

# Spring of Thoughts

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# Hail of Motherhood

I still cherish the rich memories  
My mother feeding with her  
Sweet warm affectionate hands  
They are the foot steps I climbed in my life  
Each morsal being a foundation stone  
No degree or doctorate to match  
Her abundant knowledge of science  
Her cajoling words still linger in my ears  
Evergreen in my memory  
She used to feed me the first morsal  
Garlic piece mixed in plain rice  
Appropriate medicine for appetite & digestion  
She narrates a story  
Fondily feeding me with  
A morsal of dall rice for physical fitness  
Adding fresh ghee  
For nourishment of mental capabilities  
She fed me bitterguard  
Making it taste sweet with her words  
Meant for ruining worms in bowels  
Leafy vegetable sambar  
Feeding with juicy freshners  
Best for purification of blood  
Chopped citras slice for taste  
Feeding with care  
Improving immunity against diseases  
Sweetie curd rice  
With sweetish tell tales  
The best for nourishment of bones  
Mixing banana for nutritive values  
When I resisted with full stomach  
She fed me the left over cream of curds

In the dinner plate  
With her pampering words  
“The last morsal contain the eternal nector”  
She cleansed my mouth  
With warm water  
Wiped with her upper saree ends  
More soothing than a mukhmal cloth  
She could add nector  
To the fighting forces of all six tastes  
It is the ram of motherliness  
Combined with her sweet heart  
Mother is incornation of God  
Sent to Earth as his representative  
My heart bow before her  
Present these words of poetry  
Drawn from my heart  
She is the personification of  
**Pure Love**



# My Favorite God

When I reach you uttering  
Nadha! Sai Nadha!  
You embrace me with affection  
“Don’t fear - I am here” with assurance  
A place in your heart  
More precious than gold  
You showed the path to salvation  
Requesting for alms  
You protected the frog  
From the clutches of Snake  
Who are enemies from previous births  
You gave salvation to a tiger  
Who came near your divine feet  
You lit the lamps in the mosque  
With water gargled from your mouth  
Teached a lesson to the merchants  
Refused to spare oil for lighting lamps  
You brought Ganga Yamuna  
To your lotus feet  
Made Dasaganu to take a dip in it  
Made him write Devotional prayer on you  
You are the pure form of Agni (Fire)  
Burn our sins in Dhuni  
The mosque was transformed as Dwaraka  
Brought Hindu Muslim unity  
You abolished Hindu Muslim enimity  
Always it is wealth  
To wear your vibhuti  
Uttering of your name  
Is end for all ailments  
Sai! Sraddha Saburi  
Are ways to reach you  
Baba! your way of life  
Path to attain Salvation

**End of Preview.**

**Rest of the book can be read @**  
**<http://kinige.com/book/Spring+Of+Thoughts>**

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