

Poetry Series

ratnaprabha raykar
- poems -

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ratnaprabha raykar(18th october)

@ Madame Tussauds....

stepping into the hall of glitterati
I stand bemused
with whom? with whom do I click pics?
flashing bulbs, clicking shutters
the atmosphere electric
each one greater than the other
me, filled with joy and wonder

sharing frames with heroes I admire
some very wellknown to me
some my children's heroes
some i had heard of
most of them loved universally

A thought crosses my mind...
do I dare share frame with them
their deeds..so great!
not so mine!
the visit humbles me
prodding me to carve a niche for myself
among those I love...however small

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A Peshawari Mother's Cry

A Peshawari mother's cry

How could it happen?
no, not to my son
his half eaten sandwich still on the table
his glass of milk half empty
the bang of his school van door
still echoing
the towel in his bathroom still wet
how could it happen?
no, not to my son
his books strewn on his bed
his new birthday dress
still hanging in his closet
wanting to be worn
his new bag lying on the table
it could not happen
no, not to my son
his green badge, his blood strewn red bag,
the roll in his lunch box still warm
yes, its my son's
yes! it did happen

Ratnaprabha r raykar

This is written in the aftermath of the peshawar massacre of 132 children

ratnaprabha raykar

A Poem On Arundhati Nag

i would like to give a very small introduction to the poem This is about a very famous theatre personality arundhati nag who strove very hard to raise a memorial to her husband Shankar Nag who died tragically in an accident, who was a famous filmstar of kannada cinema. I was inspired to write this poem when i watched her on the occasion of the inauguration of Rangashankara her memorial to her husband

A poem on Arundhati Nag

your face shines with irridiscent glow
-the glow of a bride
smile in your eyes, spring in your step
as you skittle here and there
awaiting the arrival of your beau
waiting to be complimented for a job well done
your beau's presence pervades the whole Rangashankara
you have made him immortal

the very next moment you seem like the bride's mother
assigning tasks, overseeing them
nothing to be short of perfect

One with diadem raised a mahal
in memory of his begum
his means had no tandem
it seems not very great
your RANGASHANKARA -a living memorial
surpasses it
Ratnaprabha R RAYkar

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A Proud Indian

Often do I keep quizzing myself
what's the essence of patriotism?

Isn't it the euphoria that pervades me
as I watch the tricolour swaying in the wind?

Is it not the pride that permeates me
as I read history of India?

Isn't it the reverence I render
to our age old traditions?

Isn't it the elation I feel
at India's cricket win?

Isn't it the feeling of dignity that embraces me
when Modi addresses the UN?

Is it not the veneration I feel
at ISRO's successful launches?

It is! ! and I am a proud INDIAN! !

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A Special Mother For A Special Child

often swelled with pride did i

patting myself for being a mother perfect

crediting myself for all their highs

until....

sighted I a mother with a special child

anticipating his wishes fulfilling them

strengthening him to catch up with the rest

providing a firewall around him

shielding him from the onslaughts of the world

sharing a special bond with her child

more close to her loved one

than I to mine

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Anna..As Seen By A Twelve Year Old

Anna...as seen by a twelve year old

I am twelve

I do not know what the 'hullaboo'is about
'corruption' is a word alien to me
yet I know it will spew thorns in my way

but..I feel it in my bones
Anna is right!
I see honesty shining in his eyes
uprightness in his thoughts
hard is the road chosen
but steel is his will

bouyed by thundering voice of the masses
Anna has arrived!
and
corruption muzzled
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As The Evening Meets The Dark

As the evening meets the dark

mysteries of night turn deeper

bats and owls turn up their antennae

so do the vices of the world

the drunkard and the beggar don different roles

they turn kings with their bottle of hooch

their dose of hooch erases the boundary between them

young rag pickers slip into worlds unknown

with a tube of whitener

broken corex bottles tell another story

the painted butterfly lingers around

waiting for its prey

the prey creeps sheepishly

the deal is struck and sealed

I shudder to think of vices more vile

as I lie ensconced in the warmth of my home

the hearth made warmer by the love of my kin

Almighty my state is your dole

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Earth

Madame Earth beckons Mars,
" my plight will soon be like yours"
senseless children bent upon
philandering my gifts...air, water, forests

In their morbid race to modernism
their myriad cars, buses smog me
 with lead and carbon
their factories are choking my rivers
to their greed for lands and minerals
my forests are a sacrifice
their callousness have burned holes
 in my cloak of ozone
I no longer can shield them

May God give them a little wisdom
lest they end up in a barren terrain

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God Give Him Strength

As I was lighting my diya in front of Lord Ganesha
I had only one prayer in my heart
God give him strength
Give him strength to bear the immense trust and hope in
him reposed
HE is our messiah-our deliverer

turbulent times have shaken us
troubles and misery has trickled into many lives
they look up to him for redemption
silken gossamer dreams woven they have
Make him, God
tread carefully and steadily
make their dreams come true
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Hands

I look with awe at worn out gnarled hands of a labourer

how well have they have served their master

mesmerised am I by a doctors hands gone rough with formaldehyde

how many lives saved they have

go green do I by matured hands of an elder woman

how many mouths have they satiated

watch with disbelief at hands of young village girls

who finish with alacrity a hundred tasks

smitten by love am I small tender hands

which raise only to touch with love

but.....

swept with pity am I by delicate manicured hands

which know only to look pretty and nothing else

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In School

In school

Five coy newcomers in a class
came together to bind as a band
A classic group of five!

What one lacks the other complements
rejoice the other's win as their own
cushioning too, each others fall
alert each other about submitting books
swap each others' notes do they!
their giggles, their comraderie
make them the envy of many

the classes were shuffled! !
their world almost crumbled
took heart at last they did
gelling together with vengeance
vowed to keep their friendship glowing

waiting for breaks to be together
joined did they a single hobby club
updating each other about their day
on phones
their group chat on g mail is another way
sworn they, would not let
their friendship's embers die
Come what may!

Ratnaprabha R Raykar

Author Notes

this is about my daughter and her friends at school

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In The Aftermath Of Corona

In the aftermath of Corona....

Life has turned out to be a completed crossword, going backwards
With letters missing in a gradient regularity

Venture into the streets..
Images of shutters down, and boards
missing...galore
Empty renting spaces glaring back at you
Inns and joints have shut shop...
the lockdown has done them in

The mass transit has come to a standstill
The Academia..filled eith buzzing children
Face a vacuum...an empty space
children cooped in houses...
their tinklinglaughter...gone

Stores and outlets still open
stare at empty spaces encompassing them
fearing the worst..their exit

Obituaries cropping up every day
leaving behind empty spaces
their names from contact lists
...disappearing

Now to crux of the question
when would Corona disappear?
leaving behind an empty space
to be refilled with Life
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Let Us...

The fanatics are but a handful
Let them not hold myriads in a fistful
Let them not desecrate our realms
Let not their tentacles crush us
The fanatics are but a handful
Let us defeat them in their demented schemes
Let us diffuse their phantasms
The fanatics are but a handful
Let our discern eye when somethings amiss
Let us be wary of stealthiness
Let us kindle our
perceptions to any trivial scruples
Let not the rabid handful prevail
We have access to bastions that the guarders have not
They alone can quell them not
Come let us all together lend a hand to snuff out the insidious
PRABHA RAYKAR

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Me, An Old House

demolishers descend upon me with chisel and crowbars
strike me where i am vulnerable most
they look at me with glee
deciding which part of me is juicest
out come my doors and windows
which lineup with SALE labelled on them

devoid of walls i still live on
hoping my walls will rise again
but hey what do i see
walls rise to reach the sky
shaping cubicles large and small
each vying with the other
trying to glean shoppers from each other

My spirit is tattered between them
Am I living or dead or multiplied

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My Dad

i searched in vain for pictures of my dad

pictures large and small

pictures painted and sketched

pictures zoomed in and maximized

lacking the spirit he had

none showed him as he was

it made a dismal me

later, later, later

I found him painted in the hearts of people

he loved and was loved

etched in their memories

even after a decade

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My Garden

dreading the worst, i stepped into my garden

steeling myself for a situation grave...

after lastnight's rainblast

fearing for my saplings small

big ones did not merit my fear

but stood still I.....

the saplings seemed refreshed as after a coffee

big ones shone with greenery,

if green could

and the lawn seemed perfect

I need not fear...

as almighty cares

I need not fear for my young ones too

as the Almighty that cares for THEM

cares for MINE too

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My Maid

Ramanna, Ramanna...kept saying the maid

in the flat above mine

I was quizzed...

busy was she teaching the first lessons to the kid

making him aware of the sound of his own name

it brought a smile to my lips

suddenly remembered I

the role played by my maid
in teaching my children

I never had realised!

chiding myself myself for taking all the credit

I searched for her -

but in vain

gone was she in the darkness of the past

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My Princess

Me, in my morning rush hour

cook scrub and clean

a nightingale amidst a concrete jungle

screams and orders me to stop

to listen to her melody

'stop your chores, spare me your ear

i thought you missed me'

my ties with the nightingale

began when i lost mine

its melancholic tune chided me, irritated me

for i wished to enjoy nothing

as i lay grieving for my princess

days passed, years passed

i started seeing my princess in the nightingale

whenever i herd its melody

i felt as my princess was visiting me

as i changed houses

i thought i lost my visitor

the sharp sound of the nightingale

seemed to be angry with me

it seemed to complain

' you have forgotten me! '

no hardly ever

my wound of losing my princess is as raw as it was

and your tune as melancholic as always

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My Rendezvous With Venice

As our motorboat sashayed towards Venice
I sat nonplussed! ! !
was Venice coming towards me
or was I converging on to it
blaming it on a plethora of
expectations and memories
memories...can I call them so?
memories..of reading in books
not forgetting shakespeare's
'Merchant of Venice'
and Amitabh and Zeenat'gondola ride

As I stepped on to the byzantine mosaics
prepping my mind to absorb every essence
however minute

St Mark's Square...a magical place
peace and joy abound
making me linger around
no hoots or horn, only people
hustle and bustle play truant
only folks enjoying their tarrance

'the bridge of sighs'no longer bleak
swarming with people aiming for selfies
am happier though for it

moving silently in a gondola
humming of the gondolier making my eyes misty
the silence..unbelievable
the romance...palpable

our evening gone in a jiffy
and back were we on our sojourn forward.

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My Search For Beauty Begins Here...

I live in a concrete jungle but i do not crib
My search for beauty begins here
I find symmetry in the neatly twined wires
laid ready to take on the concrete
I find perfect synchronised harmony
in the working of the road layers
who can do their 'do' in a jiffy
I find empathy in the action of the worker
who places a plank over a pit
enabling us to cross
I find god's grace in the babies
that survive in the rubble
its here we live and i choose to love it!

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My World Revolves Around Them

I had a spat with my kids

thrusting a few grands in my kitty

i rushed out, promising myself

that i'll enjoy myself for sure

i entered a mall

frantically seizing packets upon packets

dropping them in the basket one by one,

wearing a smirk for having shopped alone

but..

as the packets came up for billing one by one

i was amused....

each of them were my kids favourites

oh my gosh i realise suddenly

my world revolves around my kids

i am no world without them

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On A Cloud

On a cloud
As I stand poised on a mountaintop
waiting for a cloud to engulf me
Euphoria reaches a crescendo
as it nears me

Urge all my senses to capture
every essence of the incomer
I am swathed by a misty haze

hit by the sudden onslaught of chillness
I flounder
numbed by the floating water crystals
I clamour for more; but in vain

nudged by the wind, the cloud moves forward
Leaving me behind, with nothing in my grasp

Success too is ever fleeting
slide begins as soon as victory stems
Be wary, let not success cloud your reason

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Pure White

Pure White

Pure white I cannot fathom
the multihues you hide within yourself

On a baby swathed in white
you take on the colour of innocence and joy

On a pious man
you are coloured with selflessness

On a doctor you take on the colour
of efficiency, confidence and dedication

On a nurse
You are service in person

A widow's clothes tint you with
sadness and helplessness

A postmortemed body in white
wringes pain in the heart

Who are the real YOU
HE saw seven colours
But I see many many more

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Ravivarma's Orchestra

Ravi varma's orchestra

A beautiful portrait of lovely ladies
hangs in front of me in my workplace
gazing at them i often wonder- -
Where, where have we come from
being them? ?

Bejewelled, bedecked, beautified
- -an epitome of adornment
coy, e
Hope reflecting in their eyes
urging for acceptance
yearning for appreciation

Ah! ! Today's women!
bold attentive well versed
dauntless in her approach
steel in her resolve

working forward in sync
with consort
shouldering onus equally with grace
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Selfie

note; what would have been Shakespeare's thoughts on today's selfie?
I have made a small attempt to think like the bard

Oh, selfie! who art thou?
neither a ruler nor a pauper is spared
 from thy charm
besotted are they with you in perpetuum
forgetting tormenting woes even if for a blink
alluring them as no one can!

But I shudder to think of the perils of Narcissism
___ the not from heart smiles,
the absent joy, a facade to the world,
harbouring pain deep down the empty heart
Let them not drown in the abyss of self love

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Spare Me A Thought

Stop! said the divine one,

as I turned to go

' spare me a thought

you smother me with flowers,

thrust incense sticks in my face

hang kadubus and kodabales around my neck

smear me all over with butter or sandalpaste

then on top of it you stand and glee with satisfaction

Hey! stop and ponder what I want

you deify me I know that

your love I measure cannot

do leave me alone

only your prayers give me joy

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The Flower Woman Of Today

An auto laden with packs of flowers fled past me
in it sat the flower woman of today
so to say the hi tech one
traverses she alone and brings blossoms abound
dispensing it among women
who tie them up for wages
she bundles up the trussed flowers
and sells them in the square
making a tidy sum
saving for pygmy, insurance and all
and some for her mates toddy too!
bribing him for letting her to the square.

While the flower woman of yore
with a moth eaten bag
trudges heavily to the market
bearing only a bagful
she struggles to tie them up
sometimes imploring her kin to to do so
she sets to convey them to abodes

which are her regular forte

always in debt and dearth of money

but hearts she has picked up a many

she can tie a wreath of them

not for anything would I change my old for the new

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The Lovable

we know, we know
you are innocent
caught in the eye of the storm
lashed you, hounded you
for six long months

yet stoic and subdued
not a voice you raised
you endured!
you endured for him.

sons of politicians ring
death knell for fathers
but
a father for his daughter
unheard of until now!

we understand! we understand!
your love for him sealed your lips
submerged you under his favours

but you are a wife
also a mother
you owe them that much
your name to be cleared!

raise your voice
clear your name
you owe yourself that much
you will! you will!
we know
you will!

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The Moon

I gaze in wonder at the luminous moon
so pure, untouched, calm
free from the bustling world
so happy, so contented, clamouring not for more
promenading in the suns reflected glory
it seems to chuckle at our trivial squabbles
our greed for success, our frantic race for it,
our obsession with 'I' 'ME' 'MINE'
shrivelling many as we succeed

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The Pied Piper Of Bpo

A cab in bangalore sped past me
in it sat girls and boys in their youth
they seemed weary, lost in their ipods or cells
they spoke not with each other
no giggles no guffaws
looking washed out, the magic of exuberance lost

what have we done to them?
the pied piper of BPO's has lured
our children to its demony clasp
we have lost them to him! !
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The Rain

The rain

Down pours the rains
wakens the farmers from his languor
infuses in him joy and vigour

he huddles his ware and men
gets ready for this ensuing task
but there's a smile on his lips
as the fields are dressed and set
apt for the coming rain

he draws out his concealed gold
-seeds from the bygone season
'you didn't fail me then
you will not fail me now
he seemed to say

he dreams dreams that are green
green like the fields would be
his mind agog with plans ahead

the joy pervades
womenfolk get busy
pack a hearty meal
for the hardworking men
trudges along to be of
whatever help she can be!
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They Needn't Bother...

They needn't bother....

They needn't bother..
whether we loiter around joking with our lives
Charge us with lathis, sirenning..
to keep us inside..keeping us safe
Themselves in peril nevertheless.

The regime..working relentlessly
Supplying needs to our doorstep
Shutting schools n shops..to arrest the spread
Gearingthe machinery for further onslaught
Ensuring ample salves

Why should the healers, armed with masks
Enter the Arenato cure
Putting their lives and families into jeopardy
They too needn't bother...

The media too..doing it's part
Updating us onsituations and precautions
Calming us, stopping us from panic
They too.. needn't bother

Why isn't it sinking in our brains
The danger is NEAR and OMINOUS
Lurking around thebend
Step outside..it will engulf you
it's We who shouldbe bothered
-Ratnaprabha Raykar

ratnaprabha raykar

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Thoughts

Thoughts...like the errant schoolchild
slither away from the channelled course
on to vistas new and varied
either divine or ignoble
bringing it back to its primary groove
is a task onerous and arduous

But..aren't our thoughts the cradle
of all our actions?
the pivot around which our deeds swivel?
the nurturer of all our actions

A vacuous mind would render a Man, a clone
brutal, ruthless, merciless
Praise be to the thoughts
We are what We are!

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Two Little Twittering Twitters

Two little twittering twitters

hop in and hop out

never stopping for a moment

rest they know not, play they must

chomping away on munches

differ they though in tastes

share they without fail

funny games, serious games

frollicking, slippery water games

amidst small and big tiffs

make up they do within moments

outcome big 'sorry' cards

sweetened with chocolates to butter up

Again they are one, as though nothing transpired

go twittering do they more robustly

I ponder.....

quarrels are involuntarily

but making up?

ego ties us down

owning up our mistakes, never can we

hoping they will make the first move

but it never happens

elders are elders,

kids we should be!

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Woman Thou Art Precious

Woman thou art precious
Do not disdain it as something trivial
Defer not its presence
Let not the fear of chemo deter you from disclosure
Let not the doctor's scalpel panic you
Woman thou art precious

Hear not to frightening accounts
Its not as difficult as it sounds
Its but a passing phase
And the sun will brightly shine again
you will blossom again like spring

Garner all you strength and join hands with your healer
to fight the mutant in you
Let it not get the better of you
woman thou art precious

Ratna prabha R Raykar

note; this is a call to all women to take all precautions so as to overcome breast cancer

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