

Poetry Series

Konalli Rajeev Naik
- poems -

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Konalli Rajeev Naik(21/05/1966)

PRINCIPAL OF GOVT P U COLLEGE SHIRURU UDUPI

Glass Tree

Mukundan the Malayalam author
Told me the story of glass tree;
The emperor travelling in
Palanquin aircraft
Ordered the foreign mason
To fell the Champak tree
For carving a glass tree.
The falling tree roared like a lion.
Alas! the nests were crashed
With the nestlings broken hearted.
Mother birds returned to feed,
Flew around the fallen tree lamenting.
But the foreign mason
Hurled the pieces of rock
At the birds to force them out.

And then the glass tree stood still
Invading the hearts of the traveller.
The wood hanged around it
Capricious plants bowed.
Urchins grabbed the gleaming
Glass pieces to play
But the bleeding cracks in fingers
Made them moan.
The glass tree was
As proud as
The gleaming palanquin king.

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Konalli Rajeev Naik

Toy Balloons

Over there the school dropout
Balloon seller raises her frail neck
To sing the balloon bhajans
Of multi-hued brilliant balloons
Amid the bellowing hand bells
At the poignant chariot festival.

Her parents have made
Swinging balloon bockeyes
To bedeck the marriage pandals
And the jubilant podiums.
Their heartwarming valentine
Balloons beckon submissive
Most Romantic lasses and lads.

The naughty girl launches
Swollen bellied balloons as spacecrafts.
They move at high speed
With their comrades-the wind and the sunshine.
But those balloons unexpectedly dash upon
Father's market housed head.

When the night comes in
The cursed and deflated balloons
Shrink disorderly with the dried lips.
Father comes home heavily drunk
Daughter prowls around the tents
Mother fires the cooking hearth
And the roof climbing smoke suffocates.
She mumbles that he never saves money.

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Blissful Path

Oh my true love
Your pretty foot treads
The daylight puffing path
Amid the clamour of twittering breeze.

You are an elegance emitting
Creeper with newborn sprout
Regularly longing for the patronage
Of a merciful wholesome tree.

Your unvoiced words
Are like unspilled pearls
Your fostered reveries float
On your pristine bosom brook.
Tread this blissful path
Every time, my dear
Spawning bouncy days
And ardent nights.

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Monsoon Amid Pandemic

Maiden clouds of monsoon
Are like deployed medical personnel
Clad in PPE kit to combat
Iconoclastic pandemic.

Sudden shutdown
Is a boulder fall
Witchery virus converts
Masked faces to faceless idols.

Locked in quarantine centre
And hit by the virus of hunger
The migrant workers
Are like caged birds.
Glittering lightening curves
Twinkling in their eyes
Dream of flying home
To see the kins and siblings
And their children in captivity
Drawing the diagram
Of thorn bodied corona virus.

Lightening thrashes
The searching virus eyes.
Heavy monsoon shower
Begets insolent flood
To drown the Novel Corona.

Asphalt hospital roads
Smile when the deadly wave ends
Cold clouds chant
The melodious confabulation
Of warm vaccination.

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Lucent Lake

Lucent lotus lake
Was amply serene
As an icon in the shrine.
But the puckish villainy rain
Imperiled lucent glamour
Storing muddy water
Of ruby glitter.
Covered the eyes of lotus
The copious weeds
When it yearned to behold
Chaste lily darling swimming
 And arrow edged visionary buds
Curling without sunbath.

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Memory Lane

Down my memory lane
Is the perished grandmother
Brimming with invaluable sacrifice
To feed the creepers of her entrails

Planting, weeding, thrashing of the crops
Hanging out sweat balls at her forehead
Raised the peasantry radiance
Of her indomitable past tense

Her rough worn out thumb
Kissed and crushed the bowlful
Cooked rice with water
To make a gruel lake for me.

Showed me the gleaming sky bowl at night
From the unkempt courtyard of the residence
To coax me to drink country cow milk
Narrating the story of cock and bull.

More often she perceived
My charm was the envy of the neighbours.
Once she fanned the flame
Of burning red chili with salt
Asked the emitting smoke
To tone down the evil beholding.
Her toothless mouth with swinging cheeks
Spat out the betel leaf juice
To snuff out the flame of pungent smell

She stitched my ragged shirt
Shedding white tears
Pacified herself drying the tears
With the end of her square printed saree

Down my memory lane
Is my departed grandmother
Like the perished weeping willow tree.

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Melody

Springs out of your heart
A lyric at night, my dear
Yearning to merge with my heart
Your lyric is the heartening ointment
For my bruised night
Really, you are the smile shedding
Star in the milky welkin
The limpid river in the moon lit night
Flashes your goblet shaped eyes
Immerse me in your melody river
Hide me under your whirlpool
To allow me to relish the ripple melody.

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The Love Song Of A Simpleton

Oh! a damsel of hair rings
Caressing the forehead
Wheat flour colour cheeks
Trickery dazzling blue eyes
Wantonly glanced.
Moonlight had slept on her face.
I counted her teeth
When she slowly smacked her lips;
Closed my eyes to chase
The full blooded floating figure.
Glistening sanguine smile
Shined again and again.
Adored, I locking her
Day and night in the prison
Of my heart.
A handsome man longed for her
And drank her lips
Creating commotion in the core of my heart.
I suffered singing songs
On the pied beauty;
Strange spirit that thrilled me
Killed me
Like a cigarette slowly sucking
The soft heart.
Painfully penetrating passing fancy
In the long run
Ran to save dear life.

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Bud Smile

Spill out your seeds of bud smile
On to my watchful soily eyes
To behold the sprouting spring.
A creeper emerges
With rejoicing boughs and buds
Abandoning aroma to the wayward wind.
My breath longs
To wear the fragrance
Of the blooming blossoms
On your lips.
I should have had
Thrill implicating eyes as yours
To beget exciting moths
To perch on the smacked bud lips.
Do sow the seeds of bud smile
In my yearning heart
To greet our profuse spring.

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Bouquet On The Tomb

BOUQUET ON THE TOMB

Unable to endure the knavery
Of tormenting sunlight
The fading bouquet
On the despondant tomb clamoured.
A hermit staying in the cavern
Beside the tomb heard this uproar.
He came out with a water pot
And sprinkled water on the bouquet to soothe.
Bouquet flourished and obtained
The usual genial countenance.
Then the hermit barged
In the dark cavern again.

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Caring

Caring

Clad in dove hue gown a nurse
With smile on lips enlivening
Pinned down dad's temperature.
With a stethoscope slung around neck
A doctor called him in for check up
Whispered the doctor to the son's ear
"No need to panic, viral fever".
To sweep up test reports
The son walked behind the nurse
Like our legendary Cinderella
Followed her gracious God mother.
Awaiting the blood and sugar reports
And sniffing the hospital smell
Dad in the Wheel Chair had
Sorrow housed pale eyes.
Gentle son remembered
The loving hugs of dad
And kind mom's scoff
At dad when he came home
Drunk.
But the stern principal won't excuse
Son's absence from college
Devoted the son two days for caring;
Caring the noble human virtue
Noble human virtue is the caring.

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Light House Love

Light House Love

Brilliant lovers wait
For the un secretive day
To die away
To welcome
The moonlit night
Of the starry sky
On this alluring
Karwar sea shore.
When they stand half naked
Wave hood's snake dance
Beckons them
To hold the silvery hood.
Coconut plumes
Blow whistle to kindle them
To continue cheering.
Stumbling sand grins
At their sandy knees,
Tumultuous saline slap
Is there for their belly wash.
God of mercy,
The light house
Fights gallant battle
With the night
To guide wailing ships
And such eloped lovers.
Beloved's heart
Is the light house
And their love
Is an unfathomable sea.
Now the light house
Is their deity.
They have sworn
On the beam of light house
"we will ever be loyal to love".

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Sea Heart

I fancy being the Arabian Sea
To roll on gold surface sandy shore
Spilling over the silvery surf
To fondle my beloved's lovely feet

I fancy being the Arabian Sea
To capture my sweet -heart in the sea heart
Rendering the abundant gift of pearl!

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Lock Down Hamlet

LockDownHamlet

My ancestral hamlet

Konalli is sulky

In the lock down

April sultry.

Wanton sunshine ride

On enormous bare plain

Dampens the eyes of paddy growers.

Disdained slumbering rocks

Awkward thorn hedge heads

Hamper all serpent shape paths

The sunshine blaze dazzles

Sights of tender coconut plumes

Saffron crowned areca palm

Bowing timid banana grove

Rice swallowed rough husks

Whining cluckinghens, lowing cattle

And the temperature sniffing thermal scanners.

Stayhome slogan

Shrinks the huddling peasants

Like the covid masks shrivel their nostrils.

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Here Is A Rose For You

Blossoms a rose here

In my bosom park, dear

Spilling out your liptip hue

With the dream of bedecking

Your bosom lapel.

Petal tongues are

Like your glossy cheeks.

Thorn skinned twigs in the bloom

Are unmindful of

Emaciating scorching sun

Vein hardening chill

Petal threatening ice

Bough breaking frightening

Violent cyclone.

A rose blossoms here

In my bosom park, dear.

Let us forget the moments of pain

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Drama

Drama

Afterwards the drama ended
The Thought of emptiness dawned
Actors in the greenroom
Removed their marks and costumes
Wiped out their colours
Inarticulate man articulated,
Cripple walked.
Stage performance was different!
When the prince bawled out
"Water water"
The Menial came to quench his thirst.
The made servant bradished the fan
Made of the hair the Bos Grunniens
To the princess on the stage.
The menial and the maid servant vanished.
The separated masks flared up,
Approached the dramatist
To Show them the rest house.

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Ember Festival

EMBER FESTIVAL

Devout women walk barefoot
Across the bed of red hot coals
Holding wooden wands in their hands.
Village Goddesses are in their bodies
Sprouting the volcano in their live coal eyes.
Spherical mark vermilion foreheads
Shine with sweat bead ornaments
Knots of their charcoal dark hair
Are the resorts of flower garlands.
That Night the moon is the live coal
Twinkling stars are the glowing coals
Women smile like the sparkling red hot coals.
The emigrant market glows at the edge of the gutter
Selling plumpy balloons
And the delicate dolls for
The babies in the swinging cradle.

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Resolution

Resolution

The last night of the year
Is alert with air, fire, water
To view the dissolution
Of the past in the gloom

Wine sucked stumbling
Tongue of the night
Is ready to sprinkle
Good cheers to the fresh year.

But the delight, the dance
And the lyrics
Of the sleepless night
Disturb the privacy
Of the hushed moon and stars.

The disturbed moon and the stars
Forward the resolution:
"Let the serene night sleep
And the alert day work
To welcome the new year".

- Konalli Rajeev Naik

Konalli Rajeev Naik

Prayer

Prayer

Oh! Delightful stars in the firmament
How amorous you are all with
That gladdening moon!
Please request your gentle sun
To heed to the agony of the darkness.
Ask him to send the mild sunlight
To smell and swallow the chill of the earth.
Let the mild sunlight rub its back
Against the strong mortar worn walls
And tap the main doors and windows
Of the human minds and dwellings
To make the earth heaven.

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Seashore Lad

Seashore Lad

I am a seashore lad
Of enormous sea shells
And abundant roar.
Thunder mother delivers
Thunderbolt infants of burning eyes.
Swollen huge pits and rivers
Loaf about like the street lunatics.
Hooligan cloud abducts the round goblet sun.
The moon is impatient like a sleepless baby
Inside the cover of rain bearing clouds.
I advised my girl not to follow me.
But she showered her tears on my arms and said
"My tear has the salt of your sea".

- Konalli Rajeev Naik

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Ascetic Journey

Ascetic Journey

Ascetic's bare feet wandered
Fondling the graceful earth.
Nature's grace kept a perennial
Deposit in his bank like eyes.

The poverty river flowing
From the eyes of indigent persons
Ran through the slope of his heart.

The whispers of the eloped lovers
Did the rolling circumambulation
In his ears.

The kisses jumped off the chins
Of the street urchins
And crushed against his Chin.

Ascetic's bare feet wandered
Fondling the weak sand
Of the sandy beach.

The ascetic was static
Experiencing the boundless amazement.

The vibrant wave rushed out of the sea.
The wandering waves kissed the wandering feet.

- Konalli Rajeev Naik

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Rosy Periwinkle Face

ROSY PERIWINKLE FACE

Her blooming passion soaked
Rosy periwinkle face is at the gateway of my heart park.
The flower beholds me wearing my beloved's bashful eyes.
Those periwinkle eyes often invade my clandestine world.
Her passionate periwinkle lips oscillate to submit her heart's intent.
My love like the butterfly perches on the periwinkle petal to feel at ease.

- Konalli Rajeev Naik

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Love Flame

Radiant gold tongue
Of Love flame
Skips skyward
Licking the obstructing
Impatient whimsical wind.
The Jocund
Burning sensation
Of love wick
Faces our darkness.
"Amass this bestowed
Brimming light of love
In your eyes
To own the divine sight,
My darling".
Let's have acute yearning
For being with the love flame
That furbishes our hearts.

- Konalli Rajeev Naik

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Fossil Pedagogy

Bangle mouthed long wooden pestles
Seven number bodied wooden ploughs
Pitcher belied huge grind stones
Lie down comfortably
At the second hand goods' shop
Gobbling the dust of many decades.
Jubilant shouts of the mills
Unpleasant groan of the electric grinder
The ruthless roar of the tractor
Drill the holes in our ears.
But the great directors
Of the art films
Explore the fossils
To loot the national and international awards.
The rightist historian teaches:
"Huge old grind stones
Were used to grind the explosives
Wooden ploughs were used
To split the soul of the soil.
Long wooden pestles were used
To thrash the heads of the enemy soldiers."
Our primary school children memorized it.

- Konalli Rajeev Naik

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My Sun

My Sun

Dear Pap,
You ladled the affection
On to my life bowl
And then perished
You segregated from my parish.

That doomsday
Silence hugged the wind
Sorrowful eyes overflowed
And bulged out with tears.

Dear pap,
You are my sun
Your serene rays of light
Must embrace my earth.

Dear pap,
Now I have an attachment with the sky
I keep removing the veil of dark cloud
And the proud rainbow
To expose my life to your radiance.

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Roots

Root

Root is the wanderer
Inside the earth
Examiners of this wanderer
Are the native doctors
Unmindful of stem and sprout
In my boyhood days, my father,
While digging the earth
Pulled out the squeezed in roots
And curtailed them with spade
Mother used the firewood roots
To burn the buttock of bathroom pitcher
Chilly mornings endured the warmth
Of the tongues of fire
Forest is pretty
Having diverse roots of diverse trees
Mother earth has gulped the diverse sources
Sad bonsai rose plant
Is beside the verandah of the
Concrete mansion
What a pity! Petal lips of rose,
Deprived of sunbath are crumpled
The other day moving bonsai plants
Made a good show
At the portico of wedding hall
Arresting the attention of the spectators
Gloomy yam suffers
Inside the womb of the earth
Yam emerges out after the surgery
By farmer surgeons
Orthodox priest's son
Eats the boiled yam,
Carries the swollen gaseous belly
To the govt. hospital
Doctor rebukes boy's insanity
Opposite my seat at the five star
Restaurant is the Indian wife with
The British husband
I remember my rural bridegroom brother

Yoking to a bride of his caste
With the witness of holyfire
At the kumta marriage hall
To indicate the significance of root

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