

The Creative Launcher

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Rama Rao's Poetry: Reflection of his Kinetic Observations

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Abstract

Dr. Rama Rao, a retired educationist, scholar, linguist and writer of fiction and biography, is a poet xenophanic, I maintain as I wrote earlier in a review of his second book of poems. *Looking Within and Beyond* is a volume of poems consisting of three Poetry collections: *Seeing God and Other Poems*, *For Our Grandchildren* and *Looking Within and Beyond*. It contains 102 poems. Besides introduction and acknowledgment there are seven articles and reviews of his books of poems. This seems to be the sum-mum bon-um of his published poetic creation. He is a wandering poet among the winding lanes of human life, creating poetry out of his observations riding on pun, irony, satire and humour.

Keywords- Humour, Demonocracy, Democracy, Freedom, Observation. Xenophanic

Dr. V.V.B. Rama Rao's poems are interesting read with different allusions and references to several sources, native and foreign, as they come out of his erudition and observation. Dr. Rama Rao, a retired educationist, scholar, linguist and writer of fiction and biography, is a poet xenophanic, I maintain as I wrote earlier in a review of his second book of poems. He is a wandering poet among the winding lanes of human life, creating poetry out of his observations riding on pun, irony, satire and humour. It is a volume consisting of three collections of poems: *Seeing God and Other Poems*, *For Our Grandchildren* and *Looking Within and Beyond*; totally 102 poems. Besides introduction and acknowledgment there are seven articles and reviews of his books of poems. This seems to be the sum-mum bon-um of his published poetic creation. Sources are actual; everyday observations, musings and experiences within. Expressions are the outcome of a poet's subjective thought process or his integral realization, whatever applies.

Rama Rao tells us plain things in a roundabout way though hitting the target straightway. I am afraid if his wit really touches the some targets who usually don't mind such light refreshing reminders by a poet, accustomed to big thunders as they are; old players rot in jails as the new ones pass their verdict on them without waiting for their turns but that too may come after their reign is over. See how nicely a simple proverb is used satirically in his poem. He explains who are the Peters and who are the Pals of the rich leaders; all parasites playing their roles at different corners across and under the table,

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Rob taxpayer Peters
Pay rich leader Pals
Creepers, crawlers, climbers
Over and under fences
Into assemblies and committees.
(Stop Press 26)

And find below a pure humour.
– Honks an “L” hung vehicle
I continue the walk
– Hands folded into the armpits for warmth.

(Winter Rain 27)

The walker poet ignores the honk knowing the capacity of the driver of such a vehicle.

Next poem is three pronged: The nymphets worship the Goddess of fertility while the cats are themselves masters of fecundity but the humans producing poems must be intuitive. He links cat and poet, creators in their own sphere. Though some poets loved and wrote on cats like T. S. Eliot and Sri Aurobindo, our poet confesses that he is not a cat lover. He simply mentions them to compare their activities with man the higher animal. Man elevates himself in his mind higher than the animal as it always happens.

A fresh kittenened mom gives suck to her brood
In the shadow of a high stone wall
– Did cats ever send up prayers for fecundity?
(Ars Poetica 31)

But writing poem is not kittening,
Penning poems is not kittening
There’s providence therein nonetheless
Menarche of Fancy cannot be induced
It has to be intuited – released –
Imagination – always extant and alive,
Needs a spur – call it divine – a spark –
An inspiration, a frenzy.
(Ars Poetica 31)

But finally the poet comes back to the biological process similar to the cats even while man produces poems.

Orgasmic feeling of satiety – whiteness of mind,
Or what you will.
Many times a day
(Ars Poetica 31)

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The observing and ruminating broody poet moves through the lanes and by lanes of life:
Many times a day

See I one down at heel in a tree's shade looking for a lift
Waiting, waiting, waiting –
Many times a day
See I my mother, unexpectedly, tired and wan
In a milling crowd on the street, eyes downcast
Treading slowly, a balancing act: a fall may spell ruin
Reaching the mill in time, a feat, a miracle, everyday
(Down-to-Earth 35)

Poet observes many busy bodies passing through the thoroughfare; a crook, a pundit, a man seeking a lift; waiting, a scooterist avoiding him and his own mother, going and coming. Finally he rejoices observing the innocence of God in children's faces. Many has so far observed this in small children as they are free from life's anxieties and complexities, as they are pure and unsuspecting. To Sri Aurobindo they seemed, "Sun eyed Children of the Dawn" (Savitri)

Many times a day
See I God attired in an array of colours, laughing loud
Carrying satchels, water bottles and food packs
With shining morning faces, with a spring in the step
Crossing the road cackling like merry geese, carelessly.
(Down-to-Earth 35)

Many times he observes them, sometimes voluntarily visiting them on their way,
I hasten to the school road in buoyant strides
To watch and energize my love
To seek His blessing in those smiles soft,
Wipe my mind's slate with a fresh swab of love
To see in kids' faces genuine joy and genuine Love!
(Seeing God 41)

But here is another type of observation,
Day breaks without dawn
Night falls without twilight or dusk
There the state is between sleep and torpor
That is the way patient lies
Not with a whimper, not even a sigh!
(Morbidity 52)

But here the patients are in a hospital or such place, actually sick and aren't able to seek the normal routine of the day and night. How does the poet know if they whimper within or sighs

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sometimes? And large numbers of ordinary office going folks and their fellow brethren aren't usually awake to the phenomenon of dawn. Many miss the twilight.

The poet advises his readers to "Live life King-size" and at last asks, "Would leaders ever stop thinking of doing good?" (King Size 74) The theme of the poem is "Easy is difficult, Difficult is easy". He means to say that it is difficult not to do anything so the politician by habit tries to do some good though they cannot clearly utter, "Good for whom?" They don't answer God."

In another poem after detailing carnal pleasure in a wintry night as if by a painter's deft stroke he proceeds to justify it in high philosophic terms theorizing and transforming the age old Indian philosophic wisdom into simplistic individual body pleasures.

Isn't the body a means for fulfillment ultimate?

And that a step towards bliss divine?

The condition of *advaita* is absolute oneness, unity.

Monism is the finality realized quite late

– Begins with kids hanging on to moms

Winter Blossoms 39

Twisting democracy he hails three types of humanity, not with cheers but jeers.

Three jeers for Demonocracy

One for fabulous promises of those in power

One for the money-spinning ruses of haves and

One from those, seething below the poverty line!

Three Jeers 71

And finally he tells us what he means by looking within,

A mask is not the face

We see masks, only masks

What is without is within

Look for the infant's face in the one you love:

Just look within!

Look Within 38

Rama Rao often twists. Democracy is changed to Demonocracy. By twisting titles of famous books he titles his poems like "Mid Summer Day's Dream" (Shakespeare's Mid Summer Night's Dream), "Beauty and the Feast" (Gabrielle-Suzanne Barbot de Villeneuve's Beauty and the Beast) and directly uses title of famous book with its English translation like "Quo Vadis-Whither Goest Thou" as title of his poem. As a grandfather and may be already great grandfather, the octogenarian is worried about the proper growth and well being of his progeny. So teaching ethics, morals and etiquette is normal for him when he particularly declares publicly his grand-fatherhood. Such poems and more are didactic. Knowledge and wisdom from such a

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figure is expected and they are scattered in his poems. But the poems, in general, dissipate tit bits of life through light hearted satire and humour for he is a proper jocose. Based on material thoughts and ideas his poems are simple and easy with crispy language, they entertain.

Work Cited

Rao, Dr. V. V. B. Rama. *Looking Within and Beyond*. New Delhi: Authorspress. 2017