Telugu Poetry – A 100 Poem Project

May then future generations that have an inkling of Telugu tongue may be blessed to squeeze a bit of honey from lines like these.

You don’t have to prescribe beauty; you just have to put it on display.

*To Mom and Dad*

Status

3/1/2024 – Early Working Draft

20-30/100

Full draft list at:

<https://github.com/SatyaKomatineni/articles-repo/tree/master/teluugu-poetry-100-poems>

[Tracking: 11/1/23 – 7/21/23]

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# Rubbed Gold

From the polishing stone,

Like an emerging Golden figure she shone,

As she dabbed longly her body's wet shower sheen,

With a dabbing robe, whose patina, of the Moon.

క. నునుఱాత మెఱుఁగు వెట్టిన

కనక ప్రతిమయునుబోలెఁ గన్నియ యొప్పెన్

దను వగు తడియొత్తు మణుం

గున నొయ్యన మేనితడి యిగుర్పఁగ నొత్తన్

## My favorite words first:

నొయ్యన: A form of ఒయ్యన, as in వయ్యారి, main meaning being deliberately, slowly, and likely hence beautifully.

యిగుర్పఁగ: as in ఇగర్చడం, as in అన్నం ఇగిరిందా?, like when one cooks rice and all the water evaporates, that is what one asks if the rice is prepared. In other words has "all the water gone out, or has something become dry"

## Now the rest

నునుఱాత: A combination of two words. The first one means "smooth, polished" the second one means the "rock" that is hence used for such polishing

మెఱుఁగు: Shine

వెట్టిన : To place on

కనక ప్రతిమయునుబోలెఁ: A golden statue, figure, figurine, sculpted figure

గన్నియ యొప్పెన్ : This young woman is shining

దను వగు: Fine, thin, delicate, refined

తడియొత్తు: One that dabs the wetness

మణుంగున: The clean white untarnished cloth that is used to dry after showers

నొయ్యన: slowly, lengthily, longly, beautifully

మేనితడి: Body's wetness, water

యిగుర్పఁగ నొత్తన్: To dab to dry the ski

# Likeness

True image of Moon only her visage,

The hare marked that vists the night sky only an epithet!

The Elemental Cupids bow her brow,

The flower (bow) only in its like.

తే. తరుణి వదనంబు సాక్షా త్సుధాకరుండు,

లలి నభంబు శశాంకుండు లాక్షణికుఁడు,

ముఖ్య మగు కామ చాపంబు ముదిత బొమలు,

పువ్వు గుణమాత్ర వృత్తి సద్బుద్ధిఁ దలఁప

## Meanings

తరుణి వదనంబు: Her face

సాక్షా త్సుధాకరుండు: The true Moon

లలి: Bright, vikaasamu (\*)

నభంబు: The sky (belonging to)

శశాంకుండు: The Moon. Specifically one who has the mark of a hare (on its surface)

లాక్షణికుఁడు: (Not true) but a (poor) symbol, character

ముఖ్యమగు: The original

కామ: Cupid's

చాపంబు: Bow

ముదిత బొమలు: Are her eye brows

పువ్వు: The flower (bow)

గుణమాత్ర వృత్తి: Merely a vocatioal symbol

సద్బుద్ధిఁ దలఁప: By wise thought (when considered)

# Sycamore

We fear turning the leaf and be old.

In this late winter in the south,

I see a Sycamore golden yellow and sparse.

It looks marvelous, gently wrinkled.

# Handicap

On the far flung

Hamlets of the Empire,

You narrate,

I lived bereft!

My recall--

All my dreams

Of all the worlds,

Night by Night,

Were made by looking at the Starry sky.

Lately though,

I don’t recall when was last,

I saw a star!

# Golden Pots

Golden pots, filled with Sandalwood water,

That are in the hands of the maidens,

Slighted by Damayanti’s breasts,

Then agreed to carry the lowly waters.

తే. గంధజల పూరితంబు లై కమలముఖుల

కరములం దున్న మణి హేమ కలశములకుఁ

జెలువ మగు భీమకన్య చన్నులకు నోడి

దాస్యమున నీళ్లు మోచు చందంబు గలిగె

## Meanings

గంధజల: Perfumed waters from Sandalwood

పూరితంబులై: filled with

కమలముఖుల: Maidens (For their fair faces are like lotus flowers)

కరములందున్న: those that are in their hands

మణి హేమ: Of Precious stone and Golden

కలశములకుఁ: (carrying) pots

జెలువ మగు: Much pretty

భీమకన్య: Daughter of the Bhima, Damayanti

చన్నులకు: Breasts

నోడి: Slighted, defeated

దాస్యమున: In slavelike fashion

నీళ్లు: (lowly mere) water

మోచు: to carry

చందంబు గలిగె: Now their means have come to

# Measure of A King’s Fortune

A Rose without its Scent,

Gardens lacking Cuckoo’s calls,

Reign of men, You, not in amorous graces of Damayanti,

Your fortune and glory, barren alike!

సౌరభము లేనియట్టి పుష్పంబువోలె,

గండుఁగోయిల వెలియైన కానవోలె,

నధిప దమయంతితోడి సఖ్యంబు లేని

నీదు సౌందర్య విభవంబు నిష్ఫలంబు

## Meanings

సౌరభము: fragrance

లేనియట్టి : One that lacks

పుష్పంబువోలె: such a flower

గండుఁగోయిల: The sonorous Cuckoo

వెలియైన: missing, or gone

కానవోలె, : woods

నధిప: king, elder

దమయంతితోడి: With Damayanti

సఖ్యంబు: fellowship లేని: without

నీదు : Your

సౌందర్య విభవంబు: Beautiful, Rich wealth, pomp, glory

నిష్ఫలంబు: fruitless

# Churned Sea, his Heart

Very Moon's Aphrodite, or a Diana,

Taruni, Oh, Princess of Vaidharbhi, how blessed!

Your hues, renditions, sense, and charm - celebrated -

Churned the Naishadha King like the Milky Sea

(\*Taruni - Youthful one, of age\*)

తరుణి, వైదర్భి నీ వెట్టి ధన్య వొక్కొ!

భావ హావ విలాస విభ్రమ నిరూఢిఁ

గౌముదీలక్ష్మి య ప్పాలకడలిఁ బోలె,

నదురఁ జేసితి నైషధునంతవాని

## Meanings

తరుణి: Young one of age

వైదర్భి: Pincess of Vidarbha, Damayanti

నీ వెట్టి ధన్య వొక్క: How blessed you are

భావ హావ విలాస విభ్రమ: Character, dalliance, style, beauty and grace

నిరూఢిఁ: With such famed, popular attributes (fame, fluency, skill)

గౌముదీ: moon light

లక్ష్మి: Godess Lakshmi (That was born in the churning of the Milky Sea)

య ప్పాలకడలిఁ బోలె: Like the milky sea

నదురఁ జేసితి నైషధునంతవాని!: That you shook him, "naishadha" king

# Back, Cupid’s Vicory Scroll

Strings of jasmines composed in her braid,

Reflecting like a garland of silver letters,

Golden Victory scroll of Cupid, one thought,

Rendered on Damayanti’s back!

ప్రతిఫలించు ప్రవేణికా భార రచిత

మల్లికలు రాజతాక్షర మాలికలుగ,

శంబ రారాతి విజయ శాసన సువర్ణ

పట్టికయుఁ బోలె నొప్పు నిప్పణఁతి వీఁపు.

## Meanings

ప్రతిఫలించు: Reflective

ప్రవేణికా: braid (of)

భార: full(y)

రచిత : adorned, composed

మల్లికలు : jasmines,

రాజతాక్షర: sliver letters మాలికలుగ: strands

శంబ రారాతి: (likely the enemy of Shiva, Cupid)

విజయ శాసన: The vicrory scroll

సువర్ణ : Golden

పట్టికయుఁ: list

బోలె నొప్పు: so is

నిప్పణఁతి : This womans

వీఁపు.: back

# Fall

Walk among the deciduous woods,

Conversations through held hands,

Melancholy heart prone to rest and longing for joy,

Friends, family,

Lovers if Love is not,

Every smile, every cheek, every limb,

Prime for adoration,

In its veil, fall has adorned the hearts.

# Persephones

Lands littered,

Streams littered and dumped in,

Endless line of mountains,

Lay unspoken,

Especially of the fossilized

Malice of men that surrounds them.

When the skies embrace them,

And spray rain in gorgeous procession,

Veiled Persephones in Hades!

# Jealousy Strain

The magnificent maple,

I sat under,

Stood in a meadow

That has no doors or walls.

Every wind that passed by,

It touched, it heard the tales

They carried.

It had conferences

With every season of every year.

“Would I have grown

So luxuriously

If I had held the winds

To whisper just my stories

Each of unchanging days?”

It seemed to ask my

Introverted, provincial, jealous heart.

# What do I see in your eyes?

What do I see in your eyes?

That they shine at me,

And all around,

As if they seek no more gifts,

That they move,

In a sea of unfettered freedom.

No wonder that you

Are amused at the stage that the world is told to be,

With all its frailties and flowerings.

# Sawgrass River

Night falls

Miraculously by the seashore.

The surveying Moon light says:

The silvery waters of the meandering sawgrass river,

Are the brightest.

# Manner of a Boon

Has it not been for all the times,

That it filled my young heart with inexplicable console,

Far more when I total for me, than joy and delight,

For I was always hesitant for such permission to myself,

I would have hated it - The falling rain -

For in whose shadow,

I was seen ripe for a bargain,

One too many times.

# Storm

I wish you too,

Once walked on a trail of rain,

The long lingering kind.

When long decades go by,

In a land where I have,

Not a moment of irresponsibility,

I hear the news, a storm is on the way.

Like a visitor from long past,

That I would be glad to see is coming,

A visitor to which I have not changed.

# Epoch of a Rose

You have travelled far and wide,

What did you find,

Of astonishing things?

Paintings, Sculptures, Palaces many I found,

That made my eye wander.

Of all things,

I have seen a Rose,

Of astonishing make!

I could not find

A brush that is thin enough

To draw its lips.

Its eyes blue moons,

Floating in a moonlit sea.

Its stem,

Dimensionless Euclidean line.

Its light,

Sharper than lightning on the run.

The Sun and the Moon,

Follow its each sway.

When I lost hope,

Why all my endless travels,

I am momentarily consoled,

Before again tomorrow,

Look at the ordinary.

# Brushing Teeth

The full Moon has climbed up high,

The night is deep, cool, and quiet.

Ill at ease,

My teeth press on my finger.

Flush of sweetness in my mouth!

That's how you were.

When I probed to find,

I had just brushed my teeth,

Before I lost myself watching the world

Fall asleep when beauty was just parting its drapes.

# Nelumbo Lucifera, the sacred lotus

It had been overcast for days.

In muddy waters,

A lotus bud, Nelumbo Lucifera, sat in despondence.

Its heart, in absence of light,

Lacked limb to brighten and smile.

Fickle unconcerned paramours,

The skies are,

Said the stem and the root,

If all else is mute,

To flower is your duty,

They also thought.

In darkened skies,

A lamp was lit on that night,

The glorious sacred lotus,

In muddy waters.

# Common ground

What is it that is called language?

If each language is translated,

What is the first translated to?

Is it a formed index,

To the collection of emotions?

Do emotions last,

If unnamed?

Or like a rain drop

On a summer day,

Not again to be found?

What I wonder,

In my silence,

And you in your soul,

To praise,

To want,

To be enamored -

Not in sight and unseen,

Lie the phantom, the common ground.

# Muck and Beauty

World is full of muck,

and unusual beauty.

Try not to marry one or the other.

wade through the lakebed,

to see the lily where it lives,

not in a glass jar, transplanted!

love someone, of course,

but not to the exclusion of others.

# Family:

I loved art,

I loved paintings,

Especially when they are stunningly sunny,

I mean by that intense.

I love the uninterrupted prairie,

I love lakes that don’t intimidate me,

Where we, both lake and I,

Get a measure of each.

Yet when I am by any of them by self,

I am not given permission,

I am not free,

My heart is pressed,

The glory of their sight, only mute!

In contrast, in your loved presence,

In your permission,

Not just my eyes but my heart,

Unfurls, and the lake, the art, the hill,

Now all leave me in unbound wonder.

You see me,

You give me freedom.