

POETRY

Dr. K.V. Raghupathi

...but it is not all that you make and exhibit

I

I do not know how to tell what it is
but I know how to live in it.
If you may call love
but it is not all that you make and exhibit.
I cannot count the ways
as you do
but I can feel it in the depths of my soul.
When the feeling is dead and gone,
the beauty of love ends its ideal grace.

II

It comes like a cloudless night sky
with brightened stars.
By the time you realize its immensity,
it goes off like a morning sky
with the raging sun
and falls into abysmal darkness
once again!
So fleecy and elusive
yet it creates tremors in the heart
and copious tears in the eyes.
If you may call love
but it is not all that you make and exhibit.

III

Billions and billions of words in all languages
on the paper and tongue
flowed like the perennial Nile.

Without it the world is absurd
blasted in darkness with no spring.
This is a word that you cannot understand so easily.
It is thicker than blood
and thinner than gossamer;
more frequent to fail than to succeed.
Once you fall
you are sucked into the black hole,
it burns you like a wildfire.
Once you fail
you are soaked in its ashes.
If you may call love
but it is not all that you make and exhibit.

IV

It isn't a universal virtue that
many religious heads parrot.
The more you talk about it,
the more you become foolish about yourself.
It is like a lone house on the hill
where you venture to stay
make soup out of your dreams
drink and sing songs
until the morning sunshine shatters.
If you may call love
but it is not all that you make and exhibit.

V

It is neither sweet nor bitter
neither cold nor warm
neither hard nor soft
but when it touches
it burns you in a fire.
Out of the season
it comes like a silent breeze
and ends in a violent wind
for no reason.
If you may call love
but it is not all that you make and exhibit.

VI

With it, nothing is harder
without it, nothing is softer;
About it, there isn't anything
that I would want to know

because it weighs the world
on its four letters
and crumbles on four letters
HATE.
If you may call love
but it is not all that you make and exhibit.

VII

I miss the world when you are beside me
I miss you when the world is before me
It is miserable even if once I don't fall in
I will have blemishes, I will carry scars.
I may be tarnished, tainted and decorated
with filth; yet if once I don't fall in
at least with my body...
that is where the romance begins in love's landscape.
If you may call love
but it is not all that you make and exhibit.

VIII

When you love the LOVE,
you mistake it for a woman,
you feel its warmth,
you hold it to your heart,
you think a thousand crimson roses
tickling your skin and you feel safe,
you float in a perfumed lake
and dream about castles.
Until you are free from all that you make and exhibit
you are never free to feel what it is!

About the Poet

A former academic, poet, short story writer, novelist, book reviewer, critic besides a staunch yoga practitioner K.V. Raghupathi (1957) holds Ph.D.in English Literature, has published thirteen poetry collections, two short story collections, two novels, eight critical/edited books besides five books on Yoga and numerous stimulating and thought-provoking articles in various international journals, both on line and print. His poetry collections include, *Desert Blooms* (1987), *Echoes Silent* (1988), *The Images of a Growing Dying City* (1989), *Small Reflections* (2000), *Voice of the Valley* (2003, 2014), *Wisdom of the Peepal Tree* (2003, 2014), *Samarpana* (2006), *Orphan and Other Poems* (2010), *Dispersed Symphonies* (2010), *Between Me and the Babe* (2015), *On and Beyond the Surface* (2018), *The Mountain is Calling...* (2019), and *Transition* (2022); two novels: *The Invalid* (2014) and *The Disappointed* (2015); two short story collections: *The Untouchable Piglet* (2017) and *A Gay and a Straight Woman* (2018). His poetry is rooted in the abundance of philosophy, nature, transcendentalism, imagery and social perspectives, and replete with similes, metaphors, personifications, apostrophe, irony, climax, anti-climax and full of rhetoric and symbols. More often he takes the readers on the spiritual exploration of radical philosophical thoughts which strongly speak through all the collections. He is a recipient of several awards for his creativity at national level that include Michael Madhusudan Dutt Award (Kolkata, 2000), H. D. Thoreau Writing Fellowship (Mysore, 2001), Best Chosen Poet for 2003 (Mumbai, 2003), Lifetime Achievement Award in Poetry (Chennai Poetry Circle, 2010), Rock Pebbles National Award for Creativity (Bhubaneswar, 2014), King Phrasal Arbind Chowdhury Award for Poetry (Parbhani, 2018), and a Citation of Brightest Honour, International Sufi Centre (2020), Panorama Golden Book Award (2022, World Capital Foundation) besides Lifetime Achievement Award in Yoga and Best Yogic Publication Award (Bengaluru, 2018). He lives in Tirupati, AP and he can be reached at Email: drkvraghupathi9@gmail.com