



## 5 Poems by Dr. Rajamouly Katta

### TIME

How you stepped into this world is strange  
Your endless flow is bound up in mystery.  
Your galloping speed for incessant change  
Left imprints in ever living history.

The milestones mark your age on the milky way,  
It's race on wheels at a high pace  
A wayfarer's journey without stay,  
Yet, no trace of weariness on your face.

You manifest eroding powers in all circles  
Even pliant limbs and sharp mind grow decrepit  
The petal-soft countenance carves wrinkles.  
The sculpture in a quake breaks into many a bit.

You resemble a river in its ceaseless glide  
Your resolve is like the planets' orbit  
You look like an eternal traveler in his ride,  
And travel like the flash of light brightly lit.

Five senses, in strict governance of the mind,  
Fail to unravel and charter your powerful role  
Mysterious are your ways to humankind.  
Everything manifests under your iron control.

### Imagination

so sublime is imagination,  
it is one but all,  
an inextinguishable fountain,  
the profound mind,  
to govern the five senses:  
the eye to see the invisible,  
all majestic--tiny and soft of foetus  
as the mould of beauties in wombs,  
one in vision visible,  
the ear to hear the inaudible,  
the coo...coos of koels of paradise  
all to dance in grace audible  
the tongue to taste the ripe fruit  
on the stem the highest,  
the nose to smell the flower,  
bloomed in the farthest forest,  
the thrill of the breeze



resulted in hugs like that of the love  
descended from heaven.  
the blend of the past and the future  
in the present in time's stature,  
childhood spent all ions in seconds,  
manhood to come--all seen felt to fill  
the hearts rapt with utmost rapture,  
imagination is one with a series  
of musings like lightnings shone  
amid the dark blue clouds  
to host a feast at the core of hearts  
as the carnival of the senses  
for the cud to be chewed in pleasure.

**the seed, the mind to read**

the seed is one in vision,  
minute but majestic,  
tiny but mighty,  
microcosm but macrocosm,  
with the parts as the tree in mould:  
leaves, flowers and fruits,  
stupendous in stature we all salute  
it with the inborn knowledge,  
enormous like a learned scholar,  
it keeps its life safe and all intact  
with the blessings of mother soil,  
loves to lie at the plough share,  
lives to be fantastic and fair,  
when ploughed by the farmer in toil,  
lies safe like the foetus in the womb  
rises from the soil like the baby in smile  
to shine like the rays of the rising sun,  
grows to glow in life for life  
skywards, bearing all strife  
storms and gales with the goals,  
manifold in multitudes:  
sweetens by its flowers  
enlivens by its cool shade  
gladdens by its fruits,  
rendering selfless service  
while offering bliss  
with foresight in the preservation  
of seeds for the race perpetuation,  
the renewal of its glory  
as its tremendous traverse.



### **Tunes for Sonority**

one tune is, no doubt, sweet  
like the coo... coos of cuckoos  
but all tunes of songbirds melodious  
together prove and sound mellifluous,  
a plethora, the symphony in harmony  
that delight minds and hearts  
to present all kinds of arts  
they all from their thresholds,  
transport all to the farthest lands,  
where they find all paradisaical  
as all are sonorities musical,  
all varieties to echo beauties,  
the rarest heaven not just for ears  
like the rainbow in glitz and glory,  
the visual wonder to fascinate the eyes  
through the prism or water drops,  
like all flowers in full bloom  
to sweeten all with their fragrance,  
like the breeze to blow in grace  
to gladden all by its gentle touch,  
the tunes together are in vibrance  
for they are farfetched in heights  
for treasures of pleasures  
unopposed in far excellence,  
to make them available to the senses,  
the teary and dreary in all realms  
feel consoled and soothed  
for their calm, rapt celebrations,  
lulling them in the swing of bliss,  
that they never feel to miss.

### **Angels in Flights**

surely spectacular are their flights  
when they hover round the treasures  
the scene is worth shooting for delights  
in the hearts of onlookers.

poets are the lovers of their sight  
the common feature but lively in nature  
to arrest their attention to beauty in height  
stand awhile, stay longer in rapture.

with two angels deck the scene well  
one sits in leisure, sucks the other's treasure,  
revelling its sweetness to the core to excel  
offering by the other, the sport for pleasure.



the loveliest scene shines on poets' brow,  
one competing the other in beauty  
with their charms excelling the rainbow  
in nature's plenty, the exultant variety.

the poets alone imagine their true love  
for one is solely born for the other,  
an image far-fetched for lovers in love-trove,  
the union of a beloved and her lover.

two eyes are not enough to witness  
the two in togetherness to reflect verity.  
beauty of flower petals beyond guess,  
the glory and glitz of butterfly for gaiety.

they are the most loved ones of nature  
lovely to call them by their names  
the flower and the butterfly in stature,  
angels descended from heaven in claims.



**Dr. Rajamouly Katta**, M.A., M. Phil., Ph. D., Professor of English by profession and poet, short story writer, novelist, writer, critic and translator by predilection, has to his credit 64 books of all genres and 638 publications of poems, short stories, articles and translations published in journals, books and anthologies of high repute.

He has so far written 3672 poems (including 1512 haiku) and published them in 22 anthologies, 200 short stories in 9 anthologies, 9 novels 27 skits. Creative Craft of Dr. Rajamouly Katta: Sensibilities and Realities is a collection of articles on his works. As a poet, he has won several awards and prizes in Poetry Contests. He is the Editor-in-chief, Creative Crystal Publication, Dallas, America.

Email: [rajamoulykatta@gmail.com](mailto:rajamoulykatta@gmail.com)