

Poetry Series

Ayyappadas A M
- poems -

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Ayyappadas A M()

Ayyappadas - born and brought up in Kerala, did bachelors in Mechanical Engineering from N.I.T Calicut, still alive.

Why Crack A Mirror?

Of late, I stepped across the broken pieces of a mirror
The plane that reflected truth of images uncountable
Lay shattered by the punch of denial; by the fist of vanity.
Who did it and why?
Questions pounced mind distracting every rationale to look closely.
But to look I must.....
I saw no one but myself in those fragmented pieces,
Rough and crude those seemed, but reflected just what others saw as me.
I saw nothing unfamiliar, nothing ugly too.
Long enough to be conditioned to believe us as our images, I longed to cry.
I cried.
I saw my tears through the silvered glass fragments,
Then I saw my smile, thinking about the futile tears I wasted.
I saw my calm expression from the part of the whole
.....
The whole was expressed in parts, but only when I looked closer.
The whole lives as life of cracked pieces,
To find the eternal jigsaw puzzle that assimilate the meaning of meanings.....
So live,
To show the mirror the smile, the calmness and occasional tears.
But not to crack it;
Live to put the fragments together.....

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