

Poetry Series

**PERUGU RAMAKRISHNA**  
**- poems -**

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## PERUGU RAMAKRISHNA(27.05.1960)

I AM A POSTGRADUATE IN PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.

WORKING IN THE GOVERNMENT AS A TAX OFFICER.

POETRY IS MY PASSION FOR THE LAST TWENTY FIVE YEARS..

PUBLISHED ABOUT EIGHT IPENT OF SEVERAL PRESTAGIOUS AWARDS LIKE  
OUTSTANDING INTTELLECTUAL OF 21ST CENTURY-2007, STATEGOVERNMENT  
AWARD-2008, EDITORS CHOICE AWARD OF ICIPATED IN SEVERAL NATIONAL  
AND INTERNATIONAL WRITERS FESTIVALS LIKE 3RD INTERNATIONAL WRITERS  
FESTIVAL, AGRA-2007,3RD INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON RAMAYANA,  
GOWHATHI-2008, WORLD TELUGU WRITERS CONFERENCE, VIJAYAWADA-  
2007..29th SAARC festival of Literature at  
Agra-2009 as invited poet.

# Flamingo (Long Poem On Migrated Birds..)

1)

Time is infinite

Time is a canoe

Time is a winged dove

Time is desert silence

Time is the rumble of the oceans

Time is the showering rain droplet

It is the tremor of the heart

Time is the lingo of history

Time is an eternal test

A non stop journey is time

A ceased path is time

Time is life

Time is a flow

Time is death

Time is the opportune right

Time is a tide

Time is the breath

Time is invisible

Time is tangible

Time is a scene of beauty

The breath of an atom is time

The tune of an iota is time

Time is the play of life and death

Time is the envoy of peace and terror

There is no shore that the time has not touched

And no ray of light untouched by time

Time is the manifestation of the ancient Brahman

The modern interpretation of duty is time

Time is earthly and heaven

Time is eternal

Time is the river of life

Life is a journey

In the stream of time!

(2)

Journey

Is a feature of instability

The flow  
A lively spirit  
Flower voyages  
Pollinated  
From flower to flower  
The bird travels  
As love  
From shore to shore  
As a lineage  
Procreation  
Is the maternal instinct  
And desire for procreation  
Is the essence of the expansion of the soul  
Copulation  
Is it only pertaining to the man alone?  
Justice in creation  
Flourishes in plural  
Many rain droplets do make a rain  
Umpteen leaves do make a tree  
Millions of cells do make one creation  
Loneliness is not the trait of the world  
Embossing fetus in the ovum  
The bird blows the warmth of breath  
The cosmic universe is  
Perceived in totality by the inner eye

(3)

Every move is a journey  
Every death is a journey  
Every birth is a voyage  
Flight is the winning spirit of the migrating birds  
The effort of the ocean of love  
Is to procreate  
As the oceans run  
With the feet of waves  
As the air flows  
In wavy winds  
As life continues  
With the unending breaths  
As the world rounds in  
Non stop news  
In wings and wings

Do fly and arrive these birds  
The creatures with passion and patience  
Thousands of kilometers of restless journey  
To the destination afar  
In search of wonderlands  
A partly witness of the  
Irrepressible instinct  
The soaring birds flying  
Like hunks of the rainbow  
Like the seven colored sankranthi(pongal rangoli)  
The flowing sea of the bird flock  
Floats on the treasures of the blue oceans  
The jingling song of the migrating birds  
Is a travel  
A stopover  
A sojourn  
A libido  
All are the traces of the moving time....

(4)

The bird is the  
Infinite freedom with sprouted wings  
The eyes filled with a fear  
And a shiver  
As the soldier of the border forces  
The bird is a being, all time alert  
Onlooker with a quest  
It is the bird that  
Smears a mosaic of colors  
To the ends of the wings  
And tips of the tails  
The bird is the one  
Which casts net and  
Catches hold of the  
Jet velocity  
And the splendor of winds  
In the moment of hunger  
It is the bird that  
Surgically operates the available food  
And feeds on it as a fork  
Welcoming a dawn  
The bird is the

Wake up call  
To the society  
Crossing a cold night  
Slivering the foggy morn  
With its beak  
Flying fast with its legs apart  
Runs the bird in prey hunt  
Testing the air contaminated  
From the farthest branch  
Of a tall tree  
It is the bird that removes the pollution  
On a sunny afternoon  
On a choicest water meadow  
It is the bird that  
Jumps and thumps  
And somersaults  
Playing water khabaddi  
Fluttering the body  
Dries its wings  
Measuring the distance of thousands of miles  
It is the migrating bird  
That carries  
The history of the other side of the world  
To the culture this side  
And the race of that land  
To this generation here  
The bird is the flying goddess of passion  
A flying message of peace  
Completing the journeys  
By the twilight of dusk  
Gathering near the tree  
It is the bird that gets ready for a chorus concert  
It is the bird that reflects  
The mynahs of poesy  
Gandharvas (divine singers) of music  
And the doyens of music  
Hunger, sleep, love, and passion  
Are similar to all the living beings  
Between birth and death  
Birds too have relations  
They are not promiscuous  
Birds too have a social life

They do not know social betrayal  
The bird that unfolds its broad wings of vast feels  
Seldom knows selfishness  
It does not contract with narrow mindedness  
To the lady bird  
That sits over in hatching  
With all balance and patience  
The snacks of Pulicot  
Brought tucked in the bags beneath its nose  
Is fed in pecks and perks by the male  
The bird is beyond jealousy and hatred  
To the villagers who saved it from  
Any one shooting a bullet  
The bird as a good Samaritan in ardent gratitude,  
Makes the land fertile  
with its drops  
Gifting a three times crop and leaves the land  
The bird must be a role model for the man..! !  
For sincerity and commitment  
And discipline.

(5)

Exodus is an unending journey  
Migration an age old fete  
When the hues of life's backdropp change  
Exodus is a weapon  
When the clouds anger  
Making scarce a droplet of rain  
The village turns an exodus  
To the anna datha (farmer)  
The farmer's life turns a coolie  
Exodus transports a generation  
Exodus changes the way of life  
At times migration in life  
Encircles as a whirl pool  
At times drowns as a typhoon  
It makes you travel out to the continents  
For the sake of the tiny belly  
There is no race and no religion  
The hunger's language is universal  
It may sojourn over anywhere  
Will make you do anything

Stretches its hand until the belly is filled  
From a dark continent  
On to the dais of light  
From an icy country  
To the warm place  
Builds the bridge of the seasons

(6)

The pelicans moving on the wings of time  
The flamingos that ram in the air car  
The Painted storks flown in like kites  
Fluttering on the Konkanai  
Sails of the waves are the black cranes  
As the ambassadors of many countries  
Have taken part in the international conference  
The nature is all over colorful messages of love  
All the festivals of love of the bird tourists  
Are happily celebrated by the youth  
On all the branches of the land are the happy resorts  
In whichever village lost is the eye  
It is the hustle of the moving colorful dreams  
Are the goods of the empires of Manmadha(god of love)  
The secrets of Mithuna rasi(Zodiac sign pertaining to love)  
The hundred puzzles of the colorful flying boats  
All over the Pulicot lake is the congregation of romantic heroes  
All over the sky of Pulicot are the airs of emotions  
Each bird is a hoisted flag of poesy  
The colorful parrot is a short poem of dreams  
The dark legged crane that has soiled its feet in the dirt of darkness  
Washes them in the blue Pulicot  
The myriad colored sea-parrot  
Dives into the waters as the water drawing pulley  
Alone a great sage  
Stands on single foot in penance  
When in the shades of waters narayani(heron) appears  
He chants the manthra of gutakayaswaha(i.e. to swallow it)  
Folding its wings to the sides of time  
Gudaswami(the paddy bird or pond heron)  
Takes thrice a dip in the Pulitheertham(name of a place)  
As if thousands of women  
Are stilled as a picture  
In the postures of classical Indian dances

On the dais are the postures of the imitating flamingos  
The everlasting fight of the usurpers for the water treasure  
And for the enticing damsels  
As if the Nelapattu has blown the snake charm  
Every now and then they journey to the home  
Naughty kids being the waves,  
Floating are the winged boats  
The structure that has turned  
The Pralaya Kaveri(stormy Kaveri)  
Into pranaya Saveri(lovable Saveri(a raga))  
In the radiant jugalbandi of the jalatharangini  
Is the passionate shower of dazzling ragas  
As soon as it dawns in Pulicot  
Spreading the colorful carpet  
Entwining the hues of spring and winter  
Flows as a soaring garden of blooms  
Watering the mouth of the awaiting sea.

(7)

The bird guests under the boundless skies  
Are the messiahs of universal brotherhood  
The romantic tales carried over by the great poets  
The Manmadhas(gods of love) who well knew the secrets of love  
Lovers they are, who have left their family and place  
With an ardent desire to beget off springs  
Though in the size of a seed, but vast are their hearts  
Their eyes are like lamps without wicks  
To spread light is their message  
To perceive life is their philosophy  
Life is a penance  
Life is radiance  
Life is a dawn  
Life is providence  
Life a tune of the creation  
From generation to generation pervades life  
From earth to heaven is the debate of puranas  
Life is an eternal stream of time!  
The birds are the flags hoisted by the King of time! !

(8)

There –  
On each branch is a concert

In each nestle, a sonata  
Every tree a cluster of myriad hues  
A bird fete all over the lands  
Chirps and tickles  
Coos and laughs  
Many a confluences of umpteen springs of ragas  
Many a sum of joy  
With the exciting songs of the round eyed ones  
The climate is delighted  
In the highways of power filled skies  
A colorful dream unfolds  
The milky-way  
Turns a rosy hued stream  
In the time of saran navarathri Saphari Theerdham(name of a place)  
Relaxes in the conference of arts  
The banjara(wagabond) birds that have come  
Croon the songs of coos  
They spread out the treasure troves of love  
Onto the nest of the worlds  
To the noises of the love making birds  
All the stars peer down to the earth  
The ways of love of the romantic hearts  
Breathe out the passions in loneliness  
Stretching his hands of rays, sun of the dawn  
Applies henna in stealth  
Unfolding the doors of their hearts  
The blooms color themselves in serenity  
Color is the manifestation of spirit of life!  
The lands that were not greeted till the day before  
Today are, the life of the birds summit  
The trees that were faded till the day before  
Are today the strings played veenas  
Thousands of flute songs of Krishna  
Now the morns of Nelapattu  
Are the wavy streams of sweet melodies  
Now the evenings of Nelapattu  
Are the springs of songs of the elixir of love  
A pelican tucks in its lover  
Into the nestle of its wings  
A painted stork nearing it  
Woos its beloved with its long snout  
The sabari crane in the tune of passion

Loses himself to the sweet song of its lady love  
Turning its body into breath the wood pecker  
Smears all over the body of its heart throb  
Not only the floods of milky bosoms  
But the ardor of sperm too flows  
In the great yagna of the Santhana Lakshmi(the goddess of children)  
Millions of lives are dawned

(9)

Not only the Devakakulu  
But all the birds are the ancient kith and kin!  
All our visiting birds are  
Manvanthara purandharas! (the age old lords of Heaven)  
We assume the Bulbul to be an alien  
When have we seen it as a peace monger?  
We feel the blind crane as the evil spirit  
Have we ever counted it as the  
Charioteer of virtue?  
Though the python is black in color  
It is as good hearted as the dark lord (Lord Krishna)  
All the beautiful dances of the red breast are  
The festoons of light of the happy family ways  
In the life rituals of the branches  
Pour in the fuel of lively smiles  
In the bright journey of procreation, both the branches  
Ignite the lights of new radiances  
Numerous tales of love, umpteen loves  
Each branch is the cottage of Vathsayana(the author of Kama Sutra)  
Every nestle is a sound of music  
No creation, no rains, no destruction  
No progress of the world is possible without the family life  
Children are to the man, seeds of time  
And the ovum is the radiance of dynamism for the bird  
From the seed the tree and from the tree the seed  
Is the first step to the world's progress  
To the yagna(ritual sacrifice) of the migrating birds  
The flourishing Kadapa tree is the dais  
The tree is the green flag hoisted by the nature  
The tree is the comfort to the exhausted mankind  
To the alien birds that crossed the oceans  
The tree is the temple of conjugal bliss  
To the on spreading bird dynasties

The tree is the temple of the secret of creation

(10)

Time is always an open book

All are open truths that are snuggled into it

Time is a teacher that seldom taught anything to anyone

Time is the emissary that tells every one everything

The foreign birds are the prophets of yoga of life

They are the bosom friends that do not know the hatreds of the borders

They are the alien yogis that do not have lust

They are the enlightened ones that have seen the secret of the kala chakra(the cycle of time)

Greets in the universal lingo, and ecstasies

They are well cultured ones that conduct unity camps

Holy souls overflow in joy

To the emigrant flock with the touch of this land

In the lush green shade

Appear the dreams of morrow's generation

That's why I say bird is the indication of time

It is the symphony of the past, present and future

The holy fire of confluence is the endorsement of trikala tantra

Bird loves a bird

Soul copulates with the soul

Nelapattu is the dais of the perseverance of Poundarika

Nelapattu is the indication of age old yagas

The sowing of seeds of life from generations

Nature is the balancing measure here

It is here that nature takes another breath

And here the world gives birth to another creation

This little land after crossing over the oceans

Is a living home for a race

It is a pillow of the joys and sorrows

Where the dharma of Buddha has excelled

It is the stage of dance for the danseuse Rathi Devi(wife of kamadeva, the lord of love)

That knew the mystic tune or the tune of mysticism

It's the moment that seeks the justification of the soul

Having understood the inevitability of the mortal body

Forgetting the body pleasure, and pleasure of the body

Manmadha becomes a passionate yogi here

It's the nature that fulfils it's duty on this land

Turning to be a man, it furthers the creation

Congregation of birds that have no disparities  
An egalitarian equality  
The fragrance of passion to the ones who open eyes  
And to the eyes closed sages  
The liberation of the soul  
Time, changing colors as seasons  
For a minute, ecstasies as birds  
It's here that begins an end  
To the time infinite  
The foundation is laid here  
From the end to the endless

(11)

Flamingo offers with love to its lady  
The bedisa(silver fish) that it brings with its nose  
How much it longs for its lover  
When it succeeds to fly in whirls  
Catching the vanjaram(the scomber or the seer -fish) in the net of its nose  
Fluttering its wings dreams of off springs  
Who must have taught so many tunes to these birds?  
How was such passion adorned to these round eyed ones?  
Which bird was that have shown way to this place?  
That results every year in this compulsory family fair  
The ecstasy of life in the foreyard of Nelapattu  
Wings sprout to the nestlings  
The tiny fish school, become their food grains  
Pulicot is the field of water crop  
The tiny shrimp is the fruit of the crop  
Fluttering its wings the blue flamingo  
Hounds the snake fish  
The crooked nose lakumuki(king fisher) bird  
Chase the mattagidasa(the sucking fish, called the Echineis))  
Having shattered the line of the girasa(short) fish  
The baby paraja(Rasica) crow feels joyous  
The sky seems congested  
To the nestlings that got wings  
The blue lake is the food store  
To the red breast that has learnt to fly  
In the battle for food  
To the shouts of hunger and  
The dance of the Bharatha(Titlark or Pippit called in Dakhini Chendul)) bird  
Searching for prey

Bulbul is the food  
Hunger is the age old enemy to all the living beings  
To gratify hunger is peace for any being  
Even the gods of heaven savor elixir in hunger  
When big fish is swallowing the small ones  
Why is it wrong if birds feed on fish?  
As if the rainbows had bathed  
As the Apsaras (divine courtesans of the heaven) cast their charms  
Festival of colors on the waves of Pulicot  
A divine game of the baby sparrows  
The water meadow filled with children  
Looks like a conference of joy and gay  
In the eyes of the bird watchers  
Reflects a kaleidoscope of colors  
From Nelapattu to Pulicot  
This bird festival  
Flows like a stream of water colors  
The celebration reaches the skies  
Neither trap nor net, and no hook  
Beak is the mere weapon  
The battle of hunger seldom stops  
Even in tides and in the nets of waves and typhoons  
All the expertise lies in hunting  
However a great jalapushpam(fish)  
The test is to catch the prey with its beak  
Is the sanguine trait shared  
Pulicot is the resort for a change of climate  
For the progress of the breed the trunks of Nelapattu are the residencies  
The Pralaya Kaveri is now the grace f love  
Every nestling born here is tomorrow's bird  
The yester born narayana(the common heron)  
The water parrot that fed on this land  
Having breathed his first in the nest of this tree  
Can the alien Sabari ever forget?  
The colorful dreams of the pelicans  
The blooms of hope of their beautiful nights  
The cool breeze and the odor of the soil of Nelapattu  
Can the red breast ever lose memory of this honeymoon?  
The ecology of India echoed with  
The divine violin notes of gratitude  
The land is infinite and sky vast  
As the flow of time the ocean too is boundless

The one who called these foreign birds as aliens  
The one who made immigration as inheritance  
If he goes from this village  
Begets a child in that great nation  
Earns a green card and citizenship  
But how can the egg laid here be an alien?  
Can the way of pariga(the rose colored Starling or theCholam bird. Pastor  
roseus) brought up in the Pralaya Kaveri be changed?  
This soil is remembered by every bird  
And hence every year it turns up to its motherland!

(12)

The scene of the skies blooming in myriad colors  
On the branches of the rubber trees is  
The sweet home of the flamingo and pelican  
Reflects the groping families of man  
In the spreading apartment culture  
In the shades of the hoods of the waters of Pralaya Kaveri  
Joyously bathes the Siberia  
Forgetting the tiresomeness of thousands of miles  
As the armed forces of navy  
The meghmalhar(a raga that invokes rain God) song of the bird  
How many brushes of the artist must have bowed in reverence?  
To this sea parrot  
Umpteen canvases must have lost their faces  
In the symphony of the chirps of love birds is  
The still picture of the happy NRI doves  
The music of sarigama (the seven music notes) that teaches the soaring music to  
the heart  
At least once in a year.....  
The passion for the embrace of the motherland  
The longing to kiss the soil of birth  
The son of the soil who lost his inner face  
Forgetting the roots of life in the battle  
Having turned into a machine  
At least ...now  
Have to transmigrate into the bird!

Conclusion

All the souls become one

The cosmic treasures become divine souls

In the confluence of the water treasures of India  
Taking a holy dip turn to be the holy souls.

What may be the divinity of the migrating birds  
They always worship Narayana in waters.

Telugu original: Perugu Ramakrishna, India  
Eng trans: dhatri, India

PERUGU RAMAKRISHNA

# Hoist The Man

Not the arrival of spring  
But what is needed is the blooming of smiles  
The robe end of soul  
Ought to flutter like a white flag  
In the flowing river of blood  
Not as a warehouse of flesh and blood  
But a vision is needed to view the man  
As a tender leafy tower of friendship  
If the resting places of yester years  
Turn into today's graveyard ruins  
The gardens of humanity of the day  
Will turn to be desert lands of morrow  
And lay shattered as fragmented dreams  
In the storm of the despotic breaths  
To quell the fire of hunger is scientific,  
Than to create a nuclear warhead  
Not the sensational news about successful cloning  
It is noble to breathe fire into a lamp on the wane  
The blaze of Hiroshima violence  
The grief of corpses at Nagasaki  
Stand as signs of clamped ban on the breath  
The crushing of the young at the Tiananmen Square  
And the hate ritual of corpses in Lebanon  
Are undoubtedly the brutal axe blow  
On the roots of humanity  
What is to be achieved by killing the man?  
An empire of the graves?  
Or a rule of the waste lands?  
Forget your identities  
And come, forgetting your enmities  
Chisel the man as the heir of the Christ and Buddha  
Erect him as the refulgent white peak,  
And hoist him as the flag of peace!

Telugu original: Perugu Ramakrishna, India

Eng trans: dhatri, India

PERUGU RAMAKRISHNA

# I Condemn...!

I abhor your false notions  
Those that turned the nations  
Into human abattoirs

I condemn your cruel designs  
Those that emanated from the cinders  
Of your foul emotional pyres

Mind you! You're a soul solidified  
That got breathing sinews  
Through a human seed  
And now strolling in social avenues

You are not just a spill of words  
Those that carry no meaning  
Know that you are a sentence fully formed  
With content, purpose and palpable feeling

That's why I abhor! I condemn!  
Your fanatic vanity that thirsts for blood  
See those crypts that grew around  
Your torn ideals and dreams broken  
Standing as eternal mementos  
Of your failed insane credos

To hell with your dogmatism!  
To hell with your fanaticism!  
LO! I hereby declare  
My rebel against your meaningless rebellion  
My revolt against your human bomb religion

Original: rishna, Nellore(India)  
Translation: Sathya, Nellore (India)

PERUGU RAMAKRISHNA

## It's Time..

Time has come for us all to cease  
Living like a dropp of water  
Trickling on a sleek lotus leaf  
Rise up friends! Like a Phoenix  
Deserting leaders who are at  
Converting greens into deserts  
Find out the best of the statesman  
In the light of your vote-cresset,  
One who's not as fickle as the  
Ink-dot on your index finger  
That fades away in a day or two  
But who stays shining like Sindhoor  
On the forehead of our Mother

Telugu Original: rishna

Translation: Sathya, Nellore.

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Telugu Original: rishna, Nellore(India)

Translation: Sathya, Nellore(India)

PERUGU RAMAKRISHNA

# Jayahoo...

Sipped he, music with his mother's milk  
Mum and music notes; he liked alike  
His playful childhood he toddled over bands  
Of fiddles and keyboard glockenspiel

Stood at last as a proud victor  
On the world-pedestal of original score  
Hoisting Indian genius and glory high in skies  
Flaunting and fluttering in tri-color pride and  
Free flying doves of dreams that came true

Carrying on his shoulders double Oscars  
Walking in style, he, on the musical road he paved  
Vanguarding millions of Indian youth  
Shouting 'Jayaho', 'Jayaho'; Praying  
'Maa thujhe salaam', Ma thujhe salaam  
Bowing to Mother India as a worthy son  
Offering his supreme win in lovely psalms

PERUGU RAMAKRISHNA

# Pop King Michel Jackson

He is a black peacock  
With a cuckoo in his vocal cords  
He rocked, rolled and whirled  
Slid and glided guiding trillions  
To the heaven's threshold  
With his tunes and croons  
Marooned his fans in Rapture Island  
Can this world ever have another Michael Jackson?

By this time Gods must have gone crazy  
With Jackson dancing in heavens  
Can we expect angels, seraphs, cherubs and so on  
Reeling in Jackson magic  
Attend to their daily routine?

Translation: rishna

Transcreation: Sathya, Nellore

PERUGU RAMAKRISHNA

# The Fisherman..!

The sea  
the backdropp of a life  
hoping to find the song of life  
In the music of the motor boats  
the fisherman who casts the net of his hopes  
gathers the water crop  
erasing and wiping  
the nightmare of tsunami  
he fixes up shoulders of faith  
to his hands cut off torso  
longing for light  
in the dark journey  
competes with the waves  
The sea is dream garden  
to the summer that gazes at the shore  
A blooming lovely fort  
Alas..! How does it know  
that the song of fisherman has lost its rhythm  
the eight rasas have banished the life  
and had only given the rasa of pain  
To find the fisherman too seems to be a man  
but he is the robot that knows the secret of the waters  
He is the sea labor  
who knows only to cast the net  
How does the robot  
that bearing a starry eyed torch  
on the uneven tidal path  
giving away sleep to the skies  
And landing up in the seas as a saline brook,  
know the tune of the earth  
except for the heaviness of life  
How does it know the tales of the land mines  
except for the secrets of King prawns..?  
These are the mynahs that have forgotten their songs  
having lost everything to polluted waters  
They are the wails of oppressed  
who have been looted in the water-scam...!

Telugu original: rishna.India

Translation: hatri, India

PERUGU RAMAKRISHNA

# What Is Grandeur..?

Mother of older generations-  
An octogenarian granny;

While preparing the pastry  
Utter with our engineering-graduated  
Hopeful damsel of twenty five-  
'Now you celebrate  
Birth day, marriage day  
Valentine's Day  
Mother's day, father's day  
And all these!

We have instead-  
Every moment full of  
One's own ness, Self-esteem  
Love, Harmony...  
Our days are embedded with!

Telugu Original: rishna, India  
Translation: Bhaskar, India

PERUGU RAMAKRISHNA