

The Tribal King

(A Narrative Poem)

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Thyne kingdom of tribal, uncivilized people,
Sewage, barbarians and forest dwellers.
Thyne land heaven on the earth,
Singing Koals, dancing peacocks,
Gorgeous streams, beautiful wild,
Colourful blossoms, entrance breeze
Intoxicate, bees brim at flower bed.

Rise of sun, gaze of sewage,
Rise of arrow, seize of swine,
Playful children, awful life,
Power of heard, proud of crowd,
Wild games, mild life,
End of the day, bent of the moon
Sink of the sun, blink of the stars,
Narrowing day, widening night
Serene wild, barren life,
Pair of dove, couple of wild.

Bore, monotony, single life,
No way to mate, king, sterile
Want of progeny, issue for clan
No way, grief in heart
Thought, thought a ray of hope.
Knocked the teacher's door for working
But dismay, a step back, if out
Unthinkable teacher, courage
Approached the Royal Teacher.

Receives him with cheer
Hopeless in the try, hapless in the attempt

Raise the king, praise the brave
Gazes into the eyes, sorrow,
Grief stricken heart
Lonely, heart-to-heart talk, lose heart
Probing teacher, throbbing disciple
The teacher's regret, sorrowful disciple
Seized thoughts, care about disciple.

Solution to get rid the barren
The god lord Siva is the ray,
The teacher's decree to disciple
Meditation, mediate for lord's blessing
But last question, how?
Stupidity, ever the world witnesses, how?
Foolishness ever the world witnessed, how?
Without marriage, without wife, how?
Would you be fertile?
Silence, Teacher let me take a leave
Innocence, simpleton teacher thought.

Guile the disciple, trickery brought
The opinion in the teacher's mind
Teacher felt, the disciple bind,
Set the king for prayer
Let the aim come dear.
Reached a clear solitary hill stream
Preached teacher's, accomplish dream
Sat for Meditation, chant, chant, chant for lord Shiva

Season by season time rolls
Penance the king, season's thrills
Chant, chant for lord Shiva.
Grown up motive, took strain
Boon pain, pain to gain
Pain to boon, gain pain
Fatigue a lot, bear a lot trouble
Chant, terrible chant to cherish dream.

Fall of autumn; sprout new hopes
A doubled spirit to please the god
Blush, blush budding leaves, mirth
Mirth in nature, god's birth
Birth from heaven to earth
Devotee opened eyes, unbound joy
Leaped, leaped heart with glad,
Eye with glare, cherished dream
King found, dazzled, No word to speak
Dearer to the dream.

The pretentious king to the almighty
Blessed devotee with boon
Bound to devotion, but soon
A doubt the lord raised, the devotee prayed
Though against to the will of creation.
I wanted to bear, devotee narration
Thy fate, bear, almighty vanishes.
Joy, joy of thousand fests, banish
The king himself from Duke Dom
Duchy, barren thought folk, calm
To the furious ruling, a miracle!

Barren land fertile, unseasonal flowering,
Unseasonal fruits, fertile, fertile man,
The king became pregnant
By the boon of the lord cogent
Awe! The prime gods' wonder
Hush! The celestial gods throw ear
A man becoming mother, wonderful!
The air with bough, the bough with bird,
The bird with air whispered
The duke becoming duchy.

How! How the nature wonder is!
Thunder in the heart of the king, how?
How can I give the birth to child?
Against to nature's duty, guild the god,
Wait and see, is the almighty boon vain?
No, no, the hour by hour grown baby
Fathers' pride of mother
May be God's grace father became mother
Mother's pride, first, the first bother.

A man's pain to bear
Ban to man, to produce, care
For child, exiled king, growing hours
Praying god, chosen Banyan boughs
Turn Arial roots as cradle, rocking swing
First kick felt in womb of the king bring
To conscious of seventh hour, more
More to hours to bear Thought king
More two hours bear, kick,
Kick of marching fetus.

Lick dried lips with fear dear dream
Fear, fright, frighten king stream
Stream of tears, said king “thank God”
Unanchored ship, un-rudder-ed, no bank
To land, but wait and see,
Time, time is the solution
To all problems of thee.
The eight gone and ninth came
Grief in heart, play the time game.

Carrying the baby, caring, swing matted
Brought under hive, time and tide
Wait for none, in king mother’s pride
Proud to bear, dismay,
How ninth hour to give birth? No.
Pass into tenth, extension
Of gestation is the justification,
Justified himself, lead ahead must
Waite for some more time, hymn
God you are the saviour, lime light of mine,
Thrill, excitement tenth gone, eleventh hour bent.

“I the spirit to me”, the king said to himself.
Growing kick and the thump as drumming glow
Of fetus heard it as “When,
When are you going to bring me out” then
King to himself wait for some more
Time but growing fetus sore
In womb, its late, it’s late
Twelfth set, thirteenth rise, beat
Fourteenth, all the time the baby posed

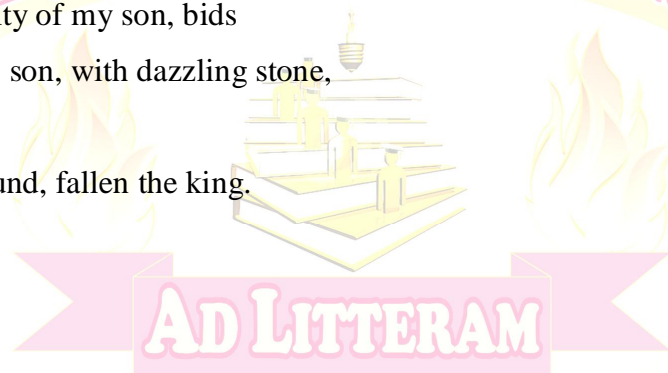
Question, when is the release, dozed
God how do I bring my son out, bow
The king to god, dead fourteenth, birth
Of fifteenth, the king's mirth.

“My son, release to you soon, release
Be patient for some more time, breeze
Teach my son gentleness, grass
Teach my son flexibility, grass
Teach the strength of brass
Stag teach my son briskness
O my lovely bees and butter flies
Teach my son activeness
Activeness to my son,
Mother Nature teach obedience
Hour rolled entered twenty fourth
Son asked father, when to release?

Father to son, I bare you in womb
Fail to care as mother, fail to comb
You, fail to feed you, fail to lull
You, bailed you a life of bull
Wept the king, dare
Son wontedly given you a life of sin
Sinful life away,
Away from motherly pride, ban
Ban in your life, did mean thing
No man did in the world, bring
You into the world lonely
My boy a sinful life solely, a kid without mother.

Grief in heart Salvation to my sin, Son
Tear my womb, come out, man
Behaved against to the will,
The will of the god, the decree
Of the nature, my ban from the nature.

A new rise in the month
An end of fatigue pain.
Torn his womb, gain
His son, birth of son, mirth
Of king, placed kid in cradle,
Made an appeal to primordial's,
An earnest desire with celestial gods,
Your responsibility of my son, bids
Fare well, adorns son, with dazzling stone,
A tear from eye,
Fallen to the ground, fallen the king.



The Mother Earth

Open eye, look at her!
She is as beautiful as angel,
Winter and spring adorns her,
Summer and rain washes her.
Winter goeth, summer cometh, natural
Natural since the birth of earth.

The man of science sees her, plunder her
Beauty, Cyclones, hurricanes, typhoons, gales
Attacked and stained her. Flames in forest
Rouse her wounds. Unhealed blisters
Of pollution ravished her beauty.

The selfish ravished her beauty.
Forgot, He forgot. She has given him birth.
Ingratitude built dams across the rivers,
Dare, dared the greedy gluttons loot
Her beauty, her stainless face
Dotted factories of Hyenas and Jackals
Her beautiful eyes are dripping sewage,
And blood by digging iron bars of mines
Deep into her heart, Famines wither her beauty.
Tsunamis and floods drenched her.
Neither has she had peace nor rest
Restless revolve on worn-out axle ages
For the cause of human good on the earth
The inhuman activities reopened
Healed wounds, the avaricious
Corporate lose responsibilities

Lead to broken twigs, fallen trees for
The gale and storm of inhumanity, didn't
You listen, the siren from the crusts
Of the mother earth, result of your no, no
Our acts, ill-luck neither Katrina nor Rone
Eye-opener, open eye, listens, the screams
Of mother earth, turn deaf won't save,
Save yourself, plant sapling, saves the earth.

