



who ever she might be....

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1. for all the women

*She might be Khajabi
Or another Mariamma
Might be Kameshwari
Fixed in the frame of society
If it is a glass ball
Amid the steel spikes
Its no problem
If an ancient value Moves around a nail*

*Breaking the walls
Flouting the immorality
That seems as a moral
Achieving the self existence
Deciding its own liberty
Kicking all fungal purity with a left foot
As if fisting bravely on the face
If they start to live as they wish it's a crime.*

*A woman should not stay alone
She shouldn't be the boss of her desires
Should have a husband jail and a graveyard house,
Circles of rangoli's Lives of doormats
Should clean the vessels and wash the butts of children
Taking the kitchen as a heaven as a stoner under the
slippers
She should live as an ancient sacred woman
Every one talk about her*

*Poets, artists police organizations and situations
Men and women talk about her
Every one care for her*

But

*She should pay heed to them and
Stand in the limits drawn by them
In the copper tumbler of their aspirations
She should huddle to sit
May be a spoon, a copper tumbler or
Shaving the head or a veil
Whatever it might be a limit, a rule an order
Say jai to who break the limits rules and conditions
Jai to who mold their lives as they wish
Making the purooravas stand still
Keeping clothes and values a side
Jai to Urvasis who invited them naked
Jai to all the women who take the entire world behind
them
Holding the it with a tether*

2. Mother! My greetings to you

*Mother! My greetings to you
For you have given me the birth
For throwing me amid the knives after delivering
Mother let me fold my hands
For plucking my head and throwing it
Amid these stones.
Mother! My endless greetings to you
For not delivering me as a lifeless
For giving birth to me as a river
For delivering me as a forest
For making it a red bloody fertile center
Wet with the blood of the courageous
Mother my greetings to you
For giving me birth
And throwing me amid these people*

3. The Mother! Mother!

*Wells will form under the eyes
The wide spread eyes
Looking out from the face as buds
mud pots fallen into the well now?
The young face that glittered as a new beetle leaf
In the sunshine now became an unexpected worn-out leaf
Once upon a time all the seasons mingled together
Used to smile on her face
She knew only to sprout
Aromatic as a fertile land
Not only a seed, had it scared
Even if a finger may germinate
It's known what she was
From the vision of the mobs of blue clouds
Moving forth on the hills and from the gardens
The road that moved away under the feet
Or the water that slithered from the hands
With a kind of passionate enraptured delight
Used to jog as if climbing the heaven
The entire world as a wonder
Used to wander around her
Midday sunshine and moonlit nights
Used to Mix together to appear as a new brilliance
Spreading all over her, the valley
Thousands of garden infants smiled in her
The groups of pigeons at a temple or a Masjid*

*Used to move in her eyes
She was a metro city at 4'Oclock in the morning
Used to make strange noise everyday as a telephone wire
Running over the bank of a rivulet
All the mornings and all the evenings
She is the xylophone with sacred delight and
resplendency
What is left now?
A strange flower with out any fragrance or taste
From the center diverged to all side with many faces
A great revolting slogan left in traces on a wall
As a shade written years back on a wall
When watched through the mirror of a moving train
As An indistinct innocent outline of many villages
Slipping back and back
As if a ray that started from a star long back
With out reaching the earth
As if stood still on its way
Once a great nursery with an exquisite
Elegance of delicate saplings –a mother
That emerged as a cool water wind
Mother who enraptured
Now with only left out empty pitchers
As an empire of wide sand oceans
When the roof starts falling
The vacant eyes house where the doors, windows
Have been snatched away
Cut on both sides the extended road
She has everyone parents, relatives, husband and
children*

*With all of them she is a solitary left out woman of this
country transforming all my body into two hands*

Let me greet you mother

*Take the entire world into your hands and slap it my
mother*

*Let the whole male world visualize an ugly form of you-
let them*

She, the cause of everyone's life remains as she

The sacred servant

Fulfilling the needs of all, not belonging to any

*Who never knew the depth of mental and physical
struggles*

The thick complex and the greatest forest

End of Preview.

Rest of the book can be read @
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