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പ്രിയപ്പെട്ട ശ്രീ ശ്രീമതിമാർ,
'ശ്രീ ശ്രീമതി' എന്ന പരിഭാഷ
അട അം ചെയ്യുന്നു. എങ്ങനെയും
തിരുത്തൽ അല്ലെങ്കിൽ മൂലക്കുറിപ്പിൽ അ
റിയിക്കുക. പരിഭാഷ ഭേദിച്ച് മാറ്റി
അതോ അതുവഴിക്ക് ഭേദിക്കി
യാട്രിപ്പിറ്റേഷണ അക്കൗണ്ട് അട
ച്ചു കൊടുക്കാം.

ശ്രീ ശ്രീമതി ഭേദിച്ച്

സ്ഥാനം
T. K. Jayanthan

(1)

KRISHNA IS SLAIN!

("KRISHNA VADHAM" by Sri.N.V.KRISHNA WARRIOR)

After ~~wielding~~ sword and shield
Kansa ~~did~~ jump ^{ed} to the grand arena.
Tall, plump, white and fat
His body, the embodiment of healthiness,
Was covered from top to toe
By a heavy armour wrought in steel.
The edge of the sword
That he held in his outstretched hand
When touched, beheaded to fall
Atoms latent with high charged energy in battalions.
The glowing and the hottest
Outflow of blood therefrom burst down earth
Like hot and forceful gush
Of molten lava out from a smouldering volcano.
The shield that he held
And pushed to fore by his left hand
Was charged with unbridled power
Generated from a thousand Niagra falls.
Wherever he stamped firmly
With his jack-booted feet very large craters
Opened mouths that were caused
By thunderous explosions of tons of bombs.
Lightning flashed in eyes blue
On his face of snow-white hue,
Flood of violently lethal rays
To burndown anything coming to its sight.
Puffs of poisoned smoke, as if
From an aimed cannon, breathed out his nose.

Bottle, that filled with arrack
Distilled from fermented blood sucked from earth,
Was seen dangling sportively
From the band strewn with cartridges like garland.
The crown studded with sapphires,
The symbol of sovereignty over four continents,
People took it for a large
Steel helmet placed over his coppery head.
Aeroplanes and warships in thousands
And several fleets of armoured cars that rattled
While rolled on caterpillar wheels -
All these if would start
Moving together, the combined din terrifying,
Kamsa did create such worlds
Of sound in thousands by his boisterous shouts.
Striking noisily on arms and thighs
And shaking chest he stood in the arena defiantly.

With faltering and hesitant steps
There comes Baby Krishna on bare-foot.
His ribs were seen raised
From the gaunt and swarthy body.
The boy must not have
Seen milk and curd for years together.
But shepherd's staff and reed
Are seen still held by his enfeebled hands.
The boy's nakedness was increased
By the badly torn yellow loin cloth he wore.
A floral garland faded and shrivelled
Was hanging over his breast like a deadly curse.
Peacock feathers tied to his tuft
Had fallen down by the blow of hot wind.

Few husky hair-locks

On his

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Few husky hair-locks dangled
On his high forehead and broad shoulders -
On the very forehead that
Was kissed and shoulders embraced by milkmaids.
The boy stood shrunk, shivering,
Sweating and dazed at the sight of his adversary,
Like a bird in forest
Hypnotised to see the pair of eyes of a serpent.

Kamsa's rising fore arm suddenly
Knocks down the boy to robl on the ground.
A boot like a mechanised hammer
Is downing towards the tender head.
Krishna's head is bursting
Like a pressed egg is breaking.
A little blood, a little brain,
They mingle to soak the soil.

Kamsa's commanders like Channora
And Mustika shout hilariously in rapturous glee.
Gods shower 'parijata' flowers
Over the head of the victorious hero.
Heavenly girls sing, and rise,
The welcome symphony of ethereal instruments.
The melody of rattle of anklets
Of dancing 'apsaras' echoes throughout the world.
The holy sages, seekers of truth,
Are extolling him much aloud!

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The story that Krishna slayed
Kansa merely a poet's vision in a day dream.
But slaying of Krishna
By Kansa, a hard truth we witness everyday!

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(Translated from Malayalam by T.K.Jayanthan)

Coimbatore,

11/5/1987.