

***SOMEWHERE... AGAIN***

**Telugu Origin: Rohini Satya**

**Translated by: Elanaaga**

A word dancing on lips  
and a musical note wafting in wind  
united, formed a harmonious tune with majestic beat.  
A sweet song unfolded, flowed graciously

Akin to a moving stream,  
a calm ecstatic rivulet, a roaring waterfall  
and like a sea with sprightly ripples  
emerged a melange of many a *raga*.  
All put together  
unbounded beauty abounded life's violin  
Tantalising sulk of youthful cheek  
and teasing desire of sprightly soma  
showered glee glorious all around.  
Wondrous was rambling of violin bow.  
Followed then, a mirth of marital bliss  
Ensued later, mother's lullaby mingled with magnificent notes  
The brook of sweet song meandered in ecstasy  
When jarring notes forced their way in  
the jolt disrupted everything,  
string of heart snapped suddenly.  
As the violin was lost in still vacuum  
the slipping word went in search of another lip  
The vaulting note wafted behind another word  
Somewhere, a song was born again

Let Not Faith be betrayed

Seeds sprinkled on moist earth  
soak and spring as sprouts  
Amity of root with dampness  
turns to bond, later to faith and breath  
Seedlings grow into green saplings

Bashful buds, sulking baby fruits  
Unripe fruits appearing as if  
admonishing the burgeoned blossoms  
Half-ripe fruits are in a huff at first  
But then, begins to thicken a fondness  
Sapling turns to tree in stages  
due to the bond between seed and soil

Similar is friendship too.  
Sinks its seed into heart soil  
Takes birth as tiny seedling  
with a touch – tender that is.  
Blitheness is showered.  
If warm affection hugs, faith becomes breath  
Soon sapling stands as a stout tree

Word plumes shrouded in coyness  
Blooms of friendship blossomed in laughter  
Minute fruits of small quarrels – and they breaking off...  
Fruits ripened by carmine miff  
Then fructified faith yielding pulpy ones...  
All transform the plant into a big tree  
This, by the bond between beau and bosom

When cracks appear in faith soil

tree gets totally uprooted  
When fissures form in human loyalty  
tap root is torn, tree topples.  
So, let not the soil desiccate  
Let not faith be betrayed

**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 16 books so far. Six of the books are translations (4 from English to Telugu and 2 from Telugu to English). Hundreds of poems written originally in Telugu and many translated from Telugu to English were published in various magazines/books. He may be contacted at [elanaaga@gmail.com](mailto:elanaaga@gmail.com).