



POET'S NOTE BOOK

The Arc of Blood

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రక్తం

THE ARC OF BLOOD

Seshendra Sharma

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* * *

*Seshendra Sharma better known as Seshendra
is a colossus of Modern Indian poetry.*

*His literature is a unique blend of the best of poetry and poetics.
Diversity and depth of his literary interests and his works
are perhaps hitherto unknown in Indian literature.*

*From poetry to poetics, from Mantra Sastra to Marxist Politics
his writings bear an unnerving print of his rare Genius.*

*His scholarship and command over Sanskrit, English and Telugu Lan-
guages has facilitated his emergence as a towering personality of com-
parative literature in the 20th Century World literature.*

*T.S.Eliot, Archibald MacLeish and Seshendra Sharma are trinity of world
poetry and Poetics.*

*His sense of dedication to the genre he chooses to express himself and
the determination to reach the depths of subject he undertakes to explore
place him in the galaxy of world poets / world intellectuals.*

సంస్మరణ

ప్రముఖ సాహితీవేత్త గుంటూరు శేషేంద్ర శర్మ (79) మే 30 రాత్రి మరణించారు. ఆయన 1927లో నెల్లూరులో తోటపల్లి గూడూరు గ్రామంలో జన్మించారు. ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్ ప్రభుత్వంలో డిప్యూటీ మునిసిపల్ కమీషనర్ గా పనిచేశారు. 'నా దేశం - నా ప్రజలు' 'శేషజ్యోత్స్న', 'రక్తః', 'గొరిల్లా', 'ఆధునిక మహాభారతం', 'జనవంశం', 'రుతుఘోష', 'మండేసూర్యుడు', 'స్వర్ణహంస', 'రామాయణ రహస్యాలు' వంటి రచనలు చేశారు. 'కవిసేన మేనిఫెస్టో' ఆయన సుప్రసిద్ధ రచన. ఆయన సాహిత్యకృషికి కేంద్ర సాహిత్య అకాడమీ అవార్డు లభించింది. 1994లో తెలుగు విశ్వవిద్యాలయం ఆయనకు డాక్టరేట్ ప్రదానం చేసింది. కవిత్వం, సాహిత్య విమర్శ ఇతర వచన రచనలన్నీ కలిపి 40కి పైగా పుస్తకాలు వచ్చాయి.

ధన్ రాజ్ గిరి సాహచర్యంతో రాణివాసానికి వెళ్ళి సాహిత్య సామ్రాట్ గా మారినట్లు కనిపించినా, ఆయన చివరి దాకా ఎస్టాబ్లిష్ మెంట్ కు దూరంగానే ఉన్నారు. ఉద్యోగం తొలిరోజుల్లో శ్రీకాకుళం జిల్లా ఉద్యోగ సంఘాన్ని ఐ.వి. సాంబశివరావుతో కలిసి నిర్మాణం చేసి కమ్యూనిస్టుగా ముద్రపడి ఆయనను నిర్బంధ పదవీ విరమణకు గురిచేసింది. 1955 ఆంధ్రా ఉప ఎన్నికల్లో కమ్యూనిస్టు పార్టీ వైపు నిలబడిన శ్రీశ్రీ దాదాపు మతిస్థిమితం కోల్పోయినప్పుడు ఆయనకు అండగా కవిత రాసి ఓటమి తాత్కాలికమే అని ప్రోత్సహించిన కవి శేషేంద్ర. ఇంక 1991 నుంచి గల్ఫ్ యుద్ధాన్ని ఖండిస్తూ అమెరికా సామ్రాజ్యవాదాన్ని స్థిరంగా వ్యతిరేకించిన శేషేంద్ర 'నీతులు చెప్పే అమెరికా - ఇదీ నీ చరిత్ర' అని వ్యాస సంపుటి వలువరించారు. ఆయన మరణానికి 'వీక్షణం' తన ప్రగాఢ సంతాపాన్ని వ్యక్తం చేస్తోంది.

వీక్షణం

రాజకీయార్థిక, సామాజిక మాసపత్రిక
జూలై 2007

శేషేంద్ర రచనలు

కవిత :

1. ఆధునిక మహాభారతం (నా దేశం - నా ప్రజలు, మండే సూర్యుడు, గొరిల్లా, అరుస్తున్న ఆద్యీ, సముద్రం నా పేరు, నీరైపారిపోయింది, శేషజ్యోత్స్న)
2. జనవంశమ్ (ఋతుఘోష, పక్షులు, చంపూ వినోదిని, తదనంతర వచన గేయ పద్యకవితలు)
3. సారాబు (పద్యకావ్యం)
4. వచ్చింది ఓట్ల ఋతువు (కవిత)

సృజనాత్మక వచన కృతులు :

1. మబ్బుల్లో దర్పార్ (హాస్యనాటిక)
2. విహ్వల (కథలు)

విమర్శ :

1. రక్త రేఖ (డైరీ)
2. కాలరేఖ (తులనాత్మక సాహిత్య వ్యాసాలు)
3. కవిసేన మేనిఫెస్టో
4. షోడశి - రామాయణ రహస్యములు
5. స్వర్ణహంస (హర్షనైషధ కావ్య పరిశీలన)
6. సాహిత్య కౌముది (పూర్వాంధ్ర కవులపై విమర్శ)
7. నరుడు నక్షత్రాలు (వ్యాసాలు)
8. విశ్వవివేచన (సైన్సు వ్యాసాలు)
9. ఊహలో..... (వ్యాసాలు)
10. ఎంతకాలం ఈ ఎండమావులు? (పత్రికా వ్యాసాలు 1995)
11. సాహిత్యదర్శిని (లేఖలు, ఇంటర్వ్యూలు, వ్యాసాలు 1995)

రక్తరేఖ

(January 1952 - August 1974)

I dream of living in a house where almost the forest comes into our premises and the birds keep carrying the messages of trees and Winds.

In this sanctified moment of meditation I am stringing together all those eternal voices that punctuate the history of mankind singing the glories of love.

Reading ancient poetry is like enjoying the light of stars, that died millions of light years ago.

The bird is the voice of the tree and the flowers its dreams.

జీవితంలో మనిషికి సుఖాలకంటే దుఃఖాలే దొరుకుతాయి. ఆ దొరికిన సుఖాలు రాత్రి నక్షత్రాల్లా పగలు పోతాయి. సుఖాల వలలో చిక్కినవాడు విధి తినే చేప; కన్నీటి బిందువులు ద్రాక్ష పళ్ళుగా తోచే వాడికి, విధి చంటిపాప. చివరకు సుఖాలు కాదు మిగిలేది; ఆ మిగిలేదేదో అదే నీకు జీవనసత్యాన్ని చూపిస్తుంది.

అందుకనే మనిషిని కన్నీళ్ళతో చేశాడు దేవుడు.

నడవడానికి దారితోడు. కాళ్ళరక్తం తాగుతోంది, దారి. కానీ నడుస్తున్నా. చీకట్లు చీల్చుకుంటూ పోతున్నా ఉషస్సును కలుద్దామనే ఆశతో.

నేను రక్తనాళాల్లో కవితని ప్రవహింప జేద్దామని ఆశిస్తుంటే, భగవంతుడు విషాన్ని ప్రవహింపజేస్తున్నాడు.

చిత్రలేఖనం సులువు. వాడు కుంచె రంగుల్లో ముంచుతాడు. కవి గుండె బాధల్లో ముంచాలి- బోదెలేయర్ మధువయి నాగొంతులోనించి దొర్లి రక్తనాళాల్లో ప్రవహిస్తున్నాడు సఖశిఖ పర్యంతమూ. అందరు మహాకవులూ ద్రాక్ష గుత్తులు, వాళ్ళను పిండి తీసిన మధుసారం, తాగి, జీవించే క్షణాలు కొన్ని కలిపితే- అవి నేను. కనుకనే వాళ్ళు జీవించిన క్షణాల్ని చెప్పేవాక్యం మనసు కొస్తుంది, ఏ పువ్వునో, ఏ సెలనో, ఏ కన్నీటి అలనో చూచినప్పుడు. అప్పుడు నేనెక్కడ ఉన్నా ఏ ఆనంద

శిఖరాల నఖరాంకురాలు సోకుతున్నా, నాలో వాళ్లు జీవించిన క్షణం జీవిస్తుంది. ఆక్రోశిస్తుంది, ఎలుగెత్తి పిలుస్తుంది. “రమ్యాణి వీక్ష్య మధురాంశ్చ నిశమ్య శబ్దాన్, పర్యుత్సకో భవతి యత్సుఖితోపి జంతు:”

ఆ పాట వినబడుతూ ఉంటుంది. హృదయాన్ని తియ్యటి బాధలతో కలత పెడుతూ ఉంటుంది. కానీ ఆ పక్షి ఎక్కడ ఉందో ఎంత వెతికినా కనిపించదు; తోటంతా గాలించాను.:

On the stone of life I was sitting and brooding, silence was weaving feelings of a pathetic mind into poems unborn..... I heard murmuring foot-steps of the song on the dead foliage of my past while the shadows of coming night crawled towards me.

In the adventure of thought all men are lonely.

With each disappointment and each deep wound, death becomes more and more familiar.

Modern age should pool together the world's material and intellectual resources which will in turn break the barriers that separate mankind, help self assessment and self criticism among individual countries and quicken the individual and the universal progress and finally unfold the meaning and purpose of man's story on earth.

The shadow of the vulture of time, hovers on the valleys of life.

Since the requirements of modern poetry include in the new context, Communication with different people of different languages, cultures and religions, 'mythological references may have to be avoided in poetry as they tend to localise its appeal and restrict its universal communication.

Idiom which is considered by the pedantic scholars as the life—breath of a language is today the enemy of modernity because

Play, Short Story, Novel

The spirit of the poet's vision which dawned on the 20th century horizons has begun to pervade all over the literature of the century. Transcending the frontiers of poetry, it has affected the short story, the play and the novel. In the wake of this new impact these three forms of literature have acquired a new technique and a new meaning. The direct result is the emergence of one-act-plays, and stories with crisp little forms pressed in a technique and directed to one point of focus, though novel with its unwieldy caricature and its characteristic wider canvas of operation is still smarting under the new forces.

In the past when Guy de Maupassant and Gustav Flaubert wielded their pen, the behaviour of a short story was pointless though the great minds scattered lightnings of truth in their pages. But when it reached that Russian giant Leo Tolstoy the story had undergone a drastic metamorphosis. Instead of the incidents it was the spirit that received the focus under Tolstoy's pen; and the story in his influence has acquired -a new vigour and technique. The purpose of art rose like a sun tearing the horizons of human intellect. One finds this new turn more pronounced in the unique mind of O' Henry. Under O' Henry each truth of life had a poignant tale to tell and every story was a gem of everlasting value. 'His Gift of magi' 'The Cop and Anthem', 'The Green Leaf' are a few of the hundreds of his stories which boom like a pageantry in the grand reverie of an intellectual mind. The remarkable point here is that the short story in the new era has become short in the real sense of the term and acquired a specific technique and a specific purpose.

Similarly plays which were hitherto merely a conglomeration of incidents tied together by the three unities of Aristotle moving on

the stage like a loose gathering of players aimlessly, appealing only to the gross instincts of human mind rather than to its supra-sensory level, have all disappeared giving birth to the one-act play.

The costume, the fanfare of human passions and emotions and the violence of life had to molest the attention of the straying human mind in the past. With the mind in the new century shifting its base from the biological to the logical, all the devices of the old drama which worked well on the stage in the past have lost their power now. Today's mind wants the subtle voice of the stage; it wants to know what is it? The question is echoed back and the art does not suggest a solution. Modern mind sandwiched between two questions is crushed to the essence of realisation and this is how art functions today. One should only read to realise what I say, 'Hello Out There' of William Saroyan, 'A Wagon Full of Cotton' of Tennessee Williams 'Doll's House' of Ibsen.

In these plays and stories one finds all their characteristics in common with each other, The short story when broken up into dialogues will become a one-act-play, and a one-act-play, when the dialogues transmuted into narration, becomes short story. The result is that in the west, the line between the short story and one—act—play has virtually vanished. In these two spheres of literary work in the past it was many incidents but now it is only one incident which is strictly relevant in the context. In the past it was gross incident but today it is the essence of the incident. So they moved from the plot to the point. Consequently whereas in the past the story and the play projected character or characters other than the author, today the story and the play project only the vision of the author. The literature today has reached a stage in its intellectual journey when it ceases to

ఒక శబ్దం చెవిలో పడింది. ఆగు, చెప్పతాను-కన్నీళ్ళు ఆపుకోనీ.....
ఆపుకోవద్దు, అవే మనిషిని మనిషి చేసే పదార్థాలు.

Africa has many Gandhi's whereas India had one. All their leaders are from the ranks of their intellectuals, martyrs, Poets and Writers. The martyrdom of Patrice Lumumba is the shining star in the firmament of Sacrifice. All their leaders suffered brutal treatment and incarceration at the hands of their foreign rulers, dedicated their lives for the emancipation of their people, identifying themselves with the oneness of mankind. That is why there is forgiveness in them. Here is the note from Senghor's poem: "Lord the mirror of my eyes clouds over and there is the serpent of hate raising his head in my heart, the serpent whom I had believed dead... Kill it, O lord, for I must continue on my way and I want to pray particularly for France.... Oh ! I know she is also part of Europe, that she has stolen my children as a robber from the north takes cattle, to enrich her lands with sugar cane and cotton, for the Negro's sweat is manure; that she also brought death and the cannon into my blue villages; that she set my people one against the other like dogs fighting over a bone; that she treated resistance as banditry, and spat on the heads that dreamt of greatness; Yes lord, forgive France who preaches the straight path but takes the crooked one herself;... and of my Mesopotamia, of my Congo, they have made a great cemetery beneath the white sun.

"Jomo Kenyatta is a great name to know. He is an intellectual with boundless ability for powerful expression in language and action: From his own experience he says, "Politics is an arena with formidable pitfalls for the man of ideals. Yet without the driving force of some idealism, the politician is a sterile man." Kenyatta is truly the son of

his soil. He says ``In a life of close association with the soil of Kenya, I have found joy and humility in the seasonal Rhythms both of plant and of animal life and in the crafts of careful husbandry.”

There are many common features in the two personalities of Kenyatta and Gandhi, the father of our nation. Kenyatta says, “I go into the farms or into the homes of the people, not as Royalty bestowing condescension, but unaffectedly, understanding and sharing the tempo and tribulations of their lives. I have never grown away from the people and at massive public rallies we meet on common ground as fellowmen. They know me best as I have always been; as one of them.” He expressed his robust faith in democracy saying, “No man has ever devised Any wiser criterion for national direction of Public affairs than Government of the people, by the people, and for the people,” A relentless worker in the service of his people, is Kenyatta says, “I believe in the fullest utilization of each fleeting day. Of all the deadly sins, that of sloth seems to me the most contemptible, a flouting of all the very purpose of creation.”

How profound is his voice and how powerful is his expression! His statements come from the depths of his realized experience. “The proclamations of love, joy and generosity would have appeared naive, were they not concrete outcomes of a very real and barrowing experience, ‘Says Mazisi Kunene of South Africa.

యువకుడుగా ఉన్నప్పుడు వస్తువుల్ని తనవిగా చేసుకోవడంలో ఆనందం-
పిల్లలు కలిగిన తర్వాత అవి వాళ్ళకు అందజేయడంలో ఆనందం. ఇక్కడే ఉంది
సృష్టిలీల!

Africa my Africa :

Africa of Proud warriors in ancestral savannahs...

I have never known you

But your blood flows in my veins

Your beautiful black blood that irrigates the fields....

This is common to all the colonial peoples,, This process inevitably lays emphasis on the past, because it is a search for the distinct cultural characteristics of a people with reference to their customs, morals, literature, aspirations, achievements, and a whole range of dreams that floated in their minds for centuries which are in the ultimate analysis the whole set of values for which those people lived and died holding them to their heart. This emphasis on the past has been more dominant in the African people than in the others. The reason appears to be that in the other subject countries their histories were more apparent and liable, some how surviving the ravages of the foreign rule. So to create a consciousness of their identity was easier in their cases than in the case of Africans whose history had no clear contours various reasons, They were the most abused peoples of the World flung far and wide across the earth, used as slaves and beasts of burden. This had broken the coherence of their history and consequently the process of self-identification became a lot more difficult than in the case of their colonial brothers of Asia. Even Jews suffered dispersion over countries of the world but their history was rather well-knit. So their consciousness as a people, in whichever part of the world they were, was not vague and was not in need of reconstruction. (I wish that Africa Produces a comprehensive history of the African Peoples, as immediately as possible which will contribute immensely to their integration).

These are some of the causes, I think, for this special emphasis on the past in Africa, which is a very ancient past as revealed by the Indian Puranas. (I remember H. G. Wells mentioning that civilisation flowed from Africa into America in the ancient past). The African intellectuals in this period returned to their soil from the metropolitan towns of Europe, abandoned the European language and dress and chose their own native tongues and costumes as their medium of life and expression. In an outburst of feeling for the past of his country which was molested by the whiteman's hand — the hand “that whipped the slaves...the dusty hands that slapped you”, Leopold Senghor with his tremulous voice, sings,

“I must hide him in my veins, The Ancestor whose stormy hide is shot with lightning and thunder.... He is my faithful blood that demands fidelity Protecting my naked pride against My self and the scorn of luckier races.”

It is this extra emphasis of Africa on the past that directly clashes with the nucleus of Marxism which chiefly advocates wholesale destruction of whatever belongs to the old social order. Perhaps Marxism can be justified in this respect to some extent in regard to other continents. But in Africa it is difficult to find us notification, because the existing social order of Africa is not so much of an independent in the way of evolution of a communist society, as it is in other parts of the world.

ఉపనిషచ్చాస్త్రములు ఉన్నతాధికారులకే ఉపయోగించునవైయుండి అన్యులకు దుర్ధర్షములుగా ఉన్నవి. కనుక పురాణము లావిర్భవించినవి. జాగ్రత్తగా పరిశీలించినచో ఉపనిషత్తులందలి తత్త్వమును స్పష్టము చేయుటకే తంత్రములు పుట్టినట్లు తోచును. తంత్రములు ప్రతిపాదించిన సిద్ధాంతములు, దేవతలు, మంత్రములు ఇత్యాది

I want my wings

The greatest of the living beings is not man; but that which has wings, the bird. Man the pretender says he has the real wings, the imagination and flaunts his conquests of space on your face and asks - can your bird go to the moon? Venus or Mars?' The bird has no answer for such a question. The bird keeps going in search after the season and with the season, with the scent, colour and light of the seasons; keeps following the flower and the honey, the music of meandering streams, the dance of the peacocks and the gazelles. It has no use for the moon and its craggy surface full of glassy modules, It knows what it wants by the simple process of instinct unlike man who struts in his complex meshes of reasoning which keep on shifting values and concepts of life from man to man, country to country, and age to age with the result that man is eternally in the chains of untruth, which he calls relativetruth. Man cheats himself and his fellows by elevating his relative truths which are the products of his half knowledge and self-concept to the pedestals of history and a host of other high sounding levels over which he installs them as pillars of his civilisation.

He does not know what happiness is and what pleasure is; what honey is and what coca-cola is. Man does not search for that which fulfills him, which gets him peace within himself. But he drowns his misery and wretchedness in pleasure, he is a slave to a false support wasting his time between beer and whore in life's scorching heat, contented with the counterfeit faces of the rapacious Akademies and Universities, revelling in modern savagery of Governments, guilds, and caucusses now and then holding out a Mount Everest or a spaceship to delude you the unweary and the ignorant. He prescribes pills

End of Preview.

Rest of the book can be read @

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