

Self in Colorful Design

Dr. Ujjwala Kakarla*

Opulent existence designed
in colors of finery,
The light blue sky tinged with
crimson Ushas at the horizon,
Brown mountains with grey
crevices...
Soared into the reddened clouds
hung as pretty fairies,
Flowers sprouting in colors of rainbow,
Stitched as imitation pearls on cloak of
greenery,
Yellow leaves painted as brilliant
shade of the fall,
Dazzled my senses to recall colorful memoirs
of my life.

Dove white waves bouncing the
ocean floor,
The golden sunset warped in the twisted
glass of waves,
In totality, the tropical world, a kaleidoscope
blurred, spinning and brilliant,
Flew me to the inner castle of
colorful thoughts,
Some colored in bright, and some
dimmed,
Designing the sacred pattern of life
A replica of my own colorful self.

What's the Mission of Education?

Is evolution of education a revolution?
Is revolution an evolution?
The reformation designed a system
of insurance and not assurance,
Parentage in digitalization,
Constrain their little ones in corporate
prisons,
whether they want or not.

Early birds waiting in hubbub bus stops,
weighed down by their colossal bags,
spend long hours amid the four walls
in cram-full buildings,
To be trained in digits and widgets,
With little fun and open facilities.
Academics overshadowing their health,
Turn the kids sedentary attracting to
smart devices,
Promoting a culture of greed and pride to
exhibit.

This mission of education,
Pivoting around envy and fear,
Narrowly, stresses to compete and starve
for power,
Creating crowds of fidgeting zombies
underhand,
Alas, with no trace of nobility.
Is evolution of education a revolution?
Is revolution an evolution?

Unfathomed Self

These blind eyes gaze at the sunlight,
Yet do not see.

These deaf ears hearken to nature's melodies,
Yet do not hear.

These paralytic hands stretch out to cuddle the skies,
Yet do not touch.

These lame legs long to march towards untold destinies,
Yet do not walk.

This desperate heart pines for benevolence,
Yet do not hearten.

This dimming mind wish to pause its thoughts,
Yet do not quit.

While the unfathomed self never cries out for anything,
Yet it sparkles as pure as a ruby.

Fumes of Desire

As I sat in solitude,
The inner door locked
all my senses
I traced not either the seen
or the unseen,
There was neither the
darkness nor the brightness,
Felt thoroughly, a deep
voidness.

Unquestionably, I knew not,
Whether that emptiness exuded
from the heart or self!
But every moment in flow,

I could feel those fumes of
desire,
Burning into ashes buried
in the sky of self.

Author's Profile

Dr.Ujjwala Kakarla is by occupation a Professor of English, literally a Poet and Writer, poetic reviewer, by ideology a spiritual activist, by choice a passionate researcher in Aesthetics and Indo-Anglian Poetry. She authored four books - two anthologies of Poetry viz., *Lyrical Whispers of Self*, *Musical Marvels of Self*. Her book of research includes a comparative study of *Indian and Western Aesthetics in Sri Aurobindo's Criticism*. Her current book *Heart to Pen* is an anthology of anecdotes and parables published by **Partridge Publishing House, USA**, a partner of **Penguin Random House**. She has been one of the authors for the *Oops*, a book of short stories.

She has published numerous research papers widely in refereed research journals of national and international repute. She authored a few of her articles for *Infinithoughts*, a holistic magazine. Her poems have been published in *Tuck Magazine*, Socially conscious journal, UK, **Daath Voyage** and **Gnosis**, **UGC approved International Journals**. She is a recipient of **"Global Teacher Award"** conferred by **Alert Knowledge Services**.