

Poems translated by T.S.Chandra Mouli from Telugu into English

TEAR THAT SKY SHED

--- Dr C.NARAYANA REDDY

Am I a human shape
acquired by a tear trickling from
ecstatic sky?
Perhaps ---
otherwise how can
my eyes
reflect looks plunging from sympathy.
How come such tenderness
unfolds across layers of my spirit.
I desire to console with fingers
as to how its body was torn
when breeze swept through bramble.
I denounce it as illegal
when dark clouds plan to
stifle the voice of nascent sun.
Do I leave it there?
As the critical time launches assault
to choke fellow man
I languish as though my breath stops.
When such springs of affection
swell satisfaction in me,
what terms are there for me to assess?

Oh Magnanimous sky, a metaphor for mercy---
your generosity is not unknown to me.
I request---
kindly let your tears percolate
in hearts of stone like people around me.
Then at least, in this society
the number of tender hearted people
may increase splendidly!

HOME FOR THE AGED

By N. Gopi

“My son, in America.....”
finally fulfilled cherished aspiration ,
entire calculations I taught in childhood changed!
Poems on ethics ended as corn that failed to pop.
New lingo lingers at home.
Hardware! Software!! Virus!
My son opens new files,
when does our file
close in lonesomeness.?
Satellite shortened distances, it is said
deserts flow in telephones
computers too have ‘Windows’, they say.
What does my son view through ‘windows’?
Here, at the windows
gazing hopefully, our eyes---

our daily routine.
I like friendship with American fathers ,
to proclaim my son's superiority .
We never open our dark corners.
In elderly people's walk
silence stretches like life .
Entire India looks like a dust bin
to my son on vacation here.
Visas, passports, air tickets...
Alien expression spreads aroma.
My home chokes
under the weight of his prominence.
He flew in style to his land!
Blankness in her eyes acquires many shades.
The world has changed a lot
say every one.
But, certainly
India is becoming a home for the aged!

THIRD EYE

---Kandukuri Sreeramulu

Though I kiss with bushy mustache
she calls her mother.
Even after holding her little finger she walks
feeding her with love....

like a calf following cow
mother's milk nectar for her.
Even if I try to peer into her heart
look into her eyes,
mother her property...
her third eye.
On her tongue *nanna*
a seed, fails to sprout.
Embodiment of everything
mother for her.
Father and mother ---sort of compound word
equivalence excellent in literature, not in life.
Scales of justice tilt towards mother
hugging the bosom is one thing
offering heartiness another.
Giving a share is something
feeding breast milk entirely different.
Impregnation ---an act,
giving new life—child birth.
Ecstasy, expression, rumination...
mother---
Hunger reminds mother
faltering steps call mother
when she slaps, again *Ammaa* !

Pearls and corals are not the same:
amma a pearl on her tongue

rolling beautifully, round the clock.

SONG OF UTTEETA!

---Gopini Karunakar

In the dark of midnight dew drops glide

a shiver

gets drenched lonely Tamarind Tree!

Nestled in sleepy branches cranes alarmed occasionally.

In the eyes of sky glisten glimmering fireflies

lamp's eyelids sliced in niche for lamp in wall

last moments languish on approaching end

A squirrel with severed head rolls in moist sand

Fluttered its wings Utteeta!

“Squirrel's head severed *Utteeta!*

Stream of blood in village *Utteeta!!*

In place of ears of *sadda* corn *Utteeta!*

Hunting sickles sprout *Utteeta!!*

In place of Jasmine flowers *Utteeta!*

Crude bombs bloomed *Utteeta!!*

Squirrel's head chopped *Utteeta!*

Village a graveyard *Utteeta !!*

In bird's call gently drizzling sorrow

soaking, shivering song!

Breaking the halter
at the fastening post bellows *desipu* bull
dripping drops of moistened stars
lifting tail started the run
hoofs caught fire!
Tung! Tung! Tung! Tung! Chiming bells!
Hissing, thundering horns turn upside down an anthill
in cock's eye sharpened daybreak.

"Polo poli....Polo poli ! Ili lilla....polo poli!"
rising sun
lopped off with a flourish *Nagammavva!*
Chopped trunk writhes and rolls in sky
in green paddy fields
sprinkled blood soaked rice *poli* , knots her hair,
soaked in blood *Palakonda* freezes red
at early morning
in the slashed, lashed darkness light, mild drizzle of blood!
soaking wet
in nest of stones shivering song of *Utteeta!*

[*Utteeta* is a desert bird. Lives in a nest of stones. Soars high and calls at slightest noise.]

IN PRIYANKA'S MEMORY

---Dr B.Vijaya Bharathi

Punya purush among men are different...
accepted the society;
Dalit women among women are different...
conceded governments;
Lives and honour of dalit women are ours...
approved official machinery.
Dalits can not live or die as desired
should end in our hands
the bodies of their women are for us only
breasts of dalit girls are meant just for our prising only
their feminine charm for our vagabond boys only
no one should open mouths...
agreed administration!
Protect Rhinos
nurture human beasts!
Are they Rajput women
to display dignity and self respect!

We don't give liberty for them to jump into fire.

Are they tender 'Poornammas'
to sacrifice life jumping into lakes?
No chance for them!

Are they 'Vasavi Kanyakas'
to flee from lustful lechers
flinging themselves into *agni*?

Their caste Meher
no room for their honour here!

Lands for the untouchables,
self respect and decency too?
Integrity and demeanor to mention,
Well done!

You may rest assured
no information comes out
Dharmam Saranam gachami
Sangham Saranam gachami!

[In response to incident at Khairlanji]

NAKED PROCESSION

--Vimala

Shamefully why should we only bow our heads in humiliation?
why should we only cry bitterly?

Dear mothers, come hither,
let us fling on their faces ornaments shielding our pubis!
Along the avenues of history of disrobing
let us set aflame ethics of civilized societies in robes!

During a tragic dawn
we forfeited motherhood
we lost our voices, dreams, arms,
our entire record is that of impregnations and abortions
our entire history is offering labour as 'others'.

Whether it is love, revenge or profit motive
when we were not disrobed?
When was not our body, conscience on auction in busy streets?
When didn't we shed blood and tears?
Druapadi our elder sister---
wagered, disrobed in full view of a court .

Muthamma! Muthamma!
Amaravati now narrates naked episodes to us.

We are women---
except a body , heartless, headless are we,
we are great pleasure givers!
Ravished commodities for coitus
we are good mothers to breed only boys;
venerated in the day
we are prostitutes at night casting away clothes.
We are tender damsels unkissed by sunbeams
we are seminude beauties in business stretching limbs.

We are ladies!
We have a pair of breasts and genitals!
Sucking our milk , these people slice our breasts
singe orifices of origin poring sap of mango!

Eve! Eve!
Now , about the forbidden fruit
let us declare defiantly!
Wrapping earth around, behind flimsy veils of clouds
why should we alone shrink with shame into our 'womanliness'?

Covering us with robes, disrobing too
is a symbol of his manliness!

Whether in Bosnia, Elsalvador,
Chilakurthi , Trilokpuri streets,
Dandakaranya ----where ever it is--
disrobing us is fun for them

sexual assault , a statement of their authority!

On the faces of these male chauvinist brutes
let us spit with scorn.

Oh my dear friends,
crying with shame and slighted
come here!
Questioning uncultured dressed ones
destroy culture of clothes, values, arms of nudity
'naked women's procession progresses!

ELOQUENCE

---Yakoob

I wonder when I come for you clandestinely at night
as a cricket cracking quietude
as a meteor landing clueless
what unwarranted developments spring with my arrival

Whether I arrive or not

We need to share a lot
collect all details of these years
our conversation should assess
how far we progressed or retreated

Let us evaluate
how much we gained or lost
you joining mainstream, I remaining incognito
Let us put on paper time scripted life.

Our work speaks better for us
Perhaps, our silence is more eloquent!

Bio

Dr T.S.Chandra Mouli , an academic, is a poet, translator, and critic He is a **Fellow of Royal Asiatic Society**, Great Britain and Ireland. Vice-Chairman of **AESI** [Association for English Studies of India], his publications include seventeen anthologies of literary criticism, besides six authored books. He completed translation assignments for institutions of higher learning. His translation work of Telugu poetry and fiction into English is extensively published. He made panel presentations in International Conferences in China, Thailand, Philippines and Malaysia. He is the Chief Editor of **VIRTUOSO**, a Refereed Transnational Bi-annual Journal of Language and Literature in English published from Hyderabad, India.