

DROPS OF JADE IN THE MOUNTAINS

Sonja Servomaa

Homage to Rabindranath Tagore

It was not until I saw Himalayas and beyond, some years back, that my poetic heart truly gathered force to let free the flow of feelings, concealed in reserve. These drops were then falling on my worn paper, and they started dancing in their own tune.

In many folds the Asian cultures gave me their inspiration. The form of Japanese haiku fitted the sighs of my heart's beating. Naturally came flowers, birds and plants to my verses, as they appear in ancient Chinese masters's poems. Graceful Indian music nourished my soul's longing. Beauty did I seek and Infinite in Love, as is the essence in arts and thoughts of great Asian sages.

Poetry is ever present in this abode of peace, created by Rabindranath Tagore, the Master Poet. May these drops be recited in deep homage to him, for he found the path to the creative soul of man and universe and urged us to build the harmony and unity which he saw and which we all dream of.

Visva Bharati, Santiniketan, 25 March 2001.

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Drops of Jade
in the Mountains



DROPS OF JADE IN THE MOUNTAINS

These poems
are meant as a present
to the one

who made me see
Beauty in its Light and
Love in its Force

whom I met
Like a breeze meets a rock
and a cloud a mountain slope

one spring morning
and who was gone
when the wind blew away
a lonely dry leaf
high on a frosty mountain path
one winter evening

Spring in Southern Mountains

Out from greyish clouds
Appears the Sun, warm and bright
Things emerge in spring

Mild wandering breeze
Over misty lotus ponds
Manjushree alive

Mountains in my front
More silhouettes in my back
Am I the valley?

Rocks near water falls
In distant mountain slopes
Wild purple orchids

Mountain tops shattered
Plum trees in fullest whitest bloom
Drums beating echoing

Sagarmatha? Name?
Stone or echo of the Music
Jade of eternal search

Sounding from the stones
Poems, verses of the air
Emptiness of Space

Empty Space? No!
Filled with gracious soft tunes
For rejoicing ears

Music from Above
Heavenly Sagarmatha
Transcending skies

Early morning haze
Golden Sun on lofty peaks
Twittering streamlets

Perfume is hidden
In a fragile plum blossom
Storm comes at night?

Ardently burning
Secretly and silently
A silkworm's heart

Resistless laughter
Recovered from oblivion
Lovely dew drops

Breathing sensed by eyes
Smiling touched by smelling ears
Unaccessible realms

Aurora, the dawn
Sun embracing fading Moon
Tears on lotus petals?

Cherry blossom day
Reverberating Beauty
Passionate wilderness

Wisterias of May
Sparkling springs and treasure wells
Songs of abundance

Tender air on stones
Radiating light on buds
Ravishing singing

Summer near Blue Lakes

Yellow-blue violets
Blooming on my window sills
Facing the Noble Sun

Lightest summer night
Mountain view boundlessly clear
Shadows invisible

Midsummer roses
Bloom in the mountain meadows
Gone? - when I reach them.

New bamboo groves
Freshness, greenness, tenderness
Jade I'm looking for

The enchanting smile
Reflecting on a still pond
Not engraved on jade?

Sighs, resonances
Wind and clouds as messengers
Through lordly pine trees

Grasses have grown high
Soft moss turned proud and spongy
Jade hardened long ago

Gracious evening light
With thousands of velvet rays
Heart has seven eyes

Rippling silverly lake
Reeds sway slow in the full Moon
Cuckoo still singing?

Raindrops and the heart
Rhythm of beating lame and same
Maestro's symphony

The long days are hot
The pillow case gets soaking wet
Dreaming dreamy dreams

Mountains of the mind
Mirages in the sky-line
Mysterious longing

In white sand and gravel
Useless to search for green jade
The Moon is laughing

In a Jade Bazaar
Heaps of carved ornaments
A fake bracelet broke

Strauss, Taras, ragas
Playing, replaying the tunes
Dew drops on jasmines

Yellowest of yellow
Flowering mustard terraces
Frogs leaping on banks

Autumn on Distant Shores

The Sun sets earlier
A chance to fly back to spring
The route hardly changed

Exhilaration
Seeing the presence of the voice
Eyes facing eyes
 Concerts, orchestras
 Exuberant melodies
 Your breath my music

White chrysanthemums
Wild geese loudly flocking
Offerings displaced

 Yellow in maple leaves
 Musicians returning home
 Clouded dusty roads

Golden Surya
Rays on an empty jewel box
No versed messages
Twisted long shadows

 Magpies on all low branches
 Sacred bells clinking
 Scribbles you say and scorn
 Adoration I intended
 Flowers cut by a sword

 The blade fiercely sharp
 My mangled fingers hurting
 No touching, no more

 No need for a sword
 To cut flowers in my hands
 They bloom but a while

Heard on the sea shore
Faint sounds of a mountain flute
Distant reminiscence

Mistake to overstay
Admiring the mighty view
Deceitful night wind

From the mountain top
All the paths go down the slopes
Back, ahead, aside

Red and wild maple trees
Coloring even ocean shores
Strong attachment

Divine Beauty stays
Appearing, disappearing
Carps in the pond

Repeated warnings
Life is but an illusion
No carrying away

Autumn harvesting

Deserted clean temple grounds
Awaiting blessings

Apricots ripen

Far on other mountain sides

Shrill-voiced chanties

Bare brownish plum trees

No sweet purple fruit to gather

Orchards unattended

Winter in Northern Plains

During my absence
Snow has fallen on garden stones
Cool, silent reception

Entangled by hoar-frost
Tall trees and twigs of all forms
Grips of freezing flakes

In a deep hollow gorge
Snow covers a lifeless leaf
Swift winter tempest

Hours' contemplation
Still, purifying snowdrifts
Jade hidden away

Beautiful for gazing
Wondrous white winter scene
Ice replacing life

Soundlessly, voiceless
Restless sparrows search for food
In frozen plains

In cold black water
Turtles, swans, lotus endure
Solemn detachment

Three fresh white hyacinths
Two red candles and carnations
Blood drops on snowballs
The darkest day by gone
Fires, pine trees, melted tins
New Year Divinations

Divine Love stays
Harmonizing, enlightening
The Sun and the Moon

Out of crashed pieces
Soon novel dreams unfolding
In Divine Design

Flute made of bamboo
Another one carved of jade
Blow or notes matter?

In southern mountains
Nightingales long for spring buds
Pecking drops of jade