

Poetry Series

K. V. Venkataramana
- poems -

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K. V. Venkataramana(02/06/1951)

K V Venkataramana is a poet in English with six poetry books to his credit. Two of them, 'Vales Of Mystery' and 'Refreshing Breeze' were published in Canada. He is the recipient of several Awards for poetry at City, Taluk, State, National and International levels. His poems have been broadcast over All India Radio, Mangalore. They were also translated into Thai, Korean, French, Hindi and Kannada. Dr K V Venkataramana has also published two books of translation(from Kannada to English) . He writes essays, articles and reviews, besides poems.

Currently, K V Venkataramana is settled in Bangalore. To know more about him, please browse the following links:

A Bee

I am only a bee
Sucking at the flowers of
Virtues of humanity
And deriving my
Sustenance out of them.
Colours of petals
Or thorns on the stem
Do not distract me
From drawing the nectar;
And with hope
I keep buzzing
Over the vast human vegetation
And propagate
The pollens of peace.

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A Bit Of Soul

When someone suffers
I, too, do;
For a bit of his soul
Lives in me, too!

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A Cenotaph For My Unwritten Poems

Myriad poems
Took birth in my mind,
But a few of them
Died of my neglect.
Today, they have no memorials,
No epitaphs
And no identities of any kind.
So let this poem be
A cenotaph for them
Built with the bricks of my tears.

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A Child's Awakening

On the vast lawn
My child and I
Sit together
And observe Nature.

The child, for a moment,
Runs to the other end of the lawn
In order to extricate himself
Out of the gravitational pull
Of my love
And feel the whiff of
Divine love.

Then, he rushes back
Towards me
As if he has realized that
The Divine love is incomplete
Without the presence of human love
Springing from flesh and blood.

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A Child's Imagination

A child's imagination
Runs riot
At the sight of ravishing moon.

Unable to clasp it,
A sense of despair
Dawns on him soon.

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A Crushing Blow

You nurture an ambition
Of becoming great;
You cherish the hope of
Helping the poor;
You decide to bring up your children
In the best of traditions;
And you plan for a life
Full of events...
Alas! Then comes a gale
That rocks and uproots
The tree of aspirations
To fall flat
On the bosom of Time.

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A Desire

Whenever a flower
Blooms,
It takes care
To look smart, fresh,
Pleasing and memorable;
For it knows that
It blooms only once
During its sojourn on earth.
Likewise,
Why should I not,
When my poetic feelings
Gush to the surface,
Produce pearls of excellence
For all to treasure?

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A Desire To Reach Each Other

As an elder,
My thoughts are centered
On my young child;
But, as a child,
My child's thoughts are
Focussed on a grown-up man.
While I would like to
Travel back till his age,
He likes to speed fast
To my age.
Both have a distinct desire
To reach each other;
But I know that
I am destined to
Fail in my race,
While my child is destined
To win the race!
"O, there is joy in being young! "—
I say to myself.
"O, there is limitless freedom in being old! "
My child proclaims!

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A Fragmented World

When I stare
At the sky,
I see a sun
Shining brightly,
Uniformly
And all alone.
But,
As I look down
At the earth,
I see a million fragments of another sun
Called humanity
In the form of
Castes, sub-castes,
Races and religions.

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A Futile Effort

Time glides
And river flows,
But my poem is
Not yet born;

From dusk to morn,
I scribble on a paper
Ultimately to be torn.

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A Futile Hope

Sometimes, I wish that
Life should come to a grinding halt,
But it hardly does;
For the wheel of life
Keeps moving,
With its momentum,
Derived from its previous birth.
No power on earth can stop it,
Nor accelerate its speed;
And the wheel of life
Moves on and on,
Riding roughshod over my will.

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A Futile Search

With the passing breeze,
My soul moves
In search of God
Among the groves.

I search for Him
In the rolling surges
Of the vast sea,
But He never emerges.

Hopefully I
Gaze at the sky
To find Him there,
But I finally sigh.

Then I look for Him
In my heart's corner,
And there He is,
Laughing at the searcher.

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A Lamentable Thought

It will not be
A real death for me
If I stop breathing,
Because I will still live in
Flowers, cloud, birds and grass
Which have ever been
Nourished by my love.

But I would be really dead
The moment I found
My pond of love desiccated,
Forcing me to orphan
The beautiful creations of God,
Each of which contains
A bit of my soul.

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A Life Of Hope

I may die a physical death later,
But I do not want to die
A mental death in advance.
Like a flower
Which is optimistic
And ever-smiling
Till it withers away,
I shall live
A life of hope.

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A Lifetime Mission

You are said to be
Everywhere;
But to find You
Where I am
Has been my
Lifetime mission.

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A Lone Bird

At midnight
A lone bird cries
When the din and bustle
Of urban life dies;
The bird's cry
Sounds mysterious.
Does it pour out
Its tragic tale
For an unknown poet
To translate it,
Or does it lament
Over the poet's weakness
To be heard aloud himself
In this strife-ridden world.

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A Lone Object

A lone flower
Is enough to decode
The message of spring;

A lone thought of the Divine
Is enough to usher you
Into the spiritual realm;

A lone belle
Is enough to stir you
Into mysterious thoughts;

A lone moon
Is enough to bathe you
In the ocean of peace.

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A Moment Of Separation

I loved her deeply,
But today I have to
Part from her.
O, my heart is heavy
With grief now,
Unable to withstand
The burden of sorrow,
Like a mango tree
With its bumper crop of yield
During leap year.

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A Moment Of...

A moment of anger
Is enough to cause
A monumental tragedy;

And a moment of love
Is enough to cheer
A monotonous life.

A moment of ungratefulness
Is enough to sap
A sensitive life;

And a moment of prayer
Is enough to transform
A melancholy life.

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A Monotonous Track

My life is a
Monotonous track
But for the
Occasional trains of
Joy and sorrow
Which rattle along it.

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Barren

My heart is barren
And my emotions are dry
I am no more a poet
And clueless, why?

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Comedy

Every face is an image of
Happiness, misery or tragedy
Of life that has gone by,
But is determined to move into comedy.

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Deepavali (Diwali)

Festivals don't bring happiness
To each and every citizen,
For crackers disturb the peace of nature,
Pollutes air, and affects the asthmatic children.

Festivals don't bring light
To each and every citizen,
For some continue to live in the darkness of poverty
And some others, due to crackers, lose their vision.

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Freedom

Is there any freedom on earth
To eat what we like?
If yes, why kill your neighbour
Whose food we dislike?

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Helpless

When you are in penury,
You know what life is;
You feel helpless to eke out life
And your will to live does cease!

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Love

Water seeps into the soil
To occupy the pores in it,
But love seeks to reach hearts
That crave for it.

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My Heart

My heart is barren
and my emotions are dry
I am no more a poet
And clueless, why?

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Nature

Nature- with its grasss, trees, streams,
And falls- everyone enchants;
A wonderful spectacle it creates for man
Who, unwittingly, the Divine name chants!

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Past

Past is a storehouse of memories
Always glowing, even in advanced age;
As there was unbridled freedom to engage in acts
Which were born out of craze.

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Red Blossoms

Trees are afire with red blossoms
After the advent of spring;
But in winter they were shorn of leaves
And nothing but gloom they did bring!

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Some People...

Some people are born on this earth
To make others' lives miserable;
Some people are born on this earth
To do good to the poor and vulnerable.

Some people are born on this earth
To exploit their own fellowmen;
Some people are born on this earth
To render protection to children and women.

So let the motto of everyone be
To live and let others live
And to light a lamp of hope
For those who are forlorn and unable to survive.

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Spring

Trees are afire with red blossoms
After the advent of spring;
But in winter they were shorn of leaves
And nothing but gloom they did bring!

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Verse After Verse

I want to fill
The whole universe,
By being part of it,
In my verse after verse.

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Vicissitudes

As waves on the sea
Keep dashing
Against rocks
At rhythmic intervals
And recede,
Thoughts of you
Impinge on my mind
At regular intervals
And disappear;
In between,
Life flows at a low ebb
Devoid of
Rainbow colours
And its thrill.

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Village Life

A temple in a village, a cow at home,
A lake or pond for people and animals to drink water,
And festivals galore almost every month- -
To Indians, long ago, did only matter.

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Violence

Whatever may be the goal,
Violence never pays;
For it smothers peace on earth
And mankind's progress stays.

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Violence...

Violence, violence everywhere,
Where are the oases of peace?
Unless religious bigotry is ended,
Humanity would come to cease!

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Vision

Relentless striving is
My only mission,
So some day
I may have His vision.

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Vultures

Vultures

Living on the
Living carcasses of human beings
Are avidly sucking the
Warm blood;

Yet they do not like
To be called vultures,
But products of
Civilised culture;
And they indulge
In burying the hopes of the
Living dead.

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Water A Plant

You continue to water a plant
Not knowing when it will bear flowers
And when, at last, it bears flowers,
Joy and beauty it showers!

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Weather

Drizzling and gloomy sometimes,
Bright sunshine on other times;
With oft-changing weather I decide
To stay within my home's confines.

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What Life Is...

When you are in penury,
You know what life is;
You feel helpless to eke out life
And your will to live does cease!

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When I Am Ill...

When I am ill,
Leave me alone;
For my philosophical thoughts
Are reluctant to encounter strangers.

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Why Fritter Away?

Why fritter away your energy
By thinking of unfounded fears?
Why not channelise it towards God
Who alone your grievances hears?

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Why I Need Him

O God! I go on
Chanting your name,
Not that I need You
At the moment,
But that I may need You
In my dark moments,
Anytime, anywhere
On my life's journey.

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Woman

Woman is a
Mystery;
That is why
In all my life
And at all times
I have loved
The wrong
Woman.

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Women

I meet so many women
But I cannot unlock their hearts
To find out what their hidden desires are -
However much I am smart.

Women have an an aura of mystery around them,
Indecipherable are their wants;
Dicuss with them various matters
Then only their desires they will flaunt.

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Words

Words have the potential
To foster peace and brotherhood;
Words have the capacity
To promote social good.

Words have the ability
To speak to your heart;
Words have the capacity
To immortalize the arts.

Words have the potential
To alleviate stress;
And they have the capacity
To bring hope to the hapless.

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Worth

If, at all, I would like to be born
Again and again on this earth,
It is only to thank Him
For making my life what it is worth.

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You Are The Architect

Create a new religion,
Preach that free sex is no taboo,
Quote instances of birds and animals,
Encourage unhindered love for all,
Create a new culture of porno
And practice religion to earn;
Or try to save the existing religion,
Preach that love should be
Practised with inhibition,
Stress on rituals and tradition
And invite the wrath of the public
For leading your followers
In the reverse direction;
The choice is entirely yours –
Either to be a symbol of modern rage,
Or a sage of eternal message,
In order to free humanity from bondage.

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Your Grace...

Though in my poems,
I have often thought of You,
I am yet to be drenched by Your grace, O God,
From head to toe.

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Youth...

Youth is a
Flower
That wafts
To the wind of love,
Basks in the
Sunshine of hope
And floats on the
Turbulent waves of
Emotions.

Youth is a
Welcome arch
For days of bliss.
Youth is an
Ever-widening
Horizon of opportunities...
Nay, youth is
A kaleidoscope of
Succulent dreams.

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Youthful Stage

Receding hairline and growing wrinkles on one's face -
Are they signs of the old age?
As long as one works enthusiastically
Towards his goals, he is still in his youthful stage!

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