

Poetry Series

Mula Veereswara Rao
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Mula Veereswara Rao(16-01-1965)

Writing in English since 1990 got prize for the poem - 'politicians -Satire' in

My popular poems are 'Autumn came, City, Lonely leaf and bonsai'

Abused Child

Childhood itself
Big wound!

Wound covers
Slap of a father,
Bite of a sibling,
Curse of a mother,
and finally treacherous teacher!

My childhood crawled
under serpent-hood!

No joyful moments
Only scars registered in the soul!

Childhood swayed by youth,
Enthusiastic path to new strength,
Childhood mistakes haunted the youth,
Irritable emotion creates wrath!
As there is no ray of hope,
Youth led to astray
Trapped in easy money!
Fighting with peers for livelihood,
Waiting for love at neighbourhood,
Dreaming to become rich,
Struggling inch by inch,
facing crunch after crunch,
Dreams shattered and happiness slashed
Stood on the fate's pedestal!
Unknown mistake
finally pushed me to jail!

Justice delayed,
Life is under trial
Wounds mounting
Time never heals all injuries
Time intensifies wounds
Wound Wound..
Wound comes round and round

Life has no re- wind!
Life sinks in dark abyss

Mula Veereswara Rao

An 'Ode' To Village

The soil of the village
touched my soul
with ancient scent!

In the center of village
there is a temple
enveloped by flowers
of purple,
with ample fragrance

Besides temple,
a lake
stirred by silent ripple

In the temple
there is a chariot
in which lies god's
portrait!

Festival season
bestows chariot
to streets!

Chariot with might thread
treads into streets
with sandal fragrance
and pious caravan
in the early dawn

Green plants in the fields
bowed heads with their booty
likes brides shows their shy beauty!

The school
still echoes village
teacher murmurs,

In the night
village withdrew

into silence
under sky's stillness
stars hanging from invisible
black tree like pearls
thrown by naughty moon!

Village is an 'ode'
in the god's abode

Mula Veereswara Rao

Autumn Came

By ripping cheeks,
with cold breeze,
with twitter of sparrows,
Autumn came!

Autumn came to cover
shivering earth
with colorful leaves carpet!

Autumn floats like
sun's epitaph

Autumn echoed like
farewell song of birds
in the evening!

Autumn touches the
breath of last leaves
on the verge of falling
with warmth!

Autumn challenges the
confidence of the tree
who hides buds in the heart

Mula Veereswara Rao

Beyond Borders

O human!
You grabbed the earth
You spoiled the mirth
You created the walls
You marked the borders
You named the the countries
You beget wars
You are living with Scars!

But

Beyond borders
Souls are bind by universal humanity

Beyond borders
All Languages are merging in the
Language of love

Beyond borders
All hearts are vibrating
with the same symphony

Beyond borders
Name, form, cast and creed are lost
In the single soul of universal consciousness

O human!
Why becoming narrow?
Why not invite vibrant peaceful tomorrow?

After all
All are drops of same ocean
All are petals of same peace flower
Let's create new peaceful narration!

Mula Veereswara Rao

Beyond Duality

I need
two eyes to wait patiently,
I need
two lips to transfer the nectar of love,

I need
two hands
to encircle me with compassion,

I need
two ears
to hear the song of heart,

I need
two moments
to become un dual and ecstasy

Mula Veereswara Rao

Bonsai-Feminist Poem

Bonsai

I wore
Your surname,
Your semen,
Your soul,
Became wearied 'Wife of'

Myself crucified on the cross of
Relationship!

I am a broken heart
Behind the 'veil'!

I am like a colourful fish
In the Aquarium!

I am like 'Bonsai'
For which main root
Cutted beautifully
Kept in the decorated pot!

Name sake freedom
Always available to me!
But still to be roamed
In the cultural boundaries!
born in chains, always in chains

I am a Woman!
'Woe'+ 'Man' = 'Woman'

Mula Veereswara Rao

Booze

It's end
recurring rupture!

wine flowing through veins
with out reins!

cold wine becoming cocktail with
my tears!

It's hangover
cruel fate's hover!
Everything over!

I can't face reality
Desire 'Dinosaur' surfaces again!

Gone back to bottle
It's inner battle with my self
continues...

glass laughs like chorus
to my melencholic melody...
.....

Mula Veereswara Rao

City

City

Plastic flowers
Lipstick lovers
Replica races,
Lip service glitters!

City is a 'concrete' jungle
Where mass will not mingle!

City is so selfish
you will be like fish without water

City always runs for money
Never finds time to enjoy nature's honey

City fixes price on every thing
Crux is to make profit on every thing.

City is cultural interference
City's life is social indifference

It's pity
Village trying to imitate city
This is my final inference

Mula Veereswara Rao

Classmates

Classmates'

Once upon a time
We as friends...
Shared the same school!
We played together
We swam together
We sang together
Joined chorus, core to heart

Now

Some moved west
Some caught in the family nest
Some lost in the letters crest
Some met near lagoons
Like 'once in a blue moon! '
Leading to stumbling trust!

Now....
Everything became
Golden drops in memory
Twinkling on the Sands of Time!

Mula Veereswara Rao

Dawn

It's dawn!

Dreams on the verge of becoming reality
dissolved in the first ray of sun,

Sun, above sea shining
like red hologram
sun, creating master piece
with his ray brushes
by painting distant horizons

Morning breeze blowing
with its sweet chirping birds,
World is awakening with
rejuvenated consciousness

Man becoming mystic
at this transcending moment

Mula Veereswara Rao

Diary Of A Convent School Boy

The diary of a convent boy

The boy wakes up
Before cock coos!

Boy's enjoyment of butterflies
blocked by bundle of books

At 9 am:

He will take seat in Auto-rickhaw
like a bird with broken wings,
leaving sparrows at home!

In the school,
He listens maths, science, english
and geography!
No room for
Music, poetry and drawing!

Evening
He has to run for ranks,
leaving river banks alone,
Development of intuition
impeded as he has to go to 'tuition'

At night,
His dreams of flying flowers,
Shades of rainbows are stumbled
as boy's Daily progress review by
Adults is going on.....

Mula Veereswara Rao

Elections

Elections came

Again Elections!
Candidates came
Different parties,
Different colors,
Different voices,
Different gifts,
But with same promise,
"Heaven on the earth "

"Hand "promises subsidies
Completely occupied with collections
People became `*nirvikara `Saakshi*`!
Supported `Rama linga`
Govinda! Govinda!

Yellow promises free power
Because there is no supply!
Yellow remembers `NTR`
Ready to do anything for cheating the poor!

Pink promises separate telangana
Actually seeks `adhikara khajana`

Mega star
Paper Tiger
Pulled by family strings!
Hungry for power,
Road show cover,
Spontaneous script,
Real life misfit
Promising `Social justice`
Without economic justice
Trying to climb power-ladder
Keeping the base in the sky!

So Called Red party
Conveniently merged in the yellow

Making people color blind
Failed to bind people!

Voter

What you do in the confused scenario
You are already disillusioned with leaders
With their crocodile tears
Only alternative is to choose
Less corrupted devil amongst all those power-hungry devils jungle
Because ballet is powerful than bullet!

'*Nirvikara saakshi * – un affected witness

□

Mula Veereswara Rao

Encounter

When I encountered death,
'Ego' Evapourated!
Finally Death delivered final verdict!
All pain for power became in vain
I am absolutely alone
at the feeble moment of death!
Nobody is following
when I left the 'body'!
All fame gone to flames!
All friends are shedding
crocodile tears at my home!
Is it my home?
All magazines are busy in filling
'obituary column' wishing my soul
rest in 'peace'
They don't have idea of soul but
still wishing rest to it!
I became ruthless for being rich,
accumulated much wealth,
in process of getting it lost my health
finally emptied by death's wrath!
Vanity vanished by death's vicinity
I concurred with death
Confessed before death
Death smiles at me
said
'Don't worry i will give
new life with better vision'

Mula Veereswara Rao

Eternal Quest

Eternal Quest

Just I wish to relax
on galaxy of stars!
Earth shines like 'hologram'
on the canvass of universe
surrounded by emptiness
Mind filled by meta physical emptiness
All arts are ample
but failed to fill the emptiness
as life is a random sample
Still my eternal quest
for happiness is going on....

Mula Veereswara Rao

Fading Art

Fading Art

She is candid
She is timid
She is placid
Her memory is still vivid
She makes me morbid
Time swept all her memories
But heart captures moments those
became fading art on the canvass of time
Heart understands now
Memories are sweeter than actual merger

Mula Veereswara Rao

Forgotten Past

The memory of swimming in the pool with the
pollen of Lotus flowers is still fresh!
Also chanting poems of mine under full moon light and your delight,

Now you have grownup,
Money became motivation,
Life became wealth narration.
Sounds of currency coins thrills you.
How sound of 'tabala' touches you?

You deserted flowers and rainbows and
started using smile economically!
Your ecstasy eclipsed by Earning!

I hope you remember past in
the amidst of your affairs

Please wakeup before 'feeling'
sinks in the sands of rich!

* tabala- kind of musical instrument

Mula Veereswara Rao

Frozen Moment

Frozen Moment

-

Gentle dewdrops
gliding on lotus leaf,
Earth smiles with pearl lips
when sun shines
waves are gushed
to kiss thirsting banks,
Butterfly boozes
the nectar of flower
Birds chanting eternal song
in the lap of the tree
This is present
Pleasant melody of nature
Oh! Time stop
Let this moment be freezed.

Mula Veereswara Rao

God Is In Neighbour's Abode

God

Worshipping the rock
with blocked humanity

Pouring currency in the 'hundi'
With tax evaded money,

Bargaining with God
for momentary gain!

Praising pseudo gods,
Dipping in so called holy
Waters,
Dwelling in the superstitions

All meaning less activities
Thy name is 'Bhakti'

Confining god to four walls
Though existence is infinite!

You fixed a frame to god
Though god available in endless shapes!

God may be unknown
But neighbor's pain is known!

God is a concept
Humanity is the existence
Existence is the only Essence
Essence is the essential fragrance
Flows forever in the eternal

Mula Veereswara Rao

How?

How?

Sorrow serpent
crawls in the
depths of the soul

Mirth became mirage
in the life cage

Mind oscillates between
Vacillation and vacation.

Mind bends towards dreams
Shattered dreams put me to screams

How can I write poetry on sunshine?
when four year boy quivers in the cold
While cleaning cups.

How can I write poetry on petals of rose?
when cheeks of prostitute crimped
by cruel man!

How can write poetry on the child?
When childhood wounded by
Unbound discipline

How can I write the song of sparrows?
when arrows of injustice passes through
my marrow !

How? How? How?

Mula Veereswara Rao

Journey Unknown

His autograph became photograph
He is no more!
He sheds
dreams,
desires,
tears,
witty murmurs!

when flames are fading
his memories binding the mind!
in the path of
fragrant flowers,
suddenly one day
what happened?
why his half-opened book
slipped from his hand?
Why walking legs are clogged?
why breath blocked?
why flower cowered in the dusk?
why autumn laughed at spring?
why answer less questions freezed in the unknown terrain?
why life became death?

Mula Veereswara Rao

Law, Law, Law

Law

Law rules the poor,
Rich rules the law,
Every law has flaw
On poor, it is rich man's paw,
Cases are adjourned
Witnesses are manipulated,
Justice may be delayed,
But Lawyers are survived!
Rich man predicts verdict
Poor man fails to detect
Law veiled by black coat
Penal code brooded in the court
Law, Law, Law still it is raw
Still might is right
Still justice is in dim light

Mula Veereswara Rao

Life As Is

Life

You have to be agile,
Though you live in castle
Because life is fragile!
Inhale the fragrance of life
Before life sinks in dusk!

From dawn to dusk
Life is long yawn!

Past, present, future
Nothing but mind's perception
Ecstasy's Exception!

Life is full of questions
Never reaching the state
Where questions are not questioned!

Life is a not a concept,
We have to accept,
Not a precept,
Just
apt to enjoyment!

Life is a flow
glows in the eternity

Life is a river,
Continuous Endeavour
Towards peace flavor,
Slipped from the verge of logic,
Finally merges in the
In the Timeless savor sea !

Mula Veereswara Rao

Lonely Leaf

Lonely leaf
trembles
at the feeble moment

It's on the verge of falling
It's about to merge with limitless nature!

Air is guest to leaf once
now will become constant companion

Bond with tree
soon will be abandoned

The moment came
parting is always pain
fighting against time is invain
finally tree says farewell to the leaf

Now leaf realises boundless 'freedom'
It's floating like free bird
It is 'gone with the wind'

Leaf lost it's green colour
wearing pale colour
Colour hardly matters!
Leaf sings song of freedom

Bond with tree is bound
Feeling freedom is ecstasy abound

Mula Veereswara Rao

Made In India

Made in India

They stirred the smart children
to get ranks,
to fill banks,
to join money race,
to forget humanity trace!

Children are grown up

They don't inhale petals of rose
spends nights with heavy booze

They don't see sunrise,
their elbows raise with sensex raise,
Least bothered about 'East',
tries to settle in the west,
They don't salute to 'National Flag',
Always surrenders to 'Statue of Liberty',
They have dollar dreams,
underneath indian screams,
we are indian,
Mera Bharat Mahan!

Mula Veereswara Rao

Modern Man

I was trapped
in sensex
forgot to enjoy sex!

walking under
Moon shine
became
'once in a blue moon'

It's million dollar question
whether I am slave to technology
or technology is slave to me!

I have never seen
greeny tree
but involved
in 'greedy business '!

Long back
I smiled
even smile will be
utilised in a calculated
manner for useful customers!

Sunset and moon rise
are happening
while
I am busy with booze

Some times
I need
Moon, stars, planets
etc
That's why
In my room
I am sleeping under
'florescent paper sky'
while real sky
closed

behind the window!

Mula Veereswara Rao

Mother

Mother of Seven Children

She,
Mother of Seven Children,
For them, Created heaven
once she created shelter
Now her dreams shattered
She is selfless for serving little souls

Now she is shared by seven,

Like time changed seasons
She changed homes

She stayed
Some times at Big son's home,
Some times at Last son's home,
Some times at middle son's home
but not to meddle with their affairs!
In-laws became outlaws

She lost her husband,
With whom the pleasure abound,
Old age became cage
She occasionally slips to his memory
fails to bear daily dreary!

She still feels they are children in her nap
fails to understand generation gap

She is the mute witness
to the sons' ingratitude,
Succumbed to cruel fate!

They think mother is burden,
looks calendar to push her to rotation!

She is the Mother
Still feels little souls in her nap!

She never speaks ill of her children,
mother of strong will,
believes in love!

She thanks god
for not keeping her in old age-home

Mother forgives
though son not forbears

She is waiting for her day,
Time-wheel is going on.....

Mula Veereswara Rao

Musings

Musings

Heaps of words
failed to reap feeling in my heart!

Invisible pain
invincibly penetrating through vein,
expressing it through language became invain

Melancholy defeats
the mundane language

Silence is the only language of heart
Be silent is the only art

Life fades in the shades of time

As time passes,
Mind bypasses
all miseries

Nature rolls on the wheel of time
Seasons changes without reason

Life flows under the guidance of
eternal compass

Mula Veereswara Rao

Omkareswara

“Omkareswar ”

“Narmada ”

filled with serene waves,
flowing eternally,
chanting “Om”!

Narmada,
Drawn people
To dip in it
To dwell in pious thoughts
In the early dawn!

On the banks of Narmada
Juxtaposed by Jyotirlingam
“Omkareswar”!

Traveling towards
Lord Shiva,
by passing through curves,
with sensuous nerves,
into the hearts of the hills,
creates transcending experience!

Upon reaching the shiva,
People pouring sacred water,
putting sacred leaves,
putting sanguine flowers
on lingam,
worshipping with devotion!
Temple echoing eternal “Om”

People returning from the temple
Failed to notice the existence
Of shiva in the heart of the “beggar”!
resides besides the temple.

Only For You

Sky filled with stars
Tree filled with flowers
Ocean filled with waves
Mind filled with dreams
but my heart filled with 'You' only
Heart is for you only

Mula Veereswara Rao

Please Heed

In the clutter of multitasking fury
Why you worry?
Your beloved prepared lovely curry
Eat, drink and be merry!
Please heed!

There is time for work
There is also time for wine
Don't break your spine,
Till hill-size hard work leads to ill!
There is money for your need
Don't brood too much on your greed
'Sensex' is not the seed
Please heed

Livelihood
It should not become serpent's hood
on the your happy mood
Please heed

Live in present
Only present is pleasant
Past and future are tricky friends,
Makes worry wounds,
Every printed word
need not lead to right deed
Go where heart shows the way
Feel it's gay
Please heed

Mula Veereswara Rao

Politicians-Satire

Politicians - Satire

They preach democracy,
They practice hypocrisy,
They don't have veracity,
They don't feel its necessity,
They know public memory is short,
That's why they make promises of that sort,
Before elections they are sycophants,
After elections they are psychopaths,
Before elections their job is explanation
After elections they will be busy in exploitation

-Veereswara Rao

Mula Veereswara Rao

Post Man

Post man

At 1.00 P.M,

Every day he comes,
with his magic bag,
nothing but hidden globe!

No matter
whether it rains,
or sun is shining,
or soul is shivering,
delivering letters matters to him!

He brings smiles on un-employee,
tickles women's heart by giving love letter,
paves the path to old man by giving pension letter,
brings money to students
for him no time enjoy nature's honey

He conquered all directions
though address is wrong
letter reaches destined land through his hand!

All eyes are waiting for him
no eye is enquiring for him!

All are danced with pleasure by hearing 'post'
no one bothered when he coughs with out leisure!

He leaves the street
like lone ship
leaves the shore!

Mula Veereswara Rao

Prophet Parrot -Astrologer

The Prophet- Parrot Astrologer

Under a banyan tree
A parrot-astrologer sits,
The parrot spills the future
Of the curious pedestrians
Showering future delights,
Though her rapture ruptured
in the bondage of the cage.

For astrologer parrot is livelihood
Parrot's portrait is wounded childhood.

Parrot, comes out from cage
Like a well-established prophet
Takes a deep gaze,
Shuffles differently painted cards,
Randomly picks up one,
Strolls back to cage as usual.

For some, it promises promotion
For some, it promises wedding bells
For some, it promises the return
Of a child staying abroad long since.

At the dusk fall,
The astrologer thanks, feeds the parrot,
He repeats one question every night.
About the whereabouts of his missing son
Parrot displays a safe card with its beak.

The same question
The same reply every night,
Time passes by

Astrologer's son fails to return.
To keep every one in a happy mood
The parrot never predicts evil;
Its own master's son got drowned
In the ditch by an unexpected slip
Though aware, the parrot instills hope
To see his master always cheerful.

Mula Veereswara Rao

Rain

Rain,
Rain,
feeds drain,
pushes me to run,
to catch the train,
but in vain
train left the station,

On the cheeks of young girl,
rain shower,
makes pearls hover!

Rain
Rain
Quenches thirsty earth
Trees dances happily
with heavy branches wears
silver lining flowers in their heads!

Rain
murmurs happily
in the heart of the farmer

Alas!
it flows to the place of lower
washes away all huts,
merges with their tears!

Rain,
Rain,
comes as uninvited guest
makes feast to the most!

Rain
rapture refrain,
in eternal caravan!

Rainbow

Rainbow

I raised the elbow
I have seen the rainbow
It is the celebration of sky
My heart vibrates with joy
Rainbow happens on special moment
Busy life misses it in the speed movement
Waiting for rainbow,
In the raindrops Meadow,
Sky is not showing grace
Rainbow is not in trace

Rainbow with seven colors,
Appears to my beloved,
stays somewhere,
melts in the infinite sky!
Heart felts it's gay
Rainbow is not mirage
It leaves image in my soul!

Mula Veereswara Rao

Ray Of Hope

Ray of Hope

An unknown pain creeping in the heart,
Uncertainty rolling in whirled thoughts,
Inner voice creating life's dull note
Mind suffocates in the past shadows,
Dreams haunting me in the isle,
All abandoned me for a while,
Mind oscillating between
Illusion and illumination!
Becoming alone,
Losing faith,
Future proceeds into blurred vision
It's a Life's sad narration!

Under the rock,
Nature shows the small green leaf
to evade my grief
Streaks ray of hope

Mula Veereswara Rao

Soldier's Wife

Soldier's Wife

She is waiting,
Waiting with eyes filled with dreams,
Reciting his heroic deeds,
In the deep woods!

He has full vigor,
Gone to the war,
With lion' roar!

Seasons have changed
Spring became autumn
But no sign of his return

His horse came without him
Remorse gushed in her heart

He is no more!
His absence became her life's core

Unable to bear sorrow-ocean
She decided to commit suicide
On his beside!

From tomb,
Her hero reminded her
His memory in her 'womb'

She realized her purpose
She knows
Making child as soldier is a pain
But she did so that realm regains again

Mula Veereswara Rao

Solitude

Solitude

I am alone when
single star shines
in the sky!

Being alone
becoming soul's clone
is a feeble atone!

Thought waves whirled
in the mind ocean

Past casting shadow on my
Soul!

Solitude
necessary to reach heart's altitude
in fortitude

Being aloof
Enjoying rapture roof
Is ecstasy `s proof

Solitude
Shuns activity
Sprouts creativity

Solitude is soul's `solo'
Without it heart is hollow

Mula Veereswara Rao

Symphony

Symphony

Real life is not like reel life
In reel life script is ready

In real life script changes on the sets of nature
In reel life you know when character exits

In real life you don't know when character changes
shapes like chameleon!

Real life guided by divine script
Character can be dropped by invisible
If he don't follow script,

Real life
Traverses from known to unknown,
Becomes mysterious in which lies harmony
makes eternal Symphony

Mula Veereswara Rao

Try Again

Try Again

There is no gain,
without pain,
No pain is invain,

Don't refrain from life's strain,
through life span,
till you get gain,
That's why try again with vision,
Surely dusk will become dawn!

Mula Veereswara Rao

Waiting For Her

I am mute
till her song,
entered my flute,
I played notes of beauty,
she absorbed in her booty!

She left the shore
her song receded
in the shell

She left her
foot-prints in the sands of sanguine
heart!

Her mockery became
green memory
my smile became futile
in her presence!
but essence to me

I am waiting for her
perpetually,
passionately,
and profoundly

A plea to stars
to lie on her earth
and some to decorate
her dark, curly, dense hair
hovering in eternal ether!

Moon shine became pale
as her body glistens
Mirth melody flowing from my flute
started at my heart
traversing, traversing,
traversing,
crossing trees,
rivers, plateaus,

Mountains,
Oceans,
to reach her heart!

I am waiting for her heart's rare echo
relentlessly

Mula Veereswara Rao

When Sun Peeps

When sun peeps thru heaps of clouds
Lotuses blossoms with ray beams
East horizon echoes with bird chirpings
World awakens thru divine melodies

When sun peeps thru window
Dreams dissolved in the eyelid
Dew drops dances on the meadow
Morbid moods became placid!

When sun peeps thru curtain
Kissed the rosy cheeks of virgin
Raised the emotives of unknown origin
Created the beauty illumination

When sun peeps thru hut
Melted the life of rut
Created new life of gut
Transcends the life of hurt!

Mula Veereswara Rao

Whore

Curly hair,
Lipstic lips,
rosy cheeks,
beautiful,
outside every thing beautiful,
nobody ventures to see inside,
bothering about her is rare!
they labled her 'Whore'
She was suppressed
since her virginity blossomed
In the flesh trade
bodies are displayed
to lustful customers !

Customer came
Doors closed
Inhaled the artificial scent
Sharing bed with him
like sleeping with serpent
pounced suddenly
on her
never touched the
scars on her soul!

Night passes..
but not created memories
glass-eyes can not paint vibrant pictures

same story
A dreary tale of woe!
Again Dawn
petals fallen!

Again dusk
brisk demand for
amended beauties!

Lights glow
Searching customers continues..

Tears sinks in stitched blanket!
Life fades
Again Dawn!
Life is always in chains!
No friction
No reaction
No emotion
Whore
becomes
unending
mourning pawn.

Mula Veereswara Rao

Winter.. Winter

Oh ... Winter

Summer slips into
Chilled winter!

Cold breeze
Covering earth with
Last leaves!

Trees are creating visual feast
With garlands of dewdrops!
Its long night
Overlapped
the day light!
An unknown longing
allures me
To run an `affair`
Embracing her
Reinforcing my rhapsody
Under the blanket!

Alas!
This phase too soon shall pass!
Time is changing seasons
Like beautiful girl changes sarees!

Mula Veereswara Rao

Work -Never Ending Luck

Stone converted to sculpture
By series of strokes!

Bamboo converted to flute
By series of holes!

Seed soared into tree
By series of hurdles!

Man became success
By series of trials!

Even hen will not enter the mouth of the lion
If lion sits idle in the den!

Yes!
Only doing is "having"

Doing rings bells

Bouncing back produces booty!

Mula Veereswara Rao

Wounded Woods

In the woods
Sun shivers,
Pollen air polluted by
gun powder fumes!
Trees bathes
in blood pools
Rivers retreats
with repeated threats
Eyes waiting for father
legs walking for brother
search is going on...
Sorrow ocean soars in eyes
by sudden roar of the gun!
Chirping birds in wood
gripped in haunting hound
Between two parties
Firing goes on
Death dances on scramble sky
When woods
withdrew in to silence?
No compromise
only sudden demise
Ban may come and go
pain and slain always go
Peace suffocates
on the trigger of the gun
Cries in wood
became cries of wilderness
Peace is the eternal echo of the wood
but here peace became rest between two wars!

Written keeping the view of naxal movement in AP

Mula Veereswara Rao