Loads of blood drenching the earth
Sound of bullets submerged in the canon's shelling
Student striking in the eyes of his friend
Classmates killing another mate for a pen
Nowhere I see an atheist against theist!
Mixing the postulates derived from the paths of
Believers of the Almighty, an invisible entity
And churning the chunk to get the essence
I get the cream- Love is its name seated next to God-
Difficult to see!

rajagopal haran

Ode To A Genius

Dear is the word sweet so near
Kangaroo's lap we feel thy care
Cannons shot the missiles at sties
Valor your Armour in the battle blanch

Calling the winds to your side
Bolder the make felling the weeds
Taming and ramming tilling the field
Garnering support sailing on turbulent sea

Raring thine wayward weird
Bracing the fire as the wick of lamp
Making molten wax from the spent force
Ghatly passage up the laden steps

Down the lane on Grisly earth
Prone to panics as maniac mane
Never the pride took the lead
Power and cover in the corridors of nuance

Rarer act of dating the presto
Damn the date to part
Hesting days flied on full colour
Wrestling the meager mock of parasite tribes

Try try trickled the hope from thy acts
Wry mouth wrought with desperate trials
Helmed thee the top with overwhelmed rap
Hailed holy light lasting forever

Plumes to your crown
Grace the flock to fare in the fair
In stormy turbulence with earthly patience
Giving space to all with watery ease and volcanic tag

Ye Royal breeze, time the subtle thief
Stealing the time away
Semblance task master salutes to you
Soldier thee ever in our hearts

Bid our temporal goodbye; long live thee

rajagopal haran

On The Banks Of Rainbow

Wind so gentle bracing up the drizzle
Under the delicious sunshine warmth
The windows singing a lullaby
Raindrops make a rhythm on my head!

Raising my head braving the lash
Fortune smiling with a Rainbow love
Fragrance of flowers bringing the clouds
Present the platform to make a love perfect!

The sniveling puppies perplexed and blank
Curling in their beds inside the snug
Pigeons from the mangrove cooing the bliss
Bring in the gist of Love in its depth!

I lay my arms on my love so dear
Chilling wind blowing through my body
Ends up in her soul divine and sweet
Both lay on the cot peeping thro' the gaps!

Droplets of water draining through the leaves
Nod of the roses waving in the air
Love birds twosome diving in the puddle
Move us fast to the shores of soul binding union!

Perfect pact amalgamation as rain with the river
Culmination precise as ether into air
Cuddling around her bosom, meddling all around
Hands inside her locks make a fine-tuning!

Generous in my giving more nothing great to quote
Taking pride in taking less but feeling for the same
Rain resting for a while throwing the smell of soil
We rest for a while breathing other's air!

rajagopal haran

On The Wings Of Serenity

Trying to change those I can't change
Turning newer as years pass by
Make way for bouts of storms
With restlessness in the midst!

Feeling secured in His custody
An escape route instantaneous
Listening too much parting less
Wait in silence for His word!

Leaning on His unrestricting arms
Formless voice flows over me
Winters of my grief warm up in the hug
I am subdued by sleep for immigration aloft!

Immortal soul the gleaming genius
Spring up high spreading the wings
Ruffling mind left to the mortal flesh
The solitary bird makes its rounds!

Power of giving and forgiving ever
Make me kindle candles of happiness
Wielding compassion and doubting no one
Prompt me serve fearing none!

Holding the tongue that kills without blood
Keeping aside the resentment forever
Formulate my plan for abode salvation
With feather of hope that perches in the soul!

rajagopal haran

One-Way Traffic

The royal rose with the spines around
Smells gentle to reveal the soul!
Dew drops kissing the petals
Drop down through the morning air!

The emerald paddy waving along
With the charity of a gentle breeze
Shares the green smell spirit filling
To relieve the passerby from the drudgery of rote!

The summer Sun wanders
Mighty rays clinch the moisture
Conspires with the wind and showers the earth
Is it not a compliment of the ultimate star?

I take the rose and cross the paddy field;
Take the water and drench in the rain;
Enjoy the treasure anything nature;
What do that I give back tell me please!

rajagopal haran

Pressure Cooker-My Envy

Many more items
Stuffed inside
Cooked well
Matter of time!

Fire stimulates
Steam slops
Heat permeates
Food is ready

Compelled to compare
The pressure
I am putting inside-
my mind so often!

Nothing is smashed
Till my death
What is wrong?
Process so different?

.....

The selection is done
Materials are chosen
Washed beforehand
Arranged in order

For me alas!
Where is the selection?
No discrimination
Ruthless dumping!

Oh! Cooker has one entry
Lid in place
Conditions controlled
Supervision guaranteed!

Nine holes luxury
No entry prohibited
No closing till cremation
Nonsense nonstop

Pathetic creature
Pervasive everywhere
Incompetent to beat cooker
Oh! Almighty what a pity?

rajagopal haran

Promotion

I enter the office with lot of hope
Increments are due for the New Year ahead
Promotions for a gifted few
Lot of buzz from nook and corner

Day is gone with the hard core routine
Boss is busy making and breaking
Corrections to some and packages to some
Me waiting for the call to come

Cool in the cabin come my letter
Shattered and blotted
Come out to comprehend and
Apprehend the reality

I turn to the preceptor residing inside
Fan out the feelings, which itch my mind
Mind-boggling queries
Crystal clear and deep drawn

Comes the voice with a cutting edge
Promotion for what? -for jealousy? For greed?
In the office of the world
What is your performance?

Benevolence, patience, pity
Humility, humanity, human service
Show the record for
The Super Boss is asking!

rajagopal haran

Relativity In Search Of The Absolute

Mass-Energy equivalence
Propagated by Einstein's formula
Triggered the row over
Relativity disconnects!

I am richer you are poorer
She is faster he is slower
It is better that is worst
We are clearer they are heavier!

Portfolio comparison relating the next
Condemned and confined
Inside the boundaries of eternal electrodynamics
Compelled the reflections on relativity Caricature!

Relative in some corroborative in some
Is anything left to the infinite Absolute?
At least the calibers dearer to the Lord
Call it Grace, Bliss or Humanity!

Alas!
What a pity....Lord also has a preference!

rajagopal haran

Revisiting The Theory Of Evolution Of Species

(The scientific world is coming up with theories with strong points to disprove Darwin's Beautiful theory; I have also done my Research based on my observations; Ask for the forgiveness of Darwin!)

Inheritance in organisms occurs through discrete traits!

Strolling on the street during the wee hours
Saw a girl in skimpy dress
Was she a Descent with modifications?
Opened the scriptures to note the dress codes!
Adam and Eve had no dress:
Leave alone code and bode
Forbidden apple creating the bias
Longer leaves formed the dress
Evolved into lengthy robes
Fashion parading by kings and queens
Increasing the pain of enslaved lots!
Robes turning into saris and pants!
Saris turning into mini gowns and frocks
Full pants only remained ever full!
In the biting cold sleeveless top
Betraying the skin to bones and nerves
Mini skirt proving a competition
Girl was strolling hand in hand
Another hand baring only fingers
Pants also touching the ground and dust
Pounding heart compelled to look up the face
A male was the figure shivering in cold
Referred to Darwin for postulates to help
Beneficial mutations specifically preserved!
Aiding the survival in the process Natural selection
Disadvantaged dying out referring to the male!
Is Selective mutation only in girls?
Got Darwin right as directional selection!
For males it forms disruptive selection!
Shivers of chill going through the spine
Shuddered at the thought of weeding out of males!

Seeing the blue films and exhibiting the same

Punishable anywhere a hundred years back
The previous blue viewed in Eastman color
Are available in a variety of technical colors!

Touching the girls was a criminal offence
Intimate scenes now compulsory in films!
With kissing as bonus and stripping as incentive
Unlucky Darwin born a bit earlier
Here is the proof of stabilizing selection!

Scanning the old theory of co-evolution
Analyzed facts to substantiate Darwin
Ho! This time Darwin was lucky
Serial killing! The forte of males
Killing as maniacs and killing after sex!
Lo! here come women shouldering the burden
Killing fellow women in no lesser measure!
Science being a tube light asking for more
Got a glance of a lady puffing out smoke!
Insatiable science driving me for more
Perchance glanced girls in a pub at midnight
Devouring the drums brimming up with wine!

Co-operation another postulate
My study becoming tougher and tougher
Desperately looking around
Stopped hearing a hell of a noise!
Oh! A car dashed against the pavement dwellers
Mowing down the sleeping dogs!
Curious to go near the car
Got the glimpse of a lady at the wheel
With smell of ethanol dozing off the nose
A lively proof for co-operation!

When heritable differences become more common
Evolution occurs for survival!
Adaptations only will make me live
Or extinction is the word written on the wall!

18.01.2008

rajagopal haran

Rising Above The Odds

I have a place in the Universal space
Is the Purpose of the journey to find my grace?
With the past river flowing out of sight
And the future option filled with delight?

Trying to stand tall to gaze my state
Fail to find in the vicinity around!
Spotting the Sun, Moon and the Stars
Mind in its kind starts reverse engineering!

Am I to glow like the scorching Sun?
Shaping some plants and spoiling the roost!
Sucking the sap out of the earth
Pouring a part and devouring the rest!

Looking at the moon lazing around
Roaming master spying life aground!
Corroborating the witness evinced by the stars
Going underground once in a while!

Stars also blinking like students in a class
Tasting any experience enrolled in their past?
Nothing I have heard of the useless lots above
Are they in any penance searching for their fate?

Is success not to be pursued?
Or service not to be measured?
Do Celestials have that extra?
What do I miss in my Mission?

rajagopal haran

Routine

When I got up in the morning
With the feeling of boredom and fatigue
Nerves stubborn and pressing the button
For more sleep and rest.

Turned to the clock with blurred eyes
Opened the window to see the rest
Lots of sounds all confusing
Tried to make the glossary of things.

Hey! Astonishing! Nothing was a wail!
As they unveiled spontaneously
A cuckoo singing its melody
Reminding the world of its existence?

Cock voicing the alarm bell
Waking up the dead from the slumber?
Dogs and monkeys
Adding to the symphony!

Listening to them I forgot
The internal customer working
Day in and day out
Asking for something called breakfast!

Flies or birds, men or beasts if
Nature is their class and nurture is their drive
Work without command and appetite for accolade?
Though I feel lazy and lethargic often!

rajagopal haran

Silly Penance

Making me old taking along with you
Can you go back and make me a child?

Bedridden with bed sore gray hair pervading
Can I get the child's mind?

Mistakes and blunders committed in adolescence
Can all be dissolved in hot tears of my repentance?

Rainbow of girls loved throughout the youth
Can they parade once in a year in front of me?

The ultimate peace attained after an orgasm
Can it last throughout the day?

Like the reflection of my face in the silver mirror
Can I see the minds through their eyes?

With no desire in mind and endless body
Can I stay in a soundless world?

Non-aligning with death and not involving life
Can I pick the philosophy very much in life?

Ignoring the envies and foot balling greed
Can I stretch my body to sleep for some time?

Bonded to life in orbits so long
Can I fly in the space so eternal?

As I was born without my knowledge
Can I die without my premonition?

rajagopal haran

Soliloquy Of A Woman

A span of 60 years
How many roles can I play?
Is it one, two, three, four or five?
Lost the counting in transit!
With my birth to the elite
I am daughter to them
Tallying with the cultural mocks
Puberty sets in with monthly headaches
And consistent tortures
See a man handsome so
Become his love after two, three sights
Sooner become wife in a life
Ripe in law to the entire lot
Hubby needs food and taste
Mom in law with sugar on the rise
Papa in law mowed by leukemia
Test my skills in the battle of feats
Daylong work not withstanding
Dusk brings pet and bed
Need to give which others forbid
Countdown starts and motherhood begins
The ordeal only women can make out!
Birth of the heir and
Rebirth of his nurse happen together
Sleepless nights naming and taming
Cajoling weeps and incessant shrieks
Regular rides to doctors factor in
Schooling is over and boy is buoyed
Series of troubles and trembling better half
Force me criticize in the role of advisor
Business prospers on the advices free
Partner seeks friend for heartburns and tensions
Sooth him often with norms and qualms
Son aligns with his choice
I sit aside at last!
Ruminate the past to digest the present
How many roles I have played?
What is left for me to add?

rajagopal haran

Sun In Conflict With The Moon

Revered by everyone
Is it my Might?
Not stared at and
No footsteps in my landscape!

You are the honey
Coming into every league
Sung by poets
From Shakespeare to Indira!

You wane and Wax
Sweet flushing bride
With phases of Faces
Linger in the minds and savored for life!

No light of your own
Loaned from me in fractions minuscule
Daydreams are dreaded
Are sweet dreams patented?

You are gazed for long
Sandwiching the cool
Between thee and the eyes
What have I done to miss these?

Your proximity nearer
Place in the hearts dearer
Me farther in both
To my dismay and discomfort!

Lovers' darling ye flower's parlor
Honeymoon paradise
Wanderer with companions
I am a loner not by choice!

Are you a magician?
To make the breeze trace
In your pursuit of trekking hills
Ho! Am I cursed or banished?

Gentle and cool
Bothered about none
Do you take leave and retire in solitude
As a day's gap can increase the love for you?

Do you keep the nectar?
Perennial and promising
Not limited to time, caste, creed and space
But pervading the Universe over millions of centuries!

I take to rounds
Not to start the day and end the same
But in search of a soul
To tell me who is the Boss!

rajagopal haran

Swaratikrama-Stepping Beyond Heaven

Earlier also I tried a few things in Sanskrit; eventhough I have written many poems and articles in English and sometimes in Tamil, Sanskrit has been my dream; I wrote a poem for my company also; it went into the dust bin; now I wanted to plunge into Sanskrit from the Republic day! Seek all your blessings for a challenging journey in Sanskrit

I dedicate this to my Father, to whom I was a star; Father take me to those Mountain Peaks!

(Note: as I do not find Devnagari script in the Laptop, I am submitting the transliteration with the nearest translation in English)

-

Ati ramaneeyaa parabruthikaa
Sunddharam drusyatae thava aathmaa!
Sanaihi sanaihi Bhavati aaghati!
Bhavathi katam ajaanaath mama sakti?

“Vikasithum prayathnam kuru”
Iti thava aajna abhavath!
Aham aakasam lakshitam akaravam!

Parantu, kevalam parvatasya sikharam sampraaptam!
Kintu mandamaarudam mama sareeram anubhavati!
Oho! Mama Devata! Thatu Bhavati Eva!
Samprati maya swargam na ichchatae!

26 1 12

Meaning

Stepping Beyond Heaven

Very beautiful female cuckoo!
Your soul looks beautiful!
Your highness enter slowly

How do you know my power?

“Try to evolve! ”

Was your command!

I aimed at the sky!

But I could reach the mountain top only!

But my body could feel the gentle breeze!

My Angel, it's you only

Heaven is not wished by me now!

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The Great Escape

Resurrection only after a disaster!
A natural part of evolution
With the light of a mishap can I see calamity!

Hordes of generations rippleless
Diving down the precipice mist
Walking with a halo into the rugged canyon
Mighty fall like rotten logs!

A gnarled tree stands in the precipice
Thundering waterfall ready to demolish
The angry river dashing on!
The bird is perched in its nest
Singing above the clamor
Of the water torrent deep below!
A sudden wind whirling around
Blowing disaster to the frail limb
Unseats the bird in toto with nest
Bird spreads its wings mounting the sky!

Higher the senses lower the privilege?
Looking for wings to mount the daily woes!

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Tilling The Mind By Hiring Love

Is Love the key that opens the gates of Heaven?
Fail to locate an imperfect Love perfectly
Ashamed to die unloved plead to Thee
Oh God! Bless me with a Love or an extended life!

Success may not be final
But failure can be fatal
Blessed are the forgetful
For they get the courage to continue!

Who Controls the past Commands the future
Who Commands the future Conquers the past
What is my past to be conquered, without a future!
Am I blessed at present dear Almighty?

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To Be Adult Is To Be Alone

Separate we come
Separate we go
What is that quest to shatter loneliness?

Is it the wall selfishness
Fortified by Greed
Demolishing the bridges between the souls?

Is it the feeling of unwanted?
Ready to throw the body
Trusting the unknown!

When the end comes
Will I be talking to myself?
Signaling the beginning of final solitude!

Intimacy and association
Unable to crush the disposition
Try to play God Alone!

Almighty! Are you scared of loneliness?
You have a blazing hearth in my soul
Come and sit by it!

Crystal insight into my soul
Spur into finding something to live for
And great enough to die for!

It is not what I take up
But what I give up
That makes me kill Loneliness forever!

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To Be Or Not To Be-A Clarion Call

(The imagery is from salt compared to a Human Goddess Smt Savithri Raman;
With all respect I submit this poem at her feet for her blessings)

One life is all we have
But to sacrifice what you are
Never the law of societies
A fate more terrible than dying!
Elect of each generation
Suffers for the salvation of the rest
Sacrifice is thy Passion above souls equal!
Absence makes things useless but
Thy presence never felt
Preservation your concern!
After salt, water follows the tracks
After confronting you the nectar!
If salt slips into the eyes, irritation
If you slip into the eyes, illumination of the world!
In the vastness unpalatable
In refined form panacea! You too!
Core form makes the surface rough
Required for easy roll of life!
You too made me, the bumblebee
Fly forever, denied flying aerodynamically!
In water, salt loses identity
Is it strategy omnipresent?
After addition no trace of color!
You too are unseen waves
Making vibrating life frequencies
Thee purpose noble fulfillment!
But hell nay heaven of a change in taste
You add flavor to my life
Doing all these things
You do not show your form
Are you God the Almighty?
Salting out of soap
A little pinch brings out soap!
You have pulled me out of misery
Annihilating the finite
You sacrifice infinite!

Ye subterranean God!
Salvation of human world
Nowhere else than in Human heart
You are in our bosom
You are indeed our salvation!

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Treading Into The Unknown

Place of confinement chucking out
The liability of many a life
Born blind to the revelation that
Veil is drawn on the mysterious good!

Taking the form mortal
From the eternal light faraway
Calamity is my providence
Fire and vengeance inlaid!

Light and mercy in my command
Visiting the valley unknown
Stop at the station Death
Too far to go in the plane of limitation!

Wayfarer in the valley
Seeing no defect in the creation
Gaze deep into the essence of being
Gauging the coalesced opinions!

Postulates of beliefs parading parallel
Seized by fear at what may be happen
Start counting on the riddles
To experience a connection anywhere!

Starting the journey from a cave pitch dark
Confinement limited in the time environs
And life meant for the greater
See the glimpse of light trying to accustom!

Is my soul so tender to take on the revelation?
No other option except to love Him?
Prove my devotion to His awed glory?
Overcoming the doubt a challenge in my search!

Inevitable sacrifice and surrender to the unknown
To reach the threshold of Divine mercy!
Love of wisdom propels me to escape
The ignorance down the blind alley!

Is it absorption in the absolute?
Nay! Movement towards perfection!
Unable to see the things as they are
Agitate my soul as the rat in the trap!

If answers to these questions
Were commonplace commodities
There will be no seeker
Nor any illusion that I possess the truth!

It is my love that emboldens me
To charge headlong onto the unknown!
Descends the self-effacing discipline
To contemplate on the mysteries of the soul!

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Two Taurus Are Born

Around around nurses fly
Lady in the stretcher, a battalion to fetch
A battery of doctors practicing
Pleasant atmosphere everywhere
Honey sweet cry fills the hall
Trumpets the arrival of millionaire heir
Polishing by two maidens
Mother feeding by two follies
Bathing in money and
Vomiting the loathe of greed

Another corner of the country
A soul called street dweller
Care of the platform
Flesh covering the eaten bones
Ready to deliver at the mercy of neighbors
Her fervourless partners assemble fast in numbers
Death throes emerge from the pity
A wailing sound ends her pains
Baby sees the gloam from the long thrall of confinement

The future king throngs for the barren breasts
Dead and dry roaring to sink
His manna dew is already due
Suffering the unbodied joy
Dethroned by the deflowered spirit of a mother

I notice the date of birth
Of both the sons of the soil
Hey! It is twenty-first April
They are Taurus born to fight!

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Voyage Of A Bird

Oh Swallow high you fly
Shielding the sun with thy glory
Hovering over the mountain summits
In the stillness of night
Making the souls awake in darkness
And asleep in light
Grand is your grace
Freezing the flowers of the spring
In the midst of winter dreams
Ye enter where wind dares not
Autumn leaves make noise
Scattering my dreams
Bridling the desires
You make green shadows
In the twilight of tranquil
Clad with moving mist
Would you leave the harvest ungathered?
Neigh you will sow again dreaming furrow
Earth is your throne
Like dawn ye rise with my soul
Hey bird orbiting distantly
Consider this star
With no space in your galaxy
Frail thy radiance on me
Roar of the sea and
Singing of thee
Unite not yet harmonize as nature
Calamities opened my heart
Tears cleansed my tears
Errors taught the language
Terrible in thy silence
Gaze your love on the loom given
As deathless passing shadow

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What Is It Called Mother?

Mother I understand the term;
Hear people calling and
Many women getting called!
Pleasant it is every time!
As if honey with flavor is poured into ears
I do not have a mother to call!
Women say it is an important role
In every human life of womanhood!
Where are you my mother?
Your son is ready to call you,
Thousand times a day non-stop!
Have you retired? Or
God wants mother for him/her?
Tell me please because I have never talked to you also!

Being a male I can only feel!
The absence of mother
Never I can realize
What a mother is?
Compelled by the thirst
To have a mother
I seek everywhere!
At last my mother has showed up
Not in one form
But in all the forms of women on this earth!
For it is only one house for the owner
But many for the other on rental
Thank you mom for culminating in plurality
Bless and speak to me through all!

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Withering Wings

An egg is hatched
The fledgling crawls out of its shell
Unable to see and unable to fly
Limps around in pitch black darkness

Mother bird feeds it with fondness
Not only food but also love
Lots of sunrises and sunsets
Accrues into days of inaction

Wishes of the mother winnows into wings
Waning fears with the vigor of nature
Trials into air under
The paragon of love's care

D-day has come
Taking off the plane
Detours the fledgling flying far away
Forgetting the mother!

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World Is Waiting For You

To value the kind behind every action
To train ourselves never to put off word
To learn the arithmetic of counting the blessings
Prayers to the Lord to send His Son!

Gratitude blossoms from our soul
To thank the Father for sending His Son!
Jesus is our gardener sprucing up the weeds
To make our life a meaningful flower!

Degraded love in the devalued life
Here is the soul demonstrating live
By way of His words, mind and action
Welcome to our friend, the companion ever!

When no one is ready to share his care
Here is the Savior to restore our faith
And make us the children of Father His own
Sacrifice is His name in the mould of compassion!

Proper stewardship the necessity of the time
He only can show a glimpse of life in death
Making the soul eternal with grace abounding
By asking us to give so we shall be given!

We believe in your promise Dear
Enduring weep for the night
To expect joy in the morning
Door has been knocked; it is for you to worry!

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