

Poetry Series

Sasikala Kamandula
- poems -

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Sasikala Kamandula()

A Stitch In One Saves Nine

Yes,
A stitch in one saves nine,
Right work in right time
Brings you shine.
Repair it when it is minor
Or it darts you into the valley of horror,
Growing big, and big and huge and huge
With a monstrous advance and a prompt seize;
Leaves your life without purpose
All the worries at hand with pose,
Bed in hospital with bottles of glucose!

The train after its time leaves platform;
And your arrival after it - your brain worm,
Unpunctuality in life launches harm
Big and big and huge and fuse,
Locking the better and best of the suits
Punctuality in life smiles at you warm,
Big and big and huge and muse,
All the happiness at feet with a Rose!
Hence sway never from the repair of thy shoes,
Fall not into the pool of blood with ooze!

Sasikala Kamandula

Ak 47!

Attention,
You Ladies and Gentlemen!
Here comes AK 47, all in person,
From Nimra Down Town
To shoot the muddleheads down!

Hey, are these the Associates of Veerappan
Or Phoolan Devi's pair of Maiden?

Sirrah! Of them none!
One is of literary orientation
While another is of technical exception'
A for Madam Arshia while K for Kanya,
Together make a powerful weapon
That faileth any mighty instrumentation.
Work devils in expertisation
Contagious to love and affection.
No misconception and fake pretention;
Heart-throbs of friends' junction
Hard hearts at vanity function
If you want breath of satisfaction,
Hat your off and briskly shun!

Note Ben:
Beg not to be in opposition,
If you do nt like my fiction
It's just my imagination
To read and enjoy a moment fun!

Sasikala Kamandula

At Ten, Dance!

"Mom, O, mom, this spelling kills
Challenges my skills
A-t-t-e-n-d, - is it 'ance' or 'ence'? "
"View once the scene
When the clock strikes ten!

'My tie, my shoe, my socks and packs! '
'Mom, my box! O, my bus! '
'O Mama, please, band my hair! '
'Ma'm, trash-bin! ' Then a call from kin;
Sink overflows, God! Tap's on!
Hiss and fumes and fuss and mess,
Hurricanes tempests and volcano erupts
At the stroke of ten thy mom doth spin as a a toe-dancer! "

"Well, at ten dance! The spelling thrills! "

Sasikala Kamandula

Bald Head Bliss

"Grey hairs are wise scholars! "
"Then the Bald heads are the Peace Makers!
Shout and roar and wail and hail,
At all your storms their only weapon smile;
No oil no shampoo no lot barber fare,
Save time save money live tension-free!
Nothing better than being mute,
None is cozier than bald cute! !
 With apologies to bald head bro's!

Sasikala Kamandula

Bodiless Soul

A friend in need is a friend indeed,
A hand to wipe your tears
A tap to encourage and soothe
A shoulder you rest your head
A fist that safeguards you
A word that comforts you
A heart that loves and lives in you
A soul that yearns for your great heights in life
A Fairy that God has sent to you
A shadow that follow you always
Even in your odds and bads;
A man that cares no charge to cheer you up
All in one body but soul in you
Bodiless soul and soul without body,
That's a friend and it means You!

Sasikala Kamandula

Celebration Of Being Alive

"I'm Selman, Peter Selman, "
What brings you here, to this ward?
"Problems in getting the green card,
I was asked to be certified by you, gentleman, "
"Who are you, you did state? "
"I'm Selman, Peter Selman, " I did repeat;
"Son of Sir Andrew Selman."
"Well, you are dead; you died right a few months ago!
How do we certify that you are alive?
How can we give you a document?
"We are sincere at our duties! "

"Eh! You see me alive in blood and flesh,
And still you make such rude statement? "
"What a mess here you do make,
You are well listed in dead, lifeless:
No more bluff that you are alive,
We are sincere at our duties;
Trouble not, wait not, off your face! "

The clerk in the office growled at once,
"We can't issue any fake certificate,
We are sincere at our duties! "
"Then, what do I need to do to disprove you? "
"Bring your father, Sir Selman, "
"But he died long ago and no more now, "
"Our no report says that he's dead,
Let him come and witness the sue
And then we focus on this issue;
Off, now, right away and trouble no more,
We are sincere at our duties! "

I came out of the office in a dilemma
That I'm alive or dead in this world panorama!

Sasikala Kamandula

Curse To Curl-On!

Welcome, Madam, welcome Sir,
Curl-on greets you with fabulous offer!
For your most graceful bosom to shower
In the boundless glee and sound sleep roar!
"Hey! Here's my darling charming color
With cute figure and in right measure,
O, my Love, it robbed my heart at par! "
In the lovely bedroom in a modest corner
The Curl-on was set in an elegant manner.
Lost in sweet dreamy drowsy thoughts
He laid waiting for his Lady Love's enter
But the curl on fairy is too quick at war
With her cozy touch and magical lure;
In best of her charms and coyish looks,
When his Love Lock drew near her lover,
Felt no hands in love, customarily around her
But wondered to hear a sound sleep blaster;
And blushed in anger at the sight of the rival to her!

Sasikala Kamandula

Free!

'Dad, O dad! , I bought you
Sugar-free tab packs two! '
He yelled in joy.
The old man puzzled,
The mother looked bewildered;
The children gazed at one another
In a daze at the Eighth Wonder.
'Are you alright, darling? '
His wife queried in pain.
'It happened so, ' he said in glee.
'It offered Bipasa's body-fit CD free! '

Sasikala Kamandula

Hail, Ho, Parts Of Speech!

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
With his head in both his hands.
"What makes you, Jack,
So fume and quack? "
I referred to Parts of Speech
And it made me loss of speech;
Noun, Pronoun, verb,
Fight my heart's lob-dub;
Adjective, Adverb, etcetera.....,
Band my head orchestra! "
"NOUN is like your FATHER
Who gives you ALL IN NAME,
VERB is like your MOTHER
That WORKS all the time but never doth claim,
And PRONOUN is YOU,
That STAND FOR FATHER's due.
When he gets old,
Don't you take our hold?
ADJECTIVE is your younger sis, KATE
Who always is DADDY'S PET
While ADVERB is your BABY SIS, Grace,
That plays WITH MOM and KATE
And also with SELF with much bliss.
Preposition is Uncle Jose
That relates you to all his friends and foes;
CONJUNCTION is like that mine
To you JOIN you all kith and kin
While INTERJECTION is the Neighbour
To see and widen the eyes in WONDER.
How do you feel now Parts of Speech? "
"As if I play in Marina Beach! "

Sasikala Kamandula

Her Secret Of Energy

Slim and trim and smooth and fair
Here comes the young lady in simple wear
With happy smiles in shiny face
Chirpy eyes framed in specs
Tickling laugh and sing song voice
'Hark! you, Charmy, the baby of Lakme,
Stand a while and answer the query launch by me;
How comes it always you bubble up with joy?
Have you never had any trouble? '
With a ringling laugh the answer comes with no delay,
'Why, yes, you see, the Luck + She is me,
How dare any trouble doth trouble me? '
'Pray, I couldn't get you, explain to me, '
'Fortune + the Lady unique and that is Me!
What else doth any one want on the earth?
More, I double trouble the trouble
That it blasts away as a bubble! '
'Boost is the secret of your energy? '
She makes a tingling laugh usual and doth say,
'No, my Name is the Secret of my energy! '

Sasikala Kamandula

If....., Mom!

Mom,

If there were no serials
but TVs.....,

If there were no crime and corruption
but humane.....,

If there were no guns
but only buns.....,

If there were no load on our backs
but fairly day's work sheets....?

Then, my dear, the globe would turn upside down,
And you and I, in heaven!

Sasikala Kamandula

Kalpana Chawla, The Glory Of India

Many a million do take birth
But only a few live with life on the earth
Showing the charming proof to their worth
Defining the meaning of life after death.

The first woman in India to be in space
Kalpana Chawla sketched her dreams;
Since the child age looking into the sky
Twinkling with stars up so high
on the terrace during hot summer nights
When all the family was in sound sleeps.

She powered the barriers of all the boundary
With her grit and spirit of true industry
Choosing the risky study as a customary
And thus made her story a golden history

Appointed a Shuttle and Station Staff Crew
She mounted the heights of a Captain Crew
The Colombia shuttle's STS-87 mission drew
Off at the heights of lakhs of feet just in the view.

Had she cared for rich Silicon Valley job
Would she have been alive as you and me in mob
But never swayed away from her goal and dream
That made her to be different from the human stream.

She wished to move around the stars
But she became one of the stars;
Twinkling in the sky brightly with pride
She shows the path to you young mind.

And you too folks, never flee from your life target
Dare to dream and dare be different
Live the life of pride to parents,
And glow in the Crown of Mother India!

Sasikala Kamandula

Late Cat

Late to train
Late to bus
Late to class
And late to party;
She is everywhere a late cat!

Late to eat
Late to sleep
Late to fate
And late to luck;
She is for everything a late cat!

Late to clock
Late to block
Late to dash
Against the truck
And, lo! Even late to death;
She is always a late cat!

Sasikala Kamandula

Life Without Wife

"Wife is a knife that cuts your life! "

"Unless you, hen-pecked, cut her throat;

Yes, wife is a knife that cuts fruit for good health

If you are a man of heart and breath! ! "

"The life with the wife

Is a walk on a double edge sharp knife; "

"Then enjoy a smooth shave fixing it in a 'Gillette'!

Just know how to operate that knife

Leave her free, so abundantly;

But let not the end of its string

Out of your hand flee.

Love and honor, she bows to your feet

With abundant patience and selfless treat

Life without wife is a body without heart

That decked with gems which shine no spot

Sugarless sweet and saltless feast

A Right Knight knows the way of the ride

And makes his journey in rainbow hues!

Sasikala Kamandula

Love Her

She dreams of you

At just for a five minutes' sight,

She entrusts her life

At a few minutes' meet

She surrenders her to you

At just an hour-long wedlock;

she innocently holds your hand

Leaving all her people forever,

She stands all alone for you

While you are with all at your home.

So, love her and love her,

Leave not her hand forever

And leave not her forever

Leave your breath but leave not her hand

Love her and love her leave not her forever!

Sasikala Kamandula

Madam Mary

"Madam Mary, answer me, now, " The boy yelled
"Why c-u-t sounds /c^t/ but not /cut/ When p-u-t is /put/?
It's b`cause of the way they sound in the mouth, "
The Madam smiled at the curious kid.

"Madam Mary, tell me, then, "
Demanded the playful lad in a swollen vain,
"The government aids to the poor village chaps,
Why same spelling and same sound craze
To mislead the tiny minds of children likewise? ! "
"Depending on the context they work on, "
The Madam is modest at the subtle huge grin.

"Well, it is heard from the Men of Science
That the world will end up in the coming 12 years;
Then how about my dad's policy of twenty years? "
The naughty tot showed off his quick wit pages;
"Damn with the end up of the world in the years
But I'll end you up at the very instant view
If you don't end your prattle, yea it's true! "

Sasikala Kamandula

My Father

He is in my every word
I write and speak;

He is in every honor
I receive and achieve;

He is in my every step
I mount and move

He is in my every smile
Of my sad and glad;

He is in my every breath
To make it fresh and favor;

He is alive ever ready
To guide me and bless me,
My Father, he is,
Hon. V. KONDALARAO!

Sasikala Kamandula

My Hubby

He,
Like a banyan goes deep
Into the hell hole of the earth,
Stands strong determined devoted
Against the blows and jabs;
Spreads his hefty shoulders for his ones
To rest on and swing
And shades them cool and lulls.

He,
Like an ocean selfless,
Gives abundant love and service
And takes in the sorrows and blames;
Hides all his emotions deep in his heart.

He,
Like the sky,
Shields his people safe and sound
With vast heart full of love.

He,
Gives his family the name and fame
Serves them even after his departure
With his sweat in policies;
Takes with him nothing
But gives them life long sealed secure.

The Man, he is, the Hubby,
A real soul who cares,
Loves and lives in his ones;

Such an Angel, my dear,
Why did you give your ear
To filth and abandon Me, your soul partner,
Why so injustice to your lovelock,
The string of your wedlock?

Sasikala Kamandula

O My My

O my my
Tell me why
Mothers sing
When babies cry?

Song is divine
And the voice of God
Lulls you little ones,
The abodes of
The Almighty Lord!

O my my
Tell me why
Birds fly
In the sky?

For safe secure
Is only there,

O my my
Tell me why
Despite food
They consume
Great hills and lands?

'Coz the ordinary food
Can't help their hunger.

O my my
Tell me why
They are selfish
When air, water,
Trees and nature
Every piece in the world
Serves us selfless fond?

For those species loss of
Thought and speech.

Listen my child,
Enjoy your age
Free of this filth;
For your doubts
Help no boarder or Order!

Sasikala Kamandula

Pratima

Yes, she is Pratima

A young lady of charisma,

If you play games with her, you will get asthma.

For the people good at heart, she is enchanting aroma,

She has her own successful panorama,

To her, life is not a confusing drama,

When one sketches one's own well-planned spectroma,

A girl of pleasant smiles, I admire her dogma,

O, yes that's our Pratima!

Sasikala Kamandula

S, 'he'!

she is he

He is she

He is in 'she';

But she is not in 'he'!

Yet, she says

Yes, I'm in 'he'!

That keeps the wedlock

all ill-free!

Sasikala Kamandula

School Roko

Rail roko bus roko
Raasta roko assembly roko
The aunts and uncles
Grandpas and grandmas
All join the hands and move in queue
Make big processions and film view
But when I say
School roko school bag load roko
Class roko and exams roko
All those hands raise in frown
On me, the innocent abode of you;
Why so injustice in the world
On the child O, My Lord!

Sasikala Kamandula

Social Service

Bund and hartaal and hunger strike,
We are against what you like;
Good or bad, proper or not
Vice or fair, no bother!

We cook on the road
You might enjoy the feast;

We clean the cars with our shirts
You must be grateful for free service,

We drive for men the 'Mission Shaving'
We launch the 'Operation Road Cleaning';

We burn the buses and destroy the office
Damage the property of public
So as to make them new and thus
Don't we check the unemployment?

Let's serve you at minimum in this way
Of the bund and hartaal and hunger strike
For let's be grateful for your choice
That gained to us a chair in the politics!

"I wish they launch the drive Domestic Chores, "
Prayerfully says my wife,
'in all the houses off the shore! '

Sasikala Kamandula

The Golden Onion

Onion the golden
A simple man's banyan,
Now shows off rich vain splashing poison.
This Golden Maiden
Dances on the poor's staid mein!
We see no caravan that demands its fall in;
And voice of mine doth better none.

The priest brings us the newly wed couple
And enquires in his glee tone usual,
'See there Holy Arundhati in the sky,
Beside the seven stars up so high? '

I, the blabber cat quoth what I see –
'Seven brinjals and an onion free';
The baffled poor rat took to flee.

Sasikala Kamandula

The Bangle Garden

Far off the cities in the woods
Where the skylark drowsily broods,
Sweet unheard tingling tunes
Floated in the air, to my zones.

My captive feet took the lead
To explore the concealed merry land.
O! what I see there, □
A pompous glorious angelic fair!

There plays our baby Vaishnavi
On a flowery-bed, fear-free,
Humming her mum's sweet lullaby;
The innocent childhood is safely,
In the cozy hands of Mother Tree!

Yeah, it's poor Nirbhaya, □
On the flowery swing in sruti laya,
When evil men out her bowels from her kaya,
The gentle woods embraced in Abhaya!

Hark! Isn't it the victim of mad love,
Sri Laxmi in the hot blood pool,
That bathes merrily with a radiant smile,
In the fragrant flowery pool?

Yet, countless bangles once on the earth bed
Thrown and crushed and smashed and shunned,
Rainbow bangles where mercilessly boiled
And burnt in the furnace wild. □

I stood in wonder with open mouth
Lost in hilarious ringling sound
On the earth, forbidden maidens
All, now, the dearly princesses of the woods!

Every where glam and glee Every nook terror-free!
Tickling tingling bangle tunes
Danced around my body grounds.

□

What land is this with such angelic fair?
On earth or in heaven or in water or air?
A sudden exclaim of my lips
That made halt all the bliss! □

The fummy scornful fear-struck gush
From the angelic maidens' blush
At the very unpleasant guest
With no treat of usual host!

Why thou stept on our merry garden
To flee us from here too, as thy evil den?
When the species of speech pierced us through
The speechless woods lulled and cured us, true!

Prethee! Off thy foul face far beyond the scene
For we swear to never make the sin of 'born to men'!

Sasikala Kamandula

The Eee

Efficient Elegant Energetic
That's EEE!

Empowering Education to Excellence,
That's EEE!

Endurance Everfresh Enchanting,
That's EEE!

E-Quality Equality Entity,
that's EEE!

Evilfree Egofree Exemplary
That's EEE!

Are you an EEE?
Check and make yourself an EEE! !

Sasikala Kamandula

The Gracious Dignity

She!

She is the lady of love and kind
That makes the people with a sight bind;
Flowers bloom when she laughs
And spread their odor where she strolls.
Sky stops thunder in great wonder and
Smiles at the Lady in rainbow hues;
Flowing stream washes her feet
While tingling anklets bathe in treat,
Foamy clouds set her bed
When gentle breeze fans her to sleep;
Restless lightning help no pains,
Green with envy goes in crooks.
Moonlit night plays a silent song
While twinkling stars dance in bliss.
The entire world at her bosom;
The Nature views in surprise
That all his pages at her service!
She sits like a Queen with a smile on her lips.
The Gracious Dignity pays beauty tips;
Who's she and where's she
That charms the world with such enchanting trance?
Why, lo! She is, by name Aradhana,
She's alive in her brother's eyes;
And begs him not to wash her off in tears!

(In Loving Memory of Aradhana.)

Sasikala Kamandula

The Hunger Strike

The Nature got angry
At the man's absurdity,
Ingratitude and inhumanity
To His selfless voiceless cuties;
By pollution radiation
Hill – land – water; no variation,
No conservation but greedy consumption,
He led the drive Non-cooperation;
He launched the Operation hunger strike.
The trees got withered
The rivers got dried
The sky crashed and the earth cracked
But not a single dropp of water even it rained
No fall of fruit or food despite the fierce wind;
The mountains blew out
The Sun opened his eye
The Nature launched the Strike
And the man went Hunger!

Sasikala Kamandula

The Missing Identity

Floods and droughts
Cyclones, hurricanes and earthquakes
Violence corruption and disruptions
Accidents suicides exploitations
Bunds and strikes and pollutions and scams
No peace of mind and no peaceful life,
Not a piece on the earth free of fright;
No secure life- neither to men nor to mass,
An ordinary man's breathe out days!
Is God present? Then how does He run
The world so disastrous?
Where's the God and what's his game?

Flowers and fruit shower I fixed here
But the pour down of Guns and bullets
Is seen everywhere
Man stabs man and man eats man
No love no life no pure breath
No deity no piety no sanity
Instead everywhere insanity,
Devils and eagles and jackals and hawks
Roam about all over with blood thirst fierce;
Where is the Man, the Master Piece of Mine?

The Nature stood dumbfound at the Missing Identity!

Sasikala Kamandula

The Naughty Knight

'What doth thou search? '
Asked, causally, she, with curious cute wide open eyes.
'My heart, ' he said. 'I preserved it, here, with care,
But, alas, find it now, nowhere!
Hast thou not stolen it? '
Her eye-brows flickered like
 a baby-bird's wings, at the unexpected claim.
'There, it is, my heart, " he shouted.
'Hey, it is chopped, at thy eye-brows' flickers! '
She gave him a bewildered look of innocence.
'Stop, ' he screamed. 'For god's sake,
Look at me not, so wide that
My heart might blast at bloat as thou widen thy eyes! '
Quietly, then, she closed her eyes.
He begged, "Oh, my! Be merciful, thou La Belle Dame,
My heart is out of breath in your sealed eye-castle! '
'What dost thou want me to do? ' Said, she modest.
'Well, rest in my lap, and look into my eyes;
My heart will be safe, and I'll be thy Knight! '

Sasikala Kamandula

The Noblest Foe

I

Where art thou and where hath thou gone?
Drowse in the charm of a lady love's beauty of wine?
Locked up in a Vanity Fair's tight hug chains!
Or drown head to foot in the enchanting fairies' dale?
For god's sake, not caught in any witches' magic wand?
Might be, thou, lost the way for lost in my thoughts;
Here, you I await till the late late dawn.

II

The east wind teases the west wind tosses;
The sky rags with thunderous growls
And threatens with its lightning switch.
I try to reach the cute blossoms
But, look, they mock at me going high;
Come, wait not a while,
Down their pride by flowering my hair
The moonlit night scorches the heart;
Splashy wave shivers the mien.
The Nature, look, winks at me,
Poking fun with his all ready squad.
The silent sea echoes at my ears,
"Where doth doze thy Man of Love? "

III

Why the world I don't understand
Turns against the poor abandoned.
Alas! At the fact wails my heart
True to the grey hair wise men's part -
Trust not the men and trus' not the'r love,
The truest foes and the noblest shows!

Sasikala Kamandula

The Nose Stud

The Lady of the House
Demanded the bride a ring on her nose;
For it's a customary of that family,
The bride obeyed them humbly and happily.

With glowing stud on the nose,
The eyes full of sweet dreams
And the heart full of true love,
The innocent stepped into that grave.

The Lady's kins of thick blood
Pierced the bride that she bled
To feed their filthy false vanity,
Thus ruined mercilessly her Happy Residency!

The nose stud there made a big sore,
The bride, with patience, yet, she bore
When the hot string remade the hole
'cause it's a mark of her love-life's soul.

The heartless kins made a suite,
The groom entertained the scene in mute;
The bride, the silent victim left the choice in all,
How grand is his reward of subtle love shawl!

No passion no fashion no feast no move in her clock,
With dried eyes and heart, she stood as a living rock.

The nose stud betrayed its Mistress again,
So did the lady throw the bride in decline.
The life came to still but not her breath;
Isn't it better, ' she felt. 'I hug to death? '

Lo! See the trick of the lifeless stud,
Now it's screw buried in the skin graveyard!
Her parents were afraid that she might get tumor,
If it closed her nostril growing in bigger and bigger.

But, god's grace! The screw was out after some mon's,

With hard efforts and blood and wounds.
Ever you heard, citizen, such strange story of a stud,
That twisted and twirled the hearts and body so hard?

Ha! The dark days did end at last,
The stud now glowed forever with proud!
The oozing hearts
In flower shower bathed! !

Sasikala Kamandula

The Rose Speaketh

The rose speaks melodious
In her own dignified voice;
Hark! You, beloved my ladies and gentlemen,
The poor citizens of stress and strain,
Why run life with awful burden?
Take note of my notable quote
That adds colors and honey to thy might!

When hurdles launch you on a thorny land
And strike your head with a weary band
Fear not or wail not as a mom's tiny tot;
Not be panic or grunt or growl!
Be wise enough to turn the thorns
Into the slave-knights for your beauty boons
And give a proud laugh raising your head
Live a life to full bloom of pride
Zoom and boom to heart's content.
Be thyself as the proud Rosy get-up-and-go
With its head straight in grand rainbow show!
And what doth say my cute buddy spiral center spot?
That life goeth still... mysterious and cute,
So cute as a flow of honey with a pinch of tart!

Sasikala Kamandula

The Spelling Hell

"Today my ma'm told how to spell
The words though bigger and messy and fishy;
We really enjoyed the class very well
And learnt to power the spelling hell! "

My third grade tot declared with a yell
Tossing the bag and cap in swell
Springing on the chair at the dining table
He started explaining in practical.

He spotted my dairy and took it in his hand
'Ac-com-mo-da-tion' and 'at-ten-dance, '
We felt very happy at the boy's elegance;
And then he spelt -"phy-si-o-the-rapist'!

Sasikala Kamandula

The Water Drop

The miraculous water drop
Falling from the sky,
The romantic rain dropp
Dancing proudly on
The lower lip of a maiden,
The Divine water drop
As an elixir to the thirsty throat;
The dainty dropp for a hungry stomach;
The charming dew drop,
Shining on the morning leaves;
The kind water drop
Flowing into the fields,
The friendly tear drop
To soothe the wounded heart;
The holy dropp that washes our sins;
The Master water dropp
At the moral to tune stable
To the ups and downs of life
And for selfless service
To the co-species on the earth;
And lo, the Wild water drop
To flood and drought us
At our absurd misuse!

Sasikala Kamandula

Three Year Gap

There occurred a three year gap
In harmonious hilarious wedlock lap;
By the fickle subtle time's wrap
To the cute and fair love birdies' nap.

The lady's heart, oozing blood,
Lost its voice and zeal in the world;
'None is mine and nothing is cute,
That steals my heart and kills my mute.'

Last yet not the least, and, now you do arrive,
To fix the problem and start your drive;
By god, bless you, yet, for the word of 'toil',
But do you think it's possible, in all your while?

'by thunder, no worry, no bother! ' He said, all in smiles,
'I hold her hand for the life time miles;
I voice her heart to the melodious tunes
That rocks her life at my finger-tip boons! '

Sasikala Kamandula

Thus The Clothes Spake

The clothes spake bitterly biting the teeth
When I sit to wash my clothe of the day,
"You the men of all classes
Move in the world of smoke and filth;
Make us dusty and dirty and stains
Attach the oil and grease and cheese
But strike us hard against the rock
Drop us in machine and ready with fist
toss and boss and twirl and twist
Pause not to ponder a while over the thought
That you do wrong but we to suffer? !
The best species in the world,
You do all such best thus you proved! "
Feeling horror at that counter claims
Just ran I inside with the pail in my hands.

Sasikala Kamandula

To The Theatre With Lover

"Hey, Janny, here you are, "
Shouted he in excitement.
"Look what now I had for you, "`
She stretched her hand with a lovely smile.
"That's what charms me the thing in you, "
Her wide eyes responded with a hiding smile,
"Men fool maidens in flattery due";
He laughed at the charge did she sue.
"Well, close your eyes, then only the treat,
She fondly made a twist of her lips
At the condition that he laid
And shut her eyes half with playful cheat
"O, no, my love, its not right, "
He warned her with his fake anger,
"No bluff no fake and no more trick,
Be fair to the powerful Might! "
"Well, " she obeyed him as a child.
He placed the tickets in her graceful palm.
"Wow", she exclaimed with joy no bound.
"It's the time for my favorite show!
Let me dress in my bests of glow,
Chain and mien and shoes and scarf;
Line the brows and slim the nails
Chubby cheeks in rosy Pink
Matching valet and catching scent
All in fine and shine and vain.
Have just a nap and we'll out
To enjoy the show that all in length! ! "
She rushed into dressing room
As a swift deer with a gush up bloom.
"Take your own time, my sweet heart,
The show is only at eight at spot."
When the door was opened wide
By the Vanity Fair with charming glow,
The poor waiter could help no more
Which ran just a half hour to end the show.

Sasikala Kamandula

Wedcet

With a neat tuck and clean shaven face
He filed in the bride's house;
The bride sat coyish with all down looks.
His heart jumped in joy at the cute beauty's sight;
A lady in the accessories poured down the queries,
"Have you passed any WEDCET? Got rank card? "
The rattled guy passed on stupid looks;
"I passed the KGCET and School Entrance Tests
And many more challenge tests
And then passed my EMCET
Following Campus Interview Tests
Ultimately I passed the Satyam's Recruitment Test;
But never had I heard of such puzzling CET
Namely you utter so called WedCet, "
"You see, " the officer said with a grin.
"Those sets are all of professional life
And this is for your public life;
Register your name in the CMPL;
That expands as the 'College of Marriage and Personal Life;
Appear further CPT read as the 'College of Parent Training',
Get a better rank card, and you will get an interview call
And then you can begin your social life! "
The bewildered bridegroom wondered at the fact
That the '...CET' disease infested even the own life as well.

Sasikala Kamandula

Whole-Hearted Homage To The Hole-Hearted Boy!

Fourteen year handsome lad,
He was, the fondled only son to his mom and dad;
Tall and strong, his physique was envious
Decent and dignified, his gait was gracious
With cheerful countenance
He dwelled in our eyes.

When I made him stand for his off and ons
And also for his work not dones,
He stood in calm but made not a claim;
Alas! In ignorance, how cruel I'm!

The heartless fate burnt in green
Making his heart to have a hole within,
Seized him cruelly, from his mother's lap;
His hard struggle ended in endless sleep.

His face was quite, for his struggle was ended
His handsome charming gait, in earth got buried;
We stood aghast with tears in our eyes
But have always him in our sweet memories.

By name he is Kiriti,
With tender heart of morality;

I pay my whole-hearted homage
To that hole-hearted young age
Awaiting his arrival from the same womb,
To make up his full life bloom and zoom!

Sasikala Kamandula

Yes, I'M Proud!

Yes, I'm proud
For I'm being loved
Though my life
Is a walk on double-edge sharp knife.

Yes, I'm proud
For I'm a lady with a Lamp
Though I'm blind and clouded with gloom,
The people don't dash or lose the'r bloom.

Yes, I'm proud
For I'm a Queen of Smiles,
True, I'm blessed with two cute blossoms
That glow my dark phases of life always!

Yes, I'm proud
For I live in this miserable world,
Why, yes! It is beautiful and honey at heart!

Yes, I'm proud
For I am yet honored by the crowds;
Though I'm clad in rags of wounded life!

Yes, I'm proud
For I love to live and live to love
Though I'm constantly
Fried and ground!

Yes, I'm proud
For I possess the content abound
Though I'm worth of no penny pound;
What if I'm no wise and fairy
When my heart is Crowning Glory? !

Sasikala Kamandula

You Are The Source!

Ignite your ignorance;
Intelligence sparkles.

Bury your sorrows,
Happiness raises up.

Dump your laziness.
Industry gushes up.

Shake your drowsiness
Zeal rocks you up.

Crush down the failure at stepping
Success ladders you up.

Churn your skills
Mastery bubbles up.

Smile at the anger
Rainbow hues colour your life.

You're the source, you're the force;
You are the Master of your fate!

Sasikala Kamandula