

***THE INVISIBLE WALLS***

**By Elanaaga**

Many are the invisible walls in metros.  
Between neighbours and neighbouring houses  
indeed lie many walls that are unseen  
Dwindled, are the affections  
even for own kith and kin  
Love-cloud is only to be dreamt  
for hearts are deserts devoid of fountains  
Stark is the naked truth of vanishing fondness  
in men migrated to cities  
Hiding behind curtains, self-deception  
makes everything look splendid though.  
In the magical metro mirror that daubs  
gaudy shades to the fading purity of hearts  
charming, we do appear to ourselves  
When something is wiped out inside the essence  
one's heart is but an empty embellished flower basket  
When longing for meeting loved ones  
is broken by demon's fist of travel fear  
mutual meeting is but a farce  
When jasmine petals of desire for talk  
are crushed beneath the wheels of bustle cart  
life's path is but a dreary desert  
When the spell of an unseen hand  
hovers over country-blossoms entrenched in cities

the charming hues slowly fade out inside

Metro is a leech that sucks  
our stem cells of deep seated affection  
The silent moans of separation  
are only felt long after migration though

*(Translation from Telugu by the Poet)*

**Bio**

Pen Name: **Elanaaga** Actual Name: Dr Surendra Nagaraju (M.B.B.S., D.C.H.). Retired as Deputy Commissioner from medical department of erstwhile united Andhra Pradesh state. Published 12 books (11 in Telugu and 1 in English) so far of which 7 belong to the genre of poetry. Five of the books are translations (4 from English to Telugu and 1 from Telugu to English). Hundreds of poems written originally in Telugu and many translated from Telugu to English were published in various magazines/books.