

THE UNSEEN ROBBERY

POETRY + SKETCHES



SADA PANGA

THE UNSEEN ROBBERY

Sada Panga

ALUMNA

TSWRDC, Nizamabad.

SCHOOL OF
EMERGING WRITERS

We sincerely thank

Sri.D. RONALD ROSE

Secretary, TSWREIS

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The 100 A.M. Project

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Milestones of Mine

Consider these poems as milestones of mine which made me to discover myself. The lines in each poem represent deep seated emotions and opinions on things that have been influencing me. I am completely immersed in this sea of thought as I navigate towards the dawn. I began to weave my world with the threads of estranged words. This refilled a new zeal in me to read sentiments of the world. If we start expressing, we start discovering ourselves. I have many things to share, and you can find them all in this book. The encouraging words from Dr. K. Sandhya Deepthi made me to try my hand at English poetry and I am thankful to her for making all this possible. Happy reading.

Sada Panga

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Dr. K. Sandhya Deepthi

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Lingampally Venkatesh

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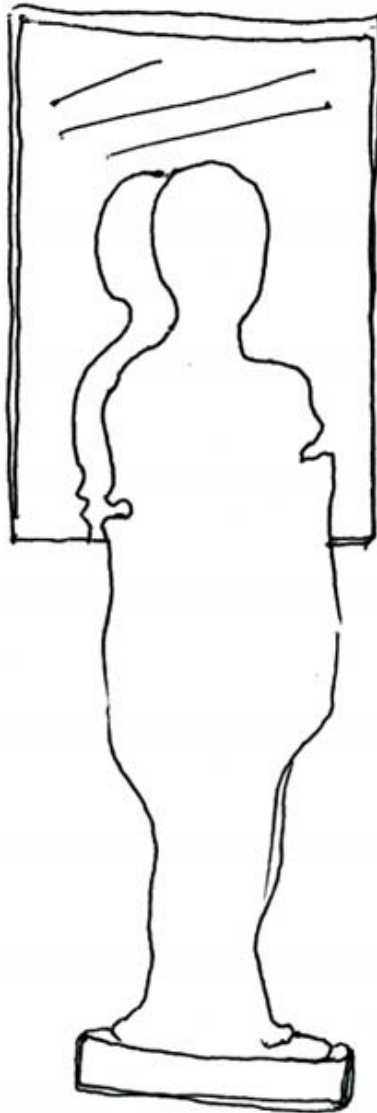
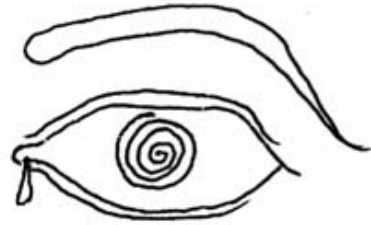
Offering my heartfelt thanks to the English Department, TSWRDC, Nizamabad for offering their unceasing support and inculcating literary spirit among students. My sincere thanks to Emmadishetty Gowthami, Graphic Designer, Nizamabad for patiently engaging in type setting and designing process and Alluri Krishna Prasad Garu, Paramount Publishers, Hyderabad for offering timely help with the allotment of ISBN's and also bringing out the printed version of the book. I also thank Lingampally Venkatesh for helping the poet improvise her ideas into wonderful sketches in the book. I specially thank Ms. K. Lavanya, Principal, TSWRDC, Nizamabad for her unflinching encouragement towards all the literary activities we undertake to help students discover their creative potential. I thank all my colleagues for extending their support towards all the reading and writing programmes at the college.

I thank the following esteemed officials at the Head Office, TSWREIS, Hyderabad for their warm support, effective feedback and direction at every phase of the book publishing process and making the journey smooth for our young and upcoming authors — Chandrakanth Reddy Sir for patiently listening to us and giving their valuable time and inputs which helped us immensely to kickstart the writing activities, Dr. A. Bhanuprasad, for proficiently guiding us in overcoming lags and to speed up the publishing process, Muhammed Hussain Garu, for taking interest and introducing me to one of the best artists, Lingaraju Sir. My cordial thanks to Mr. Varun Sharma for showing earnest enthusiasm towards understanding the intellectual and creative contexts of student community and Dr. Pavani Ayinampudi for continually sharing and reflecting through her own poetic journeys; reinforcing a worthwhile literary engagement. I owe my sincere thanks to Government of Telangana for supporting literary projects as these which remain a cornerstone of scholarly repertoire and exchange.

My deep gratitude goes to Sri. D. Ronald Rose, Secretary, TSWREIS, for his steadfast encouragement towards literary projects as we look forward to create an extensive creative expression among students — also for the smooth execution of 100 A.M. project and supporting School of Emerging Writers at TSWRDC, Nizamabad.

Dr. K. Sandhya Deepthi
Coordinator,
School of Emerging Writers
TSWRDC, Nizamabad

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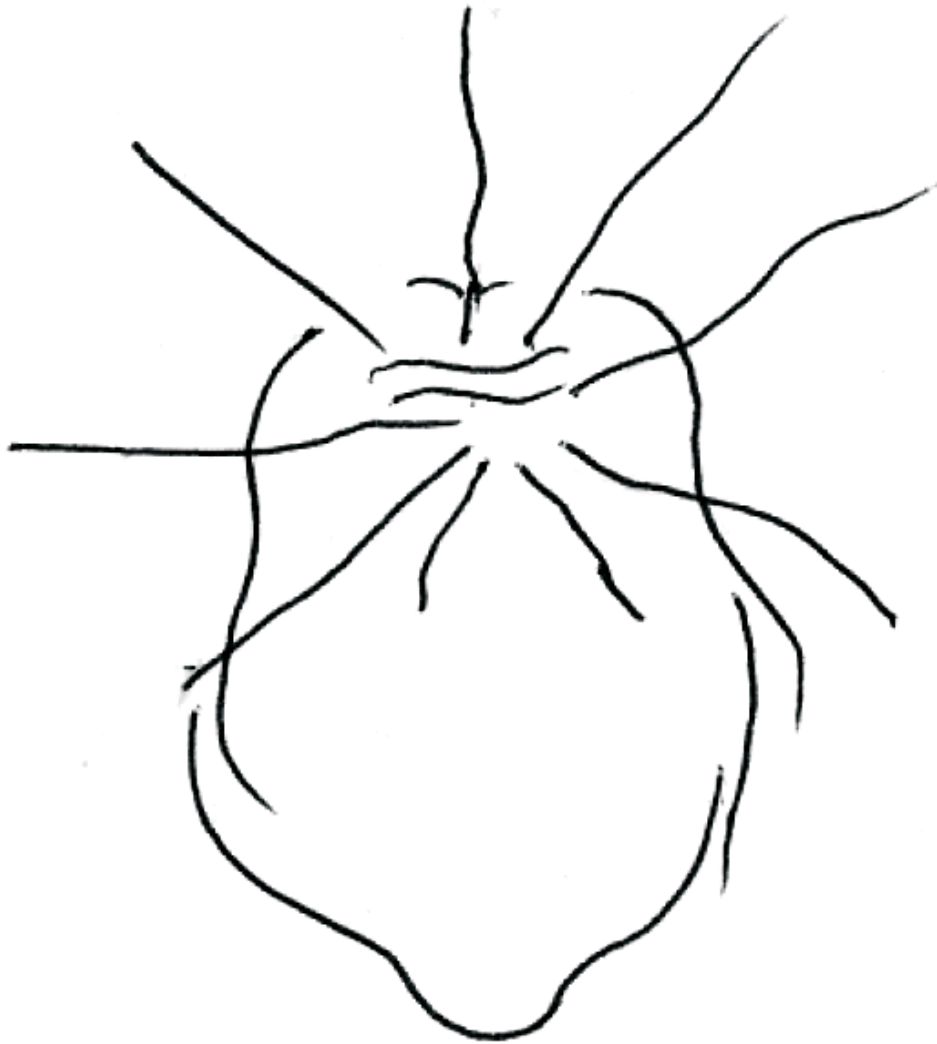


THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

I see into those eyes
that beg mercy on her,
I touch her breath
that plead me to save,
I taste the sweat of her
surfacing as a hidden struggle,
I witness her gestures
which show how sadly she mourns,
I take a look at her emotions
towards society, reflecting
the future in the mind's mirror,
I remained like an idol
immovable to save her,
finally we merged into one—
the one who welcomed 'me',
to experience the unkindness
as we hear our mother's cry.

Dear frightened innocence
your benevolent eyes cannot lie,
your pearly tears are lousy
longing for peace
in the nest of learning moments,
no illustrations within,
you may abandon revolts
rolling into extremism,
insects with insolence drilled
into your consolidation,
of course, they are gleeful,
overwhelming waters rush
against the sheepish things.
My dear terrified innocence—
bugging talks, petrified runs,
all... , all weaved with
probations and zero decibels,
but, receive my applause
as an urgent appeal to you.





THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

Nervous flames explained
the expired exaggeration,
a jolt to shake the mirth
in muted heart,
it's a drag to feigned eyes,
narration about nectar-less smiles
vaulted the gloomy spokes,
really, intimacy is roaming
in absolute flourishment,
my foot hired the restless hikes
made me a truant,
of course, it sprained the
wrinkled thoughts,
those bursted are still in mishaps,
savage stains magnify the
decomposed remembrances
in my impassioned past,
but, a vampire consumed the
images from memories,
now, lightening the loved smiles,
lonely lunches abstained luxury
in bewailing eyes by
nursing tyrants's tails and
boycotting the hunger chains,
exaggeration was expired.

Distorted minds arrived
as the delegates of decency,
encumbering illusions evolved
to flourish the narrow minds,
the decades were prisoned by
exceeding interactions,
honours heard over the sky,
adverse consequences under
the panaceas hands,
chanting the cheerful collapse,
no estimations!
but condemned collisions only,
decades were decayed
in the garbage with
ferocious puzzles,
weak-hearted astrology
rusted the trust,
virtual worships go in vain,
embarrassing exhaustion
enter; freeing the clutches of
endemic beliefs.





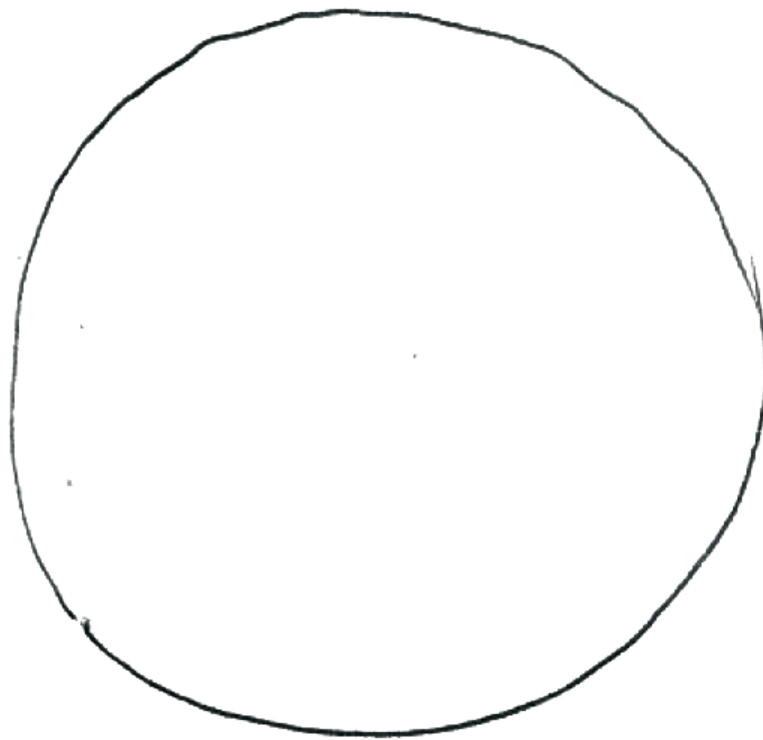
THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

Beyond the clouds
bifurcates a tone,
a dream of drought between
identical eyes of mine and you,
this distance sought the design of
artificial smiling faces,
behind the bribes
unpleasant sweat ran as a river,
now pretending as gloomy hearted
I was prisoned beyond the
dark nights,
stupidity fetches into this;
I have empty hands,
frightened heart of mine
desires the hidden time,
exhausting strength of mine
struggles for our need,
an imagination ran into mind,
disgusting thoughts
interacting with the
untouchability of two,
I failed in my actions
to raise the curtain of
mutual thought,
Love of mine settled in
the heart of mine,
then a conclusion—
I'm in a deceitful world.

Sweat ran onto my hands,
it's the narration of
bemoaning brain,
my cry frowned on the
harassed tears,
a migrated mirror turned
into reflection of mine,
a page was turned by the
destruction of letter,
with unpredicted flow
of starvation;
massive tendrils,
wet pillows, worrying wallets
turned into tides of a
secluded sea,
unforgettable fortunes
sealing again,
tattered mind threatened by warns,
scattering fear sensing
the ventures,
assembled smiles lost
interaction in one's space.



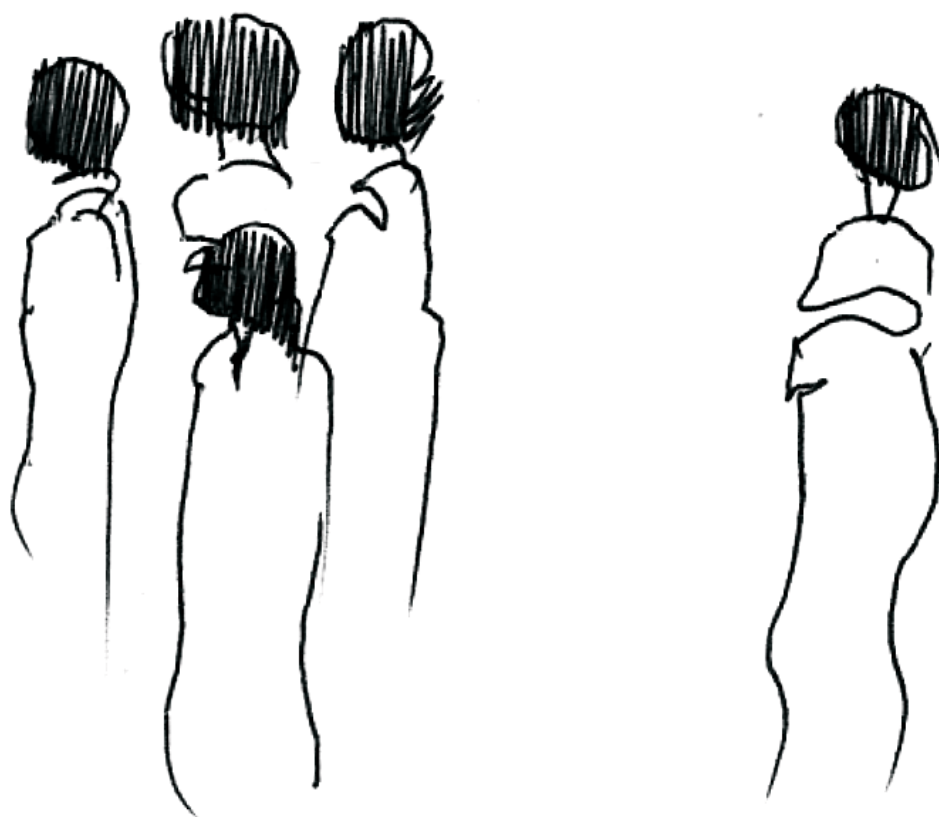
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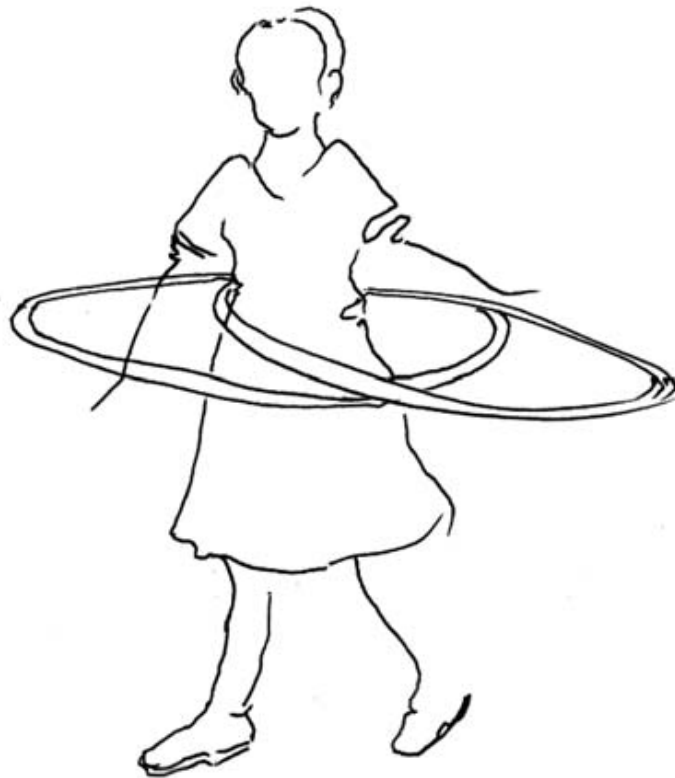
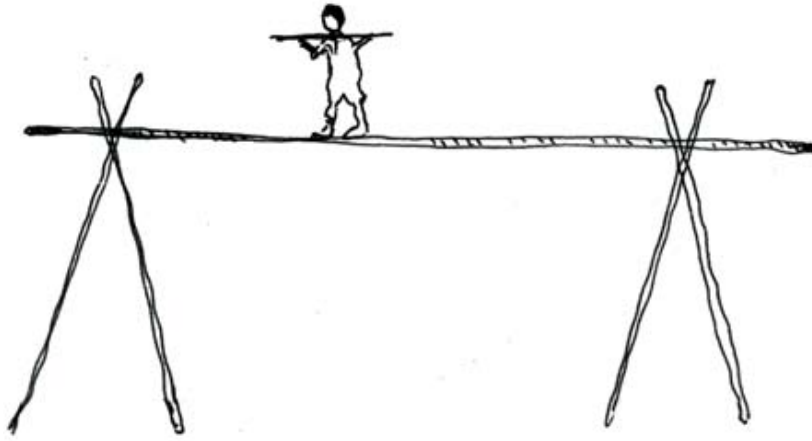
THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

The mysterious emotion
exploited lustre from her eyes,
they stole her pleasure
hidden under other
rugged mountains,
I never thought about you,
the cause is the remoteness
of your loneliness,
don't worry, her privacy
is going to breakout with the
dreams of her exotic love
through the west winds,
smile on her cheeks withering away,
unconscious elements
puzzling her,
her benevolent eyes claim
all our presents,
in this candid creature
all her colours blend,
time is her loudest cry!
a sleepless entity leading to chaos,
she saw her possession
in many forms of truth,
holding her cry under
the teeth to experience an
untamed emotion again.

A breath just flew away
while someone experiencing it,
an unwelcoming zephyr
one cannot expect!
it made us all slaves
and rushed behind the iron bars,
the destiny to tolerate
detested mind awoke
with more louder voice,
unfortunately, it lost the
significance
followed by ferocious
thoughts to turn spiteful,
renouncing the whole
world to stay away,
I am agitated
that it may grab me into its nest
of gloomy dark prison,
to pick one of our lavish hearts!
none is ready to
look after it,
except itself.



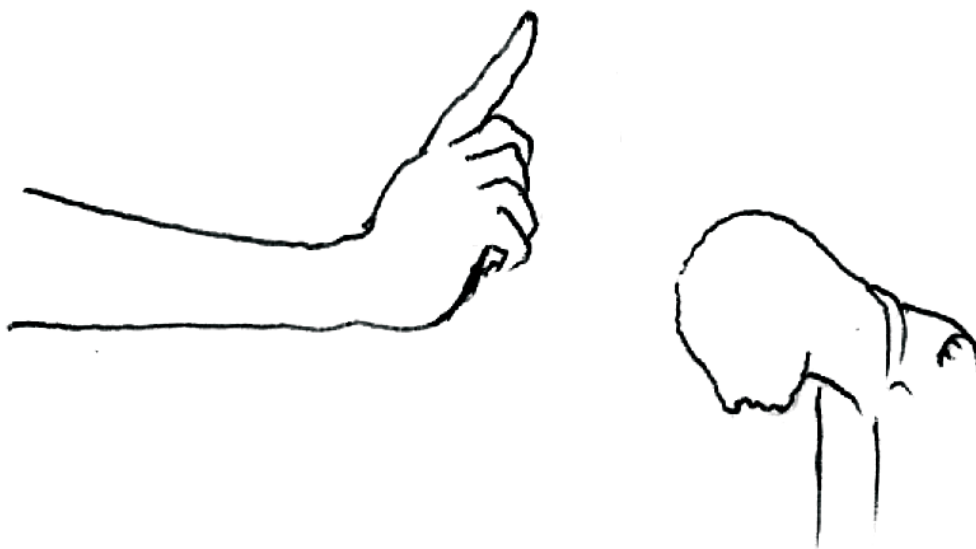
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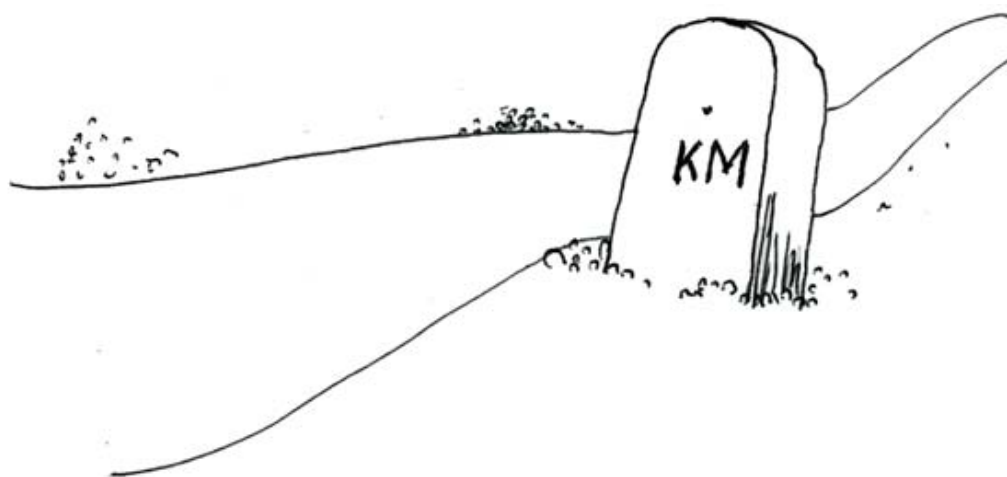
THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

In the middle of the road
the events of an acrobat aching
the eyes of mine,
the cause is an imagined future;
as I already bear
the crippled pictures of life
with wrinkles and damages,
but, the girl caught my
sight by carving a smile on
that un-thickened rope,
my thoughts stand in alliance
with the contraction of
visualising truth before me,
A hideous women stood there,
intending the pedestrians to
peep in their recession,
my eyes speak
with full of regrets and
refusals— to the girl rehearsing
the drama to be performed,
but, her innocence speaks
of the robbery of childhood,
prisoner to the inflated needs,
the unseen robbery just happened.

Renounce the untamed looks
which do not wait for me,
unable to ingress the power;
the cause is unconsciousness
of the world in which I am burnt,
Installing the infinite limits
hidden in the future kinships,
digging the grieves,
the pain seem unpleasant
but, it needs to survive.
I recall your inaudible words,
audible silence and
unmanifested sorrows,
a yielding pearl shines
to liberate you— from
the awful renouncement of
triggering negativity,
let me bring the
conscious minds for you,
to stop your hopeless
arrival to the end of
horizon.



SADA PANGA



THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

How far will you travel?
—until the little bird
reaches its nest,
how far will you agree
to resign your familiarity?
—until the child forgets the
frown on her mother's face.

When are you going to
wind up your emptiness?
—until the infant gives up her
mother's breast,
until I reach out to the world
in an innocent search of million smiles.

Yes, my journey becomes futile
when oil and cotton are
under the aged mask of antimony,
it's futile, when a branch
collapses its promise to exist
for its fruit.

But, the journey of my fingers can
dig fluids from deserted minds,
they can accord life to humanity
which is assailable.

Finally, how far will you travel?
—until my toes disappear into
truth.

Writhe the body before
the wrinkles of experience wither,
surveillance over surrogate mother!
they may be dormant
combating within darkness
of duplicate souls,
carefully yarn this morning
instead of mourning at dawn,
the time suffers with
the indigestion of truth,
glean the glory now
from the forming garbage,
as this formidable women
will be the heir of this
snarky kingdom;
listen to my plaintive song
about an incorrigible past.



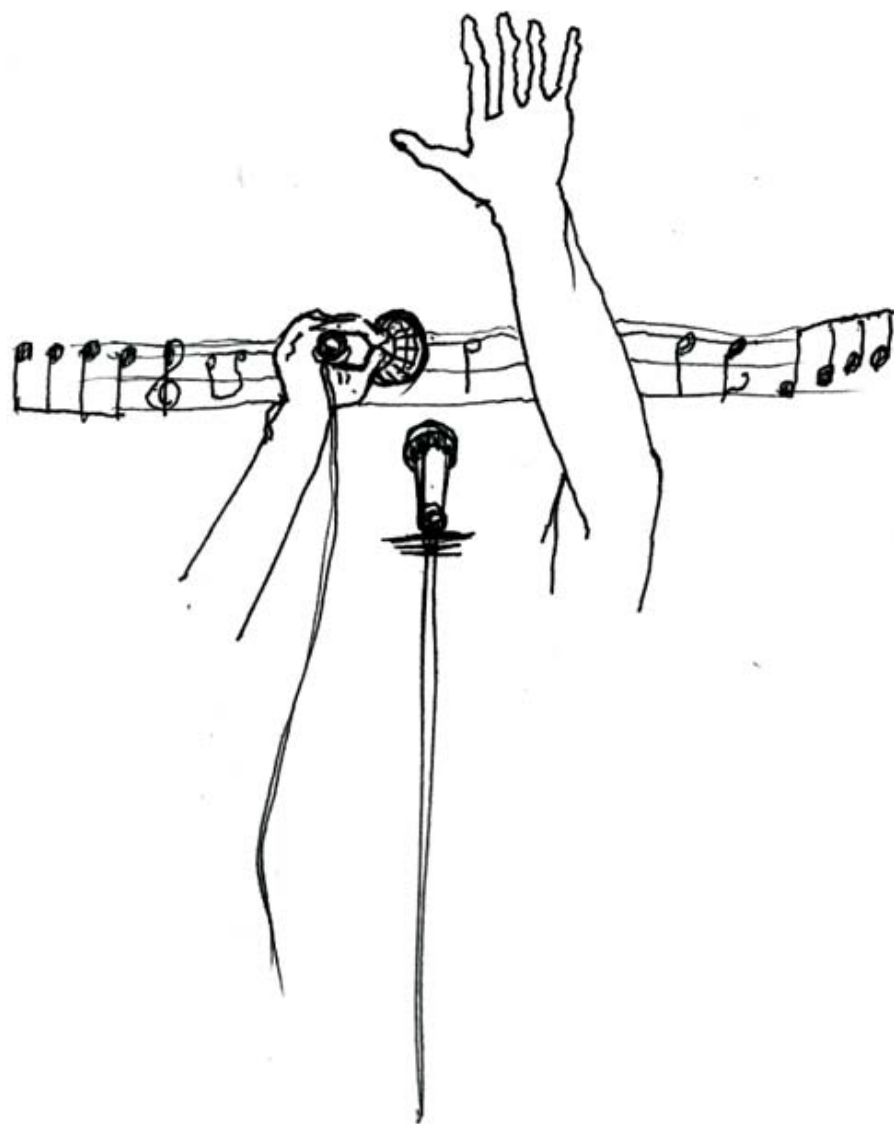
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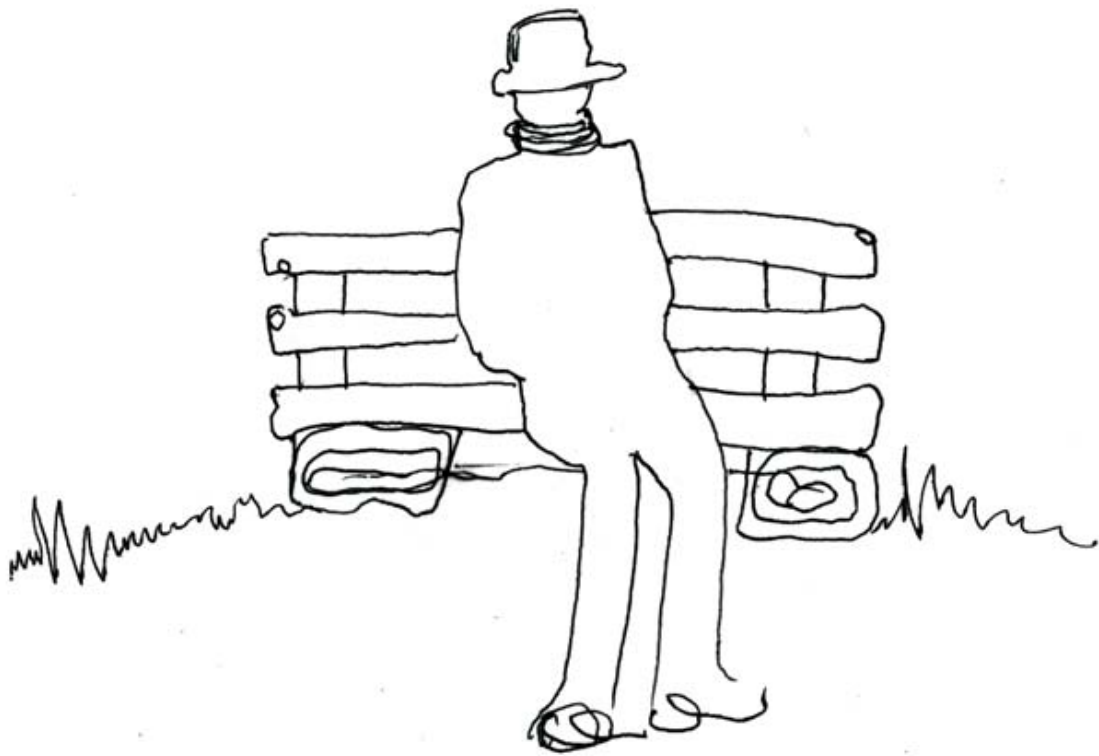
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UNSEEN
ROBBERY

Before the hell, I saw
my mother on the death bed,
a ghastly lament sinking in me
from the rejections of narrow minds,
I hear a few calculations
around me to emancipate her,
beyond the rejections
a fragrance arrived to repair
my beloved breath,
bringing me behind
the curtains of grief,
a fair mind exists
as an inevitable fugitive to
redeem happiness in her little heart,
now, I offer my earnest
gratitude to the confidante
for rescuing my mind
from the thorns of pain.

Wandering in the streets aimlessly,
let him lend the love
to assist me with my load,
let him learn to sing
to bring me back from silent bushes,
let him be free from reckless bonds
to strike off unschooled
trajectories of mine,
ask my destination too!
or one who cried for me,
or else, ask a person who
sees wine through coloured glass.
The immortal one has died,
feeling ashamed of being abandoned.
Please,
look up to the pure sound of
today's nightingale,
leave the unsettled breast and
let the dumb speak,
let me sing of a new burdened
song to dissolve millions
of oceans in me.



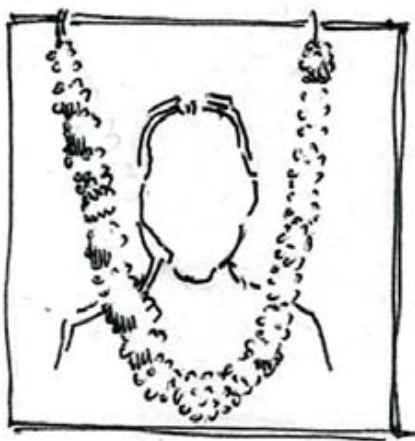
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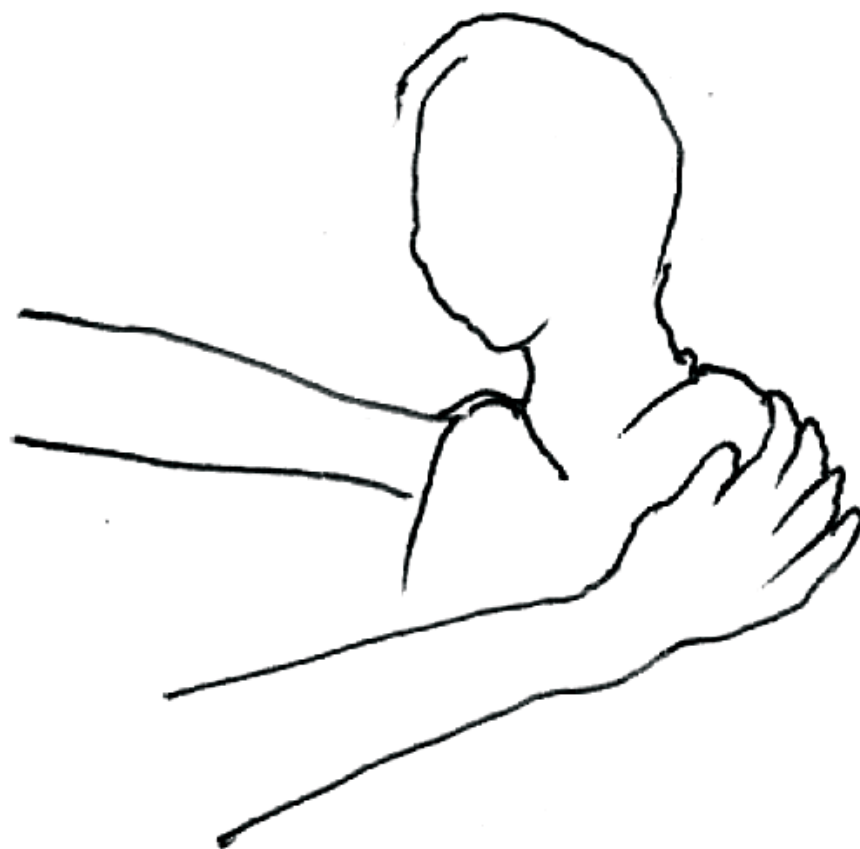
THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

Intellectuality strikes the walls,
curious tones move the mind,
unanimous looks twinkle
in the heart,
a fortune chases my courage,
patience rises like a curtain
of sentimental ideology,
I experience and clasp
the role of confidence,
gentleness flows carefully
with caressing, and
a dream of humor explodes
the world of advice!
healing hands reach out to you
to reflect and regulate,
a pathway laid with your
words attract and
entertain my hidden soul.

Notice the absence of
abandoned footprints in the beach,
they escaped somewhere else!
did they dissolve in the moisture
or merged in the loudest cries ?
Your mother's heart was
attacked by invisible injuries,
swim through the pool of tears
of both the little souls,
to know how deep their
hearts have sunk in sorrow!
The house is deserted
with dried smiles of people,
who around the decomposing body
survey on the amalgamation
of a sudden darkness and loss,
interrogating the bargain
that costs a life.



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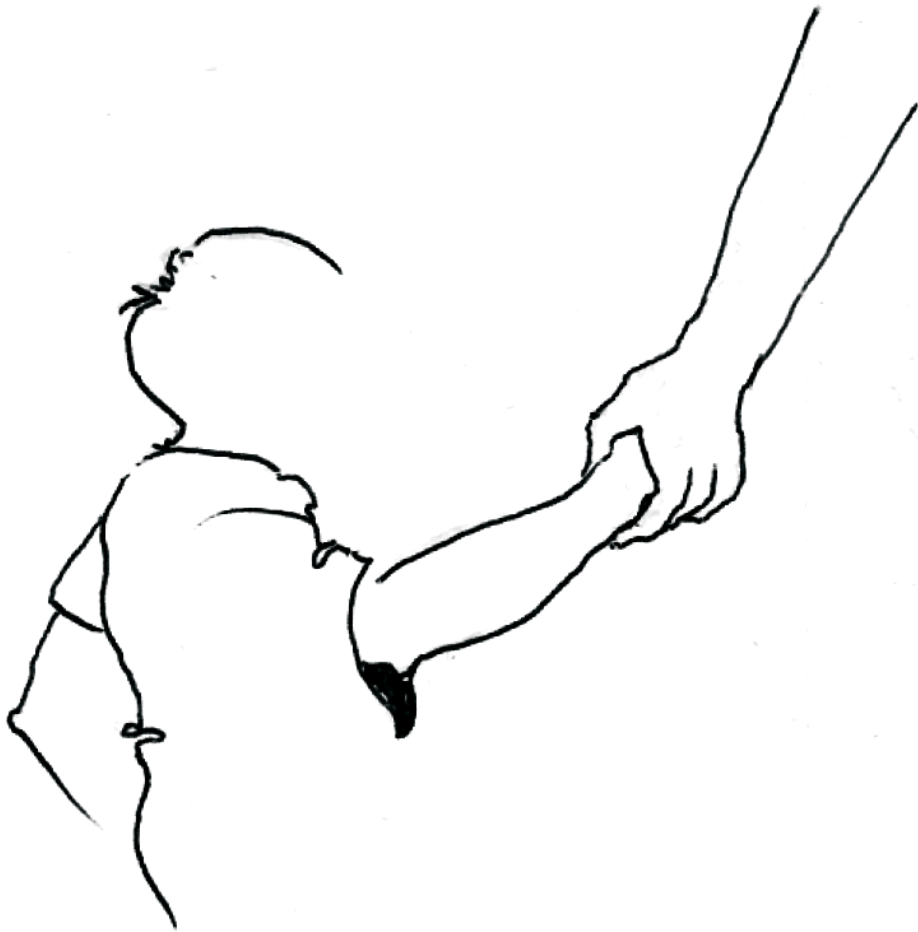


THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

I know the girl behind
my surgical pain,
I breathe in my lavishing space,
her breath slowly besets
my unreadable thoughts,
withdrawing myself and
repenting to myself,
but, absolutely it is the
unpleasant investment on her,
with bouncing newness and
wiping all the regrets,
I am plucking the sourest
seeds in my world.
Do you know my dear girl?
moments were attacked by a disease!
no medication! no cure!
oh girl... forgive me,
my fears are the mirrors
of your hired smiles;
roaming around deposits of joy,
scrolling beyond fate,
let me harden life
by regaining you!
let me imprison you like the
harassed wild maroons,
my girl... stay away from repudiations,
branched minds owe the safeguards,
omit the plucked sorest seeds! (Past)

Hold my body with hands
which knit sarcasm
before I fall,
wipe off the darkest walk
which failed to catch the undirected
before they ran out,
can you urge the forcible assaults
for procrastination of unschooled actions?
can you face the rebellion within
the cracks of heart?
go with the deserted one,
seek controversies of the untamed,
install the dreams of a stranded eye.
People will come
to collect the thorns which I threw,
People will come
to fade this game into
a present, to the betrayed one.





THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

They will come again to enquire
the detached one to drag
into this conspiracy,
the cold blooded will come,
wanders...wanders until the
helpless touch his feet,
then cruelty ascends the
throne and ravages the nest
with roots.

The hustlers will come again
to drill the complete body,
weakened with curses,
abused emotions rise under debts.

The banker will come again,
squeezing hands to get back his money,
making knots to my voice to not
to protest the stealing of my
child.

They will come again
to roll my tongue into an unadorned past,
here I am to sprinkle the
brightest dawn on them.

If they come again,
just exhibit the weak cadaver.

Fall on her feet to treat
this darkened night,
influence the wounded one
to heal the fractures.
My dear deceased heart,
relay the world hand to hand
or console the overthrown,
seek a negotiation now
to hurt the cold-blooded famine,
welcome it with empty hands!
yes, this the actual nightmare.



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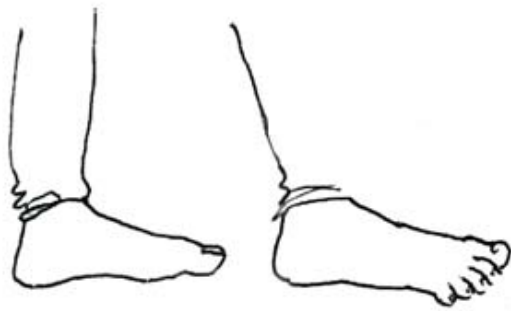


THE
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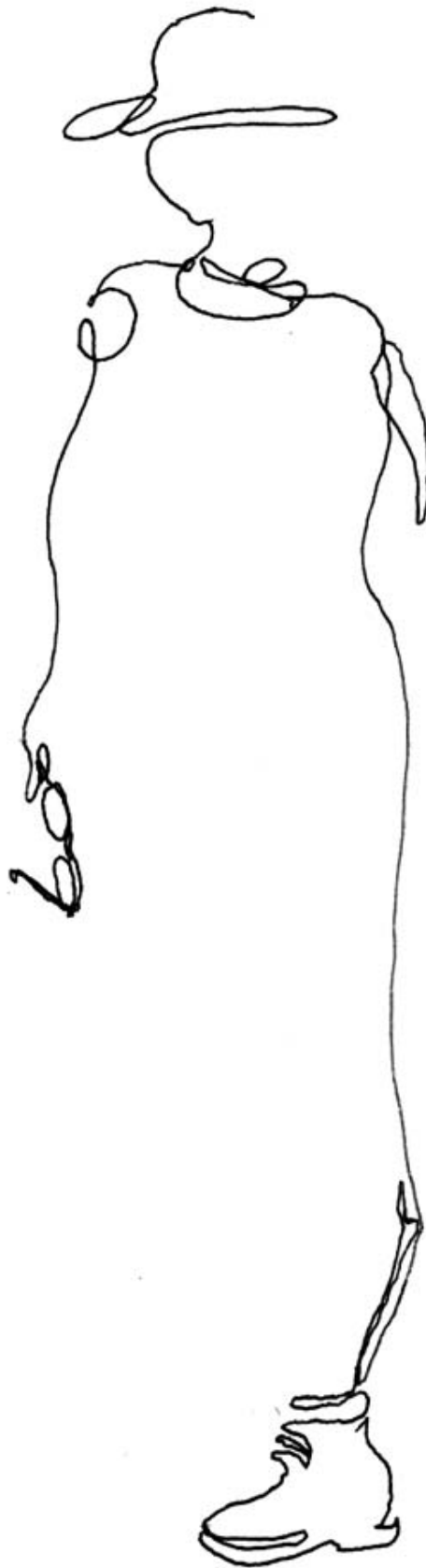
His heart must not cry
I only desire to see him fly
of course his wings were tamed out,
his tears must not be a flow,
I wish the victory in his eyes,
of course he was inept.
His hands must not beg
I wish to see him as king,
his body must not be weary,
introduce a new fragrance
because, love is my intention.

Came Back

Found no wounds this morning
heard no mourning voices,
not fiction, just found my dawn.
Called off the running souls
towards melted snow,
what will they do?
Can they sooth thriving greed by
roaming on the empty streets?
Please comeback!
they are aware of locked doors
and anxious of ignored sighs,
may your pain speak
but their beds yawn,
found no words this morning
because they have come back.



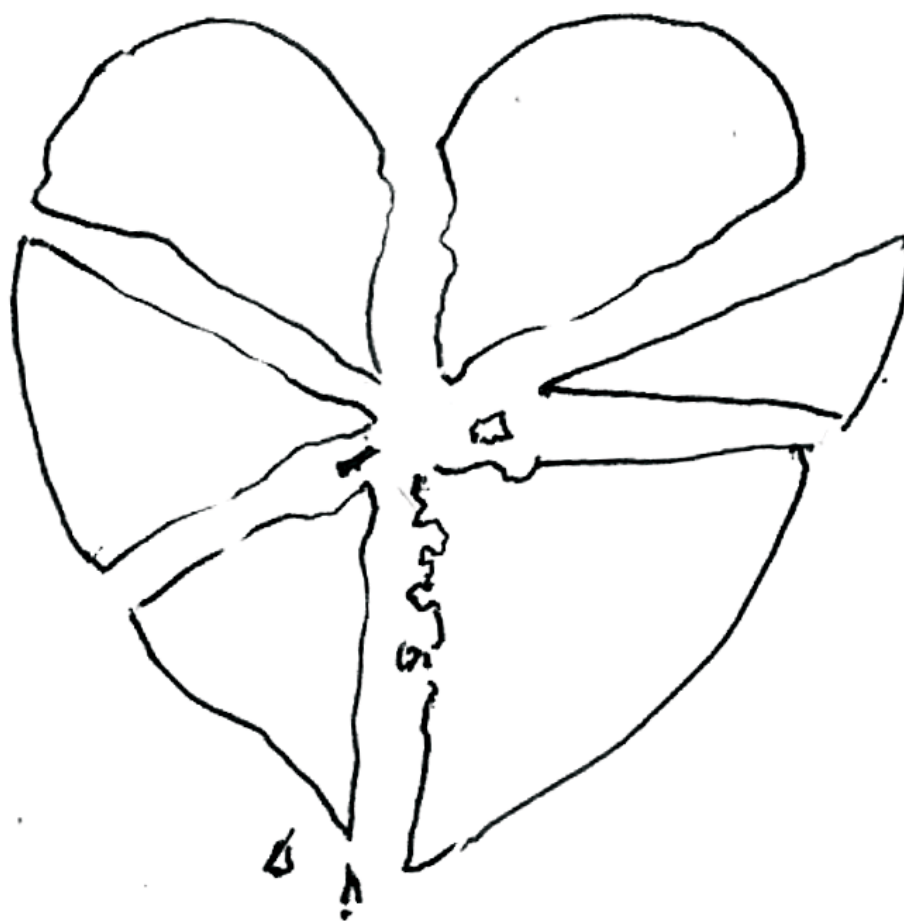
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I still hold the silence in my fist
as the dusk sprinkles its light on me,
sinking and interposed between
shyness and reluctance,
the cause lies in the birth of a girl.
Ruthless now, they refuse my words
as the departed victimise my soul,
may the rock cry out loud
but my heart cannot cry!

See the words around
a dead sentence,
some look pale, some seem fainting.
Actually, this dead sentence consumed
gold venom to touch
the letters of a secret heaven,
it returned home with few words
which ruined my presence until it
ceased to exist— to attain absolute bliss,
I died by glancing the tears
of a buried young girl,
lost somewhere
beyond the deepest silence.



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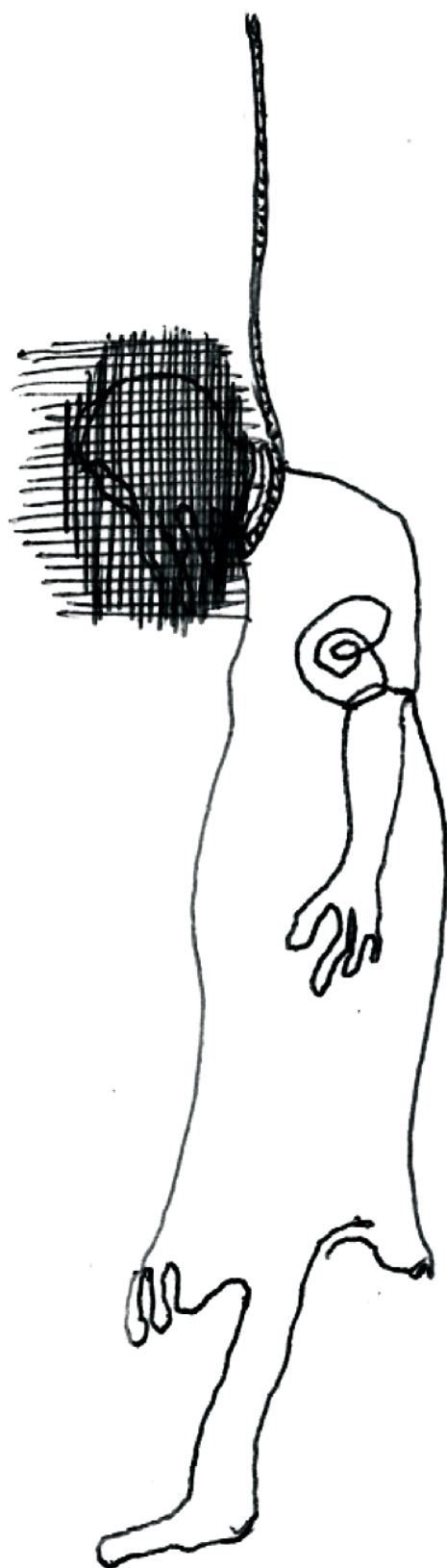
The tiny eyes float in solitude
of these dusty roads,
darkened more than a night
they urged for some company,
But, this dim light welcomed
the exploiting feet.

The sky seems shy
while fighting this conspiracy,
dim light and dull roads.

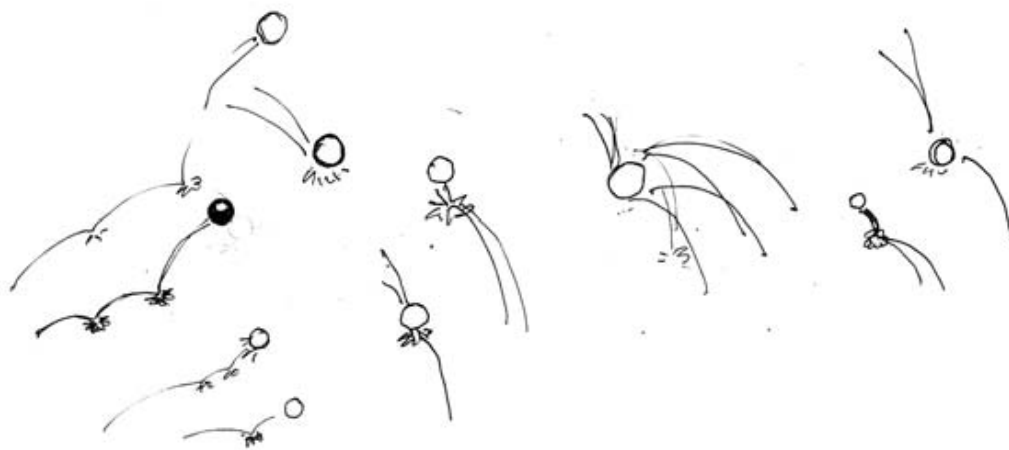
The next morning
this dispensed a wildfire,
the girl turned to ashes in the
roads of ...

You Are Empty

When you had nothing
you laid the foundations
of trust in me,
set fire to all your nightmares,
I thought...
I can hold you in arms,
In the past, I walked
several miles to get you,
But you threw me
in a pit unknown.
I thought I can handle
you with care, you are worn out,
the years of distance
made me to understand that,
you are empty
with a known strangeness.



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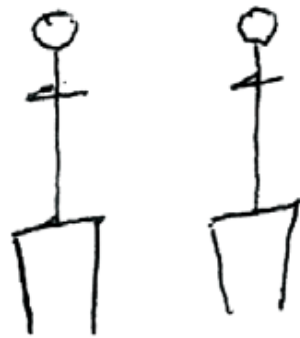
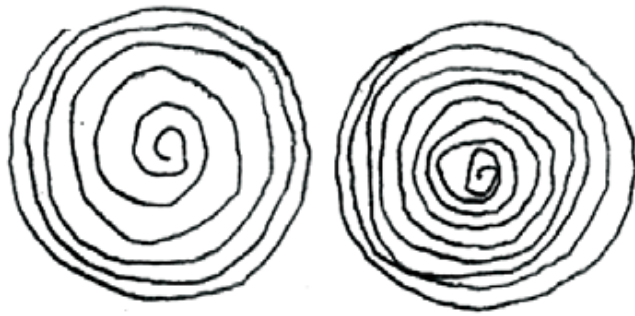
Count the mountains
I crushed before my eyes,
grew more potent
within my soul,
my fingers built
quite finest version of
cloud castles,
stillness surrounds me,
this silly girl disconnects with
people who are not spoken of,
they excluded me from
their new discoveries,
call me when my existence
is needed.

It's 25th

My doll like daughter
you burn like camphor,
your burnt skin carry
the flames of past,
and the ashes
spark in cloud dust,
its not just a stove burst
but a heart burst,
the abandoned are dead masters,
I shall be at her rituals
to deflect the flying
innocent souls from
these burying bursts.
Unclip the lips!



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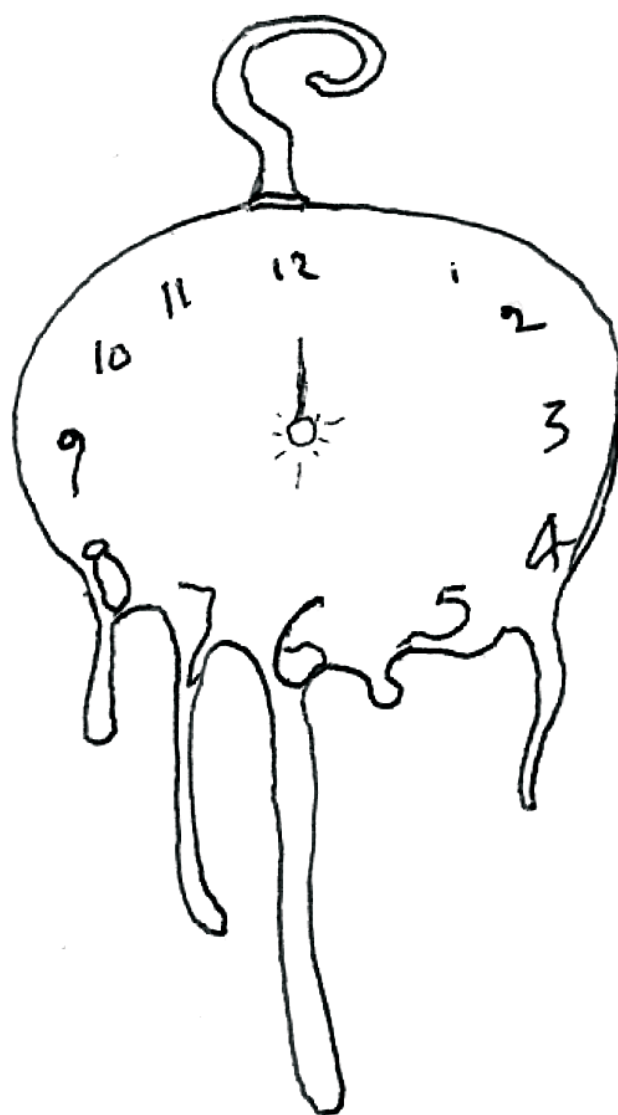
THE
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ROBBERY

When you said you are mine
I dried up the ocean of my tears,
and ended my dissatisfied
looks across the door,
I have survived so long
quietly like the petals,
I was once the colour of earth,
now I holdback my steps
as emptiness takes a stride.
Life was not rehearsed before,
bring your hammers
when you come again
to destroy the uncovered.

You left me in the night
of terror with your twisted lies,
the sun and the moon visit
and make fun of me,
I become a flower during fall
I was a pretty girl before,
with this offence
I keep on dying,
my soul desires your presence
don't bury the tomb of memories,
this foolish hour seizes me
but well, don't call my name with
your ugly lips again,
my salty tears do not
invoke sweetness in you,
let me dress like an angel
to cover my destructed body.



SADA PANGA



THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

An alarm woke me up
as I wake up alongside
the dawn, time holds
the admiration in her mouth;
it cannot scream,
the invisible time
brought me from the darkest prison
and persuaded the iron bars
not to imprison me,
its my sun
dressed in blue and black;
to dry up the strange
hunger and cry,
I shall be it's updated claws,
it's absence frightens me
as the mystery lies in
this invisible time!

Bring that idiot who scattered
tears on yesterday's years
of prison,
hang him horizontally in
between the present and past,
enquire his last wish
to leave him in a breaking spring,
do not love him,
he will bring renaissance to the world,
he used to walk on thorns
to wipe the waters of eyes,
now he doesn't walk anymore
but stands and watches,
don't bother about this
undated birth,
let the autumn leave her
with leaves that fill
the bin with his trash,
hang him horizontally to
bury the truth.



SADA PANGA



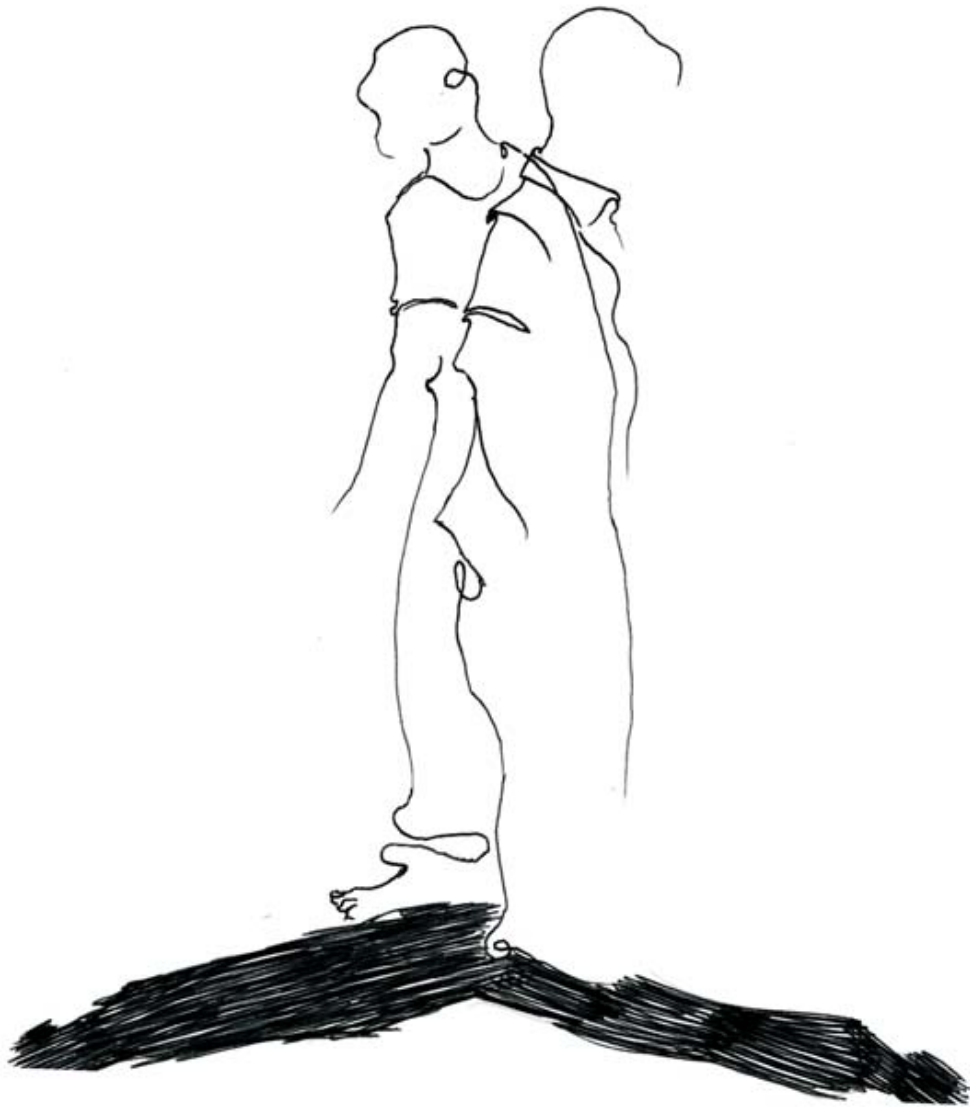
THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

As you grow older
be terrified about ageing,
as you bleed, you reap,
people design you in their heads
when you come onto empty streets,
Then you start pretending
as a young child,
its an empty bowl
in which fullness collapses,
when you wake up with your
ageing wrinkles,
the sun spills rays
which fall to ground,
the soil erodes to give birth
to a new spring,
to abolish this underrated
ache.

I go beyond million miles to
keep my dreams from getting dry,
I cannot see their explosion,
if the sun burns them
the moon is ready to sooth,
when the autumn leaves start to fall
my dreams sing the winter songs,
if they escape
in the missing darkness,
I run continually after them
as they pass through the wall
of the world,
on an unpleasant day
they left me in a
lonely darkness,
and they spit their colours
on me.



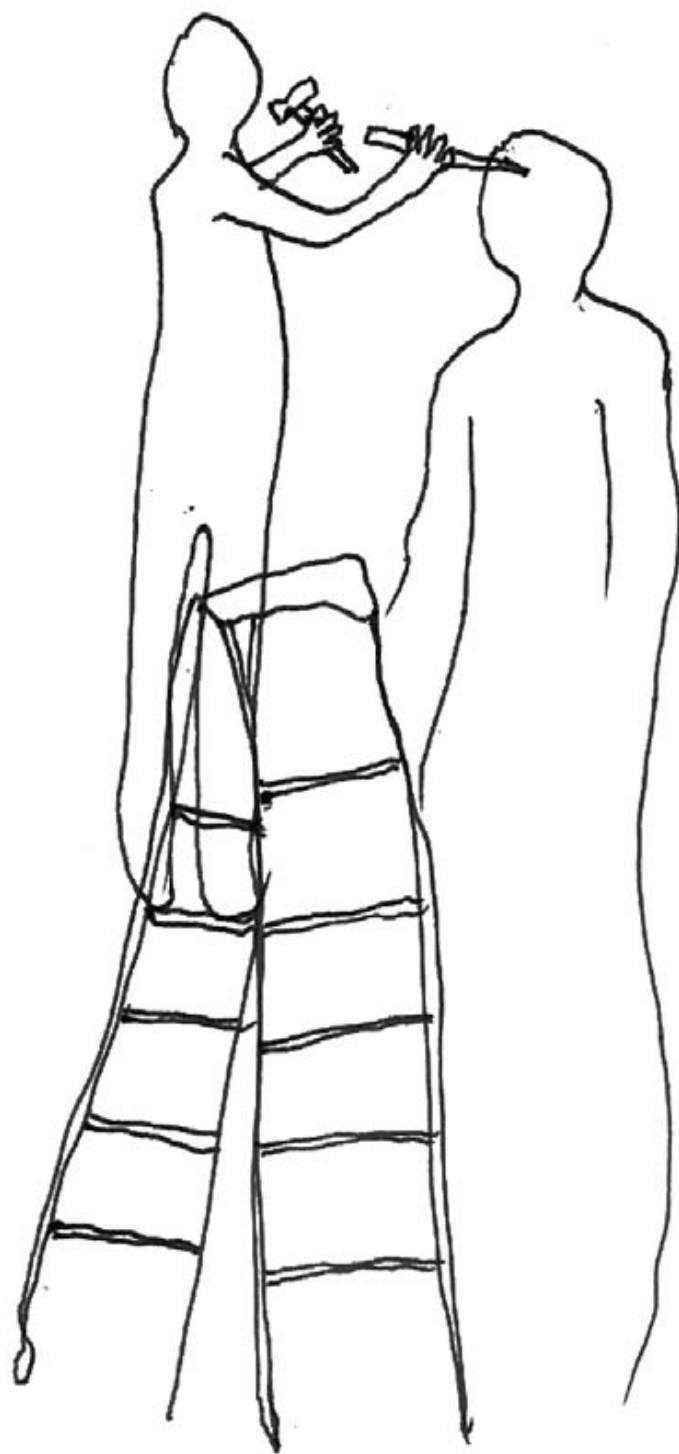
SADA PANGA



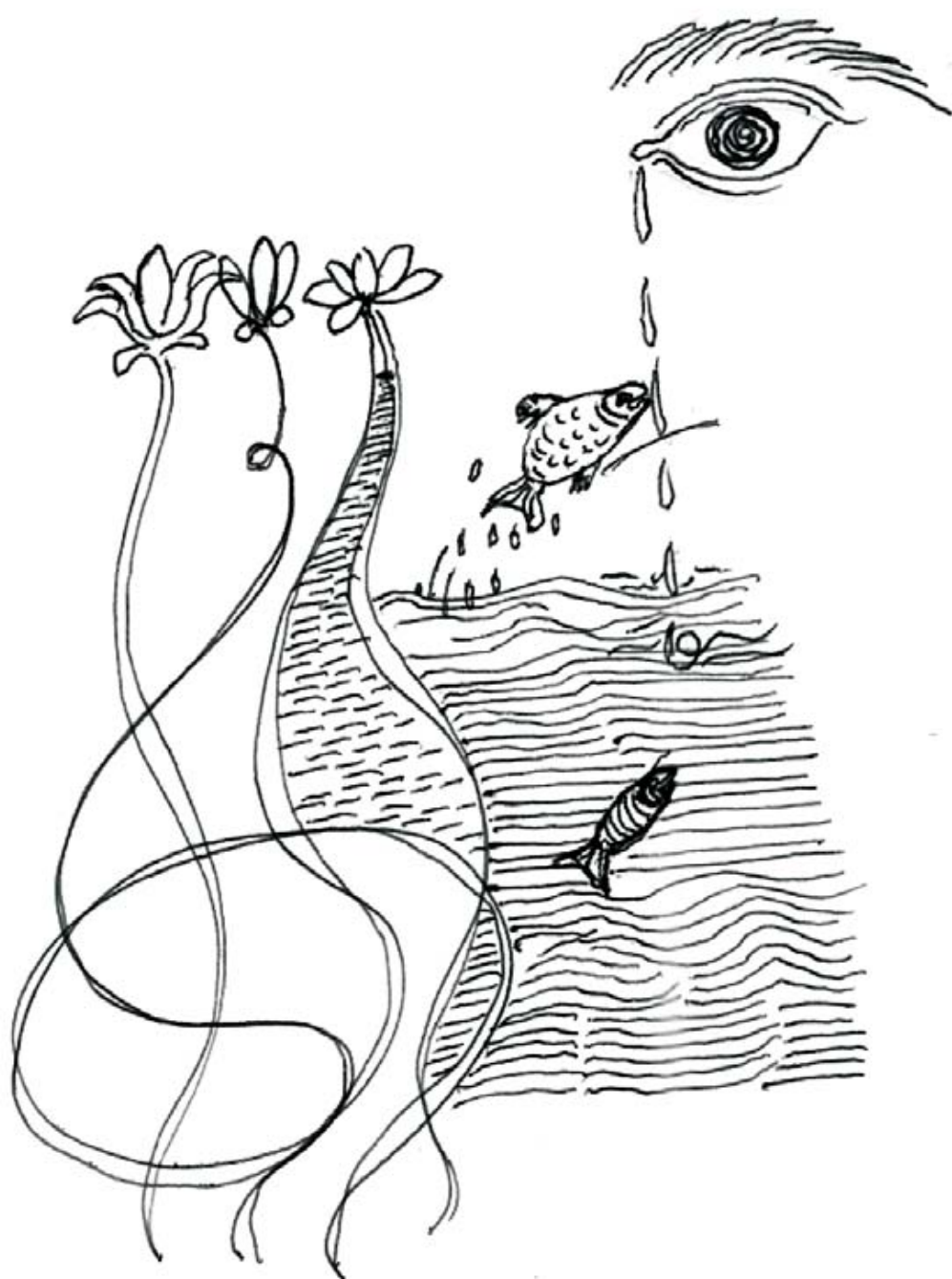
THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

He argues, she argues
he scolds, she scolds
no one cares the cause!
the house sinks in deep silence,
he sits out alone
she cries alone in,
strangers will come
and set fire to spread
the wildfire to remote corners,
their words incarnate as spearheads
and arrows,
nothing remains in the battle field,
nothing but the loud cries,
words do not exist
within the four walls
up to a few days.
As usually,
she cries alone, he sits alone
no one cares about the cause!

I hold the book on
an oldest sea shore,
caught in the littleness of words
I look around the walls,
I am molded into daughter
of dust,
how did you get this
name and fame?
a laurel made me a pearl
of whose kindness I continually sing,
I even lack words.
Meanwhile,
I was in the fist of quietness.
Now, I am between the words,
I just hold the book
and nothing else.



SADA PANGA



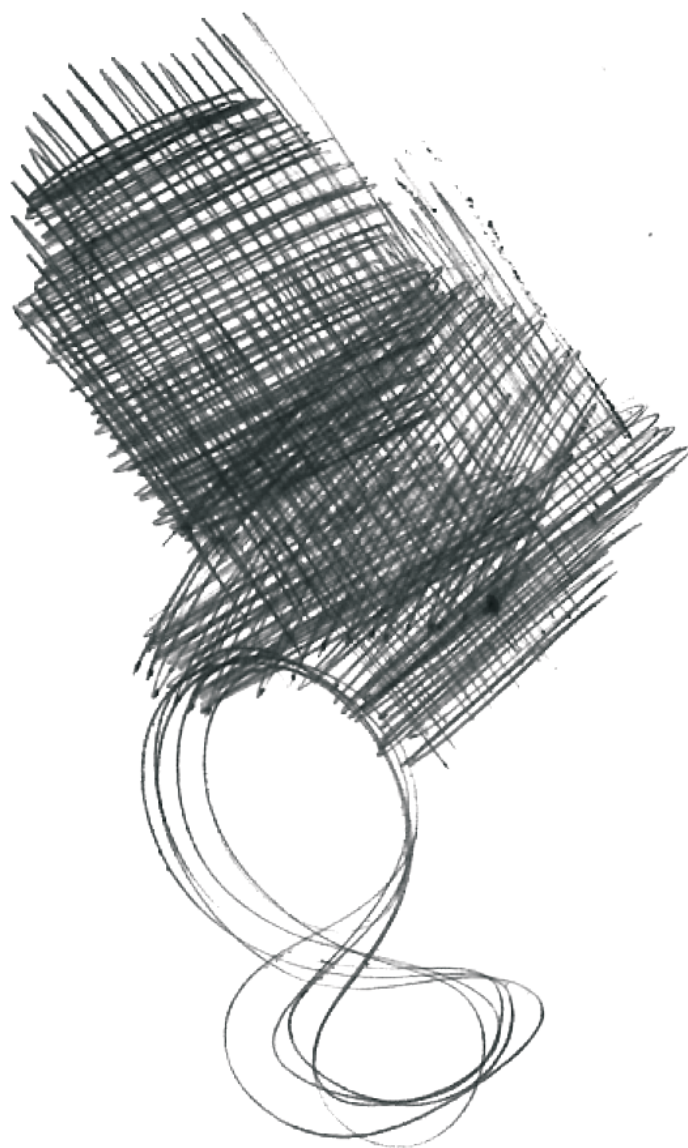
THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

The city is sleeping,
the sun-filled doorway
was once a hot sun,
why do you weep?
you learnt how to care,
their minds wake up for you
before the dawn sets in,
you may not be an
enchanter to them
but you are their thirst,
you have never known that!
they could sell tea
they could beg for you,
then why all this mess?
the cause is — they don't like
much change in you,
now...still there is the flow
of loud cries!
— The Cacophony

Sense of fear became
soul of the world,
this endless flow
turned into parental river,
the world speaks many
languages,
life sings many tunes and
sprinkles many colours,
approach the burning globe
with bursting excitement.
Interrogation!
Everything remained quiet,
I was thrown away
by the eternal wind.



SADA PANGA



THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

Still I Am Bouncing

Still I am bouncing back to past,
there might be another
hidden treasure,
fully loaded with hunger
and thirst — holding a whip,
downfall of an unspoken desert
occurs at the feet of silence,
you might experience many
but I am still hanging
to the fire to lit up the truth,
let me bear the truth-less,
for this sake, I will
bounce back.

When I gave my hand
they threw stones as curses,
the blood flows,
the bloody flow!
this is the place where world ends.
If I cry a bit louder
they twist my hand and their lips,
these ruined nerves almost
rusticate me from the ground,
Nothing wrong!
I just wanted to be more human.



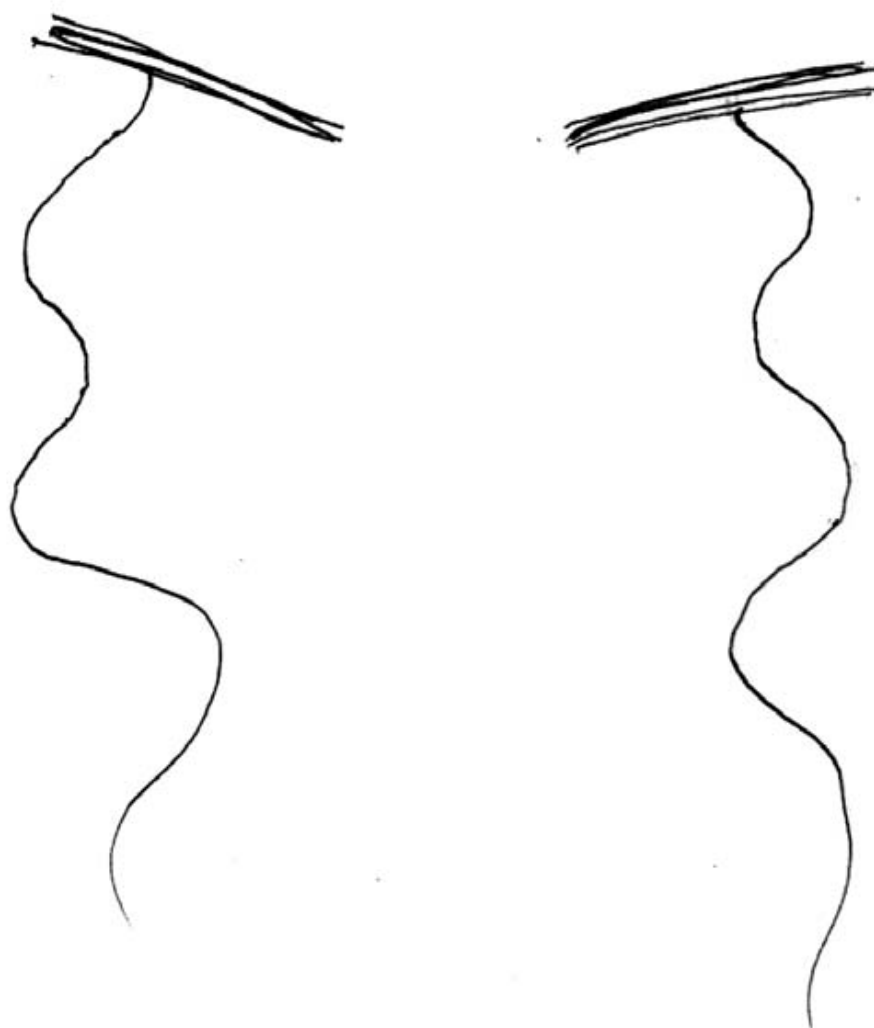
SADA PANGA



THE
UNSEEN
ROBBERY

Listen to the noise of eternal stream
beyond the four walled mind,
change after change!
still the needy accrue from stolen love,
we have been together so long
we tried to walk to get you,
a call lagged us behind
and taught silence,
can we forget the memories
we stored? mess we made?
your eyes may be awake
till midnight for us,
give a chance again
to find your shadow at least!
—The farewell.

Give an ear towards
the story of separation,
if they are in solitude
my eyes would steal their loneliness,
this fairy land has never shown
the way to leave her;
grabbing me into its softness,
breathing the chillness
of your heart throughout the walk,
I never dreamt of this bifurcation,
everything else remains just a memory.



SADA PANGA

About the Author



The Unseen Robbery is one of the daring meditations in English verse by Sada Panga. In the language of innocence and absolute directness, the poet adapts much sincerity in contemplating elemental questions of life. The poems reveal a zestful enquiry into the interconnectedness of joy and sorrow, belief and disbelief, acceptance and refusal predating human life. The fascinating sketches accompanying each poem present before our eyes the animating ethos of modern day literary art —which the poet has elegantly and courageously mastered in her very own English.

Sada Panga yet again sets forth a trajectory for many young thinkers who wish to try their hand at English poetry. Her **Anaganaga Oka Bhavam**, published in 2020 had left an indelible mark — inspiring many students of the TSWREIS family to uncompromisingly engage in literary expression. Sada graduated from TSWRDC, Nizamabad and she hails from Annaram, Kamareddy district, Telangana.



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